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REX BEACH

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Winning Combination - A Great Novel

HEART OF THE SUNSET

Don't Fail to Begin It in This Issue

Trade Mark



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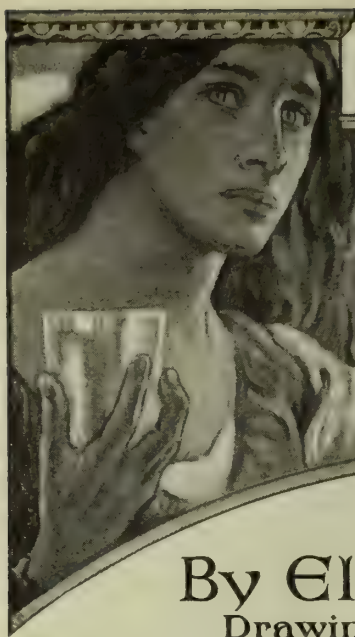
By James J. Montague

THE pain that distorted
The frail little form
Has vanished away
Like a midsummer storm.
The work-weary fingers
Lie white on his breast;
At last they are idle—
For now he can rest.

Scarce more than a baby,
They found him one day
Amid the foul reek
Of an alley—at play.
They seared his child's soul
With their factory's blight;
They made him the thing
That he was—till to-night.

And now it is over;
The small hands are still
That labored so long
In the terrible mill.
The pain has departed,
The fever is past;
The wan little toiler
Is resting at last!





The Secret

By Elbert Hubbard

Drawing by Charles A. Winter

THE secret of health is that the recipe for health is no secret.

The rules of health are few, simple, easy to comprehend. Every one knows them, save the few who are so wise that they know everything but the obvious, and can do anything but make a living.

Health is yours, if you will comply with Nature's laws.

And these laws are: Breathe, bathe, work, laugh, study, play—and flavor all with love.

He who will follow this formula, mixing the ingredients in right proportion, will live long, well, and happily.

To him old age will come painlessly and as a glad release.

For him the autumn days will be the loveliest of the year. He will fall asleep in this world, and awaken in another, and if he remembers the past, he will laugh to think he ever had a fear.

Man is an air plant. Man can go without food for forty days, but he cannot go without air for forty seconds without discomfort, and four minutes without air will kill him.

Breathe deeply when in the open. The breath is the life. Even breathing means an even pulse.

Anger and jealousy shorten the breath and shorten life, because they disturb the circulation. And when you disturb the

circulation, you interfere with digestion, and render your thoughts moody, erratic, unsafe.

Breathe; also bathe. The skin must be kept active. Thus is elimination made easy and natural.

Drink plenty of water. Hot water in the morning is good—always.

Eat sparingly and let your nightcap be an apple and half a glass of water. As you slowly sip the water, think well of your friends, think well of yourself—think well of everybody, and especially think well of all those who toil and who go forth to their labors until the evening.

As for your enemies, forget them.

Besides your daily work, have a hobby—music, chess, books, gardening, gasoline, golf. Every day read a little poetry, look upon a beautiful picture, hear a piece of choice music—these things love the soul—they rest and they refresh.

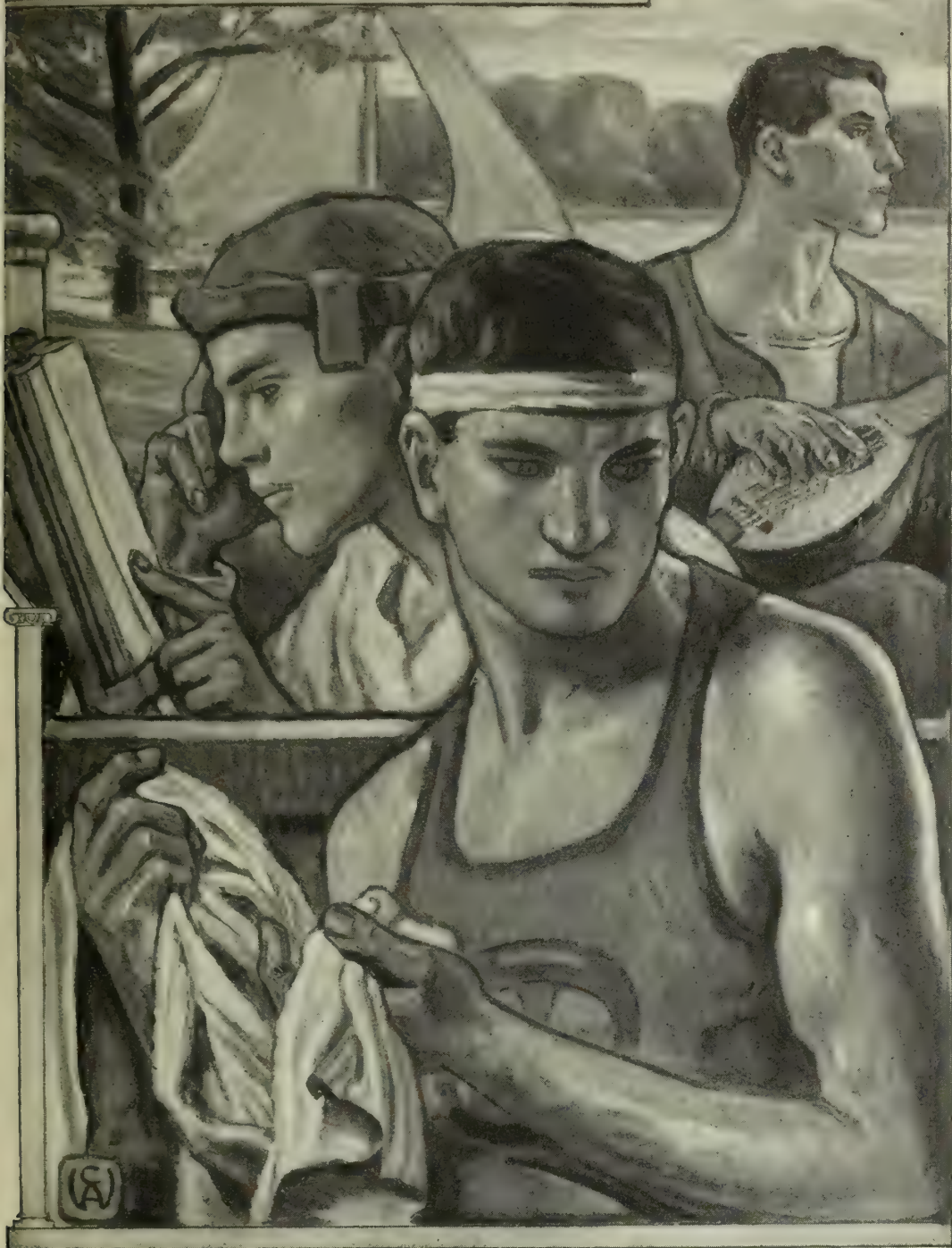
There is no vitality in drugs. Stimulants first excite, and then lull, stupefy, and destroy.

Use Nature's remedies and none other—good food in moderation, good thoughts, good deeds.

Sleep at night and work in the day.

Nature is our loving mother. Love her in return—study her—appreciate her, and she will hold you in her loving arms and sing you a lullaby, as care casts anchor in the shadow of a dream.

of Health

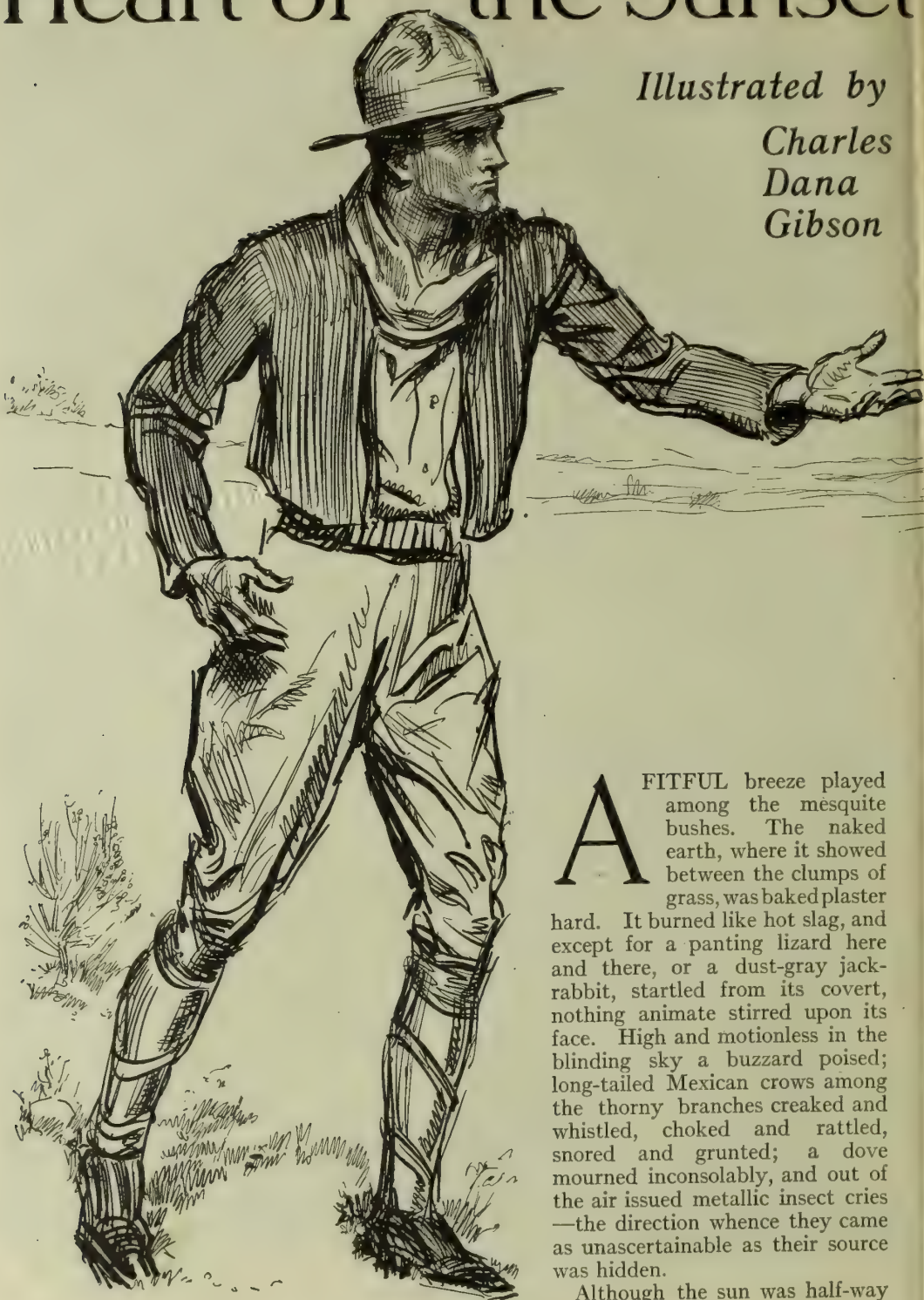


Besides your daily work, have a hobby—music, chess, books, gardening, gasoline, golf. These things love the soul—they rest and they refresh.

Heart of the Sunset

Illustrated by

*Charles
Dana
Gibson*



A FITFUL breeze played among the mesquite bushes. The naked earth, where it showed between the clumps of grass, was baked plaster hard. It burned like hot slag, and except for a panting lizard here and there, or a dust-gray jack-rabbit, startled from its covert, nothing animate stirred upon its face. High and motionless in the blinding sky a buzzard poised; long-tailed Mexican crows among the thorny branches creaked and whistled, choked and rattled, snored and grunted; a dove mourned inconsolably, and out of the air issued metallic insect cries—the direction whence they came as unascertainable as their source was hidden.

Although the sun was half-way

by Rex Beach

Author of "The Auction Block";
"The Spoilers"; "The
Silver Horde"; etc.



down the west, its glare remained untempered, and the tantalizing shade of the sparse mesquite was more of a trial than a comfort to the lone woman who, refusing its deceitful invitation, plodded steadily over the waste. Stop, indeed, she dared not. In spite of her fatigue, regardless of the torture from feet and limbs unused to walking, she must, as she constantly assured herself, keep going until strength failed. So far, fortunately, she had kept her head, and she retained sufficient reason to deny the fanciful apprehensions which clamored for audience. If she once allowed herself to become panicky, she knew she would fare worse—far worse—and now, if ever, she needed all her faculties. Somewhere to the northward, perhaps a mile, perhaps a league distant, lay the water-hole.

But the country was of a deadly and a deceitful sameness, devoid of landmarks, and lacking well-defined water-courses. The unending mesquite with its first spring foliage resembled a limitless peach orchard, sown by some careless and unbelievably prodigal hand. Out of these false acres occasional knolls and low stony hills lifted themselves so that one came, now and then, to vantage points where the eye leaped for great distances across imperceptible valleys to horizons so far away that the scattered tree clumps were blended into an unbroken carpet of green. To the woman these outlooks were unutterably depressing, merely serving to reveal the vastness of the desolation about her.

At the crest of such a rise she paused and studied the country carefully, but without avail. She felt dizzily for the desert bag swung from her shoulder only to find it flat and dry; the galvanized mouthpiece burned her fingers. With a little shock, she remembered that she had done this very thing several times before, and her repeated forgetting frightened her, since it seemed to show that her mind had been slightly unbalanced by the heat. That, perhaps, explained why the distant horizon swam and wavered so.

In all probability a man situated as she was, would have spoken aloud, in an endeavor to steady himself; but this woman did nothing of the sort. Seating herself in the densest shade she could find—it was really no shade at all—she closed her eyes and relaxed—no easy thing to do in such a stifling temperature and when her throat was aching with drought.

At length she opened her eyes again, only to find that she could make out nothing familiar. Undoubtedly she was lost; the water-hole might be anywhere. She listened tensely, and the very air seemed to listen with her; the leaves hushed their faint whispering; a near-by cactus held its forty fleshy ears alert, while others more distant poised in the same hearkening attitude. It seemed to the woman that a thousand ears were straining with hers, yet no sound came save only the monotonous crescendo and diminuendo of those locust-cries coming out of nowhere and retreating into the voids. At last, as if satisfied, the leaves began to whisper softly again.

Away to her left lay the yellow flood of

the Rio Grande, but the woman, though tempted to swing in that direction, knew better than to yield. At least twenty miles of barrens lay between, and she told herself that she could never cover such a distance. No, the water-hole was nearer, it must be close at hand. If she could only think a little more clearly, she could locate it. Once more she tried, as she had tried many times before, to recall the exact point where she had shot her horse, and to map in her mind's eye the foot-weary course she had traveled from that point onward.

Desert travel was nothing new to her, thirst and fatigue were old acquaintances; yet she could not help wondering if, in spite of her training, in spite of that inborn sense of direction which she had prided herself upon sharing with the wild creatures, she were fated to become a victim of the chaparral. The possibility was remote; death at this moment seemed as far off as ever—if anything it was too far off. No, she would find the water-hole, somehow; or the unexpected would happen as it always did when one was in dire straits. She was too young and too strong to die yet. Death was not so easily won as this.

Rising, she readjusted the strap of the empty water-bag over her shoulder and the loose cartridge belt at her hip, then set her dusty feet down the slope.

Day died lingeringly. The sun gradually lost its cruelty, but a partial relief from the heat merely emphasized the traveler's thirst and muscular distress. Onward she plodded, using her eyes as carefully as she knew how. She watched the evening flight of the doves, thinking to guide herself by their course, but she was not shrewd enough to read the signs correctly. The tracks she found were old, for the most part, and they led in no particular direction, nowhere uniting into anything like a trail. She wondered if she could bring herself to drink the blood of a jackrabbit, and if it would quench her thirst. But the thought was repellent, and besides, she was not a good shot with a revolver. Nor did the cactus offer any relief, since it was only just coming into bloom, and as yet bore no fruit.

The sun had grown red and huge when at last in the hard-baked dirt she discovered fresh hoof-prints. These seemed to lead along the line in which she was

traveling, and she followed them gladly, encouraged when they were joined by others, for although they meandered aimlessly, they formed something more like a trail than anything she had as yet seen. Guessing at their general direction, she hurried on, coming finally into a region where the soil was shallow and scarcely served to cover the rocky substratum. A low bluff rose on her left, and along its crest scattered Spanish daggers were raggedly silhouetted against the sky.

She was in a well-defined path now; she tried to run, but her legs were heavy, she stumbled a great deal, and her breath made strange, distressing sounds as it issued from her open lips. Rounding the steep shoulder of the ridge she hastened down a declivity into a mot of scrub oak, and ebony trees, then halted, staring ahead of her.

The nakedness of the stony arroyo, the gnarled and stunted thickets, were softened by the magic of twilight; the air had suddenly cooled; overhead the empty, flawless sky was deepening swiftly from blue to purple; the chaparral had awakened and echoed now to the sounds of life. Nestling in a shallow flinty bowl was a pool of water, and on its brink a little fire was burning.

It was a tiny fire, overhung with a blackened pot; the odor of greasewood and mesquite smoke was sharp. A man, rising swiftly to his feet at the first sound, was staring at the newcomer; he was as alert as any wild thing. But the woman scarcely heeded him. She staggered directly towards the pond, seeing nothing after the first glance, except the water. She would have flung herself full length upon the edge, but the man stepped forward and stayed her, then placed a tin cup in her hand. She mumbled something in answer to his greeting and the hoarse, raven-like croak in her voice startled her; then she drank, with trembling eagerness, drenching the front of her dress. The water was warm, but it was clean and delicious.

"Easy now. Take your time," said the man, as he refilled the cup. "It won't give out."

She knelt and wet her face and neck; the sensation was so grateful that she was tempted to fling herself bodily into the pool. The man was still talking, but she took no heed of what he said. Then at last she sank back, her feet curled under her, her

body sagging, her head drooping. She felt the stranger's hands beneath her arms, felt herself lifted to a more comfortable position. Without asking permission, the stranger unlaced first one then the other of her dusty boots, seeming not to notice her weak attempt at resistance. Once he had placed her bare feet in the water, she forgot her resentment in the intense relief.

The man left her seated in a collapsed, semi-conscious state, and went back to his fire. For the time, she was too tired to do more than refill the drinking cup occasionally, or to wet her face and arms, but as her pores drank greedily her exhaustion lessened and her vitality returned.

It was dark when for the first time she turned her head towards the camp-fire and stared curiously at the figure there. The appetizing odor of broiling bacon had drawn her attention, and as if no move went unnoticed the man said, without lifting his eyes:

"Let 'em soak! Supper'll be ready directly. How'd you like your eggs—if we had any?" Evidently he expected no reply, for after a chuckle he began to whistle softly, in a peculiarly clear and liquid tone—almost like some bird call. He had spoken with an unmistakable Texas drawl; the woman put him down at once for a cowboy. She settled her back against a boulder and rested.

The pool had become black and mysterious, the sky was studded with stars when he called her, and she laboriously drew on her stockings and boots. Well back from the fire he had arranged a seat for her, using his saddle blanket for a covering, and upon this she lowered herself stiffly. As she did so, she took fuller notice of the man and found his appearance reassuring.

"I suppose you wonder how I—happen to be here," she said.

"Now don't talk 'til you're rested, Miss. This coffee is strong enough to walk on its hands, and I reckon about two cups of it'll rattle you into shape." As she raised the tin mug to her lips, he waved a hand and smiled, "Drink hearty!" He set a plate of bread and bacon in her lap, then opened a glass jar of jam. "Here's the *dulces*. I've got a sort of sweet tooth in my head. I reckon you'll have to make out with this, 'cause I rode in too late to rustle any fresh meat, and the delivery wagon won't be

'round before morning." So saying, he withdrew to the fire.

The woman ate and drank slowly. She was too tired to be hungry, and meanwhile the young man squatted upon his heels and watched her through the smoke from a husk cigaret. It was perhaps fortunate for her peace of mind that she could not correctly interpret his expression, for had she been able to do so she would have realized something of the turmoil into which her presence had thrown him. He was accustomed to meeting men in unexpected places—even in the desert's isolation—but to have a night camp in the chaparral invaded by a young and unescorted woman, to have a foot-sore goddess stumble out of the dark and collapse into his arms was a unique experience and one calculated to disturb a person of his solitary habits.

"Have you had your supper?" she finally inquired.

"Who, me? Oh, I'll eat with the help." He smiled, and when his flashing teeth showed white against his leathery tan, the woman decided he was not at all bad looking. He was very tall and quite lean, with the long legs of a horseman—this latter feature accentuated by his high-heeled boots and by the short canvas cowboy coat that reached only to his cartridge belt. His features she could not well make out for the fire was little more than a bed of coals and he fed it, Indian-like, with a twig or two at a time.

"I beg your pardon. I'm selfish." She extended her cup and plate as an invitation for him to share their contents. "Please eat with me."

But he refused. "I ain't hungry," he affirmed. "Honest!"

Accustomed as she was to the diffidence of ranch hands, she refrained from urging him, and proceeded with her repast. When she had finished, she lay back and watched him as he ate sparingly.

"My horse fell, crossing the Arroyo Grande," she announced abruptly. "He broke a leg and I had to shoot him."

"Is there any water in the Grande?" asked the man.

"No. They told me there was plenty. I knew of this *charco*, so I made for it."

"Who told you there was water in the arroyo?"

"Those Mexicans at the little goat ranch."

"Balli. So you walked in from Arroyo Grande. Lord! It's a good ten miles, straightaway, and I reckon you came crooked, eh?"

"Yes. And it was very hot. I was never here but once, and—the country looks different when you're afoot."

"It certainly does," the man nodded. Then he continued musingly: "No water there, eh? I figured there might be a little." The fact appeared to please him, for he nodded again as he went on with his meal. "Not much rain down here, I reckon."

"Very little. Where are you from?"

"Me? Hebbbronville. My name is Law."

Evidently, thought the woman, this fellow belonged to the East outfit, or some of the other big cattle ranches in the Hebbbronville district. Probably he was a range-boss or a foreman. After a time she said, "I suppose the nearest ranch is that Balli place?"

"Yes'm."

"I'd like to borrow your horse."

Mr. Law stared into his plate. "Well, Miss, I'm afraid—"

She added hastily, "I'll send you a fresh one by Balli's boy, in the morning."

He looked up at her from under the brim of his hat. "D'you reckon you could find that goat ranch by starlight, Miss?"

The woman was silent.

"Ain't you just about caught up on traveling, for one day?" he asked. "I reckon you need a good rest, about as much as anybody I ever saw. You can have my blanket, you know."

The prospect was unwelcome, yet she reluctantly agreed. "Perhaps— Then in the morning—"

Law shook his head. "I can't loan you my horse, Miss. I've got to stay right here."

"But Balli's boy could bring him back."

"I got to meet a man."

"Here?"

"Yes'm."

"When will he come?"

"He'd ought to be here at early dark to-morrow evening." Heedless of her dismay he continued: "Yes'm, about sundown."

"But—I can't stay here. I'll ride to Balli's and have your horse back by afternoon."

"My man might come earlier than I expect," Mr. Law persisted.

"Really, I can't see what difference it would make. It wouldn't interfere with your appointment to let me——"

Law smiled slowly, and setting his plate aside, selected a fresh cigaret; then as he reached for a coal he explained: "I haven't got what you'd exactly call an appointment. This feller I'm expecting is a Mexican, and day before yesterday he killed a man over in Jim Wells county. They got me by 'phone at Hebbronville and told me he'd left. He's headin' for the border, and he's due here about sundown, now that Arroyo Grande's dry. I was aimin' to let you ride his horse."

"Then—you're an officer?"

"Yes'm. Ranger. So you see I can't help you to get home till my man comes. Do you live around here?" The speaker looked up enquiringly, and after an instant's hesitation the woman said quietly:

"I am Mrs. Austin." She was grateful for the gloom that hid her face. "I rode out this way to examine a tract of grazing land."

It seemed fully a minute before the Ranger answered; then he said in a casual tone, "I reckon Las Palmas is quite a ranch, ma'am."

"Yes. But we need more pasture."

"I know your La Feria ranch, too. I was with General Castro when we had that fight near there."

"You were a Maderista?"

"Yes'm. Machine-gun man. That's fine country over there. Seems like God Almighty got mixed and put the Mexicans on the wrong side of the Rio Grande. But I reckon you haven't seen much of La Feria since the last revolution broke out."

"No. We have tried to remain neutral but—" again she hesitated. "Mr. Austin has enemies. Fortunately both sides have spared La Feria."

Law shrugged his broad shoulders. "Oh, well, the revolution isn't over! A ranch in Mexico is my idea of a bad investment." He rose and taking his blanket sought a favorable spot upon which to spread it. Then he helped Mrs. Austin to her feet—her muscles had stiffened until she could barely stand—after which he fetched his saddle for a pillow. He made no apologies for his meager hospitality nor did his guest expect any.

When he had staked out his horse for the night he returned to find the woman rolled snugly in her covering, as in a cocoon. The dying embers flickered into flame and lit her hair redly. She had laid off her felt Stetson, and one loosened braid lay over her hard pillow. Thinking her asleep Law stood motionless, making no attempt to hide his expression of wonderment, until unexpectedly she spoke.

"What will you do with me when your Mexican comes?" she asked.

"Well, ma'am, I reckon I'll hide you out in the brush, till I tame him. I hope you sleep well."

"Thank you, I'm used to the open."

He nodded as if he well knew that she was, then shaking out his slicker turned away.

As he lay staring up through the thorny mesquite branches that roofed him inadequately from the dew he marveled mightily. A bright, steady-burning star peeped through the leaves at him, and as he watched it he remembered that this red-haired woman with the still, white face was known far and wide through the lower valley as "The Lone Star." Well, he mused, the name fitted her; she was, if reports were true, quite as mysterious, quite as cold and fixed and unapproachable, as the title implied. Knowledge of her identity had come as a shock, for Law knew something of her history, and to find her suing for his protection was quite thrilling. Tales of her pale beauty were common and not tame, but she was all and more than she had been described. And yet why had no one told him she was so young? This woman's youth and attractiveness amazed him; he felt that he had made a startling discovery. Was she so cold, after all? or was she merely reserved? Red hair above a pure white face; a woman's form wrapped in his blanket; ripe red lips caressing the rim of his mean drinking cup! Those were things to think about. Those were pictures for a lonely man.

She had not been too proud and cold to let him help her. In her fatigue she had allowed him to lift her and to make her more comfortable. Hot against his palms—palms unaccustomed to the touch of woman's flesh—he felt the contact of her naked feet, as at the moment when he had placed them in the cooling water. Her feeble resistance had only called attention



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"Have you had your supper?" Alaire finally inquired. "Who, me? Oh, I'll



with the help." As Law replied she decided he was not at all bad looking.

to her sex—to the slim whiteness of her ankles beneath her short riding skirt.

Following his first amazement at beholding her had come a fantastic explanation of her presence—for a moment or two it had seemed as if the fates had taken heed of his yearnings and had sent her to him out of the dusk—wild fancies, like these, bother men who are much alone. Of course he had not dreamed that she was the mistress of Las Palmas. That altered matters, and yet—they were to spend a long idle day together. If the Mexican did not come, another night like this would follow, and she was virtually his prisoner. Perhaps, after all—

Dave Law stirred nervously and sighed.

"Don't this beat hell?" he murmured reflectively.

ALAIRE AUSTIN slept badly. The day's hardships had left their traces. The toxins of fatigue not only poisoned her muscles with aches and pains but drugged her brain and rendered the night a long succession of tortures during which she experienced for a second time the agonies of thirst and fatigue and despair. Extreme physical ordeals, like profound emotional upheavals, leave imprints upon the brain, and while the body may recover quickly it often requires considerable time to rest exhausted nerves. The finer the nervous organism, the slower is the process of recuperation. Like most normal women Alaire had a surprising amount of endurance, both nervous and muscular, but having drawn heavily against her reserve force she paid the penalty. During the early hours of the night she slept hardly at all, and as soon as her bodily discomfort began to decrease, her mind became unruly. Twice she rose and limped to the water-hole for a drink, and it was not until nearly dawn that she dropped off into complete unconsciousness. She was awakened by a sunbeam which pierced her leafy shelter and with hot touch explored her upturned face.

It was still early; the sun had just cleared the valley's rim, and the ground was damp with dew. Somewhere near by, an unfamiliar bird was sweetly trilling. Alaire listened dreamily, until the bird-carol changed to the air of a familiar cowboy song, then she sat up, queerly startled.

David Law was watering his horse,

grooming the animal meanwhile with a bur-lap cloth. Such attention was unusual in a stock country where horses run wild, but this horse, Mrs. Austin saw, justified unusual care. It was a beautiful blood-bay mare, and as the woman looked, it lifted its head, then with wet, trembling muzzle caressed its owner's cheek. Undoubtedly this attention was meant for a kiss, and was as daintily conferred as any woman's favor. It brought a reward in a lump of sugar. There followed an exhibition of equine delight; the mare's lips twitched, her nose wrinkled ludicrously, she stretched her neck and tossed her head as the sweetness tickled her palate. Even the nervous switching of her tail was eloquent of pleasure. Meanwhile the owner showed his white teeth in a smile.

"Good morning!" said Mrs. Austin.

Law lifted his hat in a graceful salute as he approached around the edge of the pool, his spurs jingling musically. The mare followed.

"You have a fine horse, there."

"Yes'm. Her and me get along all right," replied Law. "I hope we didn't wake you, ma'am."

"No. I was too tired to sleep well."

"Of course! I heard you stirring about during the night." Law paused and the mare, with sharp ears cocked forward, looked over his shoulder inquisitively. "Tell the lady good morning, Bessie Belle," he directed. The animal flung its head high then stepped forward and, stretching its neck, sniffed doubtfully at the visitor.

"What a graceful bow!" Mrs. Austin laughed. "You taught her that, I presume."

"Yes'm! She'd never been to school when I got her; she was plumb ignorant. But she's got all the airs of a fine lady now. Sometimes I go without sugar, but Bessie Belle never does."

"And you with a sweet tooth!"

The Ranger smiled pleasantly. "She's as easy as a rockin'-chair. We're kind of sweethearts, ain't we, kid?" Again Bessie Belle tossed her head high. "That's 'yes,' with the reverse English," the speaker explained. "Now you just rest yourself, ma'am, and order your breakfast. What'll it be, quail, dove, or cottontail?"

"Why—whatever you can get."

"That ain't the kind of restaurant we run. Bessie Belle would sure be offended

if she understood you. Ever see anybody call a quail?"

"Can it really be done?"

Law's face brightened. "You wait." He led his mare down the arroyo, then returned, and taking his Winchester from its scabbard, explained: "There's a pair of 'top-knots' on that side-hill waitin' for a drink. Watch 'em run into my lap when I give the distress signal of our secret order." He skirted the water-hole, and seated himself with his heels together and his elbows propped upon his spread knees in the military position for close shooting. From where he sat he commanded an unobstructed view of the thicket's edge. Next he moistened his lips and uttered an indescribable, low whistle. At intervals he repeated the call while the woman looked on with interest. Suddenly out of the grass burst a blue quail, running with wings outstretched and every feather ruffled angrily. It paused, the man's cheek snuggled against the stock of his gun, and the bark of the thirty-thirty sounded loudly. Mrs. Austin saw that he had shot the little bird's head off. She spoke but he stilled her with a gesture, threw in a second shell, and repeated his magic call. There was a longer wait this time, but finally the performance was repeated. The marksman rose, picked up the two birds, and came back to the camping place.

"Kind of a low-down trick when they've just started housekeeping, ain't it?" he smiled.

Mrs. Austin saw that both crested heads had been cleanly severed. "That is quite wonderful," she said. "You must be an unusually good shot."

"Yes'm! You can fool turkeys the same way. Turkeys are easy."

"What do you say to them? What brings them out, all ruffled up?" she asked curiously.

Law had one of the birds picked by this time. "I tell 'em a snake has got me. I reckon each one thinks the other is in trouble and comes to the rescue. Anyhow, it's a mighty mean trick."

He would not permit her to help with the breakfast, so she lay back enjoying the luxury of her hard bed, and watching her host, whose personality, now that she saw him by daylight, had begun to challenge her interest. Of late years she had purposely avoided men, and circumstances

had not permitted her to study those few she had been forced to meet; but now that fate had thrown her into the company of this stranger, she permitted some play to her curiosity.

Physically Law was of an admirable make—considerably over six feet in height, with wide shoulders and lean, strong limbs. Although his face was schooled to mask all but the deepest emotions, the deftness of his movements was eloquent, betraying that complete muscular and nervous control which comes from life in the open. A pair of blue-gray, meditative eyes, with a whimsical fashion of wrinkling half shut when he talked, relieved a countenance that otherwise would have been a trifle grim and somber. The nose was prominent and boldly arched, the ears large and pronounced and standing well away from the head; the mouth was thin-lipped and mobile. Alaire tried to read that bronzed visage, with little success, until she closed her eyes and regarded the mental image. Then she found the answer: Law had the face and the head of a hunter. The alert ears, the watchful eyes, the predatory nose, were like those of some hunting animal. Yes, that was decidedly the strongest impression he gave. And yet in his face there was nothing animal in a bad sense. Certainly it showed no grossness. The man was wild, untamed, rather than sensual, and despite his careless use of the plains vernacular he seemed to be rather above the average in education and intelligence. At any rate, without being stupidly tongue-tied, he knew enough to remain silent when there was nothing to say, and that was a blessing, for Mrs. Austin herself was not talkative, and idle chatter distressed her.

On the whole, when Alaire had finished her analysis, she rather resented the good impression Law had made upon her, for, on general principles, she chose to dislike and distrust men. Rising, she walked painfully to the pond and made a leisurely toilet.

Breakfast was ready when she returned, and once more the man sat upon his heels and smoked while she ate. Alaire could not catch his eyes upon her, except when he spoke, at which time his gaze was direct and open; yet never did she feel free from his intensest observation.

After a while she remarked: "I'm glad to see a Ranger in this county. There

has been a lot of stealing down our way and the Association men can't seem to stop it. Perhaps you can."

"The Rangers have a reputation in that line," he admitted. "But there is stealing all up and down the border, since the war. You lost any stuff?"

"Yes. Mostly horses."

"Sure! They need horses in Mexico."

"The ranchers have organized. They have formed a sort of vigilance committee in each town, and talk of using bloodhounds."

"Bloodhounds ain't any good, outside of novels. If beef got scarce, them Greasers would steal the dogs and eat 'em." He added, meditatively, "Dog ain't such bad eatin', either."

"Have you tried it?"

Mr. Law nodded. "It was better than some of the army beef we got in the Philippines." Then, in answer to her unspoken enquiry, "Yes'm, I served an enlistment there."

"You—were a private soldier?"

"Yes'm."

Mrs. Austin was incredulous, and yet she could not well express her surprise without too personal an implication. "I can't imagine anybody—that is, a man like you, as a common soldier."

"Well, I wasn't exactly that," he grinned.

"No, I was about the most uncommon soldier out there. I had a speakin' acquaintance with most of the guard-houses in the Islands before I got through."

"But why did you enlist—a man like you?"

"Why?" He pondered the question. "I was young. I guess I needed the excitement. I have to get about so much or I don't enjoy my food."

"Did you join the Maderistas for excitement?"

"Mostly! Then, too, I believed Pan-chito Madero was honest and would give the peons land. An honest Mexican is worth fightin' for, anywhere. The *pelados* are still struggling for their land—for that and a chance to live and work and be happy."

Mrs. Austin stirred impatiently. "They are fighting because they are told to fight. There is no *patriotism* in them," said she.

"I think," he said, with grave deliberateness, "the majority feel something big

and powerful stirring inside them. They don't know exactly what it is, perhaps, but it is there. Mexico has outgrown her dictators. They have been overthrown by the same causes that brought on the French Revolution."

"The French Revolution!" Alaire leaned forward, eyeing the speaker with startled intensity. "You don't talk like a—like an enlisted man. What do you know about the French Revolution?"

Reaching for a coal, the Ranger spoke without facing her. "I've read a good bit, ma'am, and I'm a noble listener. I remember good, too. Why, I had a picture of the Bastille once." He pronounced it "Bastilly" and his hearer settled back. "That was some calaboose, now, wasn't it?" A moment later he enquired ingenuously, "I don't suppose you ever saw that Bastille, did you?"

"No. Only the place where it stood."

"Sho! You must have traveled right smart for such a young lady." He beamed amiably upon her.

"I was educated abroad, and I only came home—to be married." Law noted the lifeless way in which she spoke, and he understood.

"I'll bet you *habla* those French and German lingoes like a native," he ventured. "Beats me how a person can do it."

"You speak Spanish, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. But I was born in Mexico, as near as I can make out."

"And you probably speak some of the Filipino dialects."

"Yes'm, a few."

There was something winning about this young man's modesty, and something flattering in his respectful admiration. He seemed, also, to know his place, a fact which was even more in his favor. Undoubtedly he had force and ability; probably his love of adventure and a happy lack of settled purpose had led him to neglect his more commonplace opportunities, and sent him first into the army and thence into the Ranger service. The world is full of such, and the frontier is their gathering place. Mrs. Austin had met a number of men like Law, and to her they seemed to be the true soldiers of fortune—fellows who lived purely for the fun of living, and leavened their days with adventure.

Being a woman, however, and being animated at this particular moment by a

peculiarly feminine impulse, she felt urged to add her own touch to what nature had roughed out. This man had been denied what she termed an education; therefore, she decided to put one in his way.

"Do you like to read?" she asked him.

"Say! It's my favorite form of exercise."

Law's blue-gray eyes were expressionless, his face was bland. "Why?"

"I have a great many books at Las Palmas. You might enjoy some of them."

"Now, that's nice of you, ma'am. Mebbe I'll look into this cattle stealin' in your neighborhood, and if I do, I'll sure come borrowin'."

"Oh, I'll send you a box-full when I get back," said Alaire, and Dave thanked her humbly.

Later when he went to move his mare into a shady spot, the Ranger chuckled and slapped his thigh with his hat. "Bessie Belle, we're going to improve our minds," he said aloud. "We're going to be literary and read 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'Alice in Wonderland.' I bet we'll enjoy 'em, eh? But—doggone! She's a nice lady, and your coat is just the same color as her hair."

Where the shade was densest and the breeze played most freely, there Dave fixed a comfortable couch for his guest, and during the heat of the forenoon she dozed.

Asleep she exercised upon him an even more disturbing effect than when awake, for now he could study her beauty deliberately, from the loose pile of warm red hair to the narrow tight-laced boots. What he saw was altogether delightful. Her slightly parted lips offered an irresistible attraction—almost an invitation; the heat had lent a feverish flush to her cheeks; Dave could count the slow pulsations of her white throat. He closed his eyes and tried to quell his unruly longings. He was a strong man; adventurous days, and nights spent close to the grass, had coarsened the masculine side of his character, perhaps at expense to his finer nature, for it is a human tendency to revert. He was masterful and ruthless; lacking obligations or responsibilities of any sort, he had been accustomed to take what he wanted; therefore, the gaze he fixed upon the sleeping woman betrayed an ardor calculated to deepen the color in her cheeks, had she beheld it.

And yet, strangely enough, Dave realized that his emotions were unaccountably mixed. This woman's distress had, of

course, brought a prompt and natural response; but now her implicit confidence in his honor and her utter dependence upon him awoke his deepest chivalry. Then, too, the knowledge that her life was unhappy, indeed tragic, filled him with a sort of wondering pity. As he continued to look at her, these feelings grew until finally he turned away his face. With his chin in his hands he stared out somberly into the blinding heat. He had met few women, of late years, and never one quite like this—never one, for instance, who made him feel so dissatisfied with his own shortcomings.

After a time he rose and withdrew to the shelter of another tree, there to content himself with mental images of his guest.

But one cannot sleep well with a tropic sun in the heavens, and since there was really nothing for her to do until the heat abated Alaire, when she awoke, obliged the Ranger to amuse her.

Although she was in fact younger than he, married life had matured her, and she treated him therefore like a boy. Law did not object. Mrs. Austin's position in life was such that most men were humble in her presence, and now her superior wisdom seemed to excite the Ranger's liveliest admiration. Only now and then, as if in an unguarded moment, did he appear to forget himself and speak with an authority equaling her own. What he said at such times indicated either a remarkably retentive memory or else an ability to think along original lines, too rare among men of this kind to be easily credited.

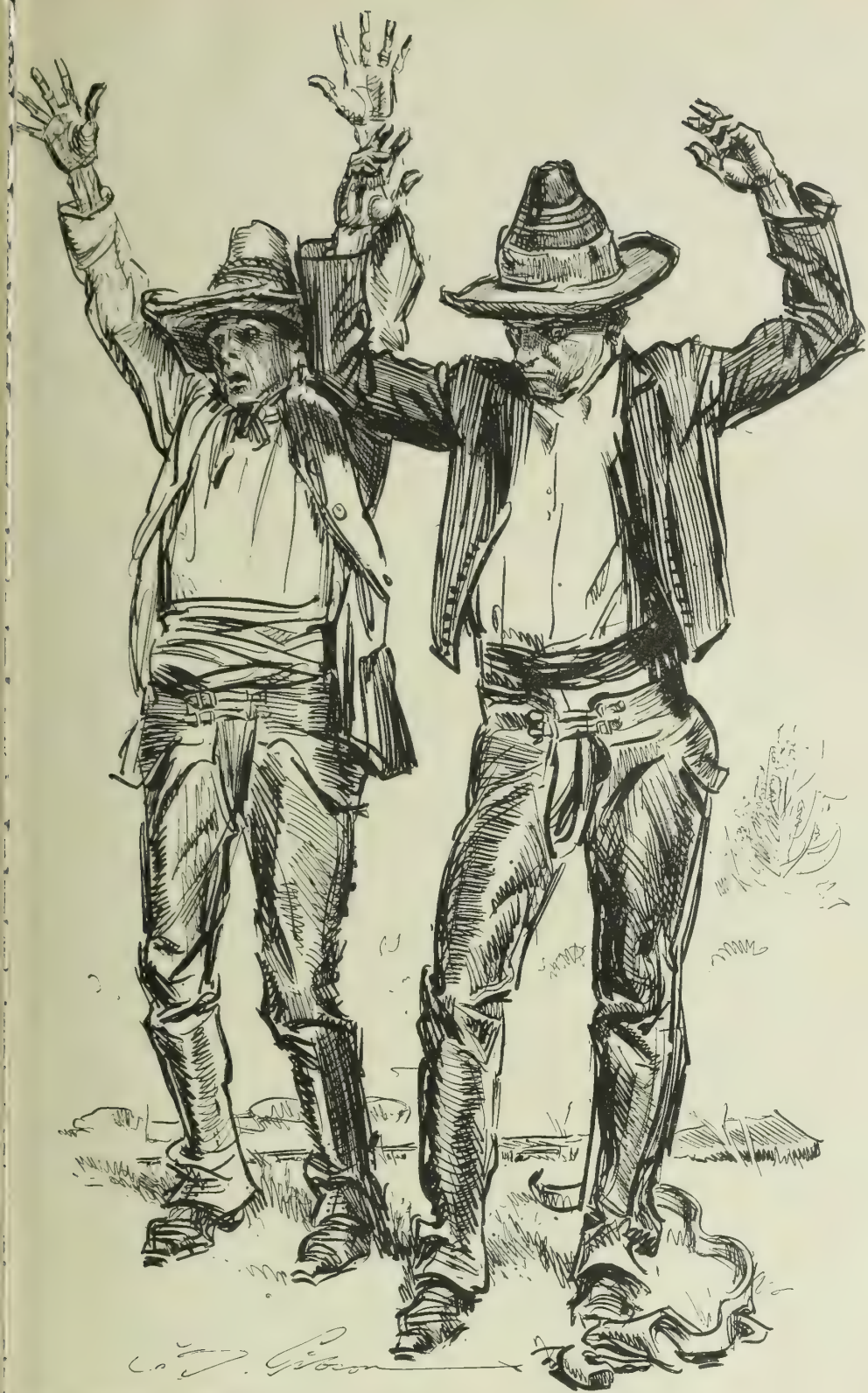
For instance, during a discussion of the Mexican situation—and of course their talk drifted thither, for at the moment it was the one vitally interesting topic along the border—he excused the barbarous practices of the Mexican soldiers by saying:

"Of course they're cruel, vindictive, treacherous, but after all there are only a hundred and forty generations between us and Adam; only a hundred and forty lifetimes since the Garden of Eden. We civilized peoples are only a lap or two ahead of the uncivilized ones. When you think that it takes ten thousand generations to develop a plant and root out some of its early heredities you can see that human beings have a long way yet to go before they become perfect. We're creatures of environment, just like plants. Environment has made the Mexican what he is."



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

As Alaire cowered low watching the two Mexicans, out of nowhere came a command:



'Oiga! Hands up, both of you.' A rifle fell, and two pairs of dark hands rose slowly.

Certainly this was an amazing speech to issue from a sun-browned cowboy, sitting crosslegged under a mesquite tree.

From under her hat brim Alaire Austin eyed the speaker with a curiosity into which there had come a vague hostility. For the moment, she was suspicious and piqued, but Law did not appear to notice, and as he talked on her doubts gradually subsided.

"You said, last night, that you were born on the other side." She inclined her ruddy head to the west.

"Yes'm. My father was a mining man, and he done well over there until he locked horns with the Guadalupe. Old Don Enrique and him had a run-in at the finish, over some land, or something. It was when the Don was gobbling all the property in the State, and laying the foundation for his big fortune. You know he had permission from the President to steal all the land he cared to, just like the rest of those local Governors had. Well, Guadalupe tried to run my people out."

"Did he succeed?"

"No'm. He killed 'em, but they stayed."

"Not—really?" The listener was shocked. "American citizens, too?"

"Times wasn't much different then than now. There's plenty of good Americans been killed in Mexico, and nothing done about it, even in our day. I don't know all the details—never could get 'em, either—for I was away at school; but after I came back from the Philippines, the Madero fuss was just brewing, so I went over and joined it. But it didn't last long and there wasn't enough fighting to suit me. I've been back, off and on, since, and I've burned a good deal of Guadalupe property and swum a good many head of Guadalupe stock."

As the morning progressed Law proved himself an interesting companion, and in spite of the discomforts of the situation the hours slipped past rapidly. Luncheon was a disagreeable meal, eaten while the arroyo baked and the heat devils danced on the hills; but the unpleasantness was of brief duration, and Law always managed to banish boredom. Nor did he seem to waste a thought upon the nature of that grim business which brought him to this place. Quite the contrary. In the afternoon he put his mare through her tricks for Alaire's edification and gossiped idly of whatever interested his guest.

Then as the sun edged to the west and Mrs. Austin became restless, he saddled Bessie Belle and led her down the gulch into a safer covert.

Returning, he carefully obliterated all traces of the camp. He watered the ashes of the fire, gathered up the telltale scraps of paper and fragments of food, and then when the place suited him, fell to examining his rifle.

Alaire watched him with interest. "Where shall I go?" she asked, "and what shall I do?"

"You just pick out a good cover beyond the water-hole and stay there, ma'am. It may be a long wait, for something may have happened. If so we'll have to lie close. And don't worry yourself none, ma'am; he won't make no trouble."

The afternoon drew to a close. Gradually the blinding white glare of the sun lessened and yellowed, the shadow of the bluffs began to stretch out. The shallow pool lay silent, deserted save for furtive little shapes that darted nervously out of the leaves, or for winged visitors that dropped out of the air.

With the sunset there came the sound of hoofs upon loose stones, branches rustled against breasting bodies, and Mrs. Austin cowered low in her hiding place. But it was only the advance guard of a bunch of brush cattle coming to water.

Alaire's retreat was far from comfortable; there was an ant's nest somewhere near her, and she thought of moving; but suddenly her breath caught and her heart jumped uncontrollably. She crouched lower, for directly opposite her position and outlined against the sky where the sharp ridge cut it was the figure of a mounted man. Rider and horse were silhouetted against the pearl gray heaven like an equestrian statue. How long they had been there, Alaire had no faintest notion. Perhaps it was their coming which had alarmed the cattle. She was conscious that a keen and hostile pair of eyes was searching the coverts surrounding the *charco*.

Then, as silently as it had appeared, the apparition vanished beyond the ridge, and Alaire wondered if the rider had taken alarm. She earnestly hoped so; this breathless vigil was getting on her nerves.

Alaire lay close, as she had been directed, praying that the horseman had been warned;

but shortly she heard again the rustle of stiff branches, and out into the opening rode a Mexican. He was astride a wiry, gray pony, and in the strong twilight Alaire could see his every feature—the swarthy cheeks, the roving eyes beneath the black felt hat. A carbine lay across his saddle horn, a *riata* was coiled beside his leg, a cartridge belt encircled his waist. There was something familiar about the fellow, but at the moment Alaire could not determine what it was.

After one swift appraising glance, the newcomer rode straight to the verge of the water-hole and dismounted; then he and his horse drank side by side.

It was the moment for a complete and effective surprise, but nothing happened. Why didn't Law act? Alaire bent low, straining eyes and ears, but no command came from the Ranger. After a while the traveler rose to his feet and stretched his limbs. Next he walked to the ashes of the fire and looked down at them, stirring them with his toe. Apparently satisfied, he lit a cigaret.

Could it be that something had gone wrong with the Ranger's plan? Had something happened to him? Alaire was startled by the possibility; this delay was beyond her comprehension.

Then as if in answer to her perplexity a second horseman appeared, and the woman realized how simply she had been fooled.

THE newcomers exchanged a word or two in Spanish, then the second rider flung himself from his saddle and made for the water. He was lying prone and drinking deeply when out of nowhere came a sharp command.

"*Oiga!* Hands up, both of you!" It was Law's voice.

The first arrival jumped as if a rattlesnake had buzzed at his back, the second leaped to his feet with an oath; they stared in the direction from whence the voice had come.

"Drop your gun, *compañero!*" The order was decisive; it was directed at the man who had first appeared, for the other had left his Winchester in its scabbard.

Both Mexicans cried, as if at a cue, "Who speaks?"

"A Ranger."

The fellow Law had addressed let fall

his rifle; two pairs of dark hands rose slowly. Then the Ranger went on in musical Spanish:

"Anto, lower your left hand and unbuckle your belt." Anto did as he was told, his revolver and cartridge belt dropped to the ground. "And you, *compadre*, do the same. Mind you, the left hand! Now face about and walk to the *charco*, both of you. Good!"

Law stepped into view, his Winchester in the crook of his arm. He emptied the three discarded weapons, then walking to Anto's horse he removed the second carbine from beneath the saddle flap and ejected its shells into his palm.

This done he addressed the stranger. "Now, friend, who are you, and why are you riding with this fellow?"

"My name is Panfilo Sanchez, *señor*. Before God, I have done nothing." The speaker was tremendously excited.

"Well, Panfilo, that will take some proving," the Ranger muttered.

"What do you say?"

The gist of this statement having been repeated in Spanish, both prisoners burst into clamorous explanation of their presence together. Panfilo, it seemed, had encountered his companion purely by chance, and was horrified now to learn that his newly made friend was wanted by the authorities. In the midst of his incoherent protestations Mrs. Austin appeared.

"He is telling you the truth, Mr. Law," she said quietly. "He is one of my men."

Both Mexicans looked blank. At sight of the speaker their mouths fell open, and Panfilo ceased his gesticulations.

Mrs. Austin went on, "He is my horse-breaker's cousin. He couldn't have had any part in that murder in Jim Wells County, for he was at Las Palmas when I left."

Panfilo recovered from his amazement, removed his sombrero and blessed his employer extravagantly; then he turned triumphantly upon his captor. "Behold!" cried he. "There you have the truth. I am an excellent, hard-working man and as honest as God."

"Surely you don't want him," Alaire appealed to Law. "He was probably helping his countryman to escape—but they all do that, you know."

"All right! If he's your man, that's enough," Dave told her. "Now then,

boys, it will soon be dark, and we'll need some supper before we start. It won't hurt Anto's horse to rest a bit, either. You are under arrest," he added, addressing the latter. "You understand what that means?"

"*Si, señor!*"

"I won't tie you unless——"

"*No, señor!*" Anto understood perfectly and was grateful.

"Well then, build a fire, and you Panfilo, lend a hand. The *señora* will need a cup of tea, for we three have a long ride ahead of us."

No time was lost. Both Mexicans fell to with a will, and in a surprisingly short time water was boiling. When it came Law's turn to eat, Alaire, who was eager to be gone, directed her employee to fetch the Ranger's horse. Panfilo acquiesced readily and buckled on his cartridge belt and six-shooter. He was about to pick up his rifle, too, but finding Law's eyes enquiringly fixed upon him, he turned with a shrug and disappeared down the arroyo. It was plain that he considered his friendly relations well-established and resented the Ranger's suspicion.

"How long has that fellow been working for you?" Law jerked his head in the direction Panfilo had taken.

"Not long. I—don't know much about him," Alaire confessed. Then, as if in answer to his unspoken question, "But I'm sure he's all right."

"Is he looking up range for you?"

"N—no! I left him at the ranch. I don't know how he came to be here, unless—It is rather strange!"

Dave shot a swift, interrogatory glance at Panfilo's traveling-companion, but Anto's face was stony, his black eyes were fixed upon the fire.

With an abrupt gesture, Law flung aside the contents of his cup, and strode to Panfilo's horse, which stood dejectedly with reins hanging.

"Where are you—going?" Alaire rose nervously.

It was nearly dark now; only the crests of the ridges were plain against the luminous sky; in the brushy bottom of the arroyo the shadows were deep. Alaire had no wish to be left alone with the prisoner.

With bridle rein and carbine in his left hand the Ranger halted, then stooping for Anto's discarded cartridge belt he

looped it over his saddle horn. He vaulted easily into the seat, saying: "I hid that mare pretty well. Your man may not be able to find her." Then he turned his borrowed horse's head towards the brush.

Anto had squatted motionless until this moment, he had not even turned his head; but now without the slightest warning he uttered a loud call. It might have served equally well as a summons or as an alarm, but it changed the Ranger's suspicions into certainty. Dave uttered an angry exclamation, then to the startled woman he cried: "Watch this man! He can't hurt you, for I've got his shells." To his prisoner he said sharply: "Stay where you are! Don't move!" The next instant he had loped into the brush on the tracks of Panfilo Sanchez, spurring the tired gray pony into vigorous action.

It was an uncomfortable situation in which Alaire now found herself. Law was too suspicious, she murmured to herself, he was needlessly melodramatic; she felt exceedingly ill at ease as his hoof beats grew fainter. She was not afraid of Anto, having dealt with Mexican *vaqueros* for several years, yet she could not forget that he was a murderer, and she wondered what she was expected to do if he should try to escape. It was absurd to suppose that Panfilo, her own hired man, could be capable of treachery; the mere suspicion was a sort of reflection upon her——

Alaire was startled by hearing other hoof beats now; their drumming came faint but unmistakable. Yes, there were two horses racing down the arroyo. Anto, the fugitive, rose to his feet and stared into the dusk.

"Sit down!" Alaire ordered sharply. He obeyed, muttering beneath his breath, but his head was turned as if in an effort to follow the sounds of the pursuit.

Next came the distant rattle of loosened stones—evidently one horse was being urged towards the open high ground—then the peaceful evening quiet was split by the report of Law's thirty-thirty. Another shot followed and then a third. Both Alaire and her prisoner were on their feet; the woman shaking in every limb, the Mexican straining his eyes into the gloom and listening intently.

Soon there came a further echo of dry earth and gravel dislodged, but whether by Law's horse or by that of Sanchez, was

uncertain. Perhaps both men had gained the mesa.

It had all happened so quickly and so unexpectedly that Alaire felt she must be dreaming, or that there had been some idiotic mistake. She wondered if the Ranger's sudden charge had not simply frightened Panfilo into a panicky flight.

Alaire had begun to feel the strain of the situation and was trying to decide what next to do, when David Law came riding out of the twilight. He was astride the gray; behind him at the end of a lariat was Bessie Belle, and her saddle was empty.

Mrs. Austin uttered a sharp cry.

Law dismounted and strode to the prisoner. His face was black with fury, he seemed gigantic in his rage. Without a word he raised his right hand and cuffed the Mexican to his knees.

"By God! I've a notion to bend a gun over your head," Law growled. "Clever little game, wasn't it?"

"Where?—Did you—kill him?" the woman gasped.

Alaire had never beheld such a demoniac expression as Law turned upon her. The man's face was contorted, his eyes were blazing insanely, his chest was heaving, and for an instant he seemed to include her in his anger. Ignoring her enquiry, he went to his mare and ran his shaking hands over her as if in search of an injury; his questing palms covered every inch of glistening hide from forelock to withers, from shoulder to hoof, and under cover of this task he regained in some degree his self-control.

"That *hombre* of yours—didn't look right to me," he said finally. Laying his cheek against Bessie Belle's neck, as a woman snuggles close to the man of her choice, he addressed the mare. "I reckon nobody is going to steal you, eh? Not if I know it."

Alaire wet her lips. "Then you—shot him?"

Law laughed grimly, almost mockingly. "Say! He must be a favorite of yours?"

"N—no! I hardly knew the fellow. But—did you—?"

"I didn't say I shot him," he told her gruffly. "I warned him, first, and he turned on me—blew smoke in my face. Then he took to the brush, afoot, and—I cut down on him once more to help him along."

"He got away?" Alaire asked.

"I reckon so."

"Oh! Oh!" Alaire's tone left no doubt of her relief. "He was always a good man——"

"Good? Didn't he steal my horse? Didn't he aim to get me at the first chance and free his *compadre*? That's why he wanted his Winchester. Say! I reckon he—needs killin' about as much as anybody I know."

"I can't understand it!" Alaire sat down weakly. "One of my men, too."

"This fellow behaved himself while I was gone, eh?" Law jerked his head in Anto's direction. "I was afraid he—he'd try something. If he had—" Such a possibility, oddly enough, seemed to choke the speaker, and the ferocity of his unfinished threat caused Mrs. Austin to look up at him curiously. There was a moment of silence, then he said shortly: "Well, we've got a horse apiece now. Let's go."

The stars had thickened and brightened, rounding the night sky into a glittering dome. Anto, the murderer, with his ankles lashed beneath his horse's belly, rode first; next, in a sullen silence, came the Ranger, his chin upon his breast; and in the rear followed Alaire Austin.

In spite of her release from a trying predicament, the woman was scarcely more eager to go home than was the prisoner, for while Anto's trail led to a jail, hers led to Las Palmas, and there was little difference. These last two days in the open had been like a glimpse of freedom; for a time Alaire had almost lost the taste of bitter memories. It had required an effort of will to drug remembrance, but she had succeeded, and had proven her ability to forget. But now—Las Palmas! It meant the usual thing, the same endless battle between her duty and her desire. She was tired of the fight that resulted in neither victory nor defeat; she longed now, more than ever, to give up and let things take their course. Why could not women, as well as men, yield to their inclinations—drift with the current instead of breasting it until they were exhausted? There was David Law, for instance; he was utterly carefree, no duties shackled him. He had his horse and his gun, and they were enough; Alaire, like him, was young, her mind was eager, her body ripe, her veins full of fire.

This Rex Beach story is continued in the February issue—get it January 29.

“Mr. Dooley” on War

by F. P. Dunne

Illustrated by F. Strothmann



“An’ again,” said Mr. Hennessy.

“That’ll do,” said Mr. Dooley. “That ought to satisfy ye, ye blood-thirsty little ruffyan. Annyhow, I’m glad to find ye so impartial. Nawthin’ has been more gratifyin’ to me thin th’ way this abejent nation has followed Dock Wilson’s ordher f’r us not to take sides in th’ conthravarsy that has been goin’ on in a noothral counthry to decide whether a man is more cultured be havin’ his head blowed off be a pondhrous an’ convincin’ Krupp gun, or be th’ more livelier an’ wittier argymints turned out be th’ Fr-rinch school iv artill’ry. This is especially throe iv our fellow citizens iv German extraction. They show little sign, short iv explodin’, that they ar-re inthrestid in th’ result. I talked with wan th’ other day. He was a ca’m, dis-pashnit, modest Prooshyan, like me frind Dock Muensterberg, who is takin’ Mats-achooetts infants an’ turnin’ thim into little Germans in th’ kindergarten just outside iv Boston. This here jaynial la-ad begun his argymint with th’ bashful admission that Germany is th’ on’y respectable counthry on th’ face iv th’ globe. Germany, says he, does not intind to carry this war

“**W**HAT d’ye think about this war?” asked Mr. Dooley.
“I’m noothral,” said Mr. Hennessy. “I’d like to see France lick Germany, an’ Germany lick England, an’ England lick Austhree, an’ Austhree lick Rooshya, an’ Rooshya lick Japan. An’ thin I’d like to see Germany licked again—be Bilgium—an’ again, an’ again, an’ again, an’ again—”
“Hol’ on,” said Mr. Dooley. “Ain’t that enough? Well, wanst more if ye must.”

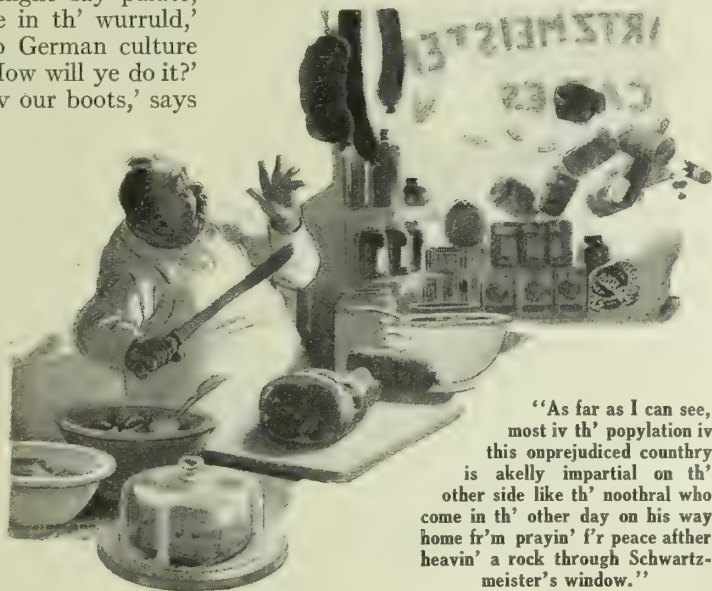


"Nawthin' has been more gratifyin' to me thin th' way this abeejant nation has followed Dock Wilson's ordher f'r us not to take sides in th' contravarsy that has been goin' on in this noothral country."

on to th' bitter end. It will be satisfied to stop whin it has improved th' wurruld be removin' all savage thribes that cannot sleep comfortable undher a feather mat-thress. 'In twenty years,' says he, 'th' German tongue, or ye might say palate, will be th' on'y language in th' wurruld,' says he. 'We will stamp German culture on mankind,' says he. 'How will ye do it?' says I. 'With th' heels iv our boots,' says th' kindly fellow.

"As far as I can see, most iv th' rest iv th' popylation iv this on-prejudiced country is akelly impartial on th' other side. Accordin' to thim, whin we ar-re called upon to meedjate between th' nations at war, we will insist that Bilgium shall not be hasty in burnin' th' German imp'r or at th' stake, but must do it slowly. In return Bilgium will be allowed to black up th' popylation

iv Germany an' sind thim to th' Congo to gather th' rubber crop, an' Japan will be asked to colonize th' country with Chinymen. This was th' idee iv a noothral



"As far as I can see, most iv th' popylation iv this onprejudiced country is akelly impartial on th' other side like th' noothral who come in th' other day on his way home fr'm prayin' f'r peace afther heavin' a rock through Schwartzmeister's window."

who come in th' other day on his way home fr'm prayin' f'r peace, after heavin' a rock through Schwartzmeister's window.

"It was fine to see th' bracin' effect iv war on these two old frinds iv mine. In times iv peace th' good German who wants to kick German culture into me, smokes a por-



is th' proud title be which England has always been known to her great Allies. Ye'd think 'twas some horrible crime instead iv a blessin' that had been committed. I don't undherstand it. If I was as proud iv th' war as me frind Imp'rör Willum is, I wudden't be ashamed to come out an' say I done it. Ye bet I wudden't. It's carryin' modesty too far to pretend ye knew



"Thin somethin' happened. I don't know what it was, an' be th' look iv things I niver will know. Th' Fr-rinch ambassade forged a tillygram."

celain pipe, plays love songs on th' piccolo, an' f'r thirty years has been

an alternate at our town convintions—an honor reserved f'r Germans exclusive. An' th' American who hoped to depopulate Germany is in th' gents' furnishing business, an' spins his avenin's playin' th' game iv 'Authors' with th' fam'ly.

"There's no doubt about it, war's a gr-reat thing f'r th' wurruld an' this shindig is wan iv th' most glorious wars in histhry. Iv coorse, there may have been more attractive wars before there was anny histhry, but it don't stand to raison that haythen an' onidicated people cud slam each other as hard as us heirs to all th' ages, as Hogan calls us. But what's surprisin' to me is that none iv th' boys who ar-re runnin' this magnificent affray that's doin' so much f'r th' wurruld, is willin' to take th' blame f'r it. Whin ye thry to find out who deserves th' honor so that a wreath may be placed around his neck, they all pass it up to th' other fellow. Th' German Imp'rör blames it on th' Rooshyan Czar, an' th' Rooshyan Czar blames it on Francis J Hapsburg, an' that binivolint dishpot says 'twas caused be th' treachery iv Parfijous Album, which

nawthin' about it, an' give all th' credit to ye-er inimies. But instead iv steppin' to th' footlights in th' westhren theayter iv war at th' call iv 'Author,' this shy potintate

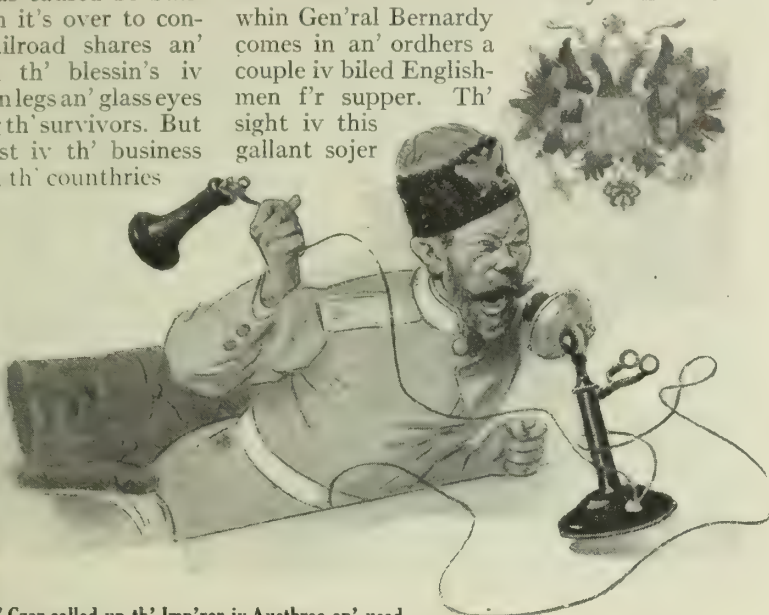
says: 'This onspeakable athrocity that will carry th' binifits iv German civilization to th' ends iv th' arth an' put in th' place iv th' Parthynon (if I get th' name iv that mis'erable roon right) a sootable sthruature iv iron an' reinforced concrete with a heeroic, that is life-size, statue iv mesilf in gunmetal on top—this dhreadful blessin' in disguise, I say, can't be blamed onto me be histhry.' An' all th' kings an' imp'rors an' diplomats ar-re sayin' th' same thing, on'y they're winkin' over their shoulders an' whisp'rin': 'Between Thug an' Thug, I done it, but I don't want to say so out loud. There might be some widows an' orphans listenin'.'

"Who started it? Let th' diffident hero step for'ard an' get what's comin' to him. I've heerd manny argymints over this very bar on this subject, be intill'gint or anny-

"Th' German am-th' prime minister ace in his

now angry men, an' I can't make out. Some says th' monarchs that has been so gratefully cursed, had nawthin' to do with t. They say th' war was caused be business men who hope whin it's over to convert th' soords into railroad shares an' spread th' blessin's iv wooden legs an' glass eyes among th' survivors. But as most iv th' business men in th' counthries

ful an' quiet on th' avenin' iv July thirty-first in a resthrant injyin' a light meal iv pumpnickel an' herring. He has just said 'noch einse' fr th' thirty-fifth time whin Gen'ral Bernardy comes in an' ordhers a couple iv biled Englishmen f'r supper. Th' sight iv this gallant sojer



"Th' Czar called up th' Imp'ror iv Austhree an' used such language to him that th' company threatened to take out th' tellyphone. Annyhow, thin th' gr-reatest of all wars started."

(retired) with his fountain pen clankin' at his side, stirs our honest frind to a

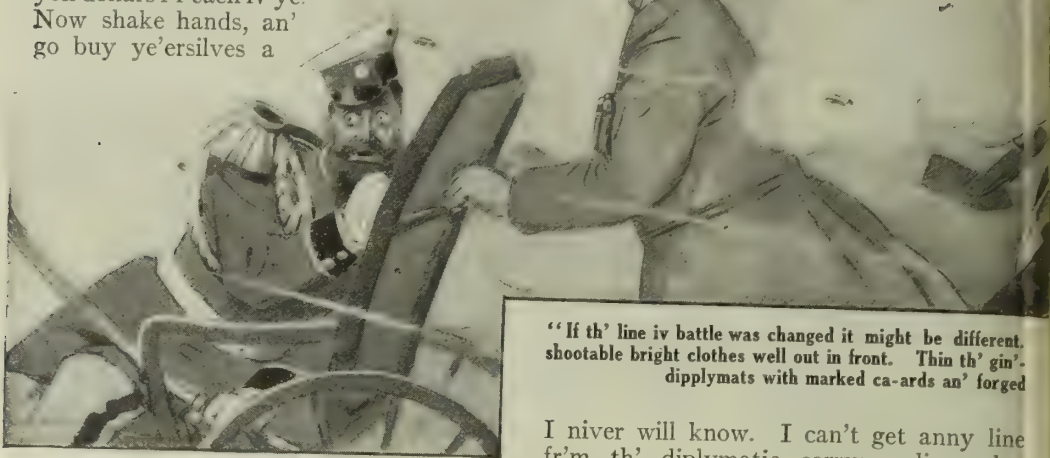
ture caught land with an

tells me th' people iv all th' counthries demanded war, an' compelled their rulers to push thim into th' firin' line. Maybe it's so. In a little Rooshyan village that got its name fr'm an accident to a lino-type masheen, a moujik is settin' at th' head iv th' dinner table carvin' th' tal-low. Suddenly he leps to his feet an' says he: 'Childher,' he says, 'our naytional honor is at stake. Th' intellectional an' ethical standards iv th' Slav are in jipardy at th' hands iv Austhree. I don't know whether Austhree is a bur-rd or a viggitable, but I won't have it bouncin' annything off th' ethical standards iv th' Slav. I will proceed at wanst to th' home iv th' Czar, who I hear fr'm a man who can read is th' ruler iv this counthry, an' foorce him to give me a gun an' go out an' get mesilf kilt,' he says. Or a German is settin' peace-

frinzy. He kicks over th' table, rushes down th' sthreet without his hat, an' rings th' dure bell iv th' palace. Whin th' gentle imp'ror comes to th' dure in a velvet smokin'-jacket, carpet slippers, a tasseled cap, a soord at his belt, an' a book iv pomes in his hand, th' furyous citizen shakes his fist in th' face iv th' gr-reat peace advycate, an' says he: 'Majesty, if ye don't sind me to war at wanst, I'll get somebody that will.' An on th' mornin' iv August first he's on his way to th' front in a handsome military car marked: 'Twinty horses or two hundred men.' Or an English tailor, who has always thought th' shores iv England was safe, gird round as they are be bands iv sea-sickness, throws down th' pair iv pants he's stitchin', utthurs a wild squeak iv: 'Th' supremacy iv our counthry on th' seas must be maintained be me,' an' ar-rmed with a pair iv shears an' a copy iv 'Tipperary' goes forth to slay. It sounds reasonable though incredible.

"An' here I was thinkin' there niver wud be another war worth goin' to see. Th' Dove iv Peace niver crowed so loud as he

did on'y las' summer. I was sure Andrew Carnay-gie wud privint war, or th' Hague con'frence, or th' bankers, or if worst come to worst th' socyalists wud step in an' f'rbid it. Whin two imp'rors begun makin' faces at each other, I looked to see Andrew get between thim an' say: 'Boys, boys, none iv that. Here's fifty mill-yon dollars f'r each iv ye. Now shake hands, an' go buy ye'ersilves a

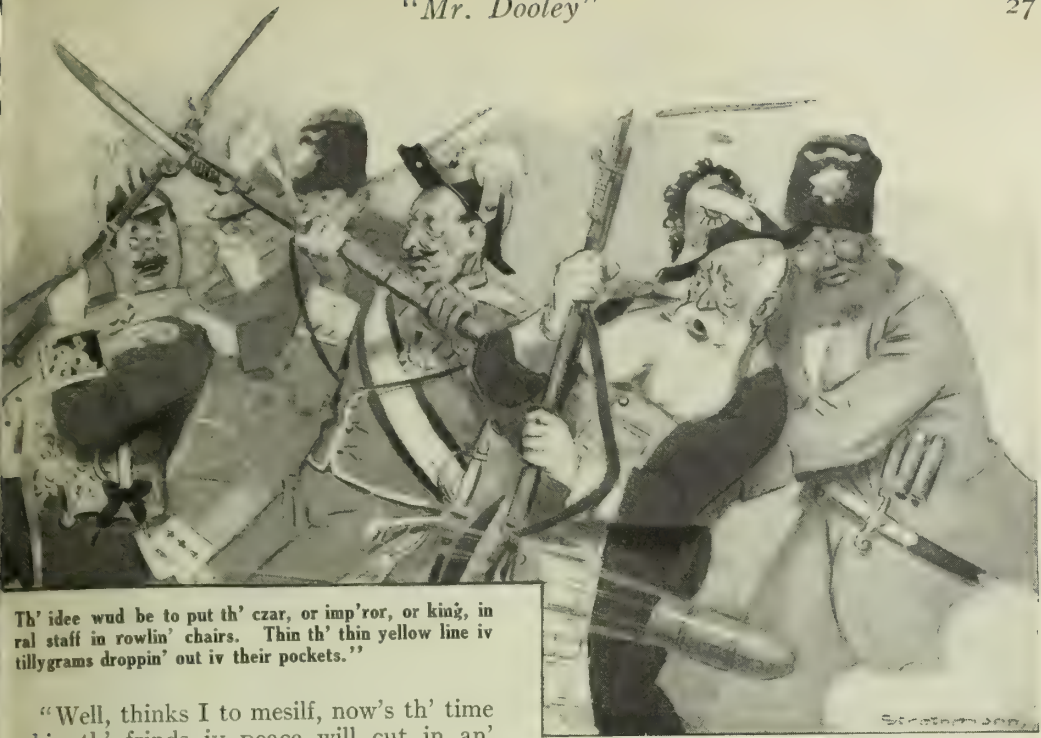


"If th' line iv battle was changed it might be different. shootable bright clothes well out in front. Thin th' gin'-diplymats with marked ca-ards an' forged

couple iv liberties.' Thin there was th' Hague conf'rence. Th' idee was that whin an imp'ror pulled off his coat an' started to climb over th' neighbor's fence, a polisman wud grab both combytants, take thim before th' coort, an' have thim put undher bonds to keep th' peace. If th' Hague conf'rence cudden't do annything with these wild men, I was sure th' bankers wud refuse to supply th' change to carry on th' war. An' last iv all, th' consarvative capitalists iv th' wuruld looked to th' socyalists to protict thim. Ivry year th' Fr'rinch an' German socyalists met together, while on furlough fr'm th' army, an' passed resolutions puttin' an end to war. Says Herr Fritz Bibbel, th' cillybrated German socyalist leader iv th' Richtag: 'There niver will be another internatyonal conflict. Us socyalists will stop it with our mighty power,' says he. 'Thru'e f'r ye,' says Moosoo Looey Duplex, th' champeen iv th' proolootorios iv Fr-rance. 'If th' tyrants thry to foorce us to slay our brothers we will call a sthrike. We will sind a walkin' dillygate around to th' war to whistle th' boys off th' job,' he says. An' they kissed an' wint home.

"Thin somethin' happened. I don't know what it was, an' be th' look iv things

I niver will know. I can't get anny line fr'm th' diplymatic corryspondince, because, Hinnissy, a Euro-peen diplymat wud look down on Dock Cook as an awkward beginner in their pro-fissyon. Thirty or forty years fr'm now some ol' fellow will write a book tellin' how th' war ra-aly started. Th' Fr-rinch ambassadeure forged a tillygram, th' German ambassadeure caught th' prime minister iv England with an ace in his sleeve, or th' Czar called up th' Imp'ror iv Austhree an' used such language to him that th' company threatened to take out th' tillyphone. Annyhow, in less thin two hours time there was started what th' pa-apers call th' gr-reatest war since th' Punic wars, which I do not recall. Th' King iv England ordhered his fleet to des-throy th' German navy, an' removed with his fam'ly to th' counthry. Th' Austhreens an' th' Rooshyans begun to capture an' recapture manny gr-reat an' prosp'rous cities beginnin' with a Z in Poland. An' th' Imp'ror iv Germany put on one iv his sivinty-eight varieties iv unyforms an' come out on th' front stoop iv th' palace an' says he: 'This is no ordhinry war. This is a fracas f'r humanity, f'r civilization, f'r culture, f'r art, f'r all that is beautiful in modern life,' he says. 'So,' says he, 'I intind,' he says, 'to tur-rn th' wuruld into a puddle iv blood which,' he says, 'is my idee iv something pretty to look at,' he says.



Th' idee wud be to put th' czar, or imp'ror, or kinz, in ral staff in rowlin' chairs. Thin th' thin yellow line iv tillygrams droppin' out iv their pockets."

"Well, thinks I to meself, now's th' time whin th' frinds iv peace will cut in an' break up this rough pro-ceedings.

"But lo an' behold!

"I pick up th' pa-aper, a noothral Eye-talian brings me every day f'r a triffin' compensa-ation, an' read:

"Mr. Andrew Carnaygie, heavily disguised be declinin' to be interviewed, hurriedly sailed f'r home to-day.' In th' nex' colyum I see that th' peace palace is closed, an' there's a notice on th' dure that th' dillygates fr'm England, Rooshyia, Germany, Fr-rance, Austhree, an' Japan, has left to jine their rig'mints, an' th' dillygate fr'm Bilgium has gone back to his native counthry to try an' locate where his house used to be. A sojer with a round head dhrops in at th' bank an' empties th' cash dhrawer into his pocket."

"An' further along I then come acrost this item:

"Th' war office repoorts through its Muensterberg station that th' leader iv th' German socyalists, Herr Bibbel, was baten to death be his sergeant f'r breakin' th' goose step in an attempt to get at th' Fr-rinch socyalist leader, Looey Duplex. ("Vorwaerts" plaze copy.)

"His most impeeryal honor, the Imp'ror has sint th' followin' message to his impeeryal cousin: 'We have won a glorious vichtry, thanks to th' steadiness undher

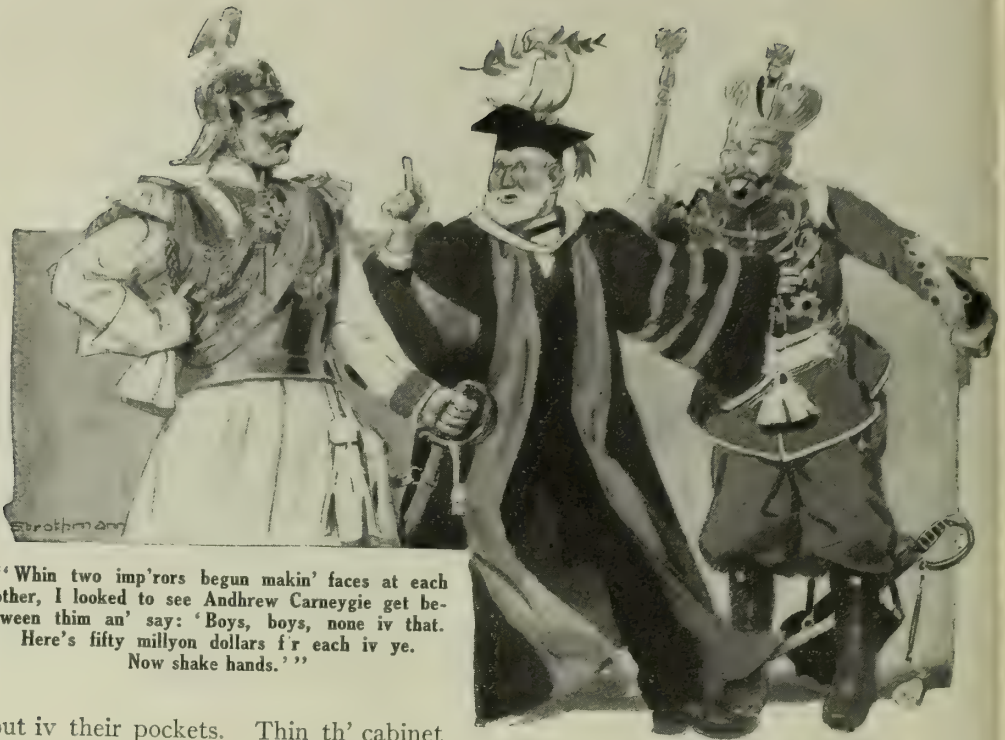
fire iv our loyal an' hardy socyalist throops at the front.

"As a mark iv me approval iv their efforts I have given th' ir'n cross to ye'er nephew Joe, an' my sons Max, Otto, Hans, Fritz, Willie, Conrad, Mickie, an' also kliney Adolph, who cannot go to th' front because he is teethin' but guards th' nursery with a tin soord. As f'r me, ol' frind, I am well an' happy, barrin' a cold I caught fr'm sleepin' in a draught in th' collapsible palace that I had made to live in behind me devoted ar-rmy.

"F'r this I have give meself enough iron decorations to make a complete chest pro-tector."

"An' there ye ar-re. An' there we'll always be while young fellows want to fight an' middle-aged men are ashamed not to. For there'll be sure to be a lot iv ol' dipplymats standin' round an' pushin' thim again each other.

"If th' line iv battle was changed it might be diff'rent. The idee," continued Mr. Dooley, "wud be to put th' czar, or imp'ror, or king, in shootable bright clothes well out in front. Thin th' gin'ral staff in rowlin' chairs. Thin th' thin yellow line iv dipplymats with marked ca-ards an' forged tillygrams dhroppin'



"Whin two imp'rors begun makin' faces at each other, I looked to see Andrew Carnegie get between thim an' say: 'Boys, boys, none iv that. Here's fifty millyon dollars f'r each iv ye. Now shake hands.'"

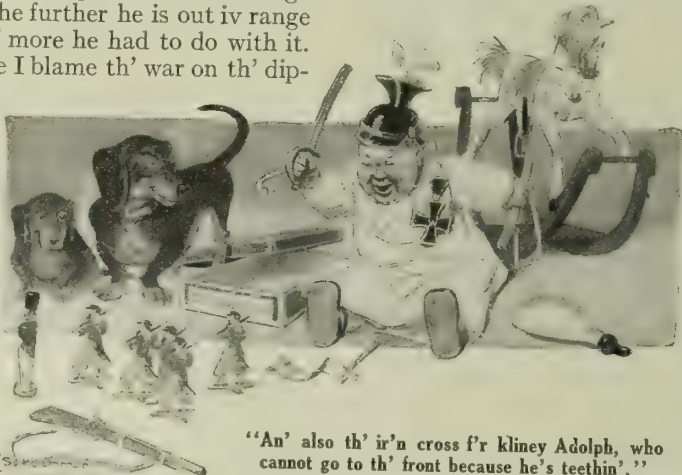
out iv their pockets. Thin th' cabinet officers. Thin a divisyon iv pale potes an' professors deliverin' a deadly volley iv pomes an' lectures on th' glories iv war. Thin th' profissyonal sojers. An' a long way back, at home with his fam'ly, th' la-ad that is now in a ditch, in two feet iv water, shootin' at a fellow mumber iv th' Internatyonal Bricklayers Union. As it is, ye can tell be th' position iv anny wan in th' battle how much iv a part he had in bringin' on th' war. The further he is out iv range iv th' guns, th' more he had to do with it. An' be this rule I blame th' war on th' diplymats because they're further away fr'm th' fightin' thin annybody else. I niver see a dipplymat. We have none in this country, an' I'm glad iv it. But as a

fight promotor, sthróng dhrink has none th' best iv these fellows."

"Schwartzmeister says that at th' end iv th' war all th' wurruld will be German," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Don't bother ye'er head about that," said Mr. Dooley. "Th' Germans ar-re a grand people. I like their fightin', their sing-

in', their pothry, an' their brew-in'. They're a grand race, but there's wan thing I've noticed 'bout thim. Ye can't make annybody but a German out iv a German, an' ye can't make a German out iv annybody else."



"An' also th' ir'n cross f'r kliney Adolph, who cannot go to th' front because he's teethin'."

Mr. Dooley only in Hearst's. Read his new story next month.



There was no sleep in Tavy's big dark eyes, there was so much to talk about.

The Enemy

by George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by A. B. Wenzell

SYNOPSIS: Good old Billy! he likes his drink, and he likes it often—says he can take care of himself. He must; because he is the architect for the Pannard sky-scraper, the foundation work of which is sliding. Bow-Wow knows why—so Billy takes him home to sober up. Tommy proposes to Geraldine Benning—she is thinking of Billy and says, no. Off he goes to the club,

and with Billy makes a night of it. When Tommy drops out, Billy finishes the carouse alone and angers Geraldine, though she forgives him later. Then Billy learns Bow Wow is Harrison Stuart, the architectural genius who had suddenly disappeared from view. Billy scours the city until he finds Stuart's wife and daughter Tavy living in poverty. Billy falls in love with Tavy.

"YOU are like sunshine in a garden, child," exclaimed Mrs. Stuart, as she received Geraldine in the dainty pink and gray parlor.

"I feel like a spring bonnet," laughed Geraldine. "It's a beautiful afternoon. I

thought that perhaps Tavy might care to go for a drive."

"I don't know that she has any engagement for the afternoon," considered Mrs. Stuart contentedly. "She can't stay out late because we are going to the theater this evening."

Geraldine's lashes drooped for the most infinitesimal flash of time. She knew quite well with whom they were going.

"I'll bring her back at four-thirty," she gaily promised. "That will give her time for the nap to make her especially beautiful for the evening; although Tavy doesn't need it."

"That's pretty of you." Mrs. Stuart smiled with pleasure. "However, I don't believe Tavy will need it to-night."

Again that infinitesimal flicker of the lashes. A clumsy river steamer was churning down-stream, a broad, glistening white blot on the water, and Geraldine watched its slow progress as interestedly as if it were laden with a lifetime of pleasure for her.

"How much stronger you are looking than when I first met you, Mrs. Stuart. The air seems wonderfully good up here."

"I don't think it's air so much as just solid happiness," smiled Mrs. Stuart, and her gaze strayed to the huge basket of white lilacs which hung in the bay window.

A little twitch in the trimly gloved wrist of Geraldine, where it lay on the arm of the chair. She knew that type of basket. One of Billy's tricks. There was an ornate box of candy on the table. Geraldine knew every piece in it; a Billy special. That particular assortment was known in the crowd. His imagination did not run to variations in candy. Billy! Billy! Billy! There were evidences of him everywhere. The hand on the arm of the chair contracted. Up the river—

"Hello, Geraldine. I didn't know you were here." Tavy; in a quaint, stiff little pompadour taffeta. She was beautiful; stunningly beautiful, with her exquisitely tinted complexion, and her glowing dark eyes, and her dancing black curls. There was a new sparkle about her to-day, a new vivacity. It was as if the sly little imp had slipped out from those glossy ringlets, and turning demure, had taken complete possession of her, glinting and glimmering everywhere, from the pointed toes of her little patent leather slippers, from . . . There was a sudden flash like crimson fire, as Tavy reached forward her hands in greeting, and it was then that Geraldine saw the ring! Billy's ring!

"How sweet you look!" exclaimed Geraldine, rising to take the outstretched hands, and she kissed Tavy impulsively. She spoke with exaggerated animation, and her

voice was just the slightest degree sharper and higher in pitch than usual. "I want to take you for a drive. Will you come?"

"Indeed I will." Tavy's voice is more animated, too, but it is not a shade sharper or higher in tone. If anything it is softer and sweeter. A great happiness has come to Tavy, and it has made her better in every way, as happiness must, for only they can be happy who are made better by it.

Mrs. Stuart's eyes strayed to the ring, in spite of herself. It was such a beautiful stone, so clear, so alive with a thousand iridescences.

Geraldine's eyes strayed to the ring. There was no avoiding the thing! It filled the room. Its radiance blotted out the possibility of viewing anything else; its radiance and its illuminative significance! Geraldine laughed, and, reaching over, touched the glittering solitaire, then she shook her finger playfully at Tavy.

"Confess!" she demanded.

Tavy blushed furiously. Her mother laughed happily.

"There's no use trying to hide it, Tavy," she counselled.

"Billy!" charged Geraldine, and Tavy shyly dropped her eyes; but her head nodded, and every one of the little black curls danced.

"I knew you'd take our Billy away from us," chattered on Geraldine, with that queer little accentuation of pitch and tone in her voice. "Our crowd will never quite forgive you, but they won't blame Billy. I don't see how he could help himself."

"Have some candy," invited little Tavy demurely, but the imps were dancing in her violet eyes.

"A Billy special." Geraldine selected a confection. "This one has cocoanut in it, and that one pistache, and the big square one fruit cake. You're very much to be envied, Tavy. You'll have exactly this assortment of candy all your life."

Tavy merely smiled. "Billy always knows how to please." If she had suddenly made up her mind to vary Billy's candy selection, she kept that decision entirely to herself.

"Yes, he has excellent taste," agreed Geraldine instantly. "He went with father to help choose these sapphires for my birthday, and he added this little purse for his own gift. Isn't it neat!"

"Exquisite." Tavy took the purse, and

examined it with all the appreciation which was expected of her. "I'll slip on my bonnet and be with you in a minute."

"Excuse me, please, Geraldine," begged Mrs. Stuart, and with a smile of hearty friendliness, she trotted out after her daughter. It was such a joy to expend on Tavy the dainty care she had exercised in the dressing of the gay little dolls.

So Billy had reached his goal at last. His fevered race was run, and now he could pause to hear the voices by the wayside. A young man in love is headstrong. There is no stopping him until he has reached his goal. Geraldine looked out upon the broad river, but the current of her thoughts ran deeper than the stream. Three months she had waited for Billy to become engaged to his Octavia Stuart. Tavy!

"If you're to marry Billy, you must become better acquainted with all his friends," Geraldine chatted, as, with the primly bonneted and gowned Tavy by her side, she whirled up the Drive, and into the back road, and around the long, sweeping wooded curves, where the great gray castles of the modern barons have raised their stone turrets in frowning guardianship of the Hudson. "I must arrange parties for you, teas for you to meet all the girls, and dances for the boys."

That was an interesting conversation, the planning of all this brilliant incursion into social activity. The world seemed to have become very wide and beautiful since Billy opened the door, and it was a flushed and excited little Tavy who came back to the enchanted apartments, quite soon after four-thirty, to take her beauty nap.

There was no more sleep, however, in the big dark eyes than there had been in Billy's the night before. Mrs. Stuart herself drew the blinds in the delft-like blue and white cretonne room, and covered her grown-up daughter to the chin with a fluffy blue and white coverlet, and tiptoed away; but she was called back before she had quite closed the door, and was hauled down on the edge of the bed, and was talked to most volubly for the full half-hour of the allotted nap time. There was so much to talk about, with all these gay little parties coming on. She hoped that Billy's friends would like her, and Mrs. Stuart smiled happily over that absurd trace of worry in Tavy's tone.

Now began the bustle and excitement of making ready for the theater. There was

a brand new gown of black lace for Mummy Stuart, ordered in defiance of her wistful protest, and this was to be its very first wearing. For Tavy there was a pearl-white gown of soft chiffon, quite simply made, and needing no other adornment than the sloping shoulders, and the graceful neck, and the superbly beautiful head of Tavy herself. Such innocent pleasure she took in the picture of these two, one in black and one in white, with Billy between them, so big and strong and handsome.

Now they had to stop and bother with dinner. And now they were in the full drive and flurry and hubbub of dressing. And now they were all ready, gloves in hand, full twenty minutes before the time, and looking at the little Dresden clock on the mantel every three minutes, and gazing down out of the bay window to see what machines were stopping at the door.

Now it was seven-thirty, the time Billy had said he would call. And now it was seven-thirty-five. Tavy, sparkling quite enough to make up for the beautiful diamond she was concealing, began to draw on her gloves. The little Dresden clock was probably fast. Mrs. Stuart was sitting with that smiling patience in her eyes, her hands folded loosely in her lap. She already wore her gloves. She was very handsome indeed, in her black lace gown and her gray hair, and her black cloak with its touches of silver lace lying on the chair beside her.

Seven-forty-five! Tavy was sitting perfectly still, with only an occasional jerky rock. Of course it was impossible always to be punctual to the minute. One shouldn't expect it in a city where the traffic is so frequently blocked; and besides, there is always a defective tire to consider. Tires were not made for schedule purposes.

Eight o'clock! What could be the matter! Billy has never been late before. Mrs. Stuart sits in quiet patience, but Tavy is walking the floor, and running to the window, and watching the clock, and sitting down, to keep sweet and unfurried.

Eight-fifteen! Eight-thirty! Wild visions of dreadful accidents pop through Tavy's head, one after another. Something terrible has surely happened! She is half frantic.

Nine o'clock! It is maddening to be a woman, and helpless, and given only the privilege of waiting!

Nine-ten! The enchanted elevator stops with a click outside in the hall. Before the bell can ring, Tavy has hurried to the door and has swung it wide open, and there, at last, stands Billy, at the entrance to the enchanted parlor!

Billy is not in his dress clothes. He is in a gray business suit, and his face is red and his hair tousled. His eyes are bleared and glistening, and there is a foolish grin on his face.

"Guess I'm a little late," mumbles Billy with hearty good-fellowship, but with a thick tongue. "Broke away at last, and I'm here."

The silence in the poor little enchanted pink and gray parlor is appalling! Tavy stands motionless, her big eyes staring and every trace of the delicate tinting gone from her delicate cheeks. There is a moan and a sob from Mrs. Stuart, as she realizes the truth.

Billy is drunk!

THE blackness of despair never settled down on any woman with more deadening and crushing weight than it did on Jean Stuart. Once more this ghastly specter of drunkenness had stalked into her life! In that moment, all the health and strength and happiness which had gradually come to her since the day when Billy knocked at their door in Vanheuster Square, was swept away, and left her weak, bitter, and ashen-gray of cheek and lip.

Jean Stuart wasted no words. She put her hand upon Billy's arm, and pushed him towards the door. There was no physical force in her touch, only the tense will behind it; and Billy, stricken into mumbling confusion, swayed out. The door closed on him. Swiftly Jean Stuart turned to the still staring Tavy, and held out her hand. Tavy, lost in stupefaction, did not comprehend, and her mother reached out and caught hold of the ring. For an instant the finger automatically closed and stiffened, then she relaxed it to limpness. Jean drew off the ring. She hurried outside. Billy still stood there, numbly trying to frame within himself some way out of this unexpected check to his happiness. He tried to say something, but Tavy's mother thrust the ring in his hand, and hurrying inside the door, closed and locked it.

Billy Lane gazed down at the ring in sodden wretchedness, and suddenly out of the

depths of his misery came sobriety. It seemed unbelievable, this hideous thing which had happened to him! He slowly recalled the steps by which he had arrived at this disaster. He had not been so far gone that he could not remember. He had dropped in at the club for just a minute to order his tickets for the theater. Sam Langster had been there, Jack Greeves, Bert Hasselton. They had spread the news throughout the club that Billy Lane was engaged. They had thronged around him with congratulations.

Billy was very popular. Everybody liked Billy, because of his exuberance, his buoyant enthusiasm, his unfailing good-fellowship. They had wished him well! They had wished him a long life and a merry one; and they had drunk to his eternal happiness. More of the fellows had come, shoals of them. Billy had never been so happy in his life. This was the greatest day in all his years! He had secured, to be his wife, the best, and the sweetest, and the most beautiful girl in all the world, the girl whom he meant to shield and protect from every pain, from every sorrow, from every harsh wind, so long as their lives should last! All day he had been in a state of exultation which in itself was akin to intoxication, and now that exultation had been raised to its *n*th degree by all his effervescent friends. Only Tommy Tinkle had been absent, and Billy had waited for him, just a few minutes, and had drunk again and again in response to all those friendly toasts. He had not for one minute forgotten that he had an engagement with the Stuarts. He had finally torn himself away from the jolly company, though not without some rudeness, and, when he was outside in the air, he had congratulated himself aloud on having gotten away. He must be a little late. There'd probably be no time to dress. He had looked at his watch, swaying with blinking eyes. It had been difficult for him to properly focus his gaze. His watch couldn't be right! He had stumbled into his car; and here he was, with the ring in his hand, Tavy's ring, and the door closed against him, and inside someone sobbing!

He rang the bell; he knocked on the door; but no one came!

Yes, someone was sobbing, inside. It was Tavy! She was young. She could still sob, she could still shed tears, she could still

bury her head upon a loving shoulder and find comfort there.

For a long, long time, Jean Stuart sat on the couch and held Tavy in her arms, held her there until after she heard the shuffling footsteps in the hall move away, and the elevator stop, and shoot downward.

She kissed the tear-stained face, at last, and rose, quietly, firmly, steadily. She helped Tavy to her feet, and, with an arm around her, drew her toward the dainty little delft and white room. There were the pretty dresses to take off, and all the pretty finery to put away, and many, many things to lock, far, far from sight, in the hidden recesses of a heart which was already crowded with the useless lumber of broken hopes and shattered dreams.

But what of Tavy? From her stupefaction she had awakened to a frantic sense of humiliation. How could Billy have put this shame upon her! He had covered her with disgrace before her mother, before herself, before him! It had been much as if her fresh and pretty gown of delicate chiffon had been suddenly drenched in a muddy stream. That blow to her pride was one from which she would never quite recover. That first disillusionment had taken from her forever some of her delicacy, it had thrust her rudely into the most loathsome sordidness of life, and she would never again have quite her same degree of self-respect. How could he have done this thing to her! She would never forget that brutish distortion of his face, that swinish animal which had stood swaying before her in so gross a caricature of Billy! How dared he! Resentment rose fast in her and became anger. She was furious with him! She loathed him! She despised herself for ever having turned to one of such bestial capabilities a pure and worshipful adoration! Why, she had looked upon him as some wondrous being only one step lower than the arch-angels, a perfect and flawless creature of splendid grandeur. She laughed bitterly. How foolish she had been not to have seen through him to this creature of base clay! It had not seemed possible that there could be anything but good in him. Oh, why had he destroyed her ideals! Why! She had been so happy, so proud in his love, and in her own! It had seemed so wonderful to nestle there in his arms, in that quiet moment after their first transports, and look forward into the heaven of the future to

where they two should walk, constantly side by side, toward a rosy sunset of perfect peace and happiness; and now it was gone, all, all gone, and there remained nothing but blackness!

It was then that the pent-up misery broke within her, and the tears welled up to her eyes and the sobs to her throat, and she felt about her the comforting arms of the mother who had not found any word amid all the bitterness of her crushed heart to speak of her own mortal hurt or give one crumb of comfort.

Amid that storm of distress there came the insistently recurring question in Tavy's mind; why, oh why? How could this disaster have fallen on her! What had she done to deserve it? Why could not Billy have escaped this terrible deed? She could scarcely believe now that he had done it. It was all so unreal. It was not like him! There must have been some cause, for Billy would never have done this of his own volition. No sane human being could will himself to descend to this hideous fall from his god-head. Perhaps he had been ill. That must be it! There could be no other explanation, unless she chose to think of Billy as one of deliberately besotted tendencies who preferred to sink himself in glut-tony. That thought was absurd. Billy had never voluntarily put himself in this condition, and if it had come upon him involuntarily, he was more to be pitied than blamed.

That was a startling thought! One which dried her tears and stopped her sobs. If Billy had been unfortunate, if this affliction had been brought upon him against his will, he had needed her sympathy, her comfort, even her aid. And what had she done! She had let him go without a protest, she, who had sworn herself to him, as sincerely and as whole-heartedly and as sacredly as she would upon the day when they would kneel at the altar and ask the blessing of God upon their union! She had stood supinely, and allowed to be removed from her finger the symbol by which she had bound herself to him, in love, and truth, and eternal fidelity! In his hour of direst need, she had been traitorous to Billy, and now she heaped self-reproach after self-reproach upon her own head. She did not blame her mother. She was just in this new agony. Her mother's instinct of protection, that same instinct which had shielded Tavy so tenderly, and yet so vigorously, through all



DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL

"Guess I'm a little late," mumbles Billy. The silence is appalling; Tavy stands motionless.



There is a moan and a sob from Mrs. Stuart as she realizes the truth. Billy is drunk!

these years, had prompted her to guard her daughter promptly and decisively from this new menace; but her mother had not known. She, like Tavy, had been stunned by this unexpected apparition of poor Billy. The only guilty one was Tavy! She had permitted the ring to be taken from her finger. She had allowed Billy, her Billy, whom she loved with all her heart and with all her life, to be sent away alone, into the night—Where?

"Mother, I've been wrong! I want Billy! We must find him!"

Jean Stuart looked at her daughter pitiingly.

"I hope you may never see him again," she said. They had silently been putting away their piteously wasted fineries, but now she drew Tavy into a chair and sat before her. "Tavy dear, the time has come when I must myself deal you a blow which I had hoped always to spare you. If I did not know what I know, I would say, too, that we should find Billy, and take care of him, and save him from ever again falling a victim to that loathsome disease which gripped him to-night; but no young man who could, under any circumstances, arrive at the state in which Billy presented himself here, is worth the appalling danger of saving. He is not worth the absolute sacrifice of any beautiful young girl's entire life."

Tavy half rose. She made a move as if to speak, but her mother silenced her with a gesture. Jean Stuart's face had lost every trace of its healthful hue, and there was a greenish cast beneath its gray. Bitter lines, erased by fifteen years of patient sweetness, had sprung out of their old hiding-places around her nose and mouth, and into her eyes had come that spiritual deadness which follows the ruthless mangling and crushing of the soul. It was a face the commands of which were heeded with awe; and Tavy sat back in her chair, with a vague horror of something worse to come creeping into her mind.

"Tavy dear, I am going to destroy, because I must, a pride which I have fostered in you for fifteen years. I am going to destroy the noblest ideal of your life up to this time. I am going to strip the veil of hero worship from the name you most revere. I am going to tell you the story of a drunkard. I do not know if he is living or dead, but I loved him as you love Billy, and

I shall still love him when I die; and that drunkard, Tavy, was Harrison Stuart, your father!"

THE round moon slipped down out of the sky and sank behind the Jersey hills, and with its disappearance came blackness, except for that faint, vague trace of glow in the western horizon. Up from the sleeping city there came now the plodding and the rumble of the very earliest stirring of drowsy life: huge wagons passed drawn by stolid, thick-necked, heavy-rumped, big-footed horses: a lonely elevated train rattled and clattered in the distance with sharp clearness, and presently another, the interval between them growing less as the darkness deepened. A far-off clock chimed the hour, a policeman's shrill whistle, the sound of running feet, silence again; then long, slow, dragging minutes. In the east a faint radiance began to appear, not a streak of light, but a lesser blackness, and with its coming, the bent figure in the window straightened and sighed. The standing figure at the window in the other end of the lounging-room, moved.

"Hadn't you better go to bed, sir?" Burke, extraordinarily tall and specterlike in his heavy striped robe.

"No, I think not." John Doe, his voice quiet, full of patience. "The nights are still a little chilly, Burke."

"Yes, sir." The hint was enough. Burke touched a match to the paper and kindlings in the big fireplace, and as the flames leaped up the first light since midnight came into the big lounging-room, and revealed the old man as still dressed, from pumps to white tie, just as he had been when he came in from the theater. It had been a very dull show, and the folding opera glasses still lay on the table. They had not been used. Box A had been empty!

The dawn was advancing now; there was a dull red streak in the east, almost sullen in its heaviness; there was mist in the air. It would be a gloomy day. John Doe sipped at his coffee in silence.

There was the click of a key in the latch. Burke straightened instantly and turned. John Doe set down his coffee. The door swung open, and Billy stood, for a moment, framed against the dim, uncertain light of the hall.

His hair was matted upon his forehead with the dampness of the night, his cravat

was awry, his face was haggard, but his eyes, though there was a hollowness about them, were clear and steady, and his mouth was firm. He swayed, as he stepped into the room and closed the door behind him, but it was from weariness.

He walked across to the table, and, as Burke strode forward to meet him, he handed over his hat and gloves, and let Burke divest him of his top-coat.

"You haven't been sitting up all night, Hal?" His voice was husky, and there was a deadness in it which fitted with the deadness of his eyes. He reached for a cigaret. The decanter was in front of the matches, and he moved it to one side.

"Yes, I couldn't sleep. I turned out the lights and went into the bedroom, but I came back." He had risen from his chair, and stood gazing at Billy in wonder, a half light of joyous hope in his face. "You didn't go to the theater."

"No," and a spasm of pain crossed Billy's face, as the sudden realization smote him that he had forced a night of misery on Hal, as well as on Hal's wife and daughter.

Billy rose and walked slowly over to the mantel and leaned upon it, staring down into the fire, the old man studying him in anxious silence.

"It's all off, Hal," said Billy, in the even, dead tone which had come out of his night of miserable wandering. His hand hung limply by his side. "I went up to the house to-night—drunk!"

"Billy!"

For the first time there was tension in Billy. His hand closed stiffly, and then he opened it again. He compressed his lips, and compelled himself to steadiness. There had been no reproach in the old man's voice. Billy had been prepared for reproach: prepared to accept it for his just due, but he had not been prepared for that tone of pity.

"I went up there after nine o'clock," he went on numbly. "I stood in the doorway, drunk. They were all dressed for the theater. Tavy's mother gave me back the ring; then she closed the door."

"Jean! Jean!" The cry burst from the old man's lips as if he had been seared by sudden fire. Again Jean had met her grizzly enemy face to face, again she had been pursued and tortured by that ghastly demon which had wrecked and embittered her life!

"She was dressed in white, pure white,"

went on Billy, in that monotonously inflexible voice; "just soft and clinging white, with no adornment around her beautiful white neck. I had selected a string of pearls which I had intended to give her for a wedding present." Again he closed and opened the hand which hung at his side. "Her black curls were caught in with a band of lilies of the valley."

"And Jean?" Even now, Hal dwelt with eager hunger on the visualization of her, on anything which would bring a new picture of her to his mind.

"All in black, Hal. She was very beautiful."

There was a long, long silence between them, then, with a sigh, Billy went into his own room.

There were days like this, days of numb suffering, in which neither man talked much. The blight which had fallen upon them all was too big and too devastating for words to ease. Billy rose early, and worked hard, and spent his nights at home with Hal and Tommy; silent evenings given over to fits of brooding and to stolid application. Billy had made no attempt to see Tavy, he had made no effort at futile apology, he had written no despairing letters to be returned, and, day by day, dull despondency settled upon him, until the need of comfort, more than Tommy could give, became desperately imperative. It was then that he went to see Geraldine.

What a blessing it was to have a good, steadfast friend like Geraldine! She greeted Billy with all the old gaiety, and all the old, frank fondness, and she listened in sympathetic patience to his tale of abject misery. When he had finished, she laughed, and he had not seen in her eyes, nor did he see now the glitter of her satisfaction and the dreaminess of her speculation. He could not divine how eagerly she had waited for this moment, longed for the opening. She had known positively that it would come.

"It isn't a tragedy, Billy," she heartily assured him. "Tavy's too sweet a girl to hold out against you for so slight an offense."

"Slight!" Billy was horrified. "Why, I don't believe you realize yet, Geraldine, what I did!"

"Why not? You did the same thing here."

Billy knotted his brows. It was the same, wasn't it? Exactly. Only somehow it



"You poor Billy!" Geraldine sympathized. "I to-morrow afternoon, and if you'll come

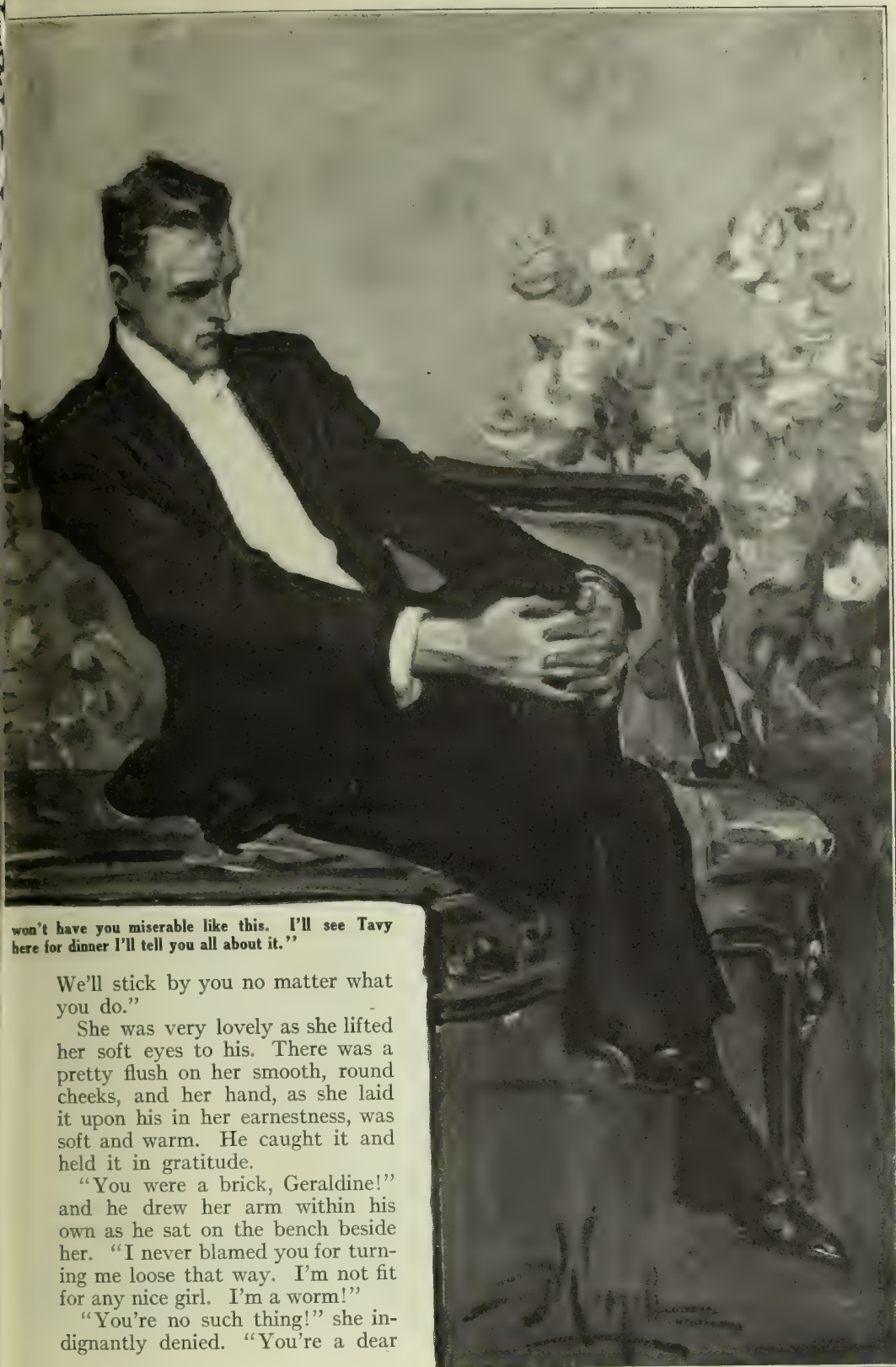
seemed vastly different. Not being able to express the difference, he gave it up.

"You don't know the circumstances," he soberly told her. "There are reasons why Mrs. Stuart will never forgive me."

"Yes, she will," and Geraldine's voice was most soothing. "Besides, Tavy is the one to be considered. If she cares as much for you as she should, she'll send for you one of these days."

"Do you think so?" There was such intense eagerness in his voice that Geraldine, with difficulty, repressed a frown.

"Certainly," she replied promptly. "If she doesn't, Billy, she isn't worth breaking your heart over. And, if she doesn't, you can come right back to your old friends.



won't have you miserable like this. I'll see Tavy here for dinner I'll tell you all about it."

We'll stick by you no matter what you do."

She was very lovely as she lifted her soft eyes to his. There was a pretty flush on her smooth, round cheeks, and her hand, as she laid it upon his in her earnestness, was soft and warm. He caught it and held it in gratitude.

"You were a brick, Geraldine!" and he drew her arm within his own as he sat on the bench beside her. "I never blamed you for turning me loose that way. I'm not fit for any nice girl. I'm a worm!"

"You're no such thing!" she indignantly denied. "You're a dear

old Billy, and, while I don't like to criticize Tavy, I do really think she was as bad as I. She should have taken you in that night, and helped you, and given you a good scolding, and made you promise to behave. Why, goodness, Billy, every live young man passes through that stage! Tavy has no right to make a world-without-end tragedy of it!"

She touched the wrong chord there, for Billy broke loose again. Tavy was the most wonderful creature in the world, the most adorable, the most desirable.

"You poor Billy!" she sympathized. "I won't have you miserable like this. I'll see Tavy to-morrow afternoon, and, if you'll come here for dinner, I'll tell you all about it."

"You're a good fellow, Geraldine!" And there was a gulp in Billy's voice, as he patted her plump hand. "You bet I'll be here to dinner!"

GERALDINE BENNING, mauve to-day from bonnet to slippers, was gushingly delighted to see her dear friend Tavy, and she said so with many little nods of the mauve plumes.

"And, frankly, I've brought you out here in the Park to scold you," she concluded, turning slowly into the beautiful curves of the West Drive.

Tavy smiled wistfully, which was easy to do, since there was so much wistfulness to-day in the big dark gray eyes.

"I don't mind. It will be rather a novelty. What is the scolding to be about?"

"Billy," and Geraldine cast a quick little sidelong glance to see the effect of the simple word. What she saw made the tips of the mauve plumes jerk, for there was an instant piteous twitch at the corner of the exquisitely curved lips, and the big dark eyes contracted sharply. They glistened as if with moisture.

"You know, then." No concealment in the voice, no attempt to hide that there had been bitter suffering; and no parade of it.

"Of course." A contented little laugh. "Dear old Billy came straight to me. He's been telling me his troubles ever since we were kiddies together. He's dreadfully unhappy."

"We all are," acknowledged Tavy. "I don't think mother will ever quite get over it."

"Why not?" The tone of Geraldine was sharp. "One would think Billy had committed some terrible crime, in place of merely having had an accident. He's a good Billy, and I consider that he's been abused."

That was better. A little flush crept into the cheeks of Tavy, and the dark eyes began to glow.

"I am sure that Billy does not believe that he was abused."

The plumes nodded, as if they laughed. "Not Billy. He blames himself for everything. He was contrite, in just the same way, after he came to our house one time in the same condition. Of course I was furious, but I forgave him two days afterwards. I don't think an unfortunate weakness like that should be held against anyone."

Tavy was thoughtful, too thoughtful to answer, too thoughtful to enjoy, or even to notice, the tender green leaves which waved down upon the shining little coupé; and she smoothed and smoothed at the seam in her mouse-colored frock, the color of which brought out her pallor and her wistfulness and her pathos, qualities over which the mauve plumes nodded with savage little bobs. So this was not the first time for Billy. Could it be possible that Tavy's mother was right, that Billy was one of those who are doomed to bear this curse through life; and she shuddered as she thought of the pitiful revelation concerning her father. Tavy had seen with her own eyes what this weakness had done to the Stuart family, and it was far too serious a matter for light talk. She stole a look at the healthy cheeks, the scarlet lips and the clear brow of Geraldine. What could this girl know of sorrow or tragedy; what could she know of deep heart hurt? She was Billy's friend, the one to whom he went with all his troubles, ever since they were kiddies together! Tavy's lips compressed, as she stifled something in her which jumped and hurt.

"People like Billy need sympathy," went on Geraldine, as soon as she saw that compression of the lips, and she studied little Tavy, from black curls to gray slippers, with curious satisfaction. "His friends love him in spite of his affliction. They know that the poor boy is likely to have that happen to him at any time, but there is so much good in him he simply must be forgiven."

George Randolph Chester's story is continued in the February issue—get it January 29.

MY LIFE'S STORY

*By David
Belasco*

THE Madison Square Theater, which has since been swallowed up by the large office building that also obliterated the historic Fifth Avenue Hotel, is a jewel-box of pleasant memories for me. Here it was that I

I would have enjoyed guiding Lily Langtry.

I could not forsake Mrs. Leslie Carter for the finest playhouse in England.



began to take root as a New Yorker. The Madison Square was the first of our many small theaters, and at that time was hardly thought practicable. In its smallness, it served to emphasize the fact that only intimate drama can be fostered in a place where the audience is near the footlights, and the actor near the audience. Originally built by the Mallorys for Steele Mackaye, the Madison Square Theater introduced innovations, many of which were suggested by the inventive genius of Mackaye himself. Perched over the proscenium arch in a miniature balcony was the orchestra, and the boxes framed the stage in cozy fashion. The very physical aspects of the Madison Square helped to determine the character of its drama.

One of the Mackaye innovations was a double stage, one deck above the other and easily operated by machinery. The result of this arrangement was that one scene could be set while the play was in progress, thus saving time between the acts; so the Madison Square was a forerunner of the later New Theater, whose double stage was regarded as a novelty. It was Mackaye who invented an orchestra-chair much like the one in present use.

Our double stage was famous. Whenever a person of distinction came to New York, he or she was taken to the Madison Square to see it. We were greatly excited when told that Lily Langtry—at the height of her Jersey Lily fame and chaperoned by Mrs. Labouchere, the wife of the editor of "London Truth"—was coming to look at our stage mechanism. Daniel Frohman received her and, after the usual formalities, she was handed over to me. I had several scenes set for her special enjoyment. Mrs. Langtry was a most attractive personality. Her beauty was statuesque, her demeanor was placid, but her interesting conversation showed occasional flashes of brilliancy or emotion which led me to believe that within were unstirred depths. I have often thought how I should have enjoyed advising and guiding her in her stage work, for what she most needed in her career was some one to stir up that vast world of emotion which lay so coldly expressed in her stately manner.

Mrs. Langtry's visit did not occur until I had been installed for a season or two at the Madison Square. As I have already explained, I came to fill the vacancy made

by the resignation of Mackaye as manager and producer. Henry C. De Mille was the reader of plays, Franklin H. Sargent was in charge of the dictation of the company, and Louis Massen was assistant stage-manager. Coming to New York as a stranger, I knew I had a task before me to introduce the new style of acting which I felt was destined to take the place of the melodramatic method. "Young Mrs. Winthrop" was my initial production, and its success bound me to the theater body and soul, pledged to give all that was best in me for thirty-five dollars a week. So fortunate were we in the long runs of our dramas, that I found time to visit other theaters in order to see their methods. Daly, Palmer, and Wallack were in the ascendancy, but the Madison Square soon became a formidable competitor, and eventually more successful than the older theaters. For a long time I had promised myself to give the public a new style of acting and playwriting all my own, and when Dr. Mallory told me that it was his ambition to foster the intimate, domestic drama, I felt that my opportune moment had come. (The supreme motive in all my work has ever been to get near to nature, to make my atmosphere as real as possible when I am dealing with a drama or a comedy of life, and I have always tried to live by this principle.) In mounting a fantastic play, there is but one thing to do, and that is to be as fantastic as possible. And so, in a realist play, to be as realistic as possible. It is easier to turn Shakespeare topsy-turvy in the name of modern art than to mount a "Peter Grimm" or a "Phantom Rival." I say this, not because I produced these plays, but as illustrating my firm belief that it is much more difficult to focus the attention of an audience on a group of three or four persons than to handle a thousand in a mob scene.

New York audiences had been trained in a school of exaggerated stage declamation, accompanied by a stage strut and large, classic, sweeping gestures, so when I introduced the quiet acting, we were laughed to scorn, and the papers criticized our "milk and water" methods. It was all new, and those who saw, went away stunned and puzzled. We were considered extremists at the Madison Square Theater; but we persisted, with the result that our method prevails to-day. I am not such



BY WHITE STUDIOS

"Many a production has erred on the side of being too natural to be effective, and," David Belasco assures us, "after years of experience, I have come to believe that all realism must be idealized."

a realist, however, that I cannot see when realism is abused. Many a production has erred on the side of being too natural to be effective, and after years of experience, I have come to believe that all realism must be idealized. Unfortunate the eye that can see only the Wordsworth primrose and nothing more.

With the intimacy which the Madison Square Theater encouraged, there disappeared many of the identifying marks of the old methods. Heretofore our managers had so staged their dramas that there were fixed scenes for applause, and the action practically stopped until the applause came. It was my aim to destroy applause of this nature, and wherever it was likely that a scene might elicit too much enthusiasm on the part of the audience, we slurred it over and toned it down with satisfactory effect. At this time, Wallack was attempting the fashionable drama, with now and again old English comedy, in the production of which he was such an adept. Daly was then under the spell of the French, doing away with wings and borders, and for the first time in America, introducing boxed-in scenes with real wooden doors and windows, and with the stage dressed realistically. I remember reading a criticism of a production of "London Assurance," as given by the much beloved Mrs. John Drew, wherein astonishment was expressed at Mrs. Drew's novel idea of using a real carpet in one of her interior sets. Now, woe to the manager who omits the slightest detail!

Notwithstanding the fact that Daly, Wallack, and Palmer drew their audiences from the fashionable people in New York, our following at the Madison Square Theater became even more select. A first night with us was a wonderful event. Our little theater had a homelike intimacy, and its social success was added to by an amateur club, which met there.

This amateur club was fostered by Mrs. Bradley Martin, the first Mrs. Whitney, the first Mrs. Belmont, Mrs. Amory, and Mrs. Sherwood. Every few months these ladies gave a performance for charity. Sixty of New York's débutantes used to come to me at the Madison Square for instruction in reading, reciting, and gesticulation. This class was connected with the amateur club, and I found the different types and temperaments interesting. The

class met for eighteen months when it was discontinued, as so many of the members were falling out, to go abroad, or to marry. At the last meeting, I was requested to come onto the stage where all the sixty members had assembled. With much ceremony, they passed from hand to hand a little package. When it reached the last one, she opened it and revealed a ring. In a most prettily framed expression of appreciation she placed the ring on my finger, and I gave my promise never to take it off. It has remained on my finger through all these years. How many times since then and in how many different places—in London, Paris, Berlin, and cities in America—have I been asked to hold up my left hand to show that I have kept faith as promised.

One of the amateur club's members was a young, beautiful woman, with olive skin and auburn hair. There was something very magnetic about her, and she was the idol of her circle. This was Cora Urquhart Potter, who had married a nephew of Bishop Potter.

For a number of years, Mrs. Potter was under my direction in her work in connection with the amateur theatricals. She wished to become a professional, but her relatives were opposed. The first great success made by the club was with "A Russian Honeymoon," which Mrs. Burton N. Harrison, a society woman, wrote for the occasion. Mrs. Potter made a tremendous hit, and the performance was such a success that the club committee decided to repeat it in Baltimore and Washington. I accompanied the ladies. In Washington, Mr. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, whose wife was a member of the club, and Chief Justice Chase, whose daughter was also a member, entertained the ladies, who were put up at their houses instead of at hotels. Mrs. Whitney threw open her doors for an afternoon of music and recitation. George R. Sims had written a dramatic poem called "Ostler Joe" over which Mrs. Potter and I had worked for some time; it was so virile and melodramatic that we feared it might be too sensational. As a matter of precaution I had Mrs. Potter rehearse it before Mr. Whitney and determined to let him decide. He was so enthusiastic about it that he interrupted us while he called Mrs. Whitney to enjoy it with him. They wept and applauded, and we felt that our doubts were groundless. I shall never

forget the scene in the drawing-room when "Ostler Joe" was given. The gathering attracted the society of Washington and the various diplomats. It was a brilliant audience, and Cora Potter rose to the occasion. She never looked more radiant, and recited "Ostler Joe" with great fervor. It was thrilling. So was the result. Before she had finished, many of the ladies quietly arose and stole out of the room, and she ended amidst a profound silence. Washington society was stirred to its depth, and when the newspapers all over the land came out with front page spreads, the society of two continents was equally stirred. "Ostler Joe" became famous throughout America and England, while Mrs. Potter herself was the most talked-about woman in the world. The notoriety that resulted from that afternoon did much towards hastening her pro-

fessional career. If I could have succeeded in drawing her away from society, from the host of admirers and over-zealous friends who fondled and petted her and kept her from really working, and if she could have appreciated the simplicity of life, she could have taken front rank in her profession. The club's next venture



"Look out," I would say as I flicked him over the knees. "Aye, aye," replied Robert Hilliard as he unlimbered for the moment.

was Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," and the committee of ladies outdid themselves in the selection of beautiful girls. They gathered in the beauties of the cities of the East as a gardener culls the blooms from among his choicest flowers. William Chase and many other leading artists of New York helped plan the effects. I assisted with the production of the tableaux, and trained Mrs. Potter, who was to recite

Steele Mackaye's chief innovation for the Madison Square Theater was a double-plat-formed stage.

the poem. It was after this success that we realized with sadness that our club was about to expire. Young Mrs. Belmont and young Mrs. Whitney were occupied with many social duties. Mrs. Bradley Martin had decided to live abroad and was planning to dispose of her beautiful home, and Mrs. Potter herself was determined to become a professional actress. "Camilla's Husbands" proved to be our last performance. You will remember that this piece was the one Herne and I adapted and called "Moonlight Marriage."

Mrs.

Later "A Russian Honeymoon" was produced with a company of professionals.



MADISON SQUARE THEATRE
A RUSSIAN HONEYMOON.
 A PLAY IN THREE ACTS BY MAX BURTCH.
 THE CHARACTERS
 ANATOL PETROVITCH
 POLSKA DE PERMYSTIN
 BARONESS VLADIMIR
 IVAN CAMPHOVITCH
 MICHELLE
 DOUBLOVITCH
 IVAN SHOEMAKER
 SCENE RUSSIAN POLAND TIME 1850
 ACT TWO
 ACT THREE
 VOCAL MUSIC INCIDENTAL TO THE
 THE FIRST ACT
 OPERATING THE WEDDING
 THE SECOND ACT
 THE FIRST AND SECOND ACTS 2 MINUTES
 BETWEEN THE ACTS

Potter was cast for the part created by Rose Coghlan in San Francisco.

In our cast was a newcomer—a frail, golden-haired girl, who was given the rôle of the gypsy at a moment's notice. Miss Ingersoll, niece of the famous Robert G. Ingersoll, was to play the part, but on the morning of the performance a relation of hers died

Under my direction Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter made a tremendous hit in an amateur production of "A Russian Honeymoon."

suddenly, and she could not appear at the matinee. I was beside myself, for someone must be ready on the stroke of two o'clock. The rules of the club pro-

man, and when we were making ready for the production of "Called Back" we cast her as the nihilist's son condemned to Siberia for life. Then she toured in "Young Mrs. Winthrop," supported by Clay M. Greene and Thomas Whiffen. From the Madison Square Theater she was engaged as leading lady by Mansfield.

To return to the story of Cora Potter: for a time she retired to private life, but one day her husband called upon me to tell me that his wife had fully determined to go on the stage, and that, as he had faith in her ability, he had finally given his consent. He asked me to act as her adviser. Nearly every evening after the theater I went to their home in Washington Square and talked over a play based on a book called "Margot."

During one of Mary Anderson's visits to New York, the two became great friends, and Miss Anderson's leading man, Forbes Robertson, was quite enthusiastic over Mrs. Potter's

future. There were many visitors at the house in Washington Square; portrait painters, eager to have her sit for them; novelists and poets who put her into their writings. George Alexander, now England's prominent actor-manager, was one of the numerous throng. Cora Potter had the faculty of attracting women

hibited professionals. In my despair I suddenly bethought me of a young Brooklyn girl who had been calling on me and writing for many months begging a trial. I can see her now, pale and timid, reciting to me, and in her quiet way persuading me that she had talent. I sent Louis Massen post-haste to fetch her. She was my only hope. It was ten-thirty when she arrived, and I told her that here was her chance. She had less than three hours in which to learn a long part. I locked her in the Green Room to study, and at luncheon time, while she was eating, I rehearsed her. She was a sensation in the part. This was Beatrice Cameron, who afterwards became the wife of Richard Mansfield. Not many days passed before I sent her to Daniel Froh-

Mary Anderson, too, became a great friend of Mrs. Potter.

SUPPLEMENTARY. SEASON

HARKINSON

PROFESSOR OF THE HISTORY OF THE
ARTS AND LETTERS
OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE

THEATRE OF THE COUNT. WORKS
OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE

PLAY

FRANK R. WATSON
RUSSIAN FOLK

PLANNED BY
WALTON
F. THORP

AND THIRD ACTS 5 MINUTE

as well as men and was always surrounded by both.

I urged Daniel Frohman to become her manager and after meeting her father, Colonel Urquhart, the business arrangements were made. In the meantime, Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew were appearing together in selected scenes from old plays. Bellew was the idol of the hour. Never was there such artistic harmony as existed between these two. But even at this time I saw Mrs. Potter's inability to give up social pleasures for hard work.

Although all arrangements had been made with Mr. Frohman, I read in the papers—to my amazement and chagrin—that Mrs. Potter had signed an agreement with John Stetson of the Fifth Avenue Theater, who had tripled Mr. Frohman's offer and deposited a guaranteed sum in bank. I withdrew at once from the whole affair. When Mrs. Potter went to England and was making ready to appear as *Anne Sylvester* in Wilkie Collins' "Man and Wife," she cabled me to come over and take charge, but this was quite impossible, and so Charles Warner—the great English actor, and originator of *Coupeau* in Zola's "Drink"—rehearsed her.

After an interval of many years I saw Cora Potter during the London engagement of Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Zaza" at the Garrick Theater. There is an indelible picture in my memory of the present King of England, seated in the shadows of the Royal box, night after night, with sad face, listening to the tragic love story of "Zaza." Who knows what memories it awakened in him of a similar instance in real life! Mrs. Potter came to one of our performances, and of course stopped to see us. Lady Meaux was interested in her future and wanted me for a week-end at Theobald, her palatial country home. Lady Meaux was one of the richest women in the world. When I met Lady Meaux she had just returned from India, where she had buried her husband in Hindu fashion, and in Hindu fashion, she had had her wondrous black hair shaved to the skull. This was the personality Cora Potter introduced me to when we spent a week at Theobald.

Lady Meaux offered me any amount of money to become interested in Mrs. Potter's career. I refused as my time was limited, and I could not forsake Mrs.

Carter who had made such studious and ambitious efforts, earning her success step by step through hard work.

Lady Meaux brought pressure to bear, offering me more money than I could earn during the rest of my life, but I did not accept. One morning a few days later, Lady Meaux called on me. "I've been thinking it over," she said, "and had you changed your mind I would have despised you. Many managers could not have resisted the temptation. If I could only bring you over here! Won't you come? Bring your family over, dispose of all your interests in America, and I will build you a theater, surround you with the finest that can be had, furnish all the capital you need, so you can fulfill all your ambitions. You can have the finest playhouse in the land, and be free and untrammelled from all financial cares."

I could not accept the offer, however. Later, when I fell on the stairs of the Garrick theater in London and everyone thought my spine seriously injured, Mrs. Potter came like a beautiful sister of charity and nursed me night and day. It was a pretty deed, and I shall never forget it.

To go back to the Madison Square Theater: "The Russian Honeymoon," successfully presented by the amateurs, was so excellent in every way that we decided to put it on professionally as the successor to "Young Mrs. Winthrop."

During my association with the Madison Square Theater, I became stage-manager for the "Amaranth" Society in Brooklyn. They gave frequent performances under my direction. It was from this Society that Edith Kingdon, afterwards Mrs. George Gould, graduated to the professional stage. The leading comedian of the "Amaranth" was Percy Williams, a young man of splendid ability. I used all my powers of persuasion to induce him to become a member of the profession, but he always turned me aside with a jovial shake of the head and the answer that he was satisfied to be an amateur. To my surprise, some years afterward, I saw his name in large type on the billboards. He rapidly became prince of the vaudeville managers. Only yesterday the Keith circuit bought him out for over five millions of dollars!

There was a safe full of contracts in the offices of the Madison Square Theater, but even so it was difficult to select successors

to our successful plays. The policy of the management was to avoid all foreign dramas and to encourage native authors. Dr. Mallory insisted that the novelist be encouraged, and we had tentative contracts with most of the leading novelists of the day. Few of them proved successful playwrights, however. A young man, William Young, had written something of real literary value for Lawrence Barrett, and the Mallorys called on him for a play. The result was "The Rajah; or, Wyncot's Ward." There was great literary beauty in the manuscript, but the play was devoid of a love story, and lacked suspense. In the absence of Mr. Young, I took it on myself to supply the missing love-scenes. Agnes Booth and Ada Dyas were cast for the leading rôles. They were at the



Beatrice Cameron was a sensation in a very long part she had only three hours to study.



Richard Mansfield afterwards married Beatrice Cameron, his leading lady.

height of their popularity, but after I had studied the play, I knew they would not do. The main scene was a beautiful dell at twilight. Mingled with the murmuring of a brook were the chirping of crickets, the croaking of frogs, and the usual twilight sounds in the woods.

Two timid girls appear; their jumps and starts and little squeaks of terror at the usual woodland sounds were the keynote of the scene. I saw that the girls, to produce the true effect, must be young and slender, otherwise the action would appear ridiculous. Two young

Moyne, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Alfred Klein—the brother of Charles, the dramatist—and George Clarke.

There was a young scenic artist at Wallack's Theater of the name of Mazzanovich, who was assistant to Phil Goatcher. I used to watch him at work, and was delighted by the minute perfectness of his exterior scenes. So I ventured to ask Mr. Wallack if he would lend the boy to us to paint the woodland scene for "The Rajah." The picture as we finally presented it was the sensation of the evening, and young Mazzanovich's fame began from that time. To-day, scenes are painted by contract, but we had our own paint frame at the Madison Square. It would often take the best part of a season to turn out a new production. We engaged a certain young man to prime the can-

When Mrs. Potter reached England she cabled me to come over and take charge.

California girls were awaiting an opportunity, and I selected them in place of Miss Booth and Miss Dyas; and so Marie Burroughs and Rellie Deaves came into public notice. This play had a great cast: W. J. Le

Kyrle Bellew was the idol of the hour when he appeared in such artistic harmony with Mrs. Potter.



vas and to mix the paints. When he thought no one was looking he now and then sketched delightful scenes on the canvas, but painted them all out in time to present a smooth white surface when

I became stage-manager for the "Amaranth" Society, in which was Edith Kingdon, afterwards Mrs. George Gould

especially the scenic artist's, I entrusted the most important scenes of the new play to this lad. He was Edward Unitt, who has since attained such distinction in his art. He afterwards painted the scenes for my play "The Wife" and many other of my plays.

The next production at the Madison Square was a comedy by Henry De Mille called "Delmer's Daughter; or, Duty," Boyesen's "Alpine Roses" followed. Our leading lady

Marie Burroughs was just such a girl as I wanted to produce the effect I had imagined.



the canvas was needed. Whenever I came into the theater I made it my business to pass the paint frame, for I had my eye on the lad. One night when I had been working late I saw a light coming from the fly gallery. I went up to investigate and found the lad at work as usual. I told him I was much pleased by his industry. He confided all his ambitions to me. He was thoroughly confident that he could paint. "Do you think I'll ever have an opportunity here to show what I can do?" he asked me. In the face of many objections,

was Georgia Cayvan, and her name brings to mind her first appearance in "The Irish Girl" at the Standard Theater, which was at that time under the management of J. M. Hill. It was difficult to find a leading man for "Alpine Roses," until I remembered a young stock broker, Robert Hilliard of Brooklyn, with whom I had become acquainted through my connection with the "Amaranth" Society. Young, handsome, a veritable Beau Brummel in his attention to dress, he was very popular in Brooklyn society and in great demand for amateur performances. He stepped from the amateur ranks to become a leading man on the professional stage. Naturally he brought with him some mannerisms, and one of these was a slight stiffness in the knees. "Your knees worry me, Robert," I said at rehearsals. He begged me to help him make them limber. So I bought a little bamboo cane and whenever he fell into his stiff attitudes I flicked him on the knees, and said "Look out," and he called "Aye, aye," and unlimbered for the moment.

Many of us still remember Georgia Cayvan and Marie Burroughs as the "Alpine Roses," with their Swiss dresses, their little shoes, caps, and aprons. Miss Cayvan was one of the first "Charles Frohman presents." When she came to us as our leading lady, she had gained some little reputation, though as yet she had never appeared in a part suited to her talents.

We have cause to remember "Alpine Roses," if for no other reason than Richard Mansfield's association with it. He appeared in the rôle of *Count von Dornfeld*. His meteoric rise into favor on the strength of Stoddard's refusal to play what he considered to be the unimportant rôle of *Baron Chevrier* in "A Parisian Romance" is too well-known to be repeated; it is well told in his biographies. During the rehearsals of "A Parisian Romance," Palmer and Cazauran wanted a more robust characterization than Mansfield made of the old roué, and there were many heated arguments. "I was so nagged and worried," Mr. Mansfield confided to me, "that I was often on the point of quitting, but some fate prevented, and I finally gave in and rehearsed the part as they wanted me to." But on the first night, he threw aside all they had told him to do, and pictured the old reprobate in his own gifted manner. It was the surprise of years. But strange to say, the

play had no appeal on the road and, after a brief tour, Mansfield found himself in New York sorely in need of work. So at the suggestion of Daniel Frohman, we engaged him for "Alpine Roses." He was beginning to show those temperamental idiosyncrasies which grew upon him when he became his own manager. He was one of the best stage listeners I have ever seen, and when he was doing nothing, it was dangerous to have him stand in the foreground because he attracted too much attention through his sheer personality.

Agnes Booth and Georgia Cayvan had a scene in "Alpine Roses" which developed the plot, and I wanted to have the audience hear every word of it. Mr. Mansfield was on the stage, but as he had nothing to say, I placed him in an obscure place. He objected in the most vehement manner. I wanted him in the shadow, and his idea was to remain in high light. We argued for a time, and then he lost all patience and I dismissed the rehearsal, telling him that until he apologized, not to me, but to the ladies, he might consider himself out of the cast. He went to the office to complain of my treatment. After a short time he came back, and said: "Where shall I stand, Mr. Belasco?" In a somewhat startled frame of mind—for Mansfield was not one to give in,—I said: "For the good of all concerned, I think you had best stand there, Mr. Mansfield," and I pointed to a dark spot behind the piano. He came to me, shook my hand, and then took up his place in the shadow. We were always great friends, Richard Mansfield and I, and there was never a time when I did not find pleasure in his splendid work.

It was about this time that Henry E. Abbey sent for me and told me he was planning to bring big "stars" over from Europe for his New Park Theater on the east side of Broadway, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second Streets. He asked me to join him as his stage-director. Of course I had my five years' contract at the Madison Square Theater, but the offer was so good that I was tempted to ask to be released. But my friendship for Charles Frohman intervened. My family had returned to San Francisco for a year, and I may say that during their absence, the Frohman home was mine. I practically lived there, and "C. F." and I shared the same room. Never shall

I forget our early morning chats. Many a night we spent sitting up in bed talking of the future. At this time I was thinking of writing a play for the Madison Square, which turned

Georgia Cayvan was one of the first "Charles Frohman presents."

I was now on the eve of having my first play presented by the Madison Square Theater.

I came to New York intent on being a stage-manager of the first theater in America. Through my persistency, "La Belle Russe" had been produced for me by Wallack, and now a play of mine was to pass the censorship of the Madison Square. I hardly dared hope that my play would be chosen from among the many but as the time came for the selection of a new drama for the Theater, I felt within me, that some new and important event in my life was about to be fulfilled.

Henry C. DeMille was our reader of plays.

out afterwards to be "May Blossom," and bit by bit, as it framed itself in my mind, I told it to "C. F.", who enthusiastically encouraged me. Because of this Damon and Pythias friendship, and the secret hope that "May Blossom" would turn out worthy of the Madison Square Theater, I hastened to Mr. Abbey and refused two hundred dollars a week. At that moment my thirty-five dollars looked very small indeed, but it was better than breaking up my association with Charles Frohman, and the years have proved that I was right, for the warm friendship of those early days has been cemented by time.



The Real Thing

Illustrated by

AS for marrying, he would not until he had found the real thing. He was still looking for it, not very hopefully.

To hope is an art. Some call it patience. The words, however, are not always synonyms. For example, a great many people said that they hoped young Brown would behave himself some day, but they had no patience with him. Few had. He left Harvard by special invitation. Fortunately he had no parents and only a distant relative or two to disgrace. So he backed a musical comedy for six months, and acquired his first knowledge born of experience.

The club he inhabited did him no good. Few clubs do anybody any good.

Brown's devotion to horses, the drama, automobiles, and games of chance was checked and held in bounds only by an emotionless trust company. And young Brown, whose income had done about all it could to him except kill him, argued in vain with the trust officer and the directors of that sordid corporation.

But it was useless for him to paint pictures of his own moral regeneration in vivid colors. Trusts have no sentimental imagination. And Brown's principal not only remained intact but half his income continued to be withheld and set aside for investment, to swell the already disgusting proportions of his principal. It was a sickening situation. The musical comedy blew up.

Meanwhile, people continued to lose pa-



"You know you have been very, very nice to me so far, Mr. Brown," said Rosalie.

tience with Brown and hope he'd be a better man some day.

The world was certainly leagued against him. Also, everybody bored him. The contrary, too, was the case, and he began to be angrily aware of it.

So he made up his cub-mind to disappear. Then they'd be sorry!

But Brown really had no idea of making away with himself, only of disappearing.

by Robert W. Chambers

Herman Pfeifer



"It might have been difficult for us both, but you have made it easy for me."

He began his vengeance by arranging to deprive all human society of himself, and to that end he abruptly purchased several thousand acres in Florida, adjacent to the vigorous and thriving young town of Sapadillo, Inca County. He did things that way.

Sapadillo consisted of a water-tower and a siding, and one freight-car permanently rusted to the rails. Brown did not know it.

He was very much irritated at life. He'd fix it—

Fortunately for him, this time, he acted not only on impulse but with unusual forethought. He bought and shipped a large, expensive, portable bungalow, a carload of gardening-tools, an arsenal of firearms, and sufficient furniture to embellish

a state capitol and leave a satisfying margin for honest graft. Further, he shipped a ton or two of provisions, house-linen, and crockery; and he advertised for a housekeeper not over fifty years of age, and secured one without any bother to himself, through the good offices of an employment agency. Also, he sent a gang of men down to Sapadillo to erect said bungalow over a cemented cellar, install furniture, lock up, and bring the key to him.

The foreman of the gang returned from Florida six weeks later, and delivered the keys to Brown. His skin was peeling, and he wore scars upon his visage.

"Well, what does the town look like?" inquired Brown cordially, pocketing the keys and slipping him a check.

"Maybe," said the foreman, "I'm near-sighted. I didn't see no town."

"Didn't you see *anything*?"

"Well, I seen a hell's mint o' snakes," drawled the foreman. "Also several buzzards, pa'ms, an' niggers." He accepted a cigar from Brown and placed it behind one generous and sun-blistered ear.

"T's all right, if you like it. I knowed a man what et tripe and parsnips from choice," he remarked thoughtfully.

"The advertisement," insisted Brown, "speaks of Sapadillo as a vigorous young town."

"Does it? Well, it listens good. But, Mr. Brown, I'm that glad to be back I'd hate to tell you what I'm fixin' to do to this here hamlet. No bustlin' an' vigorous towns for me! No, sir! This quiet little turnpike is good enough for me. Likewise, the simple roadside tavern where I'm a-plannin' to get mine to-night. Well, be good! 'An' God help you!"

"Anyway," thought Brown, "it's isolation I'm looking for. And I might as well go after it, now."

His cruel resolve to vanish without informing his friends of his intentions, or even mitigating their certain desolation by making any adieus, was carried out with merciless disregard

She had been on the point of entering the Verbena Limited when he noticed her. "Why, how do you do!" he exclaimed—the more cordially because he had forgotten her name. They shook hands and stepped back upon the platform for a moment.

"And you?" he asked pleasantly. "Why are you going South?"

"I had nothing to do here and no money. I had to go."

"Wouldn't anybody give you a job?"

"No."

"Not even in a Number Six company?"

"You know how it is."

for anybody's feelings.

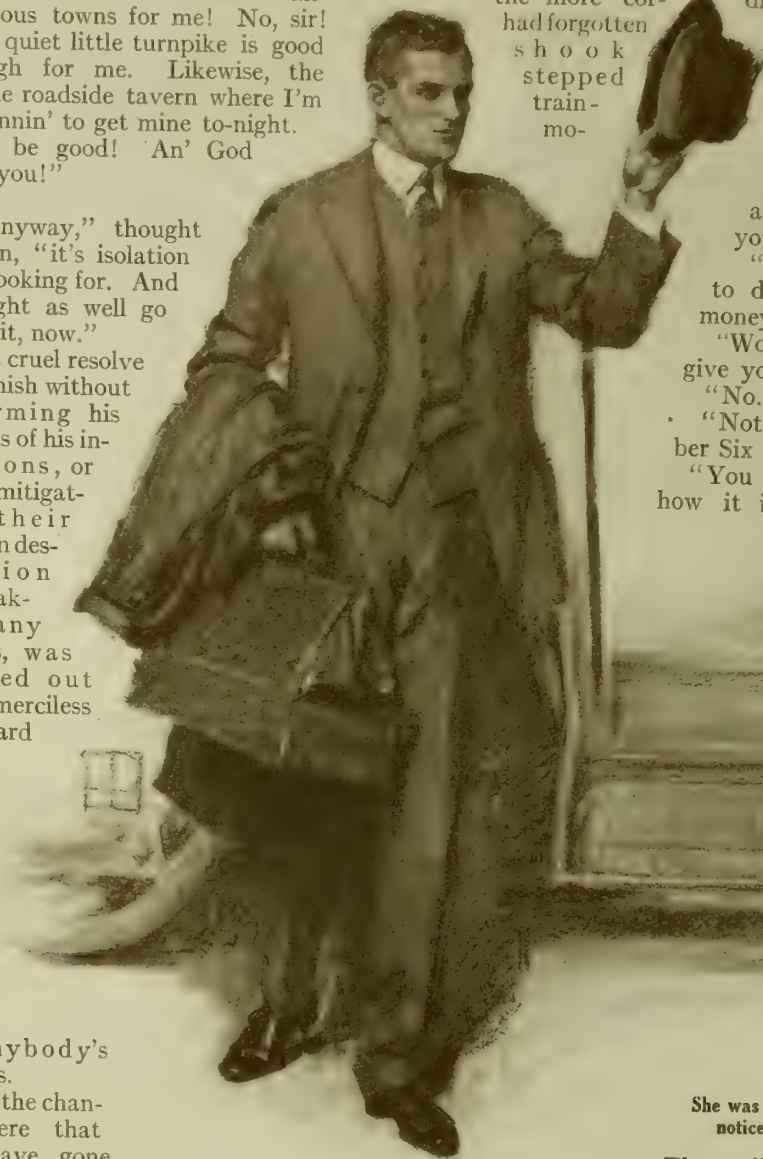
And the chances were that he'd have gone without a word to anybody in Gotham had he not, in the station, run across a little girl who had decorated the show he had so persistently and disastrously backed.

She was a perfectly commonplace little thing, slim, white-faced, with violet eyes, ruddy hair, and a voice scarcely noisy enough for a Broadway show.

They all promised to keep me in mind. I went to every one of them. It was the last call for dinner, and no dinner in sight. So I took what was offered, and I'm on my way there."

"Where?"

"South, somewhere. A man advertised; I replied. He said, 'All right, go ahead, and I'll see you later.' So I'm going."



She was on the point of entering the Verbena Limited when he noticed her. "Why, how do

"That's funny," said Brown. "What position did he offer you?"

"Housekeeper."

"That's funny, too. You don't know how to keep house, do you?"

"No," she said serenely, "but what was I to do? I had to take a chance."

"What's the man's name—if you don't mind?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Brown."

something queer about this, I'm afraid."

"Queer?"

"Well, I don't know. Where does your ticket take you?"

"My ticket," she replied unceasingly,

"takes me as far as the city of Sapadillo."

"What!

O h ,
m y
g o o d
L o r d !"

groaned Brown.

"We've done it now!"

"W-what do you mean?" she stammered, beginning to suspect the truth.

"Why, it's me!" he explained dramatically, and with a fine disregard of grammar.

"I am that same

William Brown! I live near

Sapadillo! I advertised for a

housekeeper. I read your letter.

It sounded all right to me. So I

wrote you, sent you your ticket, and

told you to go ahead and I'd meet you at

Sapadillo. That's what comes of not in-

vestigating references, and side-stepping a personal interview!"

"W-what am I to do?" she faltered.

"Do? I don't know. What am I to do with you?"

"B-but I signed my name—Rosalie White."

the Verbena Limited when he you do!" he exclaimed.

"What!!!"

"Brown—a Mr. William Brown," she repeated, surprised.

"Why, that's my name!" he cried.

She stared at him.

"That's true," she said, flushing. "I had forgotten what your name is."

"T-tell me where this—this man Brown lives?" he requested unsteadily. "There's



"I know you did. I didn't recognize it. There were about five million girls in that show. I never thought of *you*. It never occurred to me that Rosalie White could be *you*! Housekeepers don't usually sing next to the lead and negotiate high C, do they? How was I to know it was *you*?"

"I offered to call on *you*."

"Yes, I know it. But I was—out of sorts. I didn't want to be bothered. I told the manager of the Elysian Employment Agency to go and see you, and she reported you all right—and not over fifty years old."

"I gave her ten dollars to say so," nodded Rosalie. "I *had* to have something to do. And—would you please tell me what in the world I am to do, now?"

Somebody said very distinctly, "All aboard!"

They looked at each other in consternation.

"All aboard," insisted the colored porter politely.

"What shall I do?" gasped Rosalie White.

"Go aboard," he said, bewildered. "There's nothing else I can think of now!"

As far as appearances were concerned, it was all wrong, otherwise, quite all right. But appearances convince the world, proverbs to the contrary.

And it would have been difficult to persuade anybody that Brown was traveling with his housekeeper.

He knew it; she knew it. But as they were on the same train, going along at forty miles an hour, bound for the same destination, they couldn't avoid traveling together unless one of them jumped off.

It seemed rather absurd for them not to look at each other, speak to each other.

And after they had done these things, and realizing that if anybody was going to damn them, the material had already been supplied, Brown remarked that they might as well lunch and dine together.

Which they did the first day out, and the second day, too, uneasily conscious all the

while that they were having an unusually agreeable journey.

When everybody aboard concluded that they were not sister and brother, the shockingly ringless state of Rosalie's slender white hands inspired each passenger on the Verbenia Limited with a separate and entirely characteristic conclusion.

Toward the close of the second day, when the landscape from the car windows had gradually changed from snow and maples to sunshine and palms—from Italians, goats, and sparrows to niggers, razorbacks,



what the world knows about you that concerns you, or ought to.

"After all," she said, "I *am* your housekeeper."

"*And the keepers of the house shall tremble!*"—but Rosalie did not. Maybe because she knew that a little further along in that divine and awful chapter was written, "*And desire shall fail.*" But maybe she didn't know it—didn't even know enough to tremble. Few do. The environs of the Pit are meadows full of flowers. That is where Proserpine got hers. Daffodils still grow there, and many are they that pick them.

"Certainly," said Brown, with easy confidence, "you are housekeeper at Sapadillo Manor."

"Is that its name?"

"Yes. It just occurred to me. Do you think it an incongruous name for a portable bungalow?"

She was doubtful; and she was so pretty when serious, and so distractingly pretty when not—as, for in-

stance, now, as she looked up under her long lashes and laughed.

"You *don't* like the name!" he said.

"Not, perhaps, for a *portable* bungalow. A manor-house ought to be permanent and—and rather stately, oughtn't it?"

"We'll be funny about it," he said. "We'll call it Terrapin Towers."

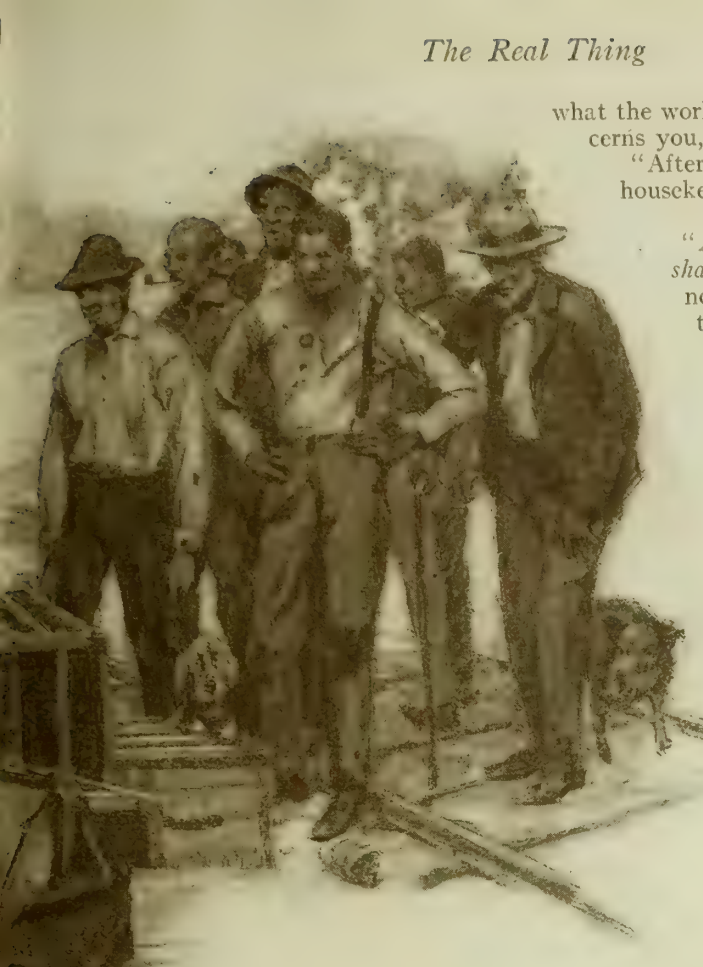
She seemed to think the suggestion mildly witty.

"Well, then," he said, "*you* name it!"

"I? That would not do. Housekeepers don't christen gentlemen's country estates."

"Please think of something!"

She considered for a while in silence, her teeth worrying the page of the magazine. When she had nibbled at it sufficiently, he had concluded that she was an unusually interesting as well as ornamental girl; and



The entire population of Sapadillo City had gathered to welcome them—seven negroes, three razorbacks, a houn' dawg, and a buzzard. Brown looked at Rosalie, and she gazed inquiringly at Brown.

and buzzards—Rosalie, curled up deep in her revolving chair, lifted her violet eyes from the magazine she had been reading, and discovered immediately that Brown in the chair opposite was doing the same.

The faint smile on her lips faded into seriousness.

"You know," she said, "that you have been very, very nice to me, Mr. Brown. It might have been difficult for us both, but you have made it easy for me."

Facilis descensus—that was the trouble. Convention is a taut string, keyed to fiddle on, not *with*. Amateurs who tighten or relax it do so at their peril.

"You made it easy for us both," he said. "And, after all, *we* know we're all right."

With which half-baked remark she agreed. But there's no leaven in it. It's

by that time she had not thought of a name.

"I think," she said, "a name will occur to us when we first see the place."

"Nothing ever occurs to me," he said; "I have no imagination."

"You seem to."

"I?"

"Yes. Haven't you already in your imagination created a vast, tropical plantation out of the land you have acquired?"

"No," he said honestly, "I haven't. I got as far as picturing Sapadillo City to myself, and when it began to resemble St. Augustine, along came the foreman of the gang I sent down, and knocked the last glimmer of romance out of it—and out of me."

She sat very quiet, Brown had not gilded for her the pill she was to swallow. He had been honest with her; he told her all he knew about the place, which was meager information.

"One thing I do know," he said. "The bungalow is all right."

"All you have to do," he continued, "is to saunter about with a bunch of keys. Isn't that about all?"

She lifted her violet eyes, a little distressed.

"I don't know," she said. "I'm afraid that the duties of a housekeeper are not very clear to me."

"Oh, that's all right! If there's anything to do, you'll see that somebody does it. And that's all there is about a housekeeper's business."

"I—I mean to be very faithful." She looked up. Her eyes, too, seemed to be of that sort—fashioned for frankness, faith, perhaps credulity.

A porter came by, announcing dinner. Brown looked at Rosalie with a questioning smile—so companionable had they already grown, so eloquent already had become the discourse of a single silent glance.

His eyes, smiling, said, "Shall we dine now—together?"

Hers replied, "Your pleasure is mine."

At table, happening to encounter a hostile stare from legalized maternity at a neighboring table, she flushed and bent her head. Brown was holding forth very happily upon some unimportant subject; and the girl sat there, with heightened color, as though listening.

And after he had ended, she still sat,

pensive, looking down at her pretty, ringless fingers, restless in her lap.

Afterward, in their chairs once more, her eyes on the sunset which swept the rattling windows with a running flash of fire,

"You know," she said, "that was our last dinner."

"What?"

"Our last dinner *together*."

He started to reply, but remained silent.

"Housekeepers don't dine with their employers," she added, smiling at him. And the smile was unembarrassed and genuine, because he resembled at the moment a sulky little boy, balked of something he shouldn't have.

"We'll discuss that later," he said.

Her pretty face grew serious.

"There will be nothing to discuss," she said, in a low voice.

She came in late to breakfast. He had waited for her as usual.

"That is not right," she said. "We should begin to break ourselves of that habit."

But they began their grapefruit together, very happily.

At luncheon, too, they said nothing further about the habit. After all, it was scarcely worth while, for in an hour they would be at Sapadillo City.

All their luggage was gathered and piled together when that metropolis became visible. Brown recognized it from his foreman's inventory—one water-tank, one side-track, one empty freight-car firmly rusted to same. Evidently the entire population of Sapadillo City had gathered to welcome the lord of the portable bungalow—seven negroes, three razorbacks, a houn' dawg, and a buzzard. The only noise was furnished by the houn' dawg, and it was a melancholy salute.

The train lingered only to deposit the two passengers for Sapadillo City and their baggage, then, whistling its deep sense of relief, moved on.

Brown looked at Rosalie, and she gazed inquiringly at Brown.

"There seems to be no station here," he said hesitatingly. He had cherished dreams of a hack to take him to the bungalow, wherever it was, but one look at the suburbs of Sapadillo City settled any such dream.

Worse still, no pecuniary consideration

could induce any of the city's inhabitants to produce wagon or wheelbarrow for the transportation of his housekeeper, himself, and his luggage.

They stood in a shiny, black row, flanked by the hoan' dawg and the razorbacks, and grinningly declined to entertain any suggestion of manual labor. The buzzard, perched on a black gum-tree, looked on with perfect indifference.

So they were obliged to leave the trunks. Laden with his suit-case and her satchel, Brown took the path indicated. It was a white, sandy path running through scrub-palmetto; and the prospects being in favor of snakes, he suggested that Rosalie walk behind him.

Which made her a trifle pensive, because she took it as the first expression from him of their new relations as master and housekeeper. It was all right, of course; it had to be that way. And Rosalie, silent and subdued, tripped along in the wake of the Lord of the Bungalow, her somewhat sad young eyes fixed on the level sunset.

The declining sun tipped the flat waste of palmetto fronds with pink-and-amber fire and painted tall pines and palms crimson. From a wood's blue shadow came the querulous, insistent whisper of the widow-bird, dis-counting the coming twilight.

Trudging along, Brown looked over his shoulder.

"This isn't very cheerful," he said. "I ought to have learned something about this place before I came here—or let you come. But, somehow, I always do things the wrong way."

"I don't mind coming," she said, with a little note of hesitation in her voice, "if you think there's really a bungalow here."

"Why, of course there is! I sent one

down, and I also sent a gang down to put it up."

"Did you say it was a—a portable bungalow?"

"Yes. Anybody can put it up or take it to pieces."

"Very portable?"

"What!"

"I wondered if it were possible that anybody could t-take it away."

"Good heavens!" he said. "Why do you suppose such a thing as that?"



"A house-keeper is only a salaried employee."

I came to be that—and nothing else," Rosalie told Brown.

"I don't know. Why did those darkies grin at us so incessantly?"

"They always grin. That is the sum total of their physical exertions. Where the dickens is that bungalow? How far do you suppose we have walked?"

"About five miles?" she ventured interrogatively.

"Oh, no; not over a quarter of a mile. But I was told it was only five minutes' stroll from the station."

"There is no station," she observed uneasily.

"That's so! That may be the trouble. Perhaps they couldn't tell just how far it was, having no station to start from."

"You are trying to reassure me," she said quietly. "You are as much worried as I am."

"Worried! Not a bit. I only am wondering—" He halted; she came forward beside him; and they stood there, knee deep in palmetto, gazing at the dying cinders of the sun. Red as a bed of coals, the last glow glimmered through the palms, turned to ashes along the horizon even as they looked.

"There is a star," she said, in a low voice. It was already night.

He said cheerfully, "If you care to risk going on, I'm sure we'll find the bungalow in a few minutes."

"What else is there to do?" she asked.

"We could go back."

"Where?"

"To the sta—to the railroad."

"Would we be any better off there?"

He was silent.

"I—I didn't like those pigs—and that large and very horrid bird that kept watching us," she said.

"Oh, that was only a buzzard——"

"A buzzard!"

"Yes—they're common down South——"

"But—I've heard that buzzards sit around and wait for people to die. T-tell me frankly, fearlessly, *do* you suppose that bird was waiting to see us get lost in these woods?"

"No, of course not. You mustn't think

such things. You are not going to lose your nerve, are you?"

"N-no."

Her voice was not very steady. He touched her arm. She was trembling.

"Please don't," he said. "I'm terribly sorry; it's all my



fault. But there is nothing to be afraid of. If worst comes to worst, a night under these big, yellow stars isn't so bad." He leaned nearer, peering at her. She was weeping in silence.

For her benefit, he accused himself and called himself various graphic names, some of which fitted, but he didn't know it. Also, he put one arm around her shoulders, and she drew back against him with a gasp as the shuddering cry of a great cat-owl broke out in the starlight, filling the woods with uncanny echoes.

He had in his grip an electric flash-light; now he fished it out, and, shining the path, persuaded her forward into the woods.

Ghostly palms arched over them; enormous yellow stars sparkled between the fronds. Even by day, the tropic forest would have been an awesome novelty, and now, at night, it frightened her. Spectral gray moss waved mournfully from the live-oaks; festoons of vines and creepers draped the sad, high arches with strange tapestries; subtly disturbing odors haunted the dusky silence, scent of spicy, unknown saps and gums dripping, vague perfumes of exotics—leaf and bark and bloom.



For the hard, rapid beating of Rosalie's heart the upas tree itself might have exhaled from its magic foliage the suave, seductive odor that grew sweeter all around them.

"Darling!" Brown exclaimed. "Look!" Rosalie turned. There stood the bungalow.

But it was only a China Tree making more exquisite the star-luster.

"Are you tired?" he asked anxiously.

"No. But I'll sit down for a little while if you don't mind. Because, somehow, I don't believe we are—are ever going to get out of these w-woods——"

"Rosalie! Don't cry."

Quiet sobs.

"Rosalie!"

Sobs under better control and now stifled by his shoulder.

"Rosalie, dear, you will be brave, won't you?" His voice shook, perhaps from the charm his own words held for him—an unexpected charm—for he had not meant to say "Rosalie" or "dear," or to link the two words that had linked themselves in his own mind so prettily, so naturally, even before he uttered them.

She lifted her head and stared around her in the darkness, sitting up very slender and straight in his arms.

"Do you hear anything?" she whispered.

"A bird singing in the starlight."

Under the slim twin palms they seated themselves. At her request he played his flash-light over her satchel; and from it she extracted a bottle of spring-water and a paper box full of cold chicken, bread, fruit, and assorted chocolates.

"I had them put up for us by the dining-car steward," she said. "I thought perhaps we might not find everything quite ready at the bungalow."

"We haven't even found the bungalow," he said, and laughed nervously. But to Rosalie it was not yet a laughing matter.

The night was balmy, the air delicious; so was the chicken. He laid his flash-light on the ground, and they ate in its brilliant, fan-shaped radiance. Traces of tears, like the powdery silver of dew on iris blossoms, still made her eyes brilliant; and now he knew what a young goddess looked like eating nectar and quaffing ambrosia, as he furtively observed the girl beside him.

First, she bit a dainty little semicircle out of a sandwich, and after her pretty lips had moved as though in murmured prayer thirty-two times, she blushing set the mouth of the bottle to her own and drank as innocently as a little bird drinks, its beak uptilted toward heaven, giving thanks for every swallow.

Every now and then he picked up the flash-light and swept the cobwebs of the

night from their surroundings as with a broom of glory. This fine phrase also occurred to Brown, and he employed it, conscious of inspiration totally new which apparently was evoking from the commonplace within him a most unusual and gratifying mental attitude toward life.

She smiled a shy acknowledgment of this literary eruption. And the intellectual response from her confirmed his dawning opinion that she was mentally as extraordinary as she was physically attractive.

Unseen things ruffled and flapped in the trees occasionally, and these inexplicable interruptions were all that mitigated her increasing confidence and even pleasure in the situation. But the dry, silken rustle of unseen plumage on high concerned her, and always temporarily disconnected her appetite until Brown rose and searched the big water-oak's top with his flash-light; and there disclosed three big, snow-white birds standing solemnly on one leg each.

"The lovely things!" she exclaimed, in the quick reaction of relief and delight. "They stand there like guardian angels watching over us." And she continued to nibble her chocolate bonbon with thankfulness and content.

Brown carefully laid the flash-light on the ground between them.

"Do you know," he said, "that you are a very extraordinary girl?"

She lifted her head in pretty surprise.

"I've been thinking about it," he continued. "You are just right, exactly balanced—feminine but not too feminine; brave but not aggressively cocky; patient but not meek; self-controlled but neither stolid nor ignorant. As far as I can discover, you are the real thing in girls."

"W-what an odd thing to think!"

"Why, just consider your qualities," he went on, deeply interested in his analysis; "you are a good sport, or you never would have taken a chance and started for this God-forsaken place. Yet you are far-seeing and thoughtful, or you wouldn't have had the dining-car steward put up this dinner for us."

"But I——"

"That is admirable!" he continued warmly, somewhat excited by his own unsuspected powers of logical analysis. "That is noble—like a Cincinnatus at the plow, like Israel Putnam in his undershirt, like Jeanne d'Arc; like——"

The emotion superinduced by his own eloquence checked him; then:

"When I talk with you, look at you, I feel as though there were original possibilities in me. I aspire to—I don't know exactly what just yet. I am—" Again he checked himself to let his eyes rest on her in silence.

She sat at the foot of a palm tree, her dainty fingers clasped under her chin, elbows set on her knees, eyes lowered. And in her cheeks the delicate color came and went, waning, glowing with every word and with the confused thoughts he was stirring and stampeding in her youthful brain.

"A housekeeper is only a salaried employee. I came to be that—and nothing else," she said hesitatingly.

Then, suddenly, between them there was everything to be said—much to be said that ought not to be—much that should be said with chances against their saying it.

Neither spoke until, after a long while, the flash-light which had been burning redder and redder, glimmered and went out.

"Have you another battery?" she asked.

"No. You are not afraid, are you?"

She made no answer; but when he drew himself across the ground beside her, the smooth little hand he encountered slightly returned his pressure.

"You are not afraid now, Rosalie."

"A little."

"Of what, dear?"

There was no need to answer.

At times he thought she was asleep, she breathed so evenly, but sooner or later a little tremulous movement of her head on his shoulder undeceived him.

But the night was nearly spent before his lips touched her cheek and rested there, minute after minute, until, softly stirring, she turned and met his lips with hers.

The stars had gone; it was day—that day when the keepers of the house should tremble, and the strong men should bow themselves.

And now Rosalie was trembling—trembling for all that life had meant for her. In his arms, denying her lips to him with desperate head pressed against his breast, she lay motionless, tense, enduring the blinding, throbbing moments. Her brain whirled with words and phrases—with

precept, proverb, and stammered prayer, with incoherencies of passion, faltered avowals.

And, suddenly, above her, with the roar of wide wings rising, three great, snowy birds took flight into the ocean of dawning light.

Startled and still dazed, she threw back her head on his shoulder and looked up. And saw them mounting to the sky on broad, angelic wings, higher, higher, until their fanning pinions caught, from below earth's darkened rim, the crimson edges of the hidden sun, so that they glimmered on high all silvery and rose.

"Our angels—have gone," she faltered.

"White herons."

But she freed herself from his arms and knelt there, still looking up.

"Leaving me alone—with *you*," she whispered. "Alone here on earth—you and I—master and maid."

"Rosalie!"

"Master and maid," she murmured, covering her face with her slender fingers.

But he had drawn himself over beside her, rising to his knees; and his arm encircled her supple body.

"Your—mistress," she shuddered. "And the stars—saw—how nearly it was true."

"Dearest," he said, "I want no other wife but you. Don't you understand?"

"What?"

"Don't you realize," he said excitedly, "that you have spoiled me for every other girl in the world?"

"I?" she whispered.

"Do you suppose any other woman could mean anything to me, now?"

"Is it—*love*?"

"Good God!" he said. "Do you doubt it? Don't you realize that you are the real thing?"

But Rosalie could neither answer nor check her tears.

It grew lighter around them. And when the first rosy sunbeams swept the woods and turned the pool at their feet to a sheet of shimmering pink, Brown's arm around her suddenly tightened.

"Darling!" he shouted. "Look!"

She turned her lovely, disheveled head. Across the stream, directly in front of them, set in a clearing of palms, stood the bungalow, every window glittering in the sun.

The first of a new series of Robert W. Chambers stories will appear next month—get it January 29, everywhere.

The Play of the Month

INNOCENT



“ONLY the contented woman is happy and only the ignorant woman is contented”—and on this rock of blind, masculine faith *Peter McCormick* tries to build his daughter's life in George Broadhurst's play “*Innocent*,” now being presented by A. H. Woods.

The play is founded on the Hungarian of Arpad Pasztor. Of course *McCormick* fails, for he has forgotten that in his daughter's veins flows his own restless blood. Nature's own

fixed price for such forgetfulness is named in the prolog when *Bela Nemzeti*, the guardian of *McCormick's* daughter *Innocent*, commits suicide. This is another back-

ward written play: the prolog gives the suicide; the following acts, the reasons for it.

McCormick, himself, sees his failure. He has

Innocent, taught to blush unseen in the seclusion of her father's house.

By George Broadhurst
and
Arpad Pasztor

McCormick—I lose, Bela, I lose!

Bela—Lose?

McCormick—She's my child. It's in the blood.

A year later: *McCormick* has died in Mukden, where the play opened, and *Bela* has come to Buda-Pesth with *Innocent*. In Mukden gossip and innuendo and compliment

*His
Excel-
lency*
(Frank Kemble
Cooper) — Your
health, little life artist,
and may your head
always be ex-
alted.

Innocent
— Thank
you.

called
Innocent
to prove to
Bela how un-
touched she is by
the glamour of the world and
discontent—but the girl has been
dreaming.

Innocent—I want to sing—and dance
—and go out into the world
and—and—

McCormick—And
—what?

Innocent—I
don't know.
That's the part
I don't under-
stand. (*McCormick*
turns away)

Innocent
(Pauline Fred-
erick), wom-
an of the
world who
has tasted
life.

had not touched them in their simple relationship of guardian and ward. In Buda-Pesth these things soon awaken to the man and woman in them both. The climax comes one night. *Innocent* goes to her room, but soon comes down to *Bela* with the tease of the blood in her every fiber.

Innocent—In my room—a few minutes ago—a strange, wonderful feeling came over me! I realized for the first time that when you had gone to bed—there—in the next room to mine—a man would be sleeping!

Bela—Yesterday you were just a child, tired at bedtime with your play! Yesterday you hardly knew the difference between night and morning! But now! How do you learn these things? How do you learn them?

Innocent—I don't have to learn them—I know them! (there is a pause) And I am beautiful—I know that too. (pause) And you know it. Don't you? Don't you? (pause)

Bela—Yes. It's true—you're beautiful!

A few weeks more, and *Bela* has gambled his property away to make *Innocent* the envy of all men. One adventurer, *von Guggen*, taking advantage of *Bela's* ruin, has tried to entice *Innocent* to elopement. Then *Irving* seeks to part *Bela* and the girl.

Irving (*Bela's friend*)—Leave this house. It's the only thing to do. I'll help you.

Innocent—Do you expect to go with me?

Irving—Certainly not! (pause)

You'll do it?

It's for his good as



Innocent—

And I am beautiful—I know that, too. And you know it. Don't you? Don't you?

Bela (*John Miltern*)—Yes. It's true. You are beautiful.

well as yours. Leave him this afternoon. I'll give you a check, money enough to take you

anywhere you please, and keep you in comfort for at least two or three months! Well!

Innocent—I don't want to leave him just because he's down on his luck!

Irving—If you go I can persuade him to go with me. If you stay he stays and the end for

Innocent goes to see about breakfast for *Irving* and *Bela*, who have been gambling all night. *Irving* (Julian L'Estrange)
—Not for me. *Bela*
—Nor me.

him is either jail or the gutter. *Innocent*—I know best!

Innocent—Then—if I did leave him—it would be for his good? (*Irving gives her a check and leaves; von Guggen comes back to Innocent*)

von Guggen—You will come! Just before

you leave *Bela*, to flee with me, as a signal that all is ready, pull down the window shade. I'll be waiting with my car.

Innocent—If I do pull it down, remember when we reach Monte Carlo you leave me?

von Guggen—Certainly. (*Irving enters*) Hello! How did you get in?

Irving—I still have my key. (*he holds up a key*)

Innocent—So you were watching?

Irving—Yes. I wished to see if I could find you together.

Innocent—Just a minute, please. All you wanted was that I should leave *Bela*. That was it, wasn't it?

Irving—Yes.

Innocent—Well, what difference does it make to you whether I go alone—or with him or with any man—so long as I go?

von Guggen—Exactly.

Irving—It makes this difference—(*a door is heard slamming shut*)

Innocent—*Bela* is coming back! (*to von Guggen*) Go!

von Guggen—Why, I am not afraid.

Innocent—For my sake!

von Guggen—That's different. (*he starts*)

Irving—No. Here's my chance to prove to *Bela* just what you are.

Innocent—(*to von Guggen*) Quickly—through my room.

(*flings her arms about Irving's neck*)

von Guggen—Au revoir! (*he escapes*)

Irving—Let me go. (*Bela enters*)

Bela—What does this mean?

Innocent—I'll tell you what it means. You'd been gone only a few minutes when he came back and found me alone. He made love to me and tried to persuade me to leave you and go with him.

Bela—He did that?

Irving—I didn't.

Innocent—He did! And he took me in his arms and kissed me. And he offered me a check—but I wouldn't touch it, but he kept urging and suddenly I

thought it would prove everything in case he denied it and so at last I took it, and here it is. (*she gives it to him*)

Bela—Well? (*pause*) Well?

Irving—Listen, *Bela*.

the life here, from the city and its temptations, which I'm too weak to resist.

Innocent—Dear—

Bela—Yes, but I still have some good friends in the ministry at Ackerban, and I'll get a position in some foreign country, and there we'll settle down, and I'll work hard and make a success of life. You'll be proud of me yet. You'll see—*(pause)* I'm so tired.

Innocent—You must be, dear. Come and lie down here. *(she leads him to the couch. He lies down. She makes him comfortable and sits beside him)*

Now go to sleep, dear, and remember that your own little

Innocent is here by your side.

Bela—As she is going to be always.

Innocent—Yes, dear.

Bela—That's all I want. *(drowsiness begins to creep over Bela)* How wonderful you are! What a shame I shan't be able to give you the beautiful things you deserve. I'd like to give you—

Innocent—Ssh! Ssh! You must sleep, dear. *(Bela sighs contentedly as if just dropping off to sleep. There is a pause. He stirs a little uneasily)* Is there anything you want?

Bela—I was going to kill myself—not her! *His Excellency*—Not before a lady. It isn't being done.

Innocent, the wraith on the stair, curious with the urgings of her inheritance.

Bela—Did you give *Innocent* this check or didn't you? Answer.

Irving—Yes, I did. But—

Bela—Why? *(pause)* To induce her to leave me?

Irving—If you'll listen for just a moment I'll—

Bela—Go! *(he tears up the check)* Go, do you hear? Go!

Irving—Very well. Good-by. But some day you'll realize how wrong you are.

(Irving exits)

Bela—Who would have thought that of Irving!

Innocent—I knew how it would hurt you. That's the reason I didn't tell you before.

Bela—I've no one left now—but you. Thank God you are still true to me. *(he takes her in his arms and kisses her)* We'll begin everything anew! We'll be married and go away from



Bela—(drowsily) The
sunshine dazzles me.
Pull down the
shade, please.
(pause)

Pauline Frederick, as
Innocent, in every
grace of her an
awakener of
men.

Innocent
—The shade?

Bela—Yes, dear.

Innocent—You
want me to pull
it down?

Bela—Yes, dear,
please.

Innocent
—Very well.
(*Innocent*
pulls down
the shade,
and the
stage



darkens. She goes again to Bela)

Bela—What was that little Chinese song you used to sing?

Innocent—The Tona Bungalay?

Bela—Yes. Sing it now—very softly—and I know I shall sleep.

Innocent—Yes, dear. (*Innocent sings to him as though he were a child going to sleep. When she has finished she puts on her hat. She looks at Bela, then exits quietly*)

Follows a last act wherein *Bela* traces *Innocent* to Nice and finds her being sumptuously entertained by a nobleman of high rank. *Bela* begs *Innocent* to come back.

Bela—Tell me that you love me just as I love you and that you'll go with me wherever I want to go! Lie

With very fascinating art Pauline Frederick, as *Innocent*, passes from childhood into womanhood. *Bela* (takes her in his arms)—She is a child. *Innocent*—But please I am not. I am a young woman.



to me! It will make me
happy for a little while
and then I'll be ready—!

(he takes a revolver from his pocket)

Ready to— (Innocent screams)

Innocent—Bela! Bela!

(the nobleman enters
quietly)

The Noble-
man—And
I trusted
you.

Innocent, whose beauty makes
her the world's own.



Bela—It wasn't for her. I was going to kill my-
self.

The Nobleman—Not before a lady. It isn't
being done! (pause) Like anything else you
possess, your life is your own to do with as you
please, providing that your actions injure no
one else. But no gentleman deliberately involves
the woman he loves in a public scandal. He re-
moves it from her just as far as he possibly can.
You see, my friend?

Bela—Yes. I see.

Innocent—Promise me you won't
do it. Promise me.

Bela—You wouldn't lie to me.
Do you want me to lie to you?

Innocent—I want you to prom-
ise. Will you?

Bela—Yes, I promise.

Innocent—And you'll keep your
word.

Bela—I'll keep my word.

Innocent—Thank you. (she turns away)

The Nobleman—(to Bela). Well done my friend. And
now, you will dine with us, since everything is settled?

Bela—No, I must go.

Bela leaves them, to end it all in Mukden.

Innocent—I want
to go out into the
world and—and—
McCormick
(Hardee Kirkland)
And what?

A Far Country

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

I AM recording a mere fleeting cloud shadow across the golden rays of our sun.

Life went feverishly on, and it never occurred to us that it was feverish, and might be losing proportion, and that proportion is not wholly undesirable. All things seemed possible, all desires about to be consummated. Morning after morning we opened our newspapers to that absorbing page which recorded the tide of the stock market, and that tide crept up and up, recording new

high-water marks. How simple a matter it was to make money in those years! What myriads of companies were organized, and

SYNOPSIS: Here we have the story of a man in the making, a typical American, a buccaneer with an ideal, cheating society right and left. We read of Hugh Paret, of the society that tried to make him and the women who knew him too well. His school-days came and went; Hugh didn't study; his father was disappointed; Hugh has his first quarrel with Nancy when she is outspoken about it. At her challenge he studies day and night and enters college. Then graduation, his father's death, his first position with Watling, biggest lawyer in the city—and Hugh's career is on. Swiftly he learns every trick in

watered, and sold out to a confiding public.

The young men who were graduating from college were all becoming brokers, and all brokers were growing rich! It was an ultra-respectable, and not too confining profession; providing enough excitement to please the most exacting.

A veritable torrent of double-eagles filled certain prepared mill ponds, flowed over the dams and covered the lowlands an inch deep, drowning out the germ of socialism, which only thrives in dry soil. Like the Egyptians, we died of our flood. It was human nature to do so. Everybody who possessed any "enlightenment" at all made a mill-dam—and ran his wheel all the time. According to that shrewd observer, Monsieur Talleyrand, *ci-devant abbé*, gold had

been our true, Anglo-Saxon god, even in Washing-

To Maude I was married—married, a terrible word. At times I hotly rebelled.

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By Winston Churchill

the lawyer's trade. Hugh forgets Nancy—until she announces her engagement to another man. But politics and business seem to have crowded love out of his life. With the corrupt aid of Boss Jason he helps send Watling to the United States Senate. It is while he is stumping the state that he meets Maude Hutchins. They are married, and set out on a honeymoon through Europe. But Hugh's restless yearning to get back to work drives them home before the trip is completed. He plunges into money-making, which is disturbed only by the upcropping of Krebs, who believes in the people's rights. Maude, too, refuses to become worldly and grows away from him and his society ambitions.

ton's time—though we prayed to another. But at last we had flung hypocrisy to the winds. We canonized the rich, and gave formal enunciation to the doctrine of their infallibility.

In reflecting upon that era, which may be compassed into ten years, clashing metaphors press upon the mind. The philosophic goose had grown to maturity, and as soon as she began to lay her golden eggs men slew her—fools, of course: discontented demagogues, self-seeking politicians, idiotic, idealistic, egotistic professors, ill content with starvation salaries, who wrote volumes of seditious, socialistic stuff and called it economics, psychology, sociology, and religion! What did they prove but old Bentham's contention, that man was prone to seek his own interest and aggrandizement? Novelists and playwrights abandoned their proper sphere—art for art's sake—in order to have a shot at the goose. Ministers of the old religion who had not Mr. Heddon's gift of making friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness, maddened because they could not earn as much as carpenters, joined in the hue and cry.

Kill the industrial, middle-class goose,

Nancy was standing facing me, Nancy who typified the "social life" I deemed essential to my being.



who had set herself up for an aristocrat! Unionism, syndicalism attacked her. But for ten years she laid as she had never laid before, in comparative peace. . . .

They were not lacking who maintained that the capitalists and their lawyers killed the goose—or geese. But we improved on the fable; we contrived to make them lay all their eggs into our baskets; and afterwards we handed them over to a public whose enlightened self-interest presently discovered that they wouldn't lay any more. Perry Blackwood called this process *looting*; *exploitation* is a more polite word.

History, in bestowing her meed of praise, too often neglects the modest and retiring genius in the background who "anticipates" a great discovery, who points out the path. Only the other day I was talking with an unregenerate and somewhat embittered gentleman who has had to go to work for a living, and who formerly existed with some elegance in the "brokerage" business.

"So and so," he exclaimed, mentioning the banker-railroad-industrial personality of New York to whom I have once or twice referred, "was the greatest man America has produced."

It is said that Darwin did not discover evolution. Ptolemy and Athanasius and Copernicus may have had precursors. And while I am willing to give much credit to the great man to whom my acquaintance referred, when the true history of his era is written Tammany Hall will be given more credit still. The geniuses of Tammany were the true pioneers in New York; and, in our own neighborhood, while Mr. Scherer and Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Grier-son loom large in the chronicle, in all justice Mr. Jason should loom larger still. It was he who showed the way to out-Benthamize Bentham. He did not blow his trumpet from the house tops, he kept out of the newspapers until they were forced to put him in, yet he was the inspirer of us all, though we might not have acknowledged it, or have been conscious of it. He was the master. He taught us the subtle art of exploitation, how to make the geese lay all their eggs at once; how to reap a rich harvest from that biggest of all geese, our Municipality.

It was done, undoubtedly, by suggestion. Monsieur Tarde would have called it imitation. For instance, Mr. Jason had organized the city for business. He had

his dummy board of directors, who were euphemistically referred to as aldermen; he took as much pains over the election of one alderman as the shepherd over the sheep who had gone astray. The Mayor, the Hon. Conrad Runkle, was his dummy president; the City Attorney his corporation lawyer; the City Auditor his man of business.

Since that memorable time of Mr. Watling's election to the Senate, I had made several visits to Mr. Jason's bedroom over Monahan's saloon—even as he had prophesied. He recognized ability when he saw it. And I am inclined to think he kept his head better than the more prominent gentlemen who were his unacknowledged associates.

"Tell 'em to go easy, Paret," he said more than once to me, his eyes flaring up in lightning-bug fashion.

He was an artist, and a true artist never hurries.

I cannot say that I became intimate with him. No man ever did—so far as I know. Nor was I able to recognize, in those days, his logical fitness in the scheme of our Napoleonic operations. I never regarded him as the great teacher which he was, but rather as a somewhat disagreeable necessity. He had certain things to sell, which certain prominent citizens needed. And he had those things locked up tight. On the second occasion when I made my way to Monahan's saloon, Mr. Veasey, of the great electrical works, wanted a street closed to traffic.

Mr. Jason's fee was three thousand dollars.

He was not in bed this time. We sat in the back room of the saloon.

Again I went there despising him. Again, by degrees, he took possession of me, as he sat with his legs tucked under his chair, his hands crossed on the table. He was stronger than Dickinson, stronger than Scherer. This, I perceived, was because he had what he wanted. Respectability, social position worried him not a whit. I even suspected, in spite of his seeming indifference, that any sense of the disagreeableness of my errand slightly amused him. There was the hint of a smile in his regard. He made much money out of the respectably great, but I know now in his secret heart he despised us.

Of course, if I had not been attorney for the Boyne Iron Works, for Leonard Dickinson and the Hambleton interests, he

would not have listened to me. Neither would Mr. Veasey have retained me.

He was one of a very few persons who induced in me the odd feeling of a dual personality—to which I have referred before. I did not attempt to analyze it then. Perhaps, in Mr. Jason's case, this was because I was brought face to face with the concrete embodiment of the philosophy I had adopted as a rule of life. He went the whole length of it: he *was* it: he made no pretence of being anything else, even in his Lowry Park picnics. *He* did not endow parish houses in memory of his first wife, or contribute, like Mr. Grierson and myself, to the church. He took toll from hundreds of "disreputable" houses, but he made no pretence that, in so doing, he was giving the unfortunate women employment who otherwise would have starved. Women, to him, were a marketable product, just as men were to Mr. Scherer and Mr. Veasey. The source of supply was apparently limitless; and it was "more profitable" to use up one lot and take in another than to conserve their vitality. Unlike the Irish bosses whom he had replaced, Mr. Jason, so far as I know, never committed himself to any venture inconsistent with his enlightened self-interest. He loved the philosophy for its own sake. He might have built a palace with the income it brought him, but he preferred Monahan's saloon.

As I looked at him, I am quite sure that I felt like the neophyte in the presence of Buddha. Clever though I might be, I never could achieve this perfection, this contempt for other ways of life. I think he recognized this. He had the air of inquiring what I was doing in that gallery? In spite of his acknowledgment of my adaptability, of my accomplishments, he detected still clinging to me—what was ordinarily invisible to my own eyes—the remnant of what Victorians would have called "moral sense"; he beheld, I think, the submerged idealist in the practical corporation lawyer.

My third interview with Mr. Jason had to do with the Riverside Franchise, since become notorious and appalling in the eyes of a virtue-stricken public, but entered into with all confidence and innocence at the time. There was now a certain table at the Boyne Club known as the magnates' table; where—although by no means a full-

fledged magnate—I occasionally lunched. And it was here, in a most casual manner, that Mr. Grierson broached the project, asking Mr. Dickinson if he had ever observed a tract of land, covered with scrub forest, lying on the river about two miles beyond the Heights.

"This city is beginning to grow so fast, Leonard," said Grierson, lighting a special cigar which the club kept for him, "that it might pay a few of us to get together and buy that tract, have the city put in streets and sewers and sell it in building lots. I think I can get most of it at less than three hundred dollars an acre."

Mr. Dickinson was interested. So were Mr. Willet and Ralph Hambleton, and Mr. Scherer, who chanced to be there. Anything Fred Grierson had to say on the question of real estate was always interesting. He went on to describe the tract, its size and location.

"That's all very well, Fred," Dickinson objected presently, "but how are your prospective householders going to get out there?"

"Just what I was coming to," cried Grierson, triumphantly, "we'll get a franchise, and build a street railroad out Maplewood Avenue, an extension of the Park Street line. We can get the franchise for next to nothing, if we work it right," (Mr. Grierson's eye fell on me), "and sell it out to the public, if you underwrite it, for two million or so."

"Well, you've got your nerve with you, Fred, as usual," said Dickinson. But he rolled his cigar in his mouth, an indication, to those who knew him well, that he was considering a proposal. When Leonard Dickinson didn't say "no" at once, there was hope. "What do you think the property holders on Maplewood Avenue would say? Wasn't it understood, when the avenue was laid out, that it was to form part of the system of boulevards?"

"What difference does it make what they say?" Ralph interposed.

Dickinson smiled. He, too, had an exaggerated respect for Ralph. We all thought the proposal daring, but in no way amazing. The public existed to be sold things to, and what did it matter if the Maplewood residents, as Ralph said, and the City Improvement League protested?

Perry Blackwood was the Secretary of the City Improvement League, the object

of which was to beautify the city by laying out a system of parkways. Maplewood Avenue was a part of the future system.

The next day some of us gathered in Mr. Dickinson's office and decided that Mr. Grierson should go ahead and get the options. This was done; not, of course, in Mr. Grierson's name. The next move, before the formation of the Riverside Company, was to "see" Mr. Judd Jason. The success or failure of the enterprise was in his hands. Mahomet must go to the mountain, and again I made my way to Monahan's saloon, first having made an appointment.

It was a dripping morning in the late autumn. Smoky, wet clouds hung low over the city, and sooty water pattered down from the eaves of the mean houses of the district. A slatternly woman in a strawberry wrapper looked at me with red-rimmed eyes from a doorway. I remembered wondering why the circumstances of these visits should be invariably depressing; and, as I hurried my steps, I was seized with a certain resentment against the silliness and hypocrisy of a civilization which demanded a Judd Jason, yet insisted that he should be kept out of sight: which compelled a respectable attorney, retained for a logical commercial enterprise, to lower his dignity and thread a disreputable slum in order to achieve the consummation of that enterprise. Judd Jason had the status of an evil necessity. But he *was* a necessity, a fact which there was no getting around. Why not legalize him, establish him in a mahogany suite in the new city hall?

It is a curious psychological phenomenon that I always thought of him as a thief, differentiated him from my respectable associates and from myself. I always went to Monahan's with distaste, as I have said. But the man invariably dissipated my repugnance when I had been awhile in his presence. Greatness, declares a modern philosopher, has no connection with virtue: it is the continued, strong, and logical expression of some instinct.

I opened the side door, for I had learned to avoid the saloon, and climbed the stairs. And as I entered the darkened bedroom there was the same atmosphere of impalpability which I had felt on the occasion of my first visit. In all my experience with Judd Jason I never got over the sense, on coming into his presence, that all my wit

would be required to deal with him. More than any man I knew—even the banker-personality in New York, he had the faculty of belittling an interlocutor, of forcing upon one the rôle of suitor. Add to this the baffling quality—of which I have spoken—of not always being *there*.

He was in bed, reading newspapers, as usual. An empty coffee-cup and a plate were on the littered table.

"Sit down, sit down, Mr. Paret. What do you hear from the Senator?"

I sat down, and gave him the news of Mr. Watling. He seemed, as usual, distraught, betraying no curiosity as to the object of my call, his lean, brown fingers playing with the newspapers on his lap. Suddenly he flashed out at me one of those remarks which produced the uncanny conviction that, so far as affairs in the city were concerned, he was omniscient.

"I hear somebody has been getting options on that tract beyond the Heights, on the river."

He had "focussed."

"How did you hear that?" I asked.

He smiled. "It's Grierson, ain't it?"

"Yes, it's Grierson," I said.

"How are you going to get your folks out there?" he demanded.

"That's what I've come to see you about. We want a franchise for Maplewood Avenue."

"Maplewood Avenue!" He lay back with his eyes closed, as though trying to visualize such a colossal proposal. . . .

When I left him, two hours later, the details were all arranged, down to Mr. Jason's consideration from the Riverside Company, and the "fee" which his lawyer, Mr. Bitter, was to have for "presenting the case" before the Board of Aldermen.

I went back to lunch at the Boyne Club, and to receive the congratulations of my friends. The next week the Riverside Company was formed, and I made out a petition to the Board of Aldermen for a franchise. Mr. Bitter appeared and argued. In short, the procedure so familiar to modern students of political affairs was gone through.

The Maplewood Avenue residents rose *en masse*, supported by the City Improvement League. Perry Blackwood, as soon as he heard of the petition, turned up at my office. By this time I was occupying Mr. Watling's room.

"Look here, Hugh," he said, as soon as the office-boy had closed the door behind him, "this is going it a little too strong."

"What is?" I asked, leaning back in my chair and surveying him.

"This proposed Maplewood Avenue Franchise, Hugh," he said, "you and I have been friends a good many years. Lucia and I are devoted to Maude."

I did not reply.

"I've seen all along that we've been growing apart," he added, sadly. "You've got certain ideas about things which I can't share. I suppose I'm old-fashioned. I can't trust myself to tell you what I think—what Tom and I think about this deal."

"Go ahead, Perry," I said.

He got up, plainly agitated, and walked to the window. Then he turned to me appealingly. "Get out of it, Hugh, for God's sake get out of it, before it is too late. For your own sake, for Maude's, for the children's. You don't realize what you are doing. You may not believe me, but the time will come when these fellows you are in with will be repudiated by the community. Their money won't help them."

Ordinarily self-contained, Perry's vehemence was disconcerting.

"To tell you the truth, Hugh, Tom and I have been worried about you for a long time. We haven't said anything. We admire you, we're interested in your success—"

"But you think I'm going to the dogs," I said.

"Now don't take it the wrong way," he urged.

"What is it you object to about the Maplewood Franchise?" I asked. "If you'll look at a map of the city, you'll see that development is bound to come on that side. Maplewood Avenue is the natural artery. Somebody's going to build a line out there. If you'd rather have eastern capitalists—"

He appealed again to me to think it over.

"Why don't you go to Ralph, too?" I asked.

"Because this kind of thing is natural to Ralph, but it isn't natural to you, Hugh. You've acquired it. How are you getting this franchise? Because we haven't a decent city charter, and a healthy public spirit, you fellows are buying it from a corrupt city boss, and bribing a corrupt board of aldermen. That's the plain language of

it. And it's only fair to warn you that I'm going to say so, openly."

"Be sensible, Perry," I answered. "We've got to have street railroads. Your family has one. We know what the aldermen are, what political conditions are. If you feel this way about it, the way to do is to try to change them. But why blame me for getting a franchise for a company in the only way in which, under present conditions, a franchise can be got? Do you want the city to stand still? If not, we have to provide for the new population."

"Every time you bribe these rascals for a franchise you entrench them," he cried. "You make it more difficult to oust them. But you mark my words, we shall get rid of them some day. And when that fight comes, I want to be in it."

He was more excited than I had ever seen him. I tried to point out that he was talking nonsense. Fragments of that conversation I had had with Mr. Watling on the night of his election came to my mind, and I used the argument to which then I had listened for the first time. If he were going to turn reformer, I told him, why not begin at the right end, instead of trying to tear down something that the people wanted.

"I'm sorry," he said at length, "that we can't look at this in the same way."

"Well, we shan't allow it to make any difference in our personal relationship," I said, as he finally rose.

"I don't see how it can be helped, Hugh," he replied. "But if it happens, it won't be my fault. I'll try to realize that you hold your point of view in good faith. But for the life of me I can't understand it." . . .

He left me irritated, perturbed. He had accused me of not being the same: I wondered if he realized how utterly unlike he was to the Perry Blackwood I had known at Harvard. I attributed the change in him to Lucia's influence.

That evening, after dinner, Tom came in without Susan. He was plainly fidgety and ill at ease, and presently asked if I could see him a moment in my study. Maude's glance followed us.

"Say, Hugh, this is pretty stiff," he blurted out characteristically, when the door was closed.

"I suppose you mean the Maplewood franchise," I said.

He looked up at me, miserably, from the chair into which he had sunk, his hands in

his pockets, just as he used to sit when we were undergraduates. As I write of that scene, the pathos of it wells up—a pathos which I was utterly incapable of feeling at the time. It is odd, yet true, that at that moment the years of Tom's devotion to me should have counted for nothing. He irritated me, even as Perry had irritated me, though I strove to conceal it. I might have realized, then, how completely this closest of my friends had gone out of my life, though I saw him constantly.

"Hugh," he said, "do you remember how full I used to get at Cambridge?"

I nodded.

"Well, you lectured me on it once in a while. You'll forgive me for talking about this, won't you?"

I tried to speak amiably.

"Why, of course."

He looked at me.

"You know I've always admired you, Hugh. I never had the sense you have, or the ability. Do you remember when you did that theme for me, for Alonzo? I always looked up to you, and I do now. You mustn't think I don't. You've had a remarkable career," he went on, painfully and almost incoherently. "But there are some things a man's friends can tell him, some things it's their duty to tell him, aren't there? This damned philosophy which is in the air is killing you, Hugh, killing all that's best in you."

"Philosophy?" I repeated.

Tom flushed.

"Well, I never was much on philosophy, was I? What I mean is, a sort of intensification of what we were all bitten with at Cambridge. The determination to get in with the right crowd, to get ahead, and let the other fellow go hang. I saw Krebs on the street the other day, and the way he spoke to me made me feel like a skunk, when I remembered how we had treated him. It was all wrong, that point of view."

"And you mean to say that I've kept it?"

"Yes, I do," he answered stoutly. He got up and faced me, putting his hands on my shoulders. "It's killing you, Hugh,—killing all that's human in you. Good God, haven't you got enough, without going into things like this? What good will it do you, except to make you unhappy some day, and Maude unhappy? Take my word for it. I don't know much, but I do know that."

I was intensely annoyed, if not angry. I

had something of the feeling of a traveler hastening across the Alps, who believes himself in no danger of freezing, trying to shake off a well-meaning but blundering St. Bernard dog who insists on rescuing him. I hesitated for a moment, to calm myself.

"Sit down, Tom," I said. "You don't understand my position. I'm willing to discuss it with you, now that you've opened up the subject. Perry's been talking to you, I can see that. I think Perry's got queer ideas—to be frank with you—and they're getting queerer."

He sat down again while, with what I deemed a rather exemplary patience, I went over the arguments in favor of my position. And as I talked, it clarified in my own mind. It was impossible to apply to business a code of ethics—even to Perry's business, to Tom's business. The two were incompatible, and the sooner one recognized that the better. The whole structure of business was built up on natural, as opposed to ethical law. We had arrived at an era of frankness—that was the truth—and the sooner we faced this truth the better for our peace of mind. Much as we might deplore the political system which had grown up, and what we called the evils connected with it, we had to acknowledge, if we were consistent, that it was the base on which our prosperity was built.

I was rather proud of having evolved this argument. It fortified my own peace of mind, which had been disturbed by Tom's attitude. I began to pity him. He had not been very successful in life, and with the little he earned, added to Susan's income, I knew that a certain ingenuity was required to make both ends meet.

He sat listening with a troubled look. A passing phase of feeling clouded for a brief moment my confidence. There arose in my mind an unbidden memory of my youth, of my father. He, too, had mistrusted my ingenuity. I recalled how I had outmaneuvered him and gone to college. I remembered the March day so long ago, when Tom and I had stood on the corner debating how to deceive him, and it was I who had suggested the nice distinction between a boat and a raft. Well, my father's illogical attitude towards boyhood nature, towards *human* nature, had forced me into that lie, just as the senseless attitude of the public to-day forced business into a position of hypocrisy.

This memory and parallel ran like a troubled strain of music through my being as I talked, and suddenly it was gone. My pity for Tom turned into something like contempt.

"Well, that's clever, Hugh," he said, slowly and perplexedly, when I had finished. "It's damned clever, but somehow I have a feeling that it's all wrong. I can't pick it to pieces." He got up rather heavily. "I—I guess I ought to be going. Susan doesn't know where I am."

I was exasperated. It was clear, though he did not say so, that he thought me dishonest. The pain in his eyes had deepened.

"If you feel that way—" I said.

"Oh God, I don't know how I feel!" he cried. "You're the oldest friend I have, Hugh. I don't forget that. And Maude, and the children—I don't forget them, either. I suppose I *am* muddleheaded, but I can't help feeling that things are all wrong, that we'll have to pay the piper, as Perry says. You'll have to forgive me."

He took up his hat and went out. A moment later I heard the front door close behind him. I stood for a while stock still, and then went into the living-room, where Maude was sewing.

"Where's Tom?" she inquired, looking up.

"Oh, he went home. He said Susan didn't know where he was."

"How queer! Hugh, was there anything the matter? Is he in trouble?" she asked anxiously.

"No."

"I'm glad. But Hugh—" She looked up at me searchingly, "there *was* something. He seemed so distraught, not at all like himself."

"It's Perry," I said impatiently. "Perry has managed to persuade him that I'm a rascal, and I dare say that Susan and Lucia approve."

"A rascal! Oh Hugh, what do you mean?"

She looked up at me with widening eyes, in which indignation burned like a jet of blue flame. Her loyalty was instantly afire, as I knew it would be. I sat down beside her, and smiled reassuringly.

"It's nothing to worry about," I told her. "Maude, you remember when the Galligan case came up you once asked me to tell you something about my affairs. Well, I have always intended to do so. But modern

business is an extremely complicated thing; I mean business on any large scale. One has to be a factor in it in order to understand it. That's the trouble with Perry and Tom—one trouble. There are forces at work building up this country which are beyond the strength of any man or set of men to change or even modify, like the great natural forces, which scientists study. We have to take them as we find them. We don't ask whether they are good or bad, any more than we inquire whether the electricity in lightning is moral or immoral. They are like great water powers rushing down mountains. And we are the engineers. It is our function to harness them, to make them turn wheels and furnish the energy of commerce. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," she answered, "I think I do—a little. You have such a wonderful way of explaining things, Hugh."

"The world is made so. Perry doesn't realize this. He is getting a notion into his head that he can change it. He would like to run it on the principle of a benevolent private orphans' home, but unfortunately that is impracticable. Lucia is largely responsible for Perry—she imagines that her native Cambridge is conducted that way, and thinks us barbarians out here."

"But Hugh, she's never said so!"

"Not to you. This is a city which is growing very rapidly, Maude. There are thousands of people coming to us every year for whom homes have to be provided. Now if we can give them attractive homes at a small cost to them, and good air out there beyond the Heights, it is surely the thing to do. And the men like Leonard Dickinson and Scherer and others who provide those homes, and the means of transportation to them—the men who risk their capital on the schemes, are surely entitled to a profit, aren't they! If they were not, business would come to a standstill."

"I suppose so."

"Of course it would. Well, some of us have bought that land out there, and we are asking the city to give us a right to build a cable out Maplewood Avenue, which is the obvious way to go. Perry says it will spoil the avenue. That's nonsense, in the first place. The avenue is wide, and the tracks will be in a grass plot in the center. For the sake of keeping tracks off that avenue he would deprive people of attractive homes, and stunt the city's development.



As Maude came to sit on the arm of my chair I did not shrink from her, though I wanted to.

In the second place, he objects because, in order to get the franchise, we have to deal with the city politicians. Well, it so happens, and always has happened, that poli-

tics have been controlled by leaders, whom Perry calls 'bosses.' They are not particularly attractive men. You wouldn't care to associate with them. My 'father

once refused to be mayor of the city for this reason. But they are necessities. If the people didn't want them, they'd take enough interest in elections to throw them out. But since the people do want them, and they are there, every time a new street-car line or something of that sort needs to be built they have to be consulted, because, without their influence nothing could be done. On the other hand, these politicians cannot afford to ignore men of local importance like Leonard Dickinson and Adolf Scherer and Miller Gorse who represent financial substance and responsibility. If a new street railroad is to be built, these are the logical ones to build it.

"You have just the same situation in Elkington, on a smaller scale. Your family, the Hutchinses, own the mills and the street railroads, and any new enterprise that presents itself is done with their money; because they are reliable and sound."

"I see," said Maude, slowly. "It isn't pleasant to think that there are such people as the politicians, is it?"

"Unquestionably not," I agreed. "It isn't pleasant to think of some other crude forces in the world. But they exist, and they have to be dealt with. Suppose the United States should refuse to trade with Russia because, from our republican point of view, we regarded her government as tyrannical and oppressive, or refuse to co-operate with England in some undertaking for the world's benefit on the ground that she ruled India with an iron hand? In such a case, our President and Senate would be scoundrels for making and ratifying a treaty. Yet here are Perry and Tom, and no doubt Susan and Lucia accusing me, a life-time friend, of dishonesty because I happen to be counsel for a syndicate which wishes to build a street railroad for the convenience of the people of the city."

"Oh Hugh, not of dishonesty!" she cried. "I can't believe they would think that, and of you! Fond as I am of them, I never could speak to them again if I thought that. They are no doubt mistaken and—and visionary, as you say, but they are fond of you. Tom would do anything in the world for you, he admires and likes you so much."

"They may mean well, but they are carrying matters a little too far when they undertake to lecture me on the ethics of my private affairs."

In spite of the fact that Tom Peters was

my closest and most intimate friend, ever since our marriage I had deplored Maude's tendency to specialize, her temperamental unwillingness to widen her social relationships to a scale suitable to my "career." She made, indeed, sporadic attempts to do so, but the gift was lacking. Often, when I desired to go somewhere, I was met by the objection that Tom and Perry and their wives were coming to dine, or that we were going to one of their houses. They embodied for me Maude's limitations. They were not interested in what I deemed the vital affairs of life: they were critical rather than creative. They took their tone from Lucia. Hers was the dominating personality.

She had been a friend of Susan's. For Susan had spent a year in Cambridge "learning things" about education. Lucia, after her marriage with Perry, had proceeded to attempt to create for herself a Boston environment in the wilderness of the Middle West; and by a "Boston environment" I mean that industrious, critical, and intellectual atmosphere which, justly or unjustly, the country at large associates with the Athens of America; and which is composed of men and women who are prone to voice their protests against bad taste and ugliness and ignorance in the "Transcript." Lucia was devoted to good works, but not in the sentimental sense. Hers was an ancestry which had evolved from Puritanism through Unitarianism and transcendentalism to a tempered rationalism. She organized societies. She was a born reformer, and she made a reformer out of Perry. In college he had taken life easily and sensibly enough, but she was gradually transforming him, by simple living and high thinking, into a lean and hungry Cassius. He seemed to me to be growing thin, and somewhat fanatical.

Their affection for Maude was genuine; across, as it were, the grain of their intellectual interests. Yet, on the occasion of the talk with Maude which I have just related, I was surprised not to find her inoculated with their doctrines. For the discussion of these at our table had at times, on her account, been a source of annoyance to me. Mild doctrines they were compared to the intellectual dynamite of these days: improvement of public schools, extension of education, the elimination of politicians, and, I believe, social settlement ideas.

Also, there was a growing contempt for the "aristocracy of wealth" which was rapidly developing. When I was in a good humor and not distraught I used to combat some of these notions, and they retorted by arraigning my professional life: all in banter, of course. But when I was out of sorts with them I detected an undercurrent of seriousness. And now at length this undercurrent had come to the surface in their protest against my participation in the Riverside matter.

My relationship to them was changed, yet unchanged. As the result of a long strain a distinct lesion had occurred, and all such references as I have spoken of ceased. In the meanwhile, at certain moments, Maude's attitude towards them puzzled me greatly; for in spite of the loyalty and indignation she had shown when I confided in her, she continued to see as much of them as ever—as much of Perry and Lucia. I did not harbor any resentment against Tom, simply regretting that he was under Lucia's and Perry's influence.

"You see," I said to Maude, when they had been to dinner again, "they think me a highwayman."

Her indignation was gone. She smiled at me rather enigmatically, as an older person smiles at a child. It was a new note in Maude. I had noticed it once or twice before. It indicated a kind of sophistication drawn from inner rather than outer experience.

"Oh no, not that, Hugh."

"Have you been talking to them?" I demanded.

"No," she answered, "but I've been thinking. When you first told me about Perry and Tom coming to you I was quite angry, and I meant to speak to Lucia the next day."

"I'm glad you didn't," I interrupted. "It wouldn't have done any good."

"No, it wouldn't have done any good," she agreed.

"Nevertheless, the position they take is a reflection on me," I insisted.

"And you—how do you regard them?" she inquired.

"How do I regard them? As cranks."

She was tidying up the room—a persistent habit of hers that sometimes annoyed me—emptying the ash-trays and setting the newspapers and books in order. Now she turned to me with a smile, and

came over and sat on the arm of my chair. I did not shrink from her, though I should have liked to do so. At times her touch irritated me.

"And don't you suppose that they know what you think of them? It isn't pleasant to be thought a 'crank.'"

"It's better than being thought dishonest," I said warmly.

"They don't think you dishonest," she replied. "I'm sure of that. Why, if I thought they did, do you suppose I would speak to them?"

"Naturally, they don't tell you what they think. What *do* they think?"

"Well,—that you are too much absorbed by what the parable calls the 'Mammon of unrighteousness'—success. They feel, I think, that it is benumbing one side of you. They are hurt because you don't seem to care as much for them as you once did. And—and I think it's true, Hugh," she added, looking straight down at me. Yet I knew she spoke with an effort.

She got up with what I may describe as a tremulous dignity, for she had sensed my antagonism. Yet she continued, with a courage which I did not then appreciate. "It's taking more and more of you, from them, from me, yes, and from yourself. Oh Hugh, I too can see it."

"Now Maude, that's nonsense," I exclaimed. "You are asking me to throw up my profession just as I am learning to master it simply because, to a large extent, it absorbs me. What kind of a profession would it be if it were not absorbing?"

"Oh no, I'm not asking that!" she said in an odd voice.

"I don't know, I—I can't explain it." She pressed her hands to her cheeks. "Sometimes—I'm fearfully unhappy. I haven't told you about it. I'm lonely, and you seem so far, far away. I—I don't make many friends, I never did. I'm not interesting, or striking, like—like Nancy. You want me to go out and make friends, and I try, but I can't—not the kind you want. Susan and Lucia, yes, and Tom and Perry really love me. Don't ask me to give them up!"

I gazed at her, helpless before a mood I had never experienced and could not understand. I could not comfort her: something within me made it impossible even to attempt it.

"But I'm not asking you to give them

up!" I answered impatiently. With a great effort I got up and laid my hand on her arm. "You're tired, Maude."

"Oh no, I'm not," she said, in an expressionless voice, and drew away. She went up-stairs in silence.

With all my professional cares, I could not permit domestic disturbances to worry me. I had learned from experience that, however squally they might seem at the time, they were only flurries. The wise thing to do was to take in a reef and heave to. . . .

I picked up the evening newspaper, and presently my eye fell on the page devoted to real estate, where a picture of Mr. Claude Berringer's new house was set forth. Why should I not build a house? a large house, where I might have a bedroom to myself and be able to evade some of the annoying frictions of domesticity? The idea had been floating in my mind for a year or so, and now it took the shape of a resolution. I determined to see Grierson the very next day with a view to securing a lot on Grant Avenue.

My real existence was in the world of affairs. I went hopefully officeward, instead of returning hopefully homeward. I had come all unconsciously to regard married life as a drag which occasionally became irksome. And at all times it was devoid of excitement and surprises.

I shall not go into the details of the procurement of what became known as the Riverside Franchise. In spite of the Maplewood residents, the City Improvement League, and individual protests, we obtained it with absurd ease. Perry Blackwood himself appeared before the Public Utilities Committee of the Board of Aldermen, and was listened to with deference and owl-like gravity while he discoursed on the defacement of a beautiful boulevard to satisfy the greed of certain private individuals. Mr. Carl Bitter and myself, who appeared for the petitioners, had a similar reception. That struggle was a tempest in a teapot. The reformer raged, but he was feeble in those days, and the great public believed what it read in the respectable newspapers.

In Mr. Judah B. Tallant's newspaper, for instance, the "Morning Era," there were semi-playful editorials about "obstructionists." Mr. Perry Blackwood was

a well-meaning, able gentleman of an old family, etc., but with a sentiment for horse-cars. Perry's retort, that Mr. Tallant was one of the Riverside Syndicate, did not get into the newspapers, since Mr. Lawler's "Pilot" was keeping warily out of the fight, for reasons of its own. In the meanwhile, with extraordinary spontaneity, resolutions from the Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce and other influential bodies were passed in favor of the Maplewood Avenue Franchise, and duly published.

The subject, as I have said, was taboo at my house and at Perry's. But the morning the second of these resolutions was published I met him on the street. He held up the newspaper.

"I think I recognize your fine hand in this, Hugh," he said.

I laughed. "You fellows have to have a scapegoat, apparently. Well, I'm willing to take the blame."

We stood looking at each other for a moment on the curb beside the Corn Bank building.

"For the life of me I can't see why you don't realize the iniquity of it all," he exclaimed.

"Iniquity's a strong word for progress," I said.

He shook his head and passed on. His very back, bent a little lately, seemed to me fanatical.

Leonard Dickinson was the president of the Chamber of Commerce. And I was, in fact, not a little proud of the fact that the Chamber's resolution was my suggestion. Dickinson accepted it eagerly; and the Board of Trade resolution was equally simple. Both carried much weight with many respectable citizens who did not know their right hand from their left.

One evening in February the Board of Aldermen met and granted the franchise. Not unanimously, oh no! Mr. Jason was not so simple as that! No further visits to Monahan's saloon on my part, in this connection, were necessary; but the Hon. Carl Bitter met me one day in the hotel with a significant message from the boss.

"It's all fixed," he informed me. "Murphy and Scott and Ottheimer and Grady and Loth are the decoys. You understand?"

"I think I gather your meaning," I said.

Mr. Bitter smiled by pulling down one corner of a crooked mouth. "They'll vote

against it on principle, you know," Mr. Bitter continued. "We get a little something from the Maplewood Avenue crowd."

So much for the infallible tendency of man to use his reason to achieve happiness.

I've forgotten what the Maplewood Avenue franchise cost. The sum was paid in a lump sum to Mr. Bitter as his "fee"—so, to their chagrin, a grand jury discovered in later years, when they were barking around Mr. Jason's hole with an eager district attorney snapping his whip over them. And Mr. Jason, the fox, was looking out of the hole at them, grinning from ear to ear. I remember the cartoon. The municipal geese were gone, but it was impossible to prove that this particular fox had used his reason in their procurement. Mr. Bitter was a legally authorized fox, and could take fees.

Mr. Bitter's "fee," however, must not be too exorbitant. And Mr. Jason's interest in the Riverside Land Company was not a benevolent one—since men did not act from benevolent motives. How Mr. Jason was to be rewarded by the land company's left hand, unknown to the land company's right hand, became a problem worthy of a genius. The land company bought a piece of down-town property from Mr. Ryerson, who was Mr. Grierson's real estate man and the agent for the land company. Thirty thousand dollars was the consideration: an unconfirmed rumor had it that Mr. Ryerson turned over the thirty thousand to Mr. Jason. Then the Riverside Company issued a secret deed of the same property back to Mr. Ryerson, and this deed was not recorded until some years later.

Such are the elaborate transactions which progress and prosperity demand. Nature is the great teacher, and we know that her ways are at times complicated and clumsy. Likewise, under the "natural" laws of economics, new enterprises are not born without travail, without the aid of legal physicians well versed in financial obstetrics. Let him who will read the self-consciousness of the corporation lawyer. For my "iniquities," as Perry called them, cost me no sleepless nights.

One hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand, let us say, for the right to build tracks on Maplewood Avenue, and we sold nearly two million dollars' worth of it back to the public whose aldermen had sold it to us. Is there a man so dead as not to feel a

thrill at such an achievement? He who shall discover another economic system which so accords with human nature will indeed transform the world! And the prospectus! Let no one who declares that literary talent and imagination are non-existent in America pronounce final judgment until he reads that prospectus, in which was combined the best of realism and symbolism. Like the happy people of the tropics one hears about, we had only to thrust sticks into the ground and they became banana trees. And we received commissions for picking the bananas! Mr. Dickinson, who was a director in the Maplewood line, got a handsome underwriting percentage, and Mr. Berringer, also a director, on the bonds and preferred stock he sold. Mr. Paret, who entered both companies on the ground floor, likewise got fees. Everybody was satisfied except the trouble-makers, who were ignored.

In times of prosperity the gods are silent, and the reformers weak.

Only, it was no longer "enlightened self-interest," but "enlightened cooperation." We pursued our happiness in packs. The happy hunting grounds were here and now: while the Reverend Carey Heddon assured the maimed, the halt, and the blind that their kingdom was not of this world, that their time was coming later. Could there have been a more ideal arrangement! Everybody should have been satisfied, but everybody was not. Otherwise these pages would never have been written.

For some years after my marriage I ceased to see as much of Nancy Durrett as formerly. I cannot recall the exact period when I began to miss her, nor was this sense of missing her by any means a continuous one. It flared up on such occasions, for instance, as the dinner we had given to the Scherers. And sometimes when I was in the same room with her I had surprised her glance fixed upon me curiously, inquiringly, as though she were seeking to read that which was going on within me. At such moments I felt a thrill. I liked to think that her special interest in me was not dead.

At first these thrills were merely satisfying to my ego. I liked to think that I remained in Nancy's thoughts, and I had had no other proof of this since the night, after our return from the wedding journey abroad, we had dined in Nancy's house, and I had



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"I am the spoiled woman who has shed responsibilities and is beginning to have a glimpse



of the emptiness of it all. But do I look it, Hugh?" Nancy demanded with a baffling smile.

been touched by her praise of Maude. "I want you to be happy, Hugh," she had said. Maude, she had declared, was real and fine, and Nancy had appealed to me to rise to her. It was my opportunity. It would be useless to try to mold Maude. Well, it was proving so. And another of Nancy's predictions had come true, that Maude would not choose her for an intimate.

This I was assured was not Nancy's fault. She had tried bravely. She had taken the initiative in those first days of our marriage, had called frequently at our house, had put her carriage at Maude's disposal, had invited us frequently to dinner. Maude had not responded as I had felt she ought to respond. The subject had been a delicate one, which I had hesitated to broach: I never knew Maude's exact feelings towards Nancy, nor sought to have them defined. I was persuaded that Maude thought her frivolous, and was blind to her finer, broader qualities; and I privately accused Susan and Lucia for being somewhat responsible for this. By degrees we went to Nancy's less and less, until the relationship reached a certain level and remained there.

It was in part loyalty to Maude, but largely inherited ideas of tradition and propriety—always strong in me—which had prevented the resumption of my habit of dropping in on Nancy in the afternoons. I lost touch with her, that personal touch on which I had once depended. I had moments of resentment in this situation—moments which gradually became more and more intense. They were intermittent, of course. They took the form of resentment against Maude; who, to please me, might have made more effort to become Nancy's friend. Maude separated me not only from Nancy, but from all that Nancy represented—which was indeed a part of her. A woman, I reflected, should embody what a man cares for. And the "social" life, as Nancy typified it, I deemed essential to my being. She glorified it, gave it dignity. She made an art of it. And that part of me was starved. Not only was I a successful man, "somebody," as the phrase goes, but I had the gift of getting along with people. They stimulated me.

Sometimes, when I went to New York on professional trips without Maude—who preferred to remain at home—I had been to dinners at various houses, and had had an exhilarating taste of the larger life which had

been denied me. I got along with men, I was attractive to most women. I was still young, and young looking—referred to as a person of importance. And at such times my aura of success, which in a domestic atmosphere grew dim, shone with a light that enveloped and energized me.

I was made for the world, and a mere accident of marriage had largely cut me off from it. I had achieved the success which the world demanded, but, to use a slang phrase, I was unable to "cash in." It was exasperating.

It may be thought, indeed, that there could not be much of the larger social life in our city. Perhaps it was not this that I coveted, but Nancy as typifying it, not people so much as Nancy's point of view about people. My sense of humor was dormant without her touch. She illuminated persons and events.

As I saw Nancy, it was not mere social prestige that she had craved. She seemed to me no ordinary social leader, with the futility and even vulgarity which usually are associated with such a rôle. She had achieved a position of vantage and power that enabled her to observe and enjoy the foibles and weaknesses of men and women. Our city—as some of us were fond of saying—had suddenly made the world sit up. We had managed, thanks to our enormous material resources and the energy with which we had developed them, to differentiate ourselves from the rest of the Middle West. Easterners of importance journeyed hither, Englishmen who had money to invest, travelers who were "doing" America with some thoroughness and had been told that we were symptomatic; "distinguished" foreigners arrived who were collecting material for cynical or enthusiastic books on America—verdicts pronounced with European cocksureness after two months of travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific. With European thrift, likewise, they made money out of us, paid their expenses, and had something over. We received them with open arms, entertained them lavishly, and were duly shocked and hurt when we read their precious volumes holding us up to the ridicule of the world. Experience taught us nothing. We embraced the next self-appointed critic who turned up and accepted our hospitality. There was but one among them all, the greatest and the least assuming, who discovered that, for

all our running after false gods, we were at heart groping idealists. Though he pointed out our faults, our nation loves him. There is no need to mention his name.

They came, these lecturers and social and industrial explorers, these foreign capitalists and adventurers, these compatriots with a seaboard complacency, prepared for a crude society which should converse in nasal tones. Well, it must be confessed that a basis existed for the expectation. Our note *was* high pitched, twangy, assertive, but there were exceptions, and Nancy was the greatest of these. When she went abroad her origin was often doubted; she had been spared the "American voice" which—like everything else "American"—was supposed to be most exaggerated with us. Our old "Second Bank" gentility was gradually being modified and absorbed by the new and vigorous element achieving wealth and demanding recognition. We males of that older order who survived, did so by adaptation to the new.

We became Philistines. But Nancy was feared rather than loved by the new order. She was much abroad, and in the East; in the summer, she had a house on a certain fashionable shore where Philistines had not yet penetrated. . . .

I have wandered into all this explanation in order to give some idea of how our two lives had diverged, though I still continued to see her, in an unsatisfactory manner, at intervals. Her glamour began to possess me. She seemed to be walking through life in such a stately, triumphant way. Occasionally I dreamed of her, when her personality would impress itself upon me strongly for a whole day afterwards. I read of her. And one raw spring afternoon I wandered into a loan exhibition and stood confronting her portrait which a famous Polish artist then much in vogue had painted: in the very gown, I thought, she had worn at my house to meet the Scherers. The light rippled over the sheeny folds which clung to her figure. She was standing, facing me, with one hand resting on an antique table, tall, superb yet simple. There had always been a certain maturity in her beauty, ever since the time when she had come back from boarding-school and played the part of a woman of thirty. And as I stood, oblivious to others who were by, whispering from their catalog, I recalled

poignantly that forgotten night. Well, I thought to have lost her then, and yet she had been mine for the asking.

She wore one loop of pearls that drooped from her high throat to her waist. And she was looking straight at me. Was there a hint of wistfulness in her clear eyes? Had the artist detected it, and in some subtle manner beyond my ken suggested it? I moved a little nearer. . . .

"That's Mrs. Hambleton Durrett," I heard a woman say. "Isn't she beautiful?"

The note of envy in her voice struck into me sharply. My feelings are indescribable as I turned and made my way out of the building into the cold, white sunlight which threw into bold relief the mediocre house rows of that street. Here was everyday life, the dull aspect of familiar things. But that picture—that picture was what might have been!

I stood hesitating on the sidewalk. Then an irresistible impulse directed my feet toward the Durrett house. There could be nothing wrong in calling on Nancy, and indeed I had done so, intermittently, since my marriage. Yet I was conscious, now, of going to her with a different purpose; I could not have said what purpose. I *wanted* her, and what I wanted I usually went for. The will I had developed, you see, was of the positive—not the prohibitive kind. After all, why shouldn't I go to her?

That which is called conscience is a queer thing—at least my conscience was. In spite of a career the incidents of which I have related frankly, I was still subject in new situations to unaccountable qualms. I was no longer the carefree Hugh Paret the boy, the youth, the young man going to see Nancy. Something stood between her and me; something which expressed itself in feeling; in a feeling which I sought characteristically to keep submerged. I was *married*—terrible word. I might at times rebel hotly—as now, but the shadow of that Institution fell athwart me as I walked. I believed in Institutions, or thought I did: my very progress in the world was owing to my faith in them. And yet what I had in mind in regard to Nancy—though I did not define it—was nothing which the court would have declared to have infringed on that Institution.

I reached her steps, the long steps guarded on each side by ornamental iron railings,

which had once led up to the "portals" of Nathaniel's house. The portals were gone; modern front doors and a vestibule had replaced them. I rang the bell, and waited with a breathless feeling, the kind of feeling I used to have as a child when on the brink of some daring breach of parental law. The butler flung open the doors. *He* did not seem surprised, at any rate, as he greeted me with respectful cordiality and led me, as a favored guest, through the big drawing-room into Nancy's salon.

She was seated in a low chair cutting the pages of a French novel. I knew the seasons in that room. At this time of year the sun had crept far enough north to send his white light in at the high windows. It fell on her hair, which had always seemed black. On the edges, against the light, I saw that it was brown.

"Why Hugh!" she exclaimed, "I'm so glad you've come. I'm out if anyone calls," she added to the man. "Bring tea."

Ham was in the South, she said. I sat down facing her, and as we began to chat a sense of at-homeness stole over me, and I lost that odd, conscience stricken and painful feeling I had had on coming hither. Nancy's very presence was tending to restore me to an equilibrium. Life seemed to come into focus again. I was stimulated into making commentaries, in reply to hers, which amused us both. She seemed genuinely glad to see me, and I was pleased and flattered. Here was my true environment, and on one occasion a minor chord of regret swept through me. How had it happened that I had been such a fool as not to recognize it?

Everything in the room was soothing, particularly the smaller objects which caught my eye, such as the crystal inkstand of her desk set with its gold monogram, and the racks for the table books; her paper-cutter. Nancy's was a discriminating luxury.

She made the tea gaily. "It's like old times, isn't it, Hugh?" she said. "Do you know, I was thinking of you just before you came."

"Were you!" I cried. "I was thinking of you. Of course that is why I came."

"Well," she laughed, "I ought to be flattered—I *am* flattered, that a person so *affairé* should not forget an old friend."

For the life of me, as I looked at her, I could not tell how much of seriousness, if

any, flowed beneath her words. It was a mood I might have understood in the old Nancy; but I had lost touch with her for so long that I could not see beneath its glinting surface. Was there a hint of recklessness, of abandon in her manner? Did she feel a little the need of me, as I felt the need of her?

"Oh, importance!" I exclaimed. "That comes well from you! I can never be sure of not finding a titled Englishman or a literary Frenchman or some other luminous being who would eclipse me. I don't like to be eclipsed, you know."

"Don't you?" she asked. "I thought you did."

"I've been looking at your portrait."

"How did you possibly find time to go to an art exhibit? So that is what made you think of me."

"If you like," I said.

"Well, how does it strike you?"

"It did strike me. That just expresses it," I proclaimed.

She bent over to extinguish the lamp. "Ineradicably romantic," she said, "after all these years of practical achievement, of battling successfully with a concrete world!"

"I saw what the artist put there," I protested.

"Oh, Czesky! All Poles are romanticists. And he put it there for other romanticists, like you. The feminine representative of our disturbing American civilization, the spoiled woman who has shed responsibilities and is beginning to have a glimpse—just a little one—of the emptiness of it all."

I was startled by her frankness.

"Do I look it?" she demanded, raising up her head and gazing at me with a baffling smile.

"I must confess that you don't," I admitted.

She sighed lightly, mockingly, as she thrust out her hand and tipped the extinguisher over the flame.

"Then—why did you accept the portrait, if it isn't you?" I asked.

"One doesn't refuse Czesky's canvases. And besides, what difference does it make? Only romanticists, like you, read the romance. They would read it anyway even if Czesky had painted me—extinct, with the light out."

"With the light out!" I repeated, stirred.

She laughed again. "Hugh, you're a silly old goose."

"That's why I came here," I announced, "to be told so."

She settled back in her chair. "Well, it's nice to have you. It's like seeing you after you have been away for a long time, on a journey—emissary to some place, while I have been frivolling. It's astonishing how you have succeeded in life."

"I agree with you," I said gaily.

"As a boy, I never should have picked you out as a coming man of action."

"What career should you have predicted for me, Nancy?"

"You are putting my prophetic powers to too severe a test. You had imagination, but you did not strike me as a genius in embryo. I am surprised that you didn't. You might have been a sort of American Goethe, if our soil had been more favorable."

"It is precisely what I used to think myself, although I knew nothing about Goethe. And I know very little to-day. The divine spark was extinguished."

"Not quite," said Nancy, with an enigmatical look. "They did their best. They didn't spare cold water and hard facts. What an abominable education we had! Hell fire religion, other worldliness, red and yellow and blue geography, insipid fiction, poetry of the 'Lucille' variety, and the dry bones of history."

I regarded her in surprise.

"You've been reading!" I said.

"Superficially!" she answered merrily. "Just enough to get a hazy glimpse of the extent of my ignorance. But we are talking about you. I never should have predicted the kind of success you *have* made. You've outdistanced all the others, even Ralph, in the kind of career one might have expected from them rather than from you."

"You are picturing me as a Goethe gone wrong, then?"

"Splendidly wrong!" said Nancy, in the same vein.

"Better a fairly good attorney than a fourth rate prophet."

"If you ask my opinion, Hugh, I think you have changed very little. You are Goethe masquerading as a corporation lawyer."

"Faust become Mephistopheles!"

Nobody could induce this exhilaration in me like Nancy.

"It's queer what I feel about you," she said. "You fool yourself, Hugh—you always did. You have an extraordinary faculty of imagining yourself in a part, and of actually becoming it. That's what you have done in life. You haven't developed naturally, because your education and environment thwarted you. This career which you have taken up appealed to many of your adventurous instincts, and behold! you have achieved it triumphantly. Goethe himself might have written the drama, if he had been of this age. By sheer will power, through ambition, you have become somebody else, but I still see the old Hugh peeping out of you."

"That's uncanny!" I cried.

"I suppose it is," agreed Nancy, smiling at me fixedly, her fingers twined across her knee. "I don't recognize myself in this clairvoyant state. I never thought it out until now, but it seems to me that the person you have become is somehow in—in unstable equilibrium. There! see how intellectually I express myself! Unstable equilibrium, like some delicate chemical compound which may at any time resolve itself back into its elements. That isn't a very good simile, I know."

"In other words, I may blow up, like a can of nitro-glycerine, or a stick of dynamite, if the proper fulminate is applied."

Nancy laughed a little. "I mean that you may become yourself again."

"Goethe?"

"Goethe."

We looked at each other in silence.

"And you?" I asked, in a voice not quite steady.

"I? Oh, I'm not in question. I'm not worth talking about—dissecting." She glanced up at the clock. "It's—it's seven, Hugh, and I'm dining out. I've only just time to dress. You'll excuse me, won't you?"

We got up. I held her hand, unconsciously, but she drew it away. "Come in again, soon," she said. "I've been talking nonsense, but—it's fun, sometimes, to talk nonsense. I'll try to be sensible, the next time."

"I don't want you to be sensible," I murmured.

I left her in a state of inner turmoil impossible to describe. . . .

The next instalment of "A Far Country" will appear in February Hearst's—on sale everywhere January 29.

Between the Devil

"Are you sure your mother has made up her mind?" asked David.

M. LEONE
DRAWING



NO matter how clearly the facts of a story present themselves to one's mind it is not always easy to decide where to begin to narrate them. In the present case the choice of beginnings is quite perplexing. If it were a love story it would be easy to go back to the time when young Finkelstein became enamored of Shapiro's daughter and begin the story there. If it were merely a

psychological study there could be no better starting-point than a description of old man Shapiro's temperament. From another point of view the story might begin with Finkelstein discharging Meyer Lazarus for borrowing his overcoat, pawning it, losing the proceeds in gambling, and returning the ticket by mail to Finkelstein, his employer. Then, again, a most natural introduction would be to describe Lapidowitz

and Lapidowitz

By Bruno Lessing

*Illustrated by
M. Leone Bracker*

"Positive," answered Esther. "She would never let me get married until her green dress is ready."



sitting in Milken's coffee-house, waiting for something to turn up, because Lapidowitz was always sitting there and always waiting for something to turn up. Upon mature reflection, however, and after reviewing all these other openings it seems best to begin at the point where young Finkelstein unexpectedly, impulsively, and, without rhyme or reason, wandered from the straight and narrow path, begin there and allow all those

other incidents to come in at the proper time—if they should feel so inclined—or to stay out, if they prefer it.

David Finkelstein, who was young and good-looking and who was engaged to Esther Shapiro and who, in spite of his youth, had a growing real estate business that was all his own and who had kicked Meyer Lazarus out of his office for pawning his, Finkelstein's, overcoat and losing the

money in Farbig's stuss-parlor, which was situated in the rear of Farbig's grocery store on Rivington Street—this same David Finkelstein happened, one afternoon, to pass this same Farbig's grocery store, happened to gaze at it, carelessly, and then happened to be seized with an impulse. This impulse was to enter the stuss-parlor and see if, perchance, his erring ex-clerk were gambling again. What he intended to do in case he found Meyer Lazarus there or what he intended to say to him are questions that lie in the field of abstract speculation because Meyer Lazarus was not in the place. Finkelstein, himself, never gambled and disapproved strongly of the habit. Had he been fond of gambling he probably would not have been a successful young business man.

The room in which he found himself was poorly lighted, and it took him several moments to see things clearly. There were but two occupants of the room: one, Farbig, himself, who sat facing the door through which Finkelstein had entered, and the other a small man with his hat on and his back turned to the door. A two-handed game of stuss is a pretty dismal affair; it is played, as a rule, only to satisfy an eager player who cannot or will not wait for other players to arrive. Farbig's mouth had opened—he was probably about to ask Finkelstein what he wanted—when there were quick, heavy footsteps in the grocery store and a loud voice exclaimed, "I guess this is the place, Bill!"

The little man with his hat on did not even turn around. Without a moment's hesitation he leaped through an open window and disappeared across the yard in the rear of the house. At the same moment a hand fell upon Finkelstein's shoulder, and he was led, somewhat forcibly, out of the place. With a sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach Finkelstein realized that Farbig's stuss-parlor had suddenly and unexpectedly been raided by two police detectives and that he had been caught in the raid. A moment later Farbig himself was brought out upon the sidewalk. He glanced at Finkelstein and then, turning to the detectives said, "No use taking him. I'm the owner of the place."

"You're a good sport," said one of the detectives. "I always like to see a man protect his customers and face the music

himself. Who was the chap that got away? Your partner?"

"No. Only a player. You don't need him."

The detective released his hold of Finkelstein.

"Run along," he said. "Better keep out of stuss joints."

Finkelstein turned to walk away and found himself face to face with Meyer Lazarus, the clerk whom he had discharged. The broad grin upon Meyer Lazarus's countenance told Finkelstein more clearly than words that his former clerk had witnessed and had understood the whole affair.

"Hello, Mr. Finkelstein," exclaimed Lazarus. "Want me to get bail for you?"

Without a word Finkelstein walked off. He walked until he found himself in front of Milken's coffee-house, and then he discovered that he needed a stimulant. He felt faint. As his mind cleared and he was able to grasp the entire situation there unfolded itself before his mental vision a panorama of the future that made him groan aloud.

"That loafer will make me dance for this!" he thought. "He will either tell Mrs. Shapiro and all my friends, or I'll have to pay him to keep his mouth shut."

"You look like you got trouble, Mr. Finkelstein," said a voice behind him.

Finkelstein turned and beheld the amiable countenance of Lapidowitz, the schnorrer. Seized with a sudden inspiration Finkelstein glanced at the clock and exclaimed, "Hello, Lapidowitz! What are you doing here at three o'clock!"

Lapidowitz looked at the clock himself.

"It's quarter past three," he said. "And I was waiting for someone to come in and lend me three dollars."

"The clock is fast," said Finkelstein. "It's just three. And seeing we're such old friends, here are three dollars for you."

Lapidowitz beamed with joy.

"Mr. Finkelstein," he said, "you're what I call a real gentleman, and I'd like to treat you. The clock is just right, though. I heard it strike three by the church nearly a quarter of an hour ago."

"Lapidowitz," said Finkelstein, earnestly, "it's three o'clock."

Lapidowitz gazed at him in surprise.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because," whispered the other, "maybe

some day I may ask you to tell somebody that I was in here with you at three o'clock."

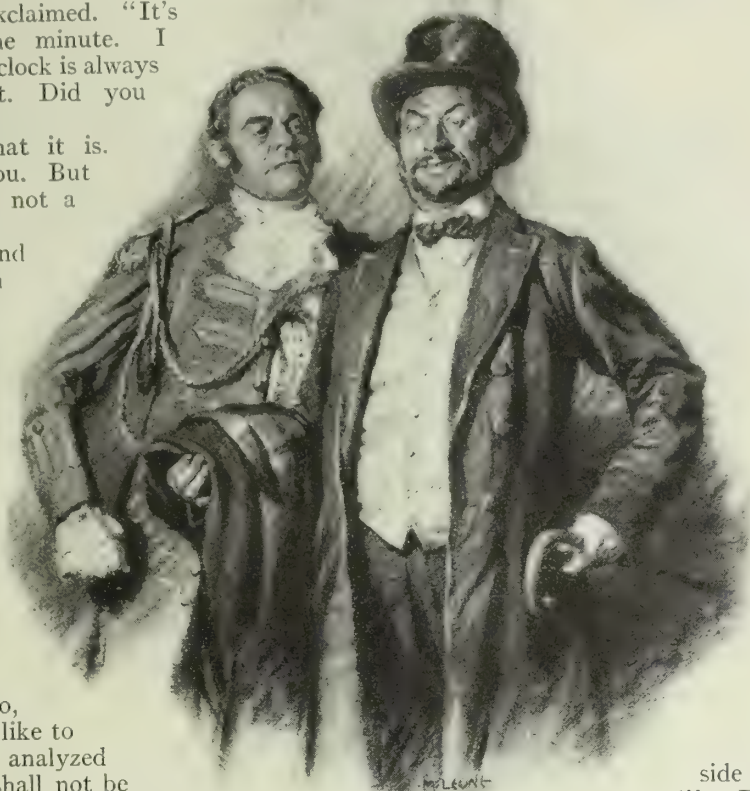
Lapidowitz's face cleared. "Why sure," he exclaimed. "It's three o'clock to the minute. I know it because the clock is always fifteen minutes fast. Did you have a fight?"

"Never mind what it is. Some day I'll tell you. But in the meantime, not a word to a soul."

To understand and to sympathize with Finkelstein's perturbed state of mind it is necessary, as Sir Walter Scott so aptly and often observed, to digress for a moment. The character of Mrs. Shapiro, wife of Mr. Shapiro and mother of Esther Shapiro, would be interesting to analyze. Mrs. Shapiro, however, would not like to have her character analyzed and, therefore, it shall not be analyzed. Nobody who knew Mrs. Shapiro ever deliberately did anything that Mrs. Shapiro did not like. When Mr. Shapiro and his daughter had merry, confidential chats it was always in Mrs. Shapiro's absence. A woman whose personality is so strong that it dominates not only her own household but all who come within the radius of her aura is—er—a most admirable creature. Far be it from us to say anything about her. If, however, the Czar of Russia thinks he is an absolute despot, it is proof that he never met Mrs. Shapiro.

Finkelstein knew how strongly Mrs. Shapiro disapproved of gambling, and he also knew that if she ever learned that he had been caught in a raid upon a stuss-parlor his engagement to Esther would be broken and that no explanation or excuse would have the slightest weight. Esther, he knew, would believe in him, and Mr. Shapiro was one of those easy-going souls who always preferred to look upon the bright

The voice of the "announcer" rang out: "Mr. Lapidowitz." He had come for three dollars.



side of life. But the thought of Mrs. Shapiro learning of his escapade daunted him.

When Finkelstein reached his office he found a note from Meyer Lazarus awaiting him.

"I forgive you for kicking me out of your office," it read, "but I am hard up, and if you could let me have a five spot until I get a job it would be a great favor. That other matter you don't have to worry about. I never give away a friend."

Finkelstein wrote a long letter to his former clerk. In this letter he pointed out to him the error of his way, told him exactly what he thought of him, explained how people were sent to jail for blackmailing, and refused to give him a cent. But as he finished writing it he happened to catch a glimpse of Mrs. Shapiro passing on the other side of the street. He tore the letter into a hundred bits and sent Lazarus the five

David was delighted, and Mrs. Shapiro drank to Lapidowitz's health and assured him of her eternal gratitude.



dollars. That night he told Esther the whole story, and it filled her with dismay.

"Heavens, David," she cried. "What shall we do if that terrible man tells mamma?"

"The only thing I see for us to do," said David, "is to advance the date of the wedding. I ought to go to Chicago on business, anyway, and I'm going to ask your mother to let us get married next week."

Esther shook her head.

"She'll never consent to that. She has set her heart on having a fine wedding, and you know how she is when her mind is made up."

"Are you sure that she has made up her mind?" asked David.

"Positive," answered Esther. "Besides, you know, she has bought a piece of green silk for a new dress, and she would never dream of letting me get married until her dress is ready. Don't you see?"

David scratched his chin and endeavored, vainly, to see. Just why a green silk dress should be an insurmountable obstacle to advancing the date of a wedding he could not clearly understand. One thing, however, was clear to him: Mrs. Shapiro had made up her mind.

"There's nothing to do, then, but to hope for the best," said David. "I don't

propose, though, to let that scoundrel blackmail me."

It is a pity that people so often announce what they intend to do because they so rarely do it.

If half the energy that is expended in this world in making promises, threats, or declarations of intention were devoted to carrying them out a great deal more would be accomplished, and the world would be so much more happy.

A week before the date of the wedding Mrs. Shapiro gave a dinner. Montefiore Hall had been hired for the purpose, an orchestra had been engaged, the room had been beautifully decorated with flowers and bunting and the cream of East Side society had been invited. The society column of the Yiddish "Arbeiter Zeitung" had contained an announcement of the "function" several days before, and all the East Side knew of it. One of the unique features of the occasion was to be an "announcer" in colonial costume whose share of the entertainment was to stand at the door and call out the names of the guests as they arrived.

Upon the night of the dinner Mrs. Shapiro's temper deserted her.

"That loafer what I hired for an 'announcer' didn't come," she said to her daughter. "You and David got to stand by the door and shake hands with everybody."



and steals overcoats I don't see why you want to have anything to do with him. Make him go away!"

"I was never caught in a raid!" cried Lazarus. Mrs. Shapiro, however, had turned her back and was walking away.

"I'm sorry, Lazarus," said David, hastily. "I did the best I could. You'd better go away."

Lazarus grinned amiably. "All right," he said. "I'll see what I can do with the old lady to-morrow. Can you spare five dollars?"

"Give it to him," said Esther, quickly.

"Never!" cried David vehemently. "Do you think I'm going to let that contemptible scoundrel——"

"Mr. Finkelstein," cried Lazarus, in a loud voice that might be heard all over the room, and probably was, "when I met you the other afternoon at three o'clock——"

"Wait!" exclaimed David. "Here's five dollars for you. Now get out!" When his former clerk had departed David wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Isn't he terrible!" exclaimed Esther. David turned and looked at her.

"Terrible? That's a mild word for that scoundrel. Do you understand now what I'm up against? If he had finished his sentence and said where he saw me at three o'clock I would have been disgraced and your mother would have broken our engagement right away. Great Scott! Who's this?"

It was the hired "announcer" in a multi-colored costume that someone had told Mrs. Shapiro was colonial. Mrs. Shapiro, herself, stationed him at the door and explained to him what he was expected to do.

"So soon comes in somebody," she said, "you ask what is the name and then yell it out loud so's everybody can hear—like they do on the stage."

David was still making clear to Esther the varied horrors of his situation when the voice of the "announcer" rang out: "Mister Lapidowitz!"

There are times when a writer chews the end of his pen for an hour or so trying to

Thus, very fatefully, it happened that David, with Esther at his side, was standing at the door, greeting the guests as they arrived when he heard a familiar voice behind him wishing him a good evening.

David turned swiftly and beheld the grinning countenance of his former clerk, Meyer Lazarus.

"Get out of here!" he hissed. "You weren't invited."

Lazarus calmly began to draw off his gloves and winked at David, impressively and deliberately,

"Mrs. Shapiro must have been busy," he said, "or she would surely have invited me. Anyway, I came to pay my respects to her. And if Mr. David Finkelstein gets fresh maybe I'll tell her something that will interest her."

It was Esther's restraining hand upon David's arm that deterred him from throwing himself upon the intruder.

"Let him stay," she whispered. "It would be terrible if he told mamma. Sh-h-h! Here she comes!"

Mrs. Shapiro raised a heavy lorgnette to her eyes, surveyed Meyer Lazarus from head to foot, and then turned her gaze upon David. "How did that loafer get in?" she asked.

"I—I—er—I thought, maybe, you wouldn't mind," stammered David. "If he came in for a little while. He—he——"

"He's a loafer," concluded Mrs. Shapiro, firmly. "After you tell me a man gambles

select the words that will properly describe some scene or emotion. I have devoured a corner of my typewriter and I abandon the task in despair.

"What do you want?" hissed David into the schnorrer's ear.

"Three dollars!" said Lapidowitz, calmly. "I need it."

"Why did you come here? What do you mean by bothering me?" demanded David.

"Mr. Finkelstein," said Lapidowitz, with great dignity, "when a gentleman wants to borrow money he goes to his friends. Don't he? And you're my friend? Aren't you? And I knew by the paper you'd be here. Didn't I? So what's the use of getting excited?"

David gave him three dollars and watched him walk down the stairs. Then, turning to Esther, he said, "If that schnorrer had threatened me I would have thrown him down the stairs and told your mother everything. I'm getting tired of being held up."

"And mamma would have had a fit," said Esther, "and would never let us get married."

For a while, that night, David maintained a defiant attitude toward all the world. But so many things went wrong during the dinner—Madame, you know how it is when things go wrong during a dinner! Do you not?—that Mrs. Shapiro's disposition became hopelessly wrecked. And when the dinner finally came to an end and David, after getting Mrs. Shapiro's wrap and helping Mrs. Shapiro down-stairs and trying vainly to shield Mr. Shapiro from the storm that burst upon him (for no other reason than that he was her husband) and congratulating Mrs. Shapiro upon her skill as a hostess and seeing Mrs. Shapiro home—when, after all this, David, for a moment, found himself alone with Esther, he said, "Whew! I'm glad I didn't tell her anything about it."

His mood of defiance had passed. The positiveness of Mrs. Shapiro's character had a strong, depressing effect upon defiant moods. Until the wedding took place David knew that he was at the mercy of his former clerk and that there was nothing he could do but humor him at the least possible expense.

Three days after the great reception Mrs. Shapiro sent for David.

"Mr. Lazarus came to see me this morning," she said, "and said he had turned over a new leaf."

"I wouldn't trust him," said David, quickly. "He's a liar."

"You should have a heart," cried Mrs. Shapiro. "He is young. Why should you try to ruin his life? He felt so bad because I turned him away from the dinner that he says he is going to change his whole life. He will never gamble again. He has too much respect for my opinion, he says, to do anything that would give me a pain. He ain't bad at heart. We all make mistakes."

David's heart sank. He realized that Lazarus had managed to worm and flatter his way into Mrs. Shapiro's good graces for no other purpose than to be in a position to make his former employer dance.

"Is he coming to the wedding?" he asked.

"I don't know yet," replied Mrs. Shapiro. "Maybe, if he behaves himself, I'll give him an invitation. He's coming to dinner to-night to shake hands with you. He says he wants you to forgive him."

David stared at Mrs. Shapiro in blank amazement. For an instant the audacious cunning of Lazarus took his breath away. And then, suddenly, David grinned. "Sure I'll forgive him," he said. "He ain't a bad fellow at heart, only he's an awful liar. But I wish you'd do me a favor, Mrs. Shapiro. I got a friend who is crazy to meet you. He heard so much about you. Can I bring him to dinner too? His name is Mister Lapidowitz."

Mrs. Shapiro graciously consented. People who had heard of her and who were eager to meet her always appealed to her. David sent word to Lapidowitz to don his best clothes and to be on hand promptly. When Lapidowitz approached the house that evening he found David waiting outside—David had decided to take no chance of meeting Lazarus alone.

"Now, Lapidowitz," he said, "I did favors for you and I want you to do a favor for me. All you got to do is to sit still and listen and don't make any remarks until I ask you."

"Is it about the three o'clock business?" asked Lapidowitz, stroking his whiskers.

David nodded. "You're going to meet the biggest loafer in New York," he said. "And you're going to help me prove he's a liar."



Lazarus had already arrived. The moment David saw him he held out his hand.

"Lazarus," he said, "for Mrs. Shapiro's sake I decided to let bygones be bygones. Only you better always be careful about making statements."

Lazarus grinned, and they shook hands. The moment they were seated at the table, however, Lazarus leaned toward his hostess and said, "Did you hear how kind Mr. Finkelstein was to me?"

David clutched the sides of his chair and gritted his teeth.

"What did he do?" asked Mrs. Shapiro. Lazarus looked at his former employer and smiled.

"I met him at three o'clock the other day, and he said he was going to buy me a fine new suit to wear at his wedding. Didn't you, Mr. Finkelstein?"

David sprang from his chair and would have thrown himself upon the audacious

Lapidowitz
threw his
arms around
David, and, despite
the groom's struggles,
kissed him upon the cheek.
"You got a heart like a
king," he cried.

clerk had not Lapidowitz clutched his coat-tails.

"Don't get excited, Mr. Finkelstein," cried Lapidowitz. "Everybody knows he's a liar."

"You're the biggest liar in the world!" shouted David, shaking his fist in Lazarus's face. "I never promised you anything of the kind. I knew you intended to tell some kind of a lie when you came here. Now you get out of this house. Do you hear me?"

"Wait a minute," said Mrs. Shapiro. "What is it all about?"

"Oh, if you'd like to know the whole story," replied Lazarus, calmly, "I'll tell it. Only I don't know whether Mr. Finkelstein wants me to tell it. Maybe he only forgot about his promise. Did you forget it?"

"Go ahead. Tell all about it. Tell everything you know!" cried David. "Only I'm telling you that you're a liar."

Whereupon Lazarus, realizing that he had nothing further to gain from his former employer, turned to Mrs. Shapiro and deliberately told her the whole story of the raid upon the stuss-parlor. He mentioned the exact time and the exact place and every single detail and made clear to Mrs. Shapiro that it was only to spare her feeling that he did not make the facts public. Before Mrs. Shapiro had an opportunity of saying a word, David, as if seized with a sudden idea, slapped Lapidowitz upon the back.

"My! What a lucky chance!" he exclaimed. "Just to show them what a liar that low-life is—tell them, Lapidowitz, where was I at three o'clock on that afternoon? He says it happened at three o'clock. All right. Now where was I just when the clock was striking three?"

Lapidowitz stuck his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat and gazed at the ceiling.

"At three o'clock, exactly," he said, "and even a little while before, you was with me in Milken's café asking me what I thought about real estate on Rivington Street."

Lazarus stared first at the schnorrer and then at David. "You're trying to sneak out of it," he said.

"I guess," remarked Mrs. Shapiro coldly, "maybe Mr. Lazarus better go home."

"But don't you see," cried Lazarus, "he got it all fixed up to——"

"All I see is you don't tell the truth," said Mrs. Shapiro, firmly. "If Mr. Finkelstein ever went into a gambling-house he wouldn't be marrying my daughter. Now you go home."

And Lazarus departed, cursing David and Lapidowitz in his heart. And David shook hands with Lapidowitz and thanked him for having been able to remember so clearly the exact hour when they met. And Mrs. Shapiro drank to Lapidowitz's health and assured him of her eternal gratitude for having refuted the charge that her future son-in-law was a gambler. And Esther beamed upon her lover, and David felt that a great load had been taken from his shoulders, and Mr. Shapiro—as was his custom—rolled a great many bread crumbs upon the table. Only Lapidowitz remained perfectly silent. For nearly five whole minutes he maintained the most complete silence, apparently heedless of all that was said around him—busy with his own

thoughts. And then, suddenly, the most charming smile illumined his countenance.

"Now I see it!" he said.

"What?" asked Mrs. Shapiro.

"I understand now," said Lapidowitz, leaning forward and addressing himself to her, "what put it into that liar's head to try to get a suit out of my friend David."

David suddenly found himself feeling uneasy. "You see," the schnorrer continued, "I was telling everybody in Milken's café how generous David was with me. Maybe I didn't have a right to talk about it, but I felt so happy I couldn't keep it to myself. David was so glad about what I told him about real estate in Rivington Street—that's where I live, and David can make a lot of money in that neighborhood—that he said to me, 'Lapidowitz,' he said, 'the information you gave me is so valuable that, to show you how much I appreciate it, I'm going to send you a gold watch before I get married.' My! I was so excited that I didn't know what to say."

Mrs. Shapiro fairly beamed.

"That's just like David!" she exclaimed.

"He don't believe in taking advantage of people in real estate. And I'm so glad you were the one that earned the watch. I felt terrible when I heard that Mr. Lazarus lie about him."

David tried to catch the schnorrer's eye, but Lapidowitz's gaze was fastened upon Mrs. Shapiro's smiling countenance. David was pale and slight beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead. But, presently, he smiled. "Yes, Lapidowitz," he said, "if you didn't earn the watch by the valuable information you gave me about real estate you earned it to-night by saving my character. And to-morrow morning, the first thing, I'll order the watch by the jeweler's and have your name engraved on it."

Lapidowitz turned toward David, his face illumined with joy. "If any man in the world," he said, enthusiastically, "ever tells me you ain't a fine gentleman, I'll punch him in the nose."

"Thanks," said David, coldly. "But I won't forget the watch."

The day before the wedding Goldstein, the jeweler, met Lapidowitz in Milken's café. "Just the man I'm looking for," he said. "I got a order from Mr. Finkelstein to engrave a watch for you. But Mr. Finkelstein didn't know if you spell your name with a 'i' or a 'o.'"

"How do you mean a 'i' or a 'o'?" asked Lapidowitz.

"Is it 'Lapidiwitz' or 'Lapidowitz'?" asked the jeweler.

"How foolish!" exclaimed the schnorrer. "Of course it's 'owitz'."

"I'm sorry," said the jeweler, "because it takes longer to make an 'o.' Are you going to be at the wedding?"

"Sure I am. Mrs. Shapiro invited me."

"All right. I'll be there and I'll have the watch for you. Only I want to say that I think Mr. Finkelstein is a grand gentleman."

"You bet he is," said Lapidowitz, enthusiastically. "He is one in a billion."

This not being a love story it is needless to enter into a detailed description of the wedding. Suffice it that it was a glorious event and that the decorations, the illuminations, the bride, and the bridesmaids were all that decorations, illuminations, brides, and bridesmaids are expected to be. The only nervous person at the ceremony was Lapidowitz. While all the others were making merry Lapidowitz stood in the doorway waiting for Goldstein, the jeweler. Several times he turned around to look at David and frowned at him.

"Do not trifle with me," the frown declared as plainly as words. "If the watch does not come I shall tell Mrs. Shapiro everything."

But David only smiled and nodded and both smile and nod conveyed to Lapidowitz, with the utmost clearness, the assurance that the jeweler and the watch would surely arrive. And they did arrive. Just as the bridal couple were about to step under the canopy to be united, by the time-old ceremonial, in holy wedlock, Goldstein, panting as if he had been running, entered the room and handed Lapidowitz a small box.

"Don't open it here," he whispered. "Mr. Finkelstein don't want anybody to know about it."

Goldstein himself raised the lid of the box just sufficiently to display to Lapidowitz's eager eye the glittering back of a watch. Lapidowitz hastily thrust the package into his pocket and hastened toward the canopy. At the conclusion of the ceremony he threw his arms around David and, despite the groom's struggles, kissed him upon the cheek.

"You got a heart like a king," he cried.

A supper followed the wedding during which Lapidowitz endeared himself to all the relatives of the bride and the groom by singing David's praises. A few minutes after the bridal couple left the hall, Lapidowitz was summoned to the door. Two sturdy-looking men whom he had never seen before threw him down the stairs.

"We was asked to do it!" they explained. Lapidowitz gathered himself together and, by the light of a street lamp, inspected his new watch. A moment later, with a wild cry, he attempted to mount the stairs again. The two sturdy-looking men seemed to be expecting him. Without a word they seized him, carried him down the stairs, and tossed him merrily out into the street. An hour later a messenger brought a letter for Mrs. Shapiro.

"The man who married your daughter," it read, "is a loafer and a liar. What Lazarus said about him is true. He got caught in a raid, and he asked me to tell a lie to save him. He promised me a gold watch for it, but what I got is brass and ain't worth five cents. Goldstein, the jeweler and his engraving is a fake, too, because what he wrote on the watch I couldn't tell a lady. If you want me to come and see you to-morrow I'll tell you what a snake in the grass you got for a son-in-law. It will open your eyes.

"Respectfully yours, Lapidowitz."

But David and his bride were already speeding toward Niagara Falls.

GET THE STANLAWS GIRL

on this month's cover. She is the fifth of the series of "Types of Present-day Beauty," which Mr. Stanlaws is painting for Hearst's and which we are reproducing without any lettering or advertising. There are still a few copies of the September, October, November, and December pictures, and while they last you may make a selection of any four for 50c. The pictures are printed on 14x11-inch pebbled plate paper. The price of single copies is 15c each. Remit in cash or stamps at our risk—We guarantee safe delivery. Address: Room 1305.

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HEARST'S MAGAZINE
New York City

When My Ship Comes In

THEY who had the privilege of seeing the first performance of "When My Ship Comes In" were raving about it the next day. And that is the kind of advertising that counts. Silver Sands, after a late delightful supper-party given in her honor by Sam Waring—a very large affair in a beautiful private room—slept the sleep of happy exhaustion and woke at eleven o'clock to find herself

famous. Some of the papers said she was great; others said that she wasn't exactly great but that she was going to be. One critic talked about the early days of Miss Ellen Terry, and made

"You're making up as you Mabel. 'Does the all that—



By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

comparisons. Another recalled Miss Maude Adams in the "Masked Ball." The line of Miss Sands' lower jaw, and her intense reserve in a scene where another might have discovered an excuse for screams

and violence, reminded the "Morning Gazette" of Duse. The "Chromotype" made much of her voice, inflection and accents. "Everyday" headed its critique: "Something more that we owe to New England."

To say that the immense pile of newspapers

go along!" accused critic really say Silver?"



on her bed gave Silver Sands no pleasure would be absurd. Your true artist, I know very well, disdains criticism and is far above it—except when it is pleasant. But Silver Sands wasn't all artist yet. When she grew warmly loquacious, which was not often, it was not about art, but about boats, and swimming, and pretty clothes and good times. She was very young, she was very much in love, and by the grace of God with a young man who was also very much in love with her, and she had made a very big hit and she was very happy. After herself the papers gave the most praise to Miss Reeves. She had outdone herself, they said. One had learned to look to her for a competent, finished but not precisely inspired performance. It seemed that one had been wrong. One gracefully acknowledged it. Not a little of the play's tremendous success was owing to her. One took off one's hat to a rising star. If one knew anything at all she would soon be given a play and a company of her own. She had earned them.

And all this praise of her friend added immensely to Silver's enjoyment of the morning papers.

She had read about three criticisms when she leapt out of bed, ran to Miss Reeves' room and waked her with joyous alarms.

"Mabel! Mabel!" she cried. "Wake up. We've made an awful hit. You've made an awful hit, and I've made an awful hit. Come into my room and read the papers. Paul's sent 'em all in, all the papers in the world."

It was a newsy morning. In southern Europe a potentate had been assassinated in medieval fashion. A couple of Americans had been butchered in Mexico. Lives had been lost in a Chicago fire. The administration had thought up something new and splendid, properly calculated to complete the ruin of business—and what was all this to Mabel Reeves and to Silver Sands? With jubilant cries they hurried over the papers until they came to the dramatic reviews, and among these there would be only the one that interested them the least bit in the world. If the entire population of China had been boiled in oil overnight those selfish girls wouldn't have cared a hang.

"You're making up as you go along. Does he really say that—Silver? Really?"

"Oh, Mabel, here's another says I've got

a chin like Duse. Did you ever see Duse? What sort of a chin has she got? Is it a nice sort of a chin to have?"

Miss Reeves answered with a shout of joy. "This man says, 'Not only that, but she looked as pretty as a picture, and much too young to be out so late.' That's me—me—me."

And they read and read aloud, to themselves, both at once, and they commented and exalted, and presently they got into such high spirits that they began to illustrate the criticisms for each other's benefit; as: "In this scene Miss Sands showed infinite reserve." And here Silver thrust her chin very far forward (to resemble Duse) and turned up her nose very high to indicate reserve, and wrapped herself so tightly in her own arms that Mabel Reeves almost died of laughing.

XLII

The four young people had lunch at their favorite restaurant. Silver and Mabel, having just breakfasted, could not, of course, eat anything. But they fooled with grapefruit and turned two very modest helpings of salad upside down with their forks. This lack of appetite and the fact that almost everybody in the room spent seven-eighths of the time looking at them, did not, however, make them unhappy. Silver's good looks had always attracted attention. She was so used to this that she no longer noticed it. But to-day the attention which she attracted could not pass unnoticed. And she was amused by it and elated.

"What does being famous feel like?" Henley asked her.

"It feels like being on top of a high mountain, no hat on your head, and the wind blowing."

"But you've never been on top of a high mountain. Where she comes from," he explained to the others, "the highest thing is a light-house, and the next highest is an ant-heap."

"Just the same," said Silver, "that's the way it feels. Ask Mabel."

"Oh, but I'm not famous."

"We'll get Mr. Hedden to introduce some marines in the last act, and you can make that statement to them."

"Were you frightened at any time?" Waring asked. "You said you were going to be, you remember."

"I was frightened when I had to sing," said Silver. "I tried to try the song over while I was powdering my nose, and I couldn't make a sound. I couldn't do anything but swallow. It was awful."

"Have you seen Hedden since last night?"

"Yes. He wanted us to have lunch with him. But I think he was pleased when we said we couldn't."

"I think," said Mabel, "that he wanted to lunch at the Players—all by himself. So that his fellow managers and play-writers could have a good look at him, and where later when they insisted upon knowing he could tell them just how he came to write the play."

She looked directly at Henley.

"How did you come to write it?" she asked.

"If Hedden has borrowed something," said Henley gravely, "and either he has or all the laws of coincidence have been put out of business, he deserves great mental, if not moral, credit. As it stands it's a rattling good play. And I'm quite ready to take off my hat to one side of the man, while I kick the other."

"When you've got your hat off," said Waring, "I'll be very glad to hold it for you while you do the kicking. Only if I do, you must promise not to take the shoe off your kicking foot."

Waring had been unusually silent. And this was his first long speech.

"Please," said Silver, "don't let's talk about him. Couldn't Mabel and I just be allowed for one day, maybe two days, to think about the hit we've made and nothing else?"

She pushed back her chair a little.

"We're through, aren't we?" she asked gaily. "Because Paul is going to drive me to Riverside, and we're to walk back. I'm to be exercised like a horse. As if being famous wasn't enough to keep one fit. Want to come?"

The invitation was honest. But Mabel Reeves and Waring were unanimous in declining.

"Don't worry about us!" said Waring manfully. "You're not the only young couple in New York. Others when left to themselves don't find time hanging heavily on their hands. Do they?"

He put the question directly to Miss Reeves, but she did not give him the play-

fully enthusiastic answer which his intonation called for. Instead, she smiled, a little vaguely, a little as if it hurt her perhaps, and nodded.

"Why," she asked him a little later, having seen Silver and Henley into a taxi and turned slowly toward the Avenue, "do you always pretend when they are around, that we're just another *couple*? You play about a lot with me, and you're sweet to me, but your heart is with her all the time. And I don't think you ought to joke about things."

They reached the corner of that street and Fifth Avenue.

"Up or down?" asked Waring.

"Home, I think," she said. "It's blowing too hard to be any fun walking."

He lifted the forefinger of his right hand and secured a taxi.

"May I come too?"

"Do you want to?"

"Of course I do."

He sat down beside her and closed the door.

"Listen" he said, "I'm no good. I can't stick to anything. When I said that others left to themselves didn't find time hanging heavily, I spoke for myself and I meant it. Do you know that if you try very hard not to want a thing, all of a sudden you stop wanting it?"

"Do you mean—that you're not in love with Silver any more?"

"It would have had to stop some time. A man might be in love with his own girl all his life; but not with somebody else's girl. I wanted and wanted to stop loving her. And I've stopped."

Miss Reeves laughed, but not mirthfully.

"Here we are," she said.

"Do I come up or do I go away?"

"You come up if you want to, and if you don't you don't."

"I hoped you were interested in what I was saying and wanted me to go on."

"Well," she said, "to be quite honest, I do."

So he went up with her to the pretty little drawing-room which she shared with Silver, and there seated himself in a narrow window seat between two white muslin curtains which he began at once to twist and muss.

"Did it ever strike you?" he said, "that you and I get along first rate together? Do you like being with me? I love being with

you. And last night I was so worried and frightened for fear you wouldn't do yourself justice, I was almost as bad as Paul was about Silver.

"And afterwards when it was all over, I was so proud of you. Because I've always said you had it in you! Haven't I?"

"Yes," she said, "always. And that's been one of the things that's kept me trying."

"Honestly?"

"Honestly."

"And now Hedden will be wanting to star you. Will you stand for it?"

"Of course. Standing for things is my bread and butter."

"Do you like acting any better now that you've made a big hit?"

"Yes, of course. But not enough."

"You'd do most anything if you could quit, wouldn't you?"

She nodded and said: "Almost anything."

"But you wouldn't marry a rich man you didn't love?"

"I said 'almost' anything. I didn't say 'absolutely everything', did I?"

"But suppose he was a nice sort of fellow, whom you'd always liked in a sort of way. And suppose he was very crazy about you?"

At this moment the muslin curtains came down, brass rod and all. Waring disentangled himself from the wreck.

"That proves I'm nervous!" he exclaimed. "But just the same there's something I want to say, and I'm going to say it."

He came toward her, a kind of playful liquid fire in his eyes.

"Look here," he said, "ever since I was a kiddie, I've wanted some girl or other, and now it's you. It came over me last night like a thunderclap. I've loved you ever since you tied the blind Captain's necktie for him after he'd been knocked down and run over. And you may think I'm just a faithless, no account person—but if I knew you were going to belong to me, then I could love you all I wanted to and never stop. I've stopped lovin' people, not because I'm fickle, but because I had to stop. It's up to you, Mabel."

"And I'm to say whether I'll take a love that's lasted since last night, and that belonged to lots of other girls before me——"

"Only theoretically, Mabel. Never practically. That makes a difference, doesn't it?"

"Not to me," she said with a shrug.

"Don't be mean, Mabel!"

"Mean? I'm not mean. I'm telling the truth. It doesn't make any difference to me how many girls you've loved if you love me now. But do you? Sure?"

"You just bet I do," he said and came closer. "It began when you tied that poor blind Captain's necktie for him, and it's lasted ever since, and if you'll only make it right, it'll last always."

"Sam," she said, "have you never guessed that I've always been in love with you?"

"You—with me? Oh, for God's sake."

And he caught her, half sobbing, half laughing, in his strong arms, and hugged her for all she was worth.

XLIII.

Meanwhile Captain Sands, unknown to Silver, had received long telegrams from Henley and Waring telling him of his daughter's success. And he and his wife, oblivious of the fear that away from Hanleytown they might be recognized and the Captain held on a charge of murder for a very justifiable and partially accidental homicide, were on their way to New York.

And their visit was to be a surprise to Silver. Henley and Waring had arranged everything. The proud parents should see a performance of the play. And Silver should know nothing of their presence in New York until she left the theater and found them waiting in her taxicab. That cab would proceed at once to a famous supper-place, where the gentlemen and Miss Reeves, having as usual secured an excellent table by bribery, would meet them.

And all these secret plans were carried out without a hitch. Those who had been moved by Silver earlier in the evening and had gone away saying that charm and delightfulness could go no further, should have seen her, when she stepped into what she supposed was an empty taxicab and found her father and mother. These were already dissolved into tears of joy, and at once Silver with the most loving little exclamations and inarticulations melted too. And they reached for her as two fond old bears may be supposed to reach for a long lost cub, and she went down between them and was kissed and pawed and praised. And every now and then Captain Sands would say as gruffly as he could:

"We thought we'd just run down and see the show."

There was in the ladies' dressing-room at the famous supper-place a very clever maid who could make a disheveled old woman and a disheveled young beauty look like new. And Miss Reeves was there to help.

As for Captain Sands that pseudo-navigator found himself taken in hand by two good-natured Brummels who conducted him first to a pair of hair brushes, and then to a pair of cocktails.

The party made a triumphant entry into the supper-room. I say triumphant, for many girls would have hesitated at publicly claiming Captain and Mrs. Sands for parents. They were out of date, they were not smart, and they were red with excitement and pleasure and awkwardness and embarrassment. But Silver did not think of such things. She only thought how happy she was to have them with her, and how much she loved everybody who had had a hand in arranging the surprise for her.

It began as a supper-party, and it ended in the small hours as a reception. Men and women came and went but mostly stayed. The table, magiced by waiters, grew larger and larger. Hedden, brazen as brass, insinuated himself between Captain and Mrs. Sands, and made himself charming. Van Brunt came and brought a friend, Nellie Michelin, dressed a little like a queen in an opera cape; and lips were loosened and pleasant, mirthful speech flowed.

Not even Hedden's presence worried Silver. Her debts, her one-sided contract with him, his theft of the play, the imminent and disagreeable interview in which she hoped once for all to settle these matters, had vanished even from the back of her mind, and she was allowed to love the moments even in their swift passing.

Silver could not put her parents up for the night. But she put them up till four in the morning, when Henley and Waring drove them to their hotel.

"Mum," said the now sleepy Captain Sands, "are we starting back for Hanleytown—to-day?"

"No, we're not," she said. "There's McKay Hedden's lunch for us to-morrow, and Paul's supper, he wouldn't let me off unless I called him Paul, and you just bet your bottom dollar I'm a-going to see Silver act again and then some!"

"Mum," he said, his voice trembling with

eagerness, "if it costs us our bottom dollar let's stay—a week!"

Mrs. Sands hurled herself upon her husband's breast and clung to him.

XLIV.

There was a set look about Silver's face which told McKay Hedden that she was very much in earnest about something. The immense success of "*When My Ship Comes In*" and the lavish tributes to his genius from both subsidized and independent newspapers had lulled him into a blissful security. The play was going to have a record run and he was going to be once more the most enviable and envied of managers. Silver's rebellion had been short lived. She was high spirited, he told himself, but not tenacious. Furthermore, she had tasted that most pernicious of habit makers—success. And he assured himself that the ovation of five evening and one afternoon performances must have poisoned her sense of right and wrong. To find that he had misjudged her came then as a great shock.

"It is a success, isn't it?" she began.

"It is the greatest success that New York has seen in ten years, and you, my dear Silver, are—well, I just worship the ground that your feet make artistic merely by stepping on it. And you seem to have inspired a whole company of experienced actors to play better than they ever played before."

"Will it make lots of money for you?" Silver asked. "But you needn't say, because people who know about such things have told me, and I know that it will. So couldn't you do now what I asked you to the other day?"

"And what was that?"

"I'm sure you haven't forgotten," said Silver gently, "but I'm to ask more now. I've talked with my friends, and they sent out for a lawyer, and we told him all about the play, and how much Mr. Henley had had to do with it, and all about my wretched extravagance, and how you had seemed to be so good to me about money and all about my contract and how you said it couldn't be broken because of your company, but that you personally would see that I didn't suffer. . . . Oh!" she exclaimed. "According to the lawyer I've made an awful mess of things, through ignorance and foolishness and through believing that everybody was kind and good. But do you know



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Hedden, brazen as brass, insinuated himself between Captain and Mrs. Sand



and made himself charming. But not even Hedden's presence worried Silver.

what the lawyer said, Mr. Hedden—about you? He just laughed and said 'So Hedden's been up to his old tricks again!' He said that you trapped me and netted me, and had not given me a fair deal, and," she finished breathlessly, "he advised me to give you till Monday to make everything right, and if you wouldn't, not to make any more money for you. He said he wouldn't dare to take the case into court. So I'll play to-night and you'll have all Sunday to make up your mind, and if you won't do what's right, why then I won't act any more and neither will Miss Reeves."

"What in the devil," cried Hedden, "has she got to do with it?"

"She's a friend of Mr. Henley's and she's a friend of mine and she's going to marry Mr. Waring—"

"What do you want me to do?" said Hedden shrilly. "To give Henley credit on the program for a play he didn't write? To let you off a lot of money that you owe me? I've got your notes for every cent of it—do you know that?"

"Yes, I know. And you'll be paid."

"Do you know what you're mixed up in, Silver? Blackmail! This is blackmail."

"Nonsense," said Silver. "It isn't anything of the kind, and you know it."

"You've got no gratitude in you. My God, when I think how I labored over you, taught you step by step."

"I'm grateful for many things, Mr. Hedden. And about Mr. Henley's share in the play and the contract and all that I'm only sorry, and I dare say I'd have let things drift along if there had been nothing else. But you've done one thing that I can't forgive. One despicable thing. One day there was a letter for me at the Hanleytown post-office. You called for the mail, and I never got that letter. I can't forgive that. . . . Please don't protest and say you didn't. . . . it's no use. The Postmaster remembers perfectly well. I tried to stand up for you and believe in you till I learned about that, and—so you have till Monday morning." She finished somewhat lamely. There was a long silence. Then Hedden cried:

"I did take that letter. I loved you. I love you. And all is fair in love and war." Silver shook her head.

"Only what is fair in hatred and peace," she said, "or at any other time is fair in love

and war. There aren't any exceptions at all."

At this moment the telephone rang and Hedden seized the receiver with a kind of impatient rage.

"Mrs. Michelin wants to see me? Tell her I don't want to see her."

He was about to hang up the receiver.

"Wait!" he cried. "Let her come up at once. She wants money. I remember now. She shall have it."

"So," Silver repeated, "you have till Monday to think things over."

"Silver, one minute—"

But she had gone, and he could hear her exchanging greetings with Nellie Michelin in the hall. A moment later, the latter, harassed and tired, swept into the room.

"Mac" she said, "if I can't raise fifteen hundred they'll put me in jail."

"People don't go to jail for debt."

"If I can't stop being hounded and harassed I'll just about cut my throat one of these days. Won't you please help me, Mac?"

He smiled pleasantly.

"Nellie," he said, "I'll help you this time—if you'll help me. I'm in a hole too. How much do you owe altogether?"

She named a sum that caused him to blink and frown. Nevertheless he reached for his check-book and began to write in it. When he had finished he tore out the check and showed it to her.

"Oh Mac!" she cried, reaching for it, "you're a darling!"

He did not at once give her the check.

"Now," he said, "I've written something for you and I want you to write something for me."

"One of those tiresome notes."

"A different kind of a note, two notes. No, take a sheet that hasn't the office heading. And I want one other thing."

"What's that?"

"The use of your apartment for twenty-four hours."

This request did not seem pleasant to her. She looked at him a little pityingly, a little contemptuously, but she said, "All right. If you must."

"This is the first note," he dictated and she wrote: "You dear Thing—"

"Mac has just given me a lot of money. He says I am to thank you for softening his heart. I do a million times. God bless you.

Nellie Michelin."

"Put in a few crosses for kisses," said Hedden grimly, "and confess that the whole note is characteristic."

"Now write Silver's name on the envelope, no address."

Mrs. Michelin did this and was about to fold the note and seal it in the envelope, when Hedden, somewhat roughly, snatched it away, and placed another sheet before her.

"Now write," he said, "write this: If you have any friendship for me, please come to my flat at once. I am in terrible trouble and must see you. Please, please do this for me. Nellie Michelin."

"Who's that to go to?" asked Mrs. Michelin in a hard, knowing voice.

"Oh," he said carelessly, "you wouldn't remember. You've befriended a good many people in your time."

This was true. In her big-hearted foolish way Nellie Michelin had been always lending and lending to those who were even less fortunate than she was.

"It's a dirty sort of trap, Mac."

"It's a bigish sort of check, Nellie. And don't fret. There won't be any row. I give you my word. It's only that I've got to see a certain person without interruption. This isn't a trap for innocence. I'm no spider, and she's no fly. It's business."

"I wish I could believe you."

"Shall I tear up this check?"

She took the check and burst into foolish tears.

When at last she had gone, McKay Hedden took the second note and placed it in the envelope addressed to Silver Sands. The first note he merely tore across and across and tossed into a waste-paper basket.

Nellie Michelin was a very slow thinker. But she was very persistent. All day as she drove about town settling old bills and contracting new ones, she kept thinking. And about half past five her long concentration began to be rewarded with a little gleam of light.

She drove to her apartment and told her maid that if she wished she could go to Brooklyn and spend the night with her family.

"I shan't need you," said Mrs. Michelin, "because after the theater I am going to the country with the McTavitts' for over Sunday. You may pack my bag

and small steamer trunk for me before you leave."

XLV.

The note was handed to Silver during the last intermission. She had just taken a curtain call; she read the note to a loud accompaniment of hand clapping, and once more stepped shyly and sweetly before the curtain to thank her admirers for their enthusiasm.

Then she ran for her dressing-room to make her last change; on the way she passed McKay Hedden. There was a peculiar smile on his face, nervous and triumphant.

"You think I'll come to time, Monday," he seemed to say, "but I won't, and you will."

For once she felt afraid of him.

While she was changing an usher brought her a note from Henley. He couldn't see her right after the performance, he said, something very important had turned up which he and Sam must attend to. He would see her the first thing in the morning, though, and explain.

So her poor little head was full of things, of Nellie Michelin's sudden trouble and what it could be, of that sinister terrible triumphant look in Hedden's eyes, and of Henley finding something more important than waiting for her after the play and taking her to supper. For all that she gave during that long last act, bristling with emotions, the most charming and moving performance she had yet given, and she had to go before the curtain so many times that when they finally let her off there was hardly anybody left behind the scenes but her maid and the electrician. Mabel Reeves had not waited to speak to her, or left any message.

Not long after Silver rang the bell of Nellie Michelin's front door. The door opened and Silver stepped into the familiar little mirrored hall. She could not at once see who had opened the door for her.

It was McKay Hedden.

"I had a note from Nellie asking me to come," said Silver, not pleased at seeing Hedden, "where is she?"

"She wants us to wait," said Hedden. And he closed the door.

"She asked you to come too?"

"Here I am."

"What does she want?"

"Didn't she tell you?"

"No," replied Silver with vague misgivings.

"Nor me either."

"Well," said Silver, a little pettishly, "I suppose we must wait."

And she walked into the little drawing-room upon which Mrs. Michelin had spent so much money, in which she wrote so many notes, telephoned so often, and began so many pieces on the piano-forte. There was a bright fire burning.

"I'd like a glass of water," said Silver. "Will you please ring?"

Hedden shrugged his shoulders.

"There is no one to answer the bell," he said, and he closed the door by which they had entered the room.

"Why shut the door?" asked Silver.

He made no answer, but stood looking at her, and trying to smile. His obvious nervousness was contagious.

"If it was so important for Nellie to see me," said Silver, "she ought to have been here. It's late and I'm tired. I think I won't wait any longer."

"Oh, you'd better wait a little while," said Hedden, "I want to talk to you about that ultimatum of yours."

"Yes?" said Silver.

"It's no good, Silver," he said, "no good. You know what Mahomet did about the mountain? I find that I can't meet your wishes, and so I have decided that you must meet mine."

He advanced a step toward her. She stood with her back to the fire, her hands behind her. She looked very tall, for her, and a little pale and fragile.

"That is a foolish speech," she said.

"No, it isn't, Silver. New York is a very large city and none of your friends know where you are at this minute. I watched you from the time you received Nellie's note until you left the theater. You told no one where you were going. I arrived here only a minute or two ahead of you. And," he concluded, rubbing his hands as if he was washing them, "here we are."

Silver was frightened, but she did not show it.

"What difference does it make," she said, "whether my friends know where I am or not? I know. And I know where I am going."

She started for the door, but Hedden blocked the way.

"I wouldn't go if I were you," he said. "Don't be afraid. I won't touch you. I want you to listen to what I have to say

calmly. Then, if you still want to go, I won't try to detain you. But you won't want to go."

"I don't want to listen to you," said Silver.

"You'd better. Not for your own sake, perhaps, but for your father's."

"What has he to do with this?"

"Before you were born, Silver, your father killed a man—murdered him. The police have been looking for him ever since. I know where he is."

"And you," she said, "are such an unmitigated liar that—"

He stepped humbly to one side, and waved his hand toward the door.

"While you are waiting for the elevator," he said, "I shall be telephoning to the Central Office."

She came close to him, and he shrank from her a little, still he met her blazing look without flinching, and with a sudden dreadful shrinking of her heart, she knew that for once he had not lied.

"It accounts, doesn't it," he said, "for the way he's clung to Hanleytown these many years, never venturing as far as the mainland for fear of being taken?"

And it did account for many things, which hitherto had never needed to be accounted for. And as these things passed in review through her mind, one after another, she was silent, and almost oblivious of her whereabouts and of Hedden's threatening presence. At last she spoke.

"What," she said, "must I do, to keep you from telling?"

"Well, at least," he said, "you must stay here awhile and talk it over with me."

"You have a piece of knowledge that you wish to sell, isn't that it?" she drew a long breath. "Well, how much?"

"A great deal, Silver."

"I know that. How much?"

"All that you have to give, Silver. Faith, constancy, obedience—love."

She appeared to consider this price which she was to pay as if it was so many dollars and cents.

"You must promise to marry me," he said, "and you must make that promise good within twenty-four hours. And in the meanwhile—you see if I let you go you would tell your father and give him a chance to get out of the country, and then you would go back on your promise—so in the meanwhile we—we mustn't separate."

If he had known her better he would have seen a storm gathering in her eyes. She backed slowly toward the fire, as if she was cold.

"Nobody need know for a time that we weremarried," said Hedden. "Nobody need ever know that we were here together tonight."

He came slowly toward her.

"Silver," he pleaded, "I will be a good husband to you."

"How could you be," she said gently, "you haven't even been a good friend. You're not even a good man. And I couldn't be a good wife to you. I couldn't possibly give you faith, constancy, obedience, and love." Her voice rose and strengthened. "I could only," she said, "give you possession and—contempt."

She turned her back on him, and bending over deliberately as if to rearrange the logs, caught up a heavy brass poker and once more, swift as thought, faced him.

Her eyes were blazing with outrage and fury. He shrank from them.

"The only thing," she said, "to do with a thing like you is to kill it. If you think you've trapped a weak, fainting sort of girl, you've made a sad mistake. You've trapped a girl who's spent her life swimming and boating and doing chores, and wishing she was a boy so she could wrestle and fight——"

McKay Hedden's left elbow shot up to guard his head, and the poker descended with an awful despairing force upon his funny bone. The man screamed aloud and went down in a writhing heap like a spider touched by fire.

Death itself is seldom so painful as a blow on the funny bone. McKay Hedden was as completely out of the combat as if he had been shot through the heart. Nevertheless in the added fury which a successful blow begets, the meek and gentle Silver Sands was for killing him.

She felt herself caught from behind in two strong gentle arms. Without even turning her head she knew that they belonged to Henley. But she did turn her head and buried it on his breast and began to sob.

The folding doors into the little dining-room stood wide open. Sam Waring, too, had come through them, and he stood beside the writhing form of the manager and looked down on it, sternly, very sternly, but also with amusement.

After a little he turned to the others; Silver had stopped sobbing, and was beginning to wonder where the deliverers had sprung from.

Waring smiled at her in his happy good natured way.

"You got a note from Mrs. Michelin, Silver?"

She nodded.

"She was tricked into writing it; but after thinking it out for some time she actually smelt a rat, bless her, and she told Paul and me to come here and look out for a squall. She gave us her own latchkey and here we are, bless us!"

"Did you hear what he said?" cried Silver, her suddenly vanished rage suddenly returning.

"We did," said Waring, and he added "Hold her tight, Paul—very tight. She's a suffragette."

Silver burst out laughing.

"Mabel's waiting down-stairs," said Waring, "to give the affair tone and respectability." He turned to Hedden.

"For heaven's sake," he said, "can't you stop moaning and writhing? Don't you realize that Henley and I are going to take you to my own private rooms in my father's house and give you something to cry for? Save your tears, man, you'll need 'em later."

"She's broken my arm," cried Hedden with a sudden squeal of pain. "Damn her!"

Waring simply kicked him, not hard, but in the side, and reaching down pulled him to his feet, took one of his hands and pulled it through the crook of his arm, took his little finger and doubled it, the old school boy trick, and told him to pull himself together and behave himself.

XLVI

The elevator boy must have thought that Waring and Hedden were affectionate friends. For they entered the elevator arm in arm, so remained during its swift descent, and so left it.

"Does that hurt?" inquired Waring softly, doubling Hedden's little finger sharply upon itself. "Well, if there is a policeman outside the building and you start anything, I'll break your finger dead off... Now then we'll just step into this second cab and wait at my house for Henley. He's going to see the ladies home."

"Let go my finger," said Hedden in a voice convulsed with rage and fear.

"Shut up," said Waring, and kept his subduing grip.

"Good night, Mabel," he called to Miss Reeves. "Good night, Silver. Sorry I can't shake hands. See you in the morning, and all will be well. Don't be long, Paul."

"I won't," said Henley briefly and grimly.

A moment later the cab containing Hedden and his captor was speeding toward the Waring's great house.

"What are you going to do with me?" gasped Hedden.

"I think it will be pleasanter for you not to know," said Waring.

They reached the house, and Hedden was conducted to Sam Waring's very own library and work-room annex on the top floor. Waring released the manager's little finger and closed the door.

The room was brightly lighted, and cheerful in every way, but no smile of comfort or well-being appeared on Hedden's face. He was badly scared.

"What do you think you're going to do?" he said, with a lame effort at bluster.

"I don't think," said Waring. "I know. Meanwhile till Henley comes, you'd better sit down and rest. You'll need all your strength. He's a terrible fellow when he's roused, and he knows all the tricks."

Hedden sank into a chair, sheer panic, rather than the wish to rest, having loosened knees. And his imagination, for he had that, we must give him credit, began to torture him. And then there was the sound of light footsteps, the door opened and Henley came in, smiling grimly.

"I telephoned Sparks," he said. "He'd gone to bed, but he's dressing now and will come around as soon as he can to draw up the papers for Mister Hedden to sign. Hadn't we better move the table against the wall, Sam, so as to have plenty of room?"

"Yes, of course," said Waring, "and roll up the rug too. You'll have to move, Mister Hedden, your chair is on the rug. And while you're about it you may as well take off your coat."

The room being cleared, Henley, with a kind of irrepressible eagerness, took off his coat and waistcoat, threw them into a chair, and kicked off his pumps. Then he turned to Hedden.

"Ready if you are."

But Hedden was not ready. It took

them some time to get him out of his coat, on to his feet, and into the middle of the room.

"There's no use going over what you've done to me and mine," said Henley, "and what you've tried to do. You've earned a good licking and you are going to take it. Put up your hands."

But Hedden did not put them up.

"You are famous for your imagination," said Henley sweetly, "imagine that you are a man."

Hedden's answer was to scream "Help! Murder!" at the top of his lungs, and make a sudden dash for the door.

Henley, not a bad boxer, and unusually clever with his feet, simply tripped him up.

The fall lent Hedden some of that courage peculiar to cornered rats. Cursing and blaspheming, and swinging his fists wildly, he scrambled to his feet and came at Henley like an impassioned windmill.

He was met by a loud exclamation of joy and a terrible smash in the mouth.

Three minutes later he came to his senses in a distant corner of the room. Henley, the joy not yet fled from his countenance, was nursing a broken finger.

"It's no use," said Waring mournfully, "he's big and strong, but he don't fight."

He dragged the manager to his feet, put on his coat for him and dropped him into a chair.

"Make yourself at home," he said, "we'll be back when Sparks comes. And by the way, if you try to make a row about anything that's happened or that's going to happen, we'll get you! One or other of us will get you, and don't forget."

Left to himself, locked in, the bruised and disheveled manager ground his teeth and for some moments invented the most dreadful threats and vengeance. He looked very hideous, his eyes inflamed with weeping and his lips immensely swollen. Time passed, and he began to think. It was a difficult adventure to twist and make over so that he should appear the hero of it. He actually gave up trying. On the whole it was better that the story shouldn't get out. Who was this Sparks? A lawyer probably.

"They'll want me to sign promises," he thought. "But that won't count; it'll be under compulsion. Still if I make promises and don't keep them——"

He lifted his fingers to his swollen mouth, and tears ran out of his eyes.

"Damn them to hell!" he moaned.

A thought of Nellie Michelin came into his head; and his expression brightened.

"She took my money and then she betrayed me," was his thought.

Upon her he could be avenged to his heart's content. She wasn't any calm, violent man, but a silly, weak woman. She should learn what suffering was, damn her.

His eye perceived on the table which had been removed from the center of the room a manuscript in a blue cover. The reader perhaps will remember that this was a copy of Henley's new play, of which Sam Waring had said that it had "When My Ship Comes In" skinned a mile.

The manager moved stealthily toward the table, and took the manuscript. He noticed that the piece was by Henley and he began to read, still standing.

Gradually the lines of rage, fear, vengeance, and childishness faded from his face. He was reading eagerly now; not word by word, but trained for many years to the art of reading plays, by paragraphs and half-pages. His eyes began to brighten with enthusiasm. For as far as he had gone he could find but one fault with the play—somebody other than himself had written it. He wondered if this was the only copy. Probably not. Henley had learned wisdom by experience. Still there was always a chance—besides the thing could be so altered—the scene changed, laid in the country, say, the names of the characters, etc., that a jury of twelve honest men and true would never recognize it.

Footsteps sounded in the hall, and voices. With a smile of exquisite triumph McKay Hedden folded the manuscript lengthwise, thrust it into his inside pocket, and retreated as far from the table as possible.

XLVII

"Good morning, ladies," said Henley. "It's a fine day, isn't it?"

"I'm particularly impressed with the blue sky behind the black clouds," said Waring.

The ladies flew into a rage.

"Tell us what happened—tell us at once!" they cried.

So the gentlemen told them all that had happened.

"The play is to go on," said Henley, "un-

til Spring. I'm to have a seven per cent. flat royalty but no credit on the program. There didn't seem to be any way to manage that, and save Hedden's face."

"Why save his face?" cried Silver.

"You didn't see it after Paul hit him," said Sam.

"The money just now," said Henley, "is the main thing. It will pay back what he's tricked you into owing. Then your contract with him has been cancelled. You're to sign one that ends when the play stops running—early in May, that is."

"I'm glad," said Silver, "that the play isn't to be punished and it's fun to be praised and applauded every night except Sundays."

"Don't you get praised Sundays?" asked Henley plaintively.

And she smiled with delight at him. Then, her face grave and anxious:

"I've seen my father," she said; "and it's true about his killing a man. But the man had to be killed, and no jury would do anything to father. They couldn't when they'd heard the story."

"No jury will have a chance," said Waring. "Hedden is convinced that if anything comes out through him he won't live to boast about it. We've made that clear."

Just how it came about is unknown. I think Waring asked if he would find a cigaret in the dining-room, and Mabel Reeves went with him to help look. Any way they disappeared and were gone some time.

Henley simply caught Silver Sands up in his arms, and began to kiss and murmur. Presently the murmurs became words, intelligent words, that she was able to answer:

"Deed," she said, "and you needn't think I want to wait till May either."

And they resolved that they wouldn't. "But Paul," said Silver, "there's one thing you ought to know, and maybe when you know you won't want to marry me. I'm proud of it, but other people mightn't be. Poor father killed a man, that's bad enough; but what do you think my mother did? She used to be shot out of a cannon every afternoon and evening for a living!"

The young aristocrat folded the lovely girl still closer in his arms and they laughed till they cried.

The Counterfeiters

Illustrated by Armand Both



"I hand over the message to the dame herself as she hops into a taxi."

"I WANT you to get that woman," said the Chief's voice over the wire. His tone was one of heavy impatience.

"It will take time," answered Kestner of the Secret Service.

"I don't care what it takes," said the voice on the thread of steel that brought the ear of Manhattan leaning close to the lips of Washington. "We've got to gather her in. Casey reports another Indian Head ten from your district!"

"That Indian Head ten never came from the Lambert gang," protested Kestner. "I talked

it over with Casey, and put Wilsnach on the case. It's the work of a Williamsburg Italian named Carlesi, cheap photo-engraving with brush-work coloring and hand shading. And Wilsnach ought to have Carlesi rounded up before midnight."

"But you know what it means to us, having this Lambert woman and her old man running loose!"

"They're still loose, of course, but they'd never do cheap work like Carlesi's. You can always be sure of that. If they break bad paper they break it big!"

"Precisely! And that's why we've got to get them, and get them quick. That First Colonial Hundred was one of the reatest counterfeits that ever went under the glass. And three banks had O K-ed it before it was turned in!"

"I'll do my best," answered Kestner, "but you'll have to let me do it in my own way."

"It's your case," assented the Chief's voice.

It was at the same moment that Kestner hung up the receiver that a knock sounded on his door. He crossed the room and peered into his fanlight project-

By Arthur Stringer

ing-mirror (an invention of his own) and saw that his caller was nothing more than a messenger-boy in uniform. Before he could turn the key and open the door, the knock was repeated.

Kestner casually eyed that boy as he stepped inside. The occupant of the room even yawned and stretched himself, with an air of indifference. Yet he made his scrutiny still more searching. For the sealed envelope which he stared down at bore Kestner's own name, to say nothing of this new address of his which he had supposed unknown to the rest of the world.

He signed

for the message, opened it, and motioned for the boy to sit down. At the same moment Kestner backed against the door and quietly turned the key in the lock. For one quick glance had already carried back to consciousness the startling fact that the sheet of paper which he held was signed by Maura Lambert herself.

The message which he found himself reading was both explicit and brief. "Could I see you at once?" it read. "I ask only because it is most urgent and most important. Maura Lambert."

After studying this message for a second time Kestner stood submitting the bearer of it to still another of his apparently impersonal and abstracted scrutinies.

"Where did this note come from?" was Kestner's casual inquiry.

"Fr'm th' Alambo," was the equally casual reply.

"What's that?" demanded Kestner.

"Squab-dump!" was the laconic answer.

Then, seeing he was not understood, the uniformed youth added: "It's one o' them burlap-lined apartment-hotels wit' all th' onyx in th' office an' all the Tenderloin in th' uppers! You know th' kind."

"And where did you get this note?"

"From a woman in Number Seventeen."

"What did she look like?"

The youth struggled through a description which Kestner was able to organize into a sufficiently convincing picture of Maura Lambert. But the mystery of the situation only increased. There was a touch of novelty in having the enemy one had pursued half-way round the world suddenly turning about and soliciting an interview.

"Was that woman alone when she gave you this note?" pursued Kestner.

"Sure," was the answer.

"Did she tell you to bring back an answer?"

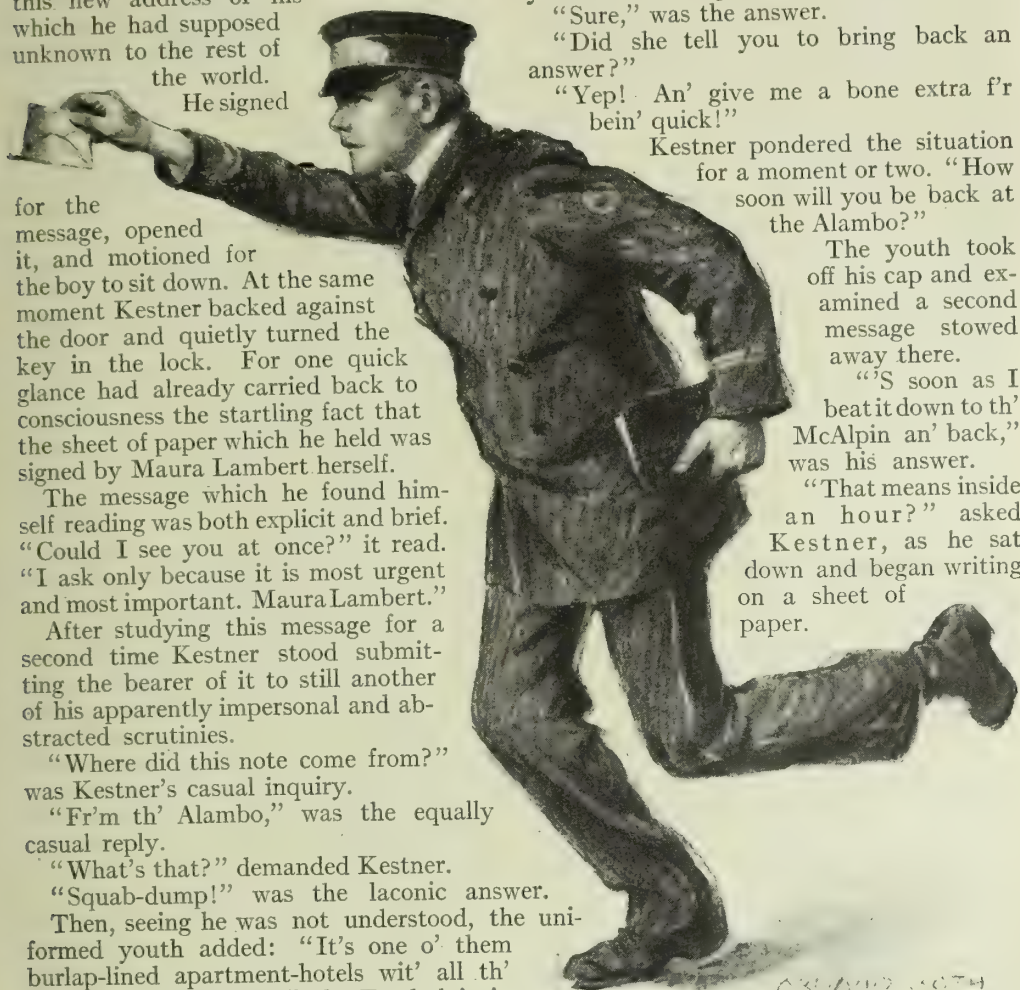
"Yep! An' give me a bone extra fr' bein' quick!"

Kestner pondered the situation for a moment or two. "How soon will you be back at the Alambo?"

The youth took off his cap and examined a second message stowed away there.

"'S soon as I beat it down to th' McAlpin an' back," was his answer.

"That means inside an hour?" asked Kestner, as he sat down and began writing on a sheet of paper.



"Yep," answered the boy.

Kestner's written reply was as brief as the message that prompted it. He merely wrote: "I'll be glad to see you and since you say it's urgent, the sooner the better."

He sealed the note, quietly crossed the room to the locked door, turned the key and stepped out into the hall. He seemed relieved to find that hallway quite empty.

"Wait here for me," he called back to the boy.

The wait, to the listless-eyed youth, was not a long one. But in that brief space of time a message had gone down for a taxicab and a Federal plain-clothes man had received instructions to shadow an A. D. T. messenger to the Hotel McAlpin and from the McAlpin back to the Alambo. But that boy was to be in no way interfered with.

Kestner handed his message to the waiting youth, and with it a dollar bill. "Now are you sure that second message is for the McAlpin?" he inquired.

For answer, the youth produced the message itself. It was a violet-colored envelope, redolent of patchouli, and inscribed with a handwriting that was almost childish in its formlessness.

One glance at it was enough, and the next moment Kestner was pushing the boy half-humorously towards the open door. Once that door was closed again, however, Kestner's diffidence had disappeared. In two minutes he had made himself ready for the street, and in another two minutes he was in a taxicab speeding across the city in the direction of the Alambo.

It was exactly twelve minutes later that Kestner's knock sounded on the door of suite seventeen in that rookery of migratory birds known as the Alambo.

He knew the type well enough, for in Paris and Buda-Pesth and Monte Carlo and Trouville his work had only too often taken him into such quarters. He was familiar enough with each sordid detail, the entrance of gilt and marble and plush, the belittered breakfast-trays at bedroom doors, the kimonoed figures that visited from floor to floor and calmly arranged hydrogenated hair in elevator-mirrors, the overflow of cocktail glasses and beer bottles ungarnered by slatternly chambermaids, the mingled odors of musty carpets and house-pets and Turkish cigarettes.

It puzzled Kestner not a little, as he re-

peated his knock and stood prepared for any emergency, to find adequate excuse for Maura Lambert's presence in such a place. Then all thought on the matter ended, for he heard a light step cross the room, and a moment later found himself staring into the somewhat startled eyes of Maura Lambert herself.

It was plain that she was not expecting him. He could see that he had taken her unawares, for over one arm she carried a low-necked gown of white chiffon cloth embellished with dotted net and lace and ribbon-flowers. This she must have been about to pack away in a traveling-bag, for one stood open in a shabby Morris-chair on the far side of the room. He noticed, too, that she was dressed for the street, and it did not surprise him to catch sight of her hat and gloves standing close beside the traveling-bag. Then he looked once more back at her face.

On the brow beneath the heavily massed chestnut hair was a small frown of wonder.

"You wanted to see me," was Kestner's casual reminder, as he advanced a trifle, that the door might not be swung shut between him and the one woman he desired to see. Even as she looked at him her self-possession seemed to return to her.

"I asked if I might come to see you," she amended, with her wide-raised eyes still fixed on his face.

"But you said it was urgent," argued her visitor.

"It *is* urgent," she admitted.

"Then shall I come in?" he quietly inquired.

"Yes," she said with an abstraction which implied her mind was occupied by other and more troubling things.

Kestner, as he stepped into the room, swept the place with one of his quick and comprehensive glances. Through a door opening into a small bedroom he caught sight of a partly packed trunk. On the bed beside it was a disordered tumble of clothing, the litter of wrapping paper about it implying that much of that apparel was newly bought. These quickly comprehended details gave to the place a spirit of transiency. They made it plain to the newcomer that he had interrupted Maura Lambert in some sudden movement towards flight. And again, as he stared into her face, his earlier suspicions as to the possibility of a trap returned to him.

"Won't you sit down?" she said, quietly motioning him towards a chair.

"Thank you," he answered, as formally as though his call had been a social one.

Before seating himself, however, he moved his chair back until it stood against the wall of the room. This was an announcement, he knew, of his latent distrust in her and her motives. Yet the movement seemed lost on her, though Kestner reminded himself that in the past she had proved herself a capable enough actress. He even wondered, as he gazed about those small and dingy chambers, how often the antique games of blackmail had been played between their faded walls. He also pondered the fact that she would be an especially valuable woman at such work, with her incongruous air of purity and other-worldliness, her undeniable beauty, her almost boy-like unconcern of sex.

Yet the next moment, as he looked back at the intent face with its inapposite flower-like appeal, he resented the very thought of her as a pawn in anything so sordid as the panel-game. It was unbelievable.

"You should not have come here," she said, after several moments of thought.

"Why not?" demanded Kestner.

"Because it is dangerous," was her answer.

"For whom?"

There was a touch of cynicism in his smile, but she chose to disregard it. Her brow did not lose its look of troubled thought. "For you," she answered.

"But not for you?" he inquired.

"For both of us," she amended. He won a thin and wintry pleasure from the thought that they were bracketed together, if only by peril.

"Then why did you send for me?" was his next question.

There was a shadow of reproof in her eyes at the obliquity of that inquiry. "I did not send for you," she reminded him. "I asked to come to you."

"For what reason?"

Her eyes were again studying his face. He was struck by both their fearlessness and their lack of guile. That strange life of hers, he felt, must have beaten down those flimsier reticences and privacies of sex behind which youth, as a rule, sat with its illusions. "I wanted to see if we could possibly come to terms," she finally announced.

It took an effort for Kestner to retain his pose of impersonality. "What terms?" he quietly inquired.

"That is what we must decide on," she said in the same tone of solemn candor.

"Why?" demanded her visitor, still fencing for time.

"Because I can't go on like this," she replied with a listlessly tragic movement of the hands, "nothing can go on like this!"

"I know it," was Kestner's quiet retort.

She did not resent any note of triumph that may have been in his voice. Her brow still wore its look of troubled thought.

"It isn't you that I'm afraid of," she announced, the abstraction of her tone taking all sting from the statement.

"Then what is it?" he asked, lamenting the fact that he could not see her face.

"It's myself," she answered after a moment's hesitation. "I can't go on with this. I've got to get away from it!" The violet-blue eyes were once more courageously meeting Kestner's unparticipating stare. "You remember what you told me in Palermo? How father and I could never keep on at this sort of work, how it must go from bad to worse, and always lead to one end, and only one end? Well, that is the way it is leading. When we worked together we always felt safe. But we were safe only because we kept together."

"And you're not keeping together?" Kestner inquired.

"We can't," was her almost tragic answer.

"Are you willing to tell me why?"

"I'm compelled to tell you why."

"What is it?" he asked.

When she spoke, after a pause, she unconsciously lowered her voice. "It's Morello!"

"Has he anything to do with your being here?" Kestner demanded.

"He has everything to do with my being here. I came here to escape him. I chose this place because I knew he would come to a place like this last. He knows how I hate such things!"

Kestner was watching her narrowly.

"What does your father say about it?" he demanded.

There was a momentary look of revolt in the brooding violet-blue eyes. "That is the hopeless part of it all," she acknowledged. "He is willing that I should go with Morello. Something has made him change.

He doesn't seem willing to help me any more!"

"But without you he is helpless?"

"Without me, as things are, he cannot go on with the work he has been doing," she admitted.

"Why?" asked Kestner.

She did not answer him at once. Instead, she rose to her feet, crossed the room to her open traveling-bag, and from its depths took out a parcel wrapped in a strip of green baize. This parcel was small, and oblong in shape, but as she walked back to her chair with it, it impressed Kestner as being of considerable weight. "Because here," she said as she held the baize-covered bundle, "I have all the plates with which his new counterfeits were to be printed!"

Kestner sat staring at her as she slowly undid that innocent-looking oblong parcel covered with its green baize wrapper. His pulse quickened a little as he caught the glint of polished metal. There were eight plates, he could see, each padded by an oblong of red blotting-paper trimmed to the size of the plate itself.

Maura Lambert looked up and saw the Secret Agent's eyes studying the sheets of metal that lay in her lap. "It's only natural for you not to believe me any more. I can't even ask you to accept my word. But these," she went on, as she touched the plates with her finger-tips, "you can recognize at a glance. I want you to take them. That will show you I am being sincere!"

She was holding them out to him, but he did not reach for them. Yet the irony of the situation did not escape him. Here he sat face to face with the cleverest counterfeiter in all Europe, the woman he had pursued half way round the world, and she of her own free will was handing over to him the fateful pieces of engraved metal which had once stood the end and object of all that pursuit. It was too good to be true.

"You *must* believe me!" she cried out, startled by the look of doubt that had swept over his face.

"Why?" he demanded.

"Because I am asking you to help me!" she said with a forlornness of tone which touched him even against his will.

"But how can I do that now?"

"By letting things stand as they are," was her quick



retort. "By dropping this persecution of me and my father and giving me the chance of going back to Europe!"

Kestner was watching her closely. "Who told you to ask for this?" he demanded.

"I am asking it for myself," was her reply. "And in asking it I can give you the promise there will be no need for further action on your part."

"By that, you mean no more counterfeiting?"

"Yes."

"But can you answer for your father, and for Morello, when you venture that promise?"

"No; I can't answer for them," she acknowledged, as she looked down at the plates on her knee. Then she turned back to Kestner again. "But, don't you see, without these to print from they will be helpless. They can't carry out what they have planned, without plates. And without me they can never make more!"

"But it's not in my hands," he protested. "I'm only one small cog in the wheels of a huge machine they call the law."

"But what does that machine gain by grinding us down, now? What good can it do you, or your government, or the whole world, if you keep me from going back to the decent life I want to live? All I want

is the chance to get away, to save myself from worse things than you can face me with! And you won't even believe me!"

Kestner sat for several moments without speaking.

"You must rather despise me," he ventured, as his meditative eyes met hers.

"Not so much as I despise myself!" was her slightly embittered answer.

"And I don't blame you

—for anything. I think I understand, now. Sometimes I've been almost glad that you were doing what you were.

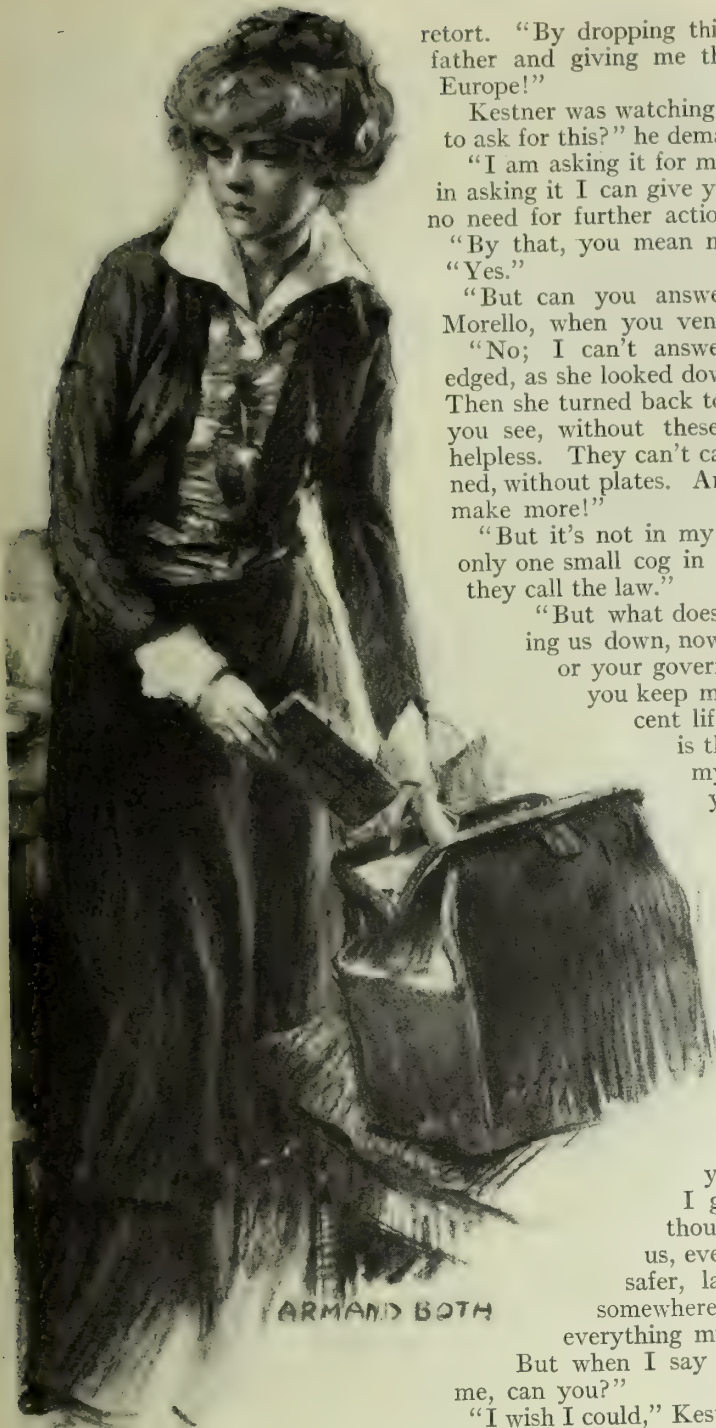
I got a sort of relief from the thought that you were following us, every move we made. I've felt safer, lately, remembering you were somewhere near, even if it was to undo everything my father had been working for.

But when I say that, too, you can't believe me, can you?"

"I wish I could," Kestner admitted. He found himself speaking with an earnestness of which on second thought he felt slightly ashamed. He was still torturing

his soul with the query as to how much of all she said was genuine and how much was trickery.

"Here," said Maura to Kestner, "I have all the plates with which father's new counterfeiters were to be printed."





"Wait,"
Maura
whispered as
she pointed to-
wards the door.

But he could not forget the fact that she was Paul Lambert's daughter and the agent through whom

that
master-

her last word had been said. And in that very abnegation of appeal, he felt, she was circuitously assailing his will and breaking down his resolution.

She must have caught from his eyes some vague look of capitulation, for she raised her head, as though to speak to him. But she did not open her lips, and no word passed between them.

For at that moment the silence was broken by another and a quite unexpected sound. It came in the form of a sudden knock on the door, a peremptory and authoritative knock which caused Kestner's figure to stiffen in its chair, and, the next moment, brought him, alert and tingling, to his feet.

He did not look at the door, for he was watching the woman before whom he stood, wondering if this marked the consummation of her undeciphered plan, speculating as to what his next step should be. Then he suddenly remembered the messenger boy and his undelivered message. Kestner was able to breathe more freely. It left him with still a shadow of hope as to her integrity.

He could see her as she sat there, with her gaze fixed on the locked door. She had made no movement, and she had not changed color. But as the knock was repeated, more peremptorily than before, her whole face altered. There seemed to be a narrowing of vision, a hardening of the lines about the sensitive mouth, a masking of the spirit which a moment earlier had stood before him like an open book. She was running truer to type, he felt, in that newer pose. It was a nearer approach to what he had expected of her.

"Who is that?" he demanded in a whisper.

The woman sitting in the chair did not

criminal
had planned
to debauch a na-

tion's currency with counterfeit money.

They sat there, facing each other in one of those pregnant silences which sometimes come when wide issues are at stake. Kestner remembered that she was beleaguering him with none of the artifices of sex. There was something almost judicial in her impassivity, as though her case had been put and

answer him. But she made a quick and terrified motion for silence. Then she rose to her feet, glancing wide-eyed about the room.

"Who is that?" again demanded Kestner as he lifted his revolver from its pocket.

Still she did not answer him. But a look of mute protest leaped into her eyes as she saw his firearm.

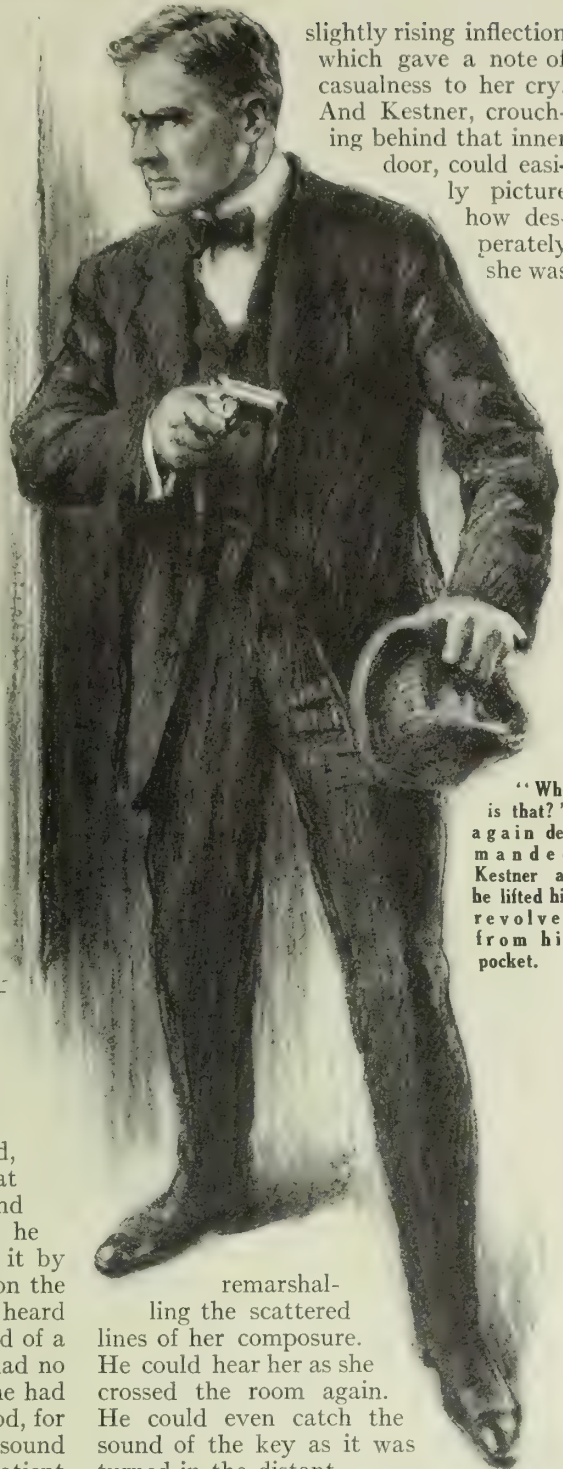
"Wait," she implored in a whisper. She gave him the impression of being afraid to speak. But her eyes seemed to appeal to him for help, touched with the pathos of an animal to whom the power of speech has not been given. And for a moment, in the teeth of the odds that were against her, he believed in her.

"Wait," she whispered again as she pointed towards the door of the dingy little bedroom behind him. He understood her gesture. But for a moment he hesitated, staring down into her face. It was quite colorless, by this time, and oddly twisted, as a child's face is sometimes contorted with pain. But her hand was still stretched half imploringly towards that dingy room in the rear.

Then as the knock was repeated, he stepped silently back through that second door, with his hat in one hand and his revolver in the other. Then he quietly closed the door and secured it by the heavy brass bolt which he found on the inside. At the same moment he heard the rustle of her skirts and the sound of a key being turned in the lock. He had no time to deliberate on the fact that she had locked him in the room where he stood, for in the next breath he could hear the sound of her voice, addressed to the impatient knocker at the outer door.

"Just a moment," she called out with a

slightly rising inflection which gave a note of casualness to her cry. And Kestner, crouching behind that inner door, could easily picture how desperately she was



"Who is that?" again demanded Kestner as he lifted his revolver from his pocket.

remarshaling the scattered lines of her composure. He could hear her as she crossed the room again. He could even catch the sound of the key as it was turned in the distant lock.

ALFRED BETH

He knew the door had been opened, but

no sound reached his ears. He heard the thud of the door as it was swung shut again. But still no sound of voices came to the listener in the inner room.

That listener suddenly caught his breath, clapped his hat on his head, and swung about. For a moment the suspicion flashed through him that Maura Lambert had cleverly given him the slip. His fingers were already lifted to the brass draw-bolt when the silence was broken by the sound of a laugh, an open-throated and deep-chested laugh of mockery that was not pleasant to hear. Then a voice spoke.

"You are not glad—that I have come!"

And Kestner, as he listened there, knew that the voice was the voice of Morello.

It was by no means a feeling of fear that surged through the man imprisoned in that squalid inner room of the Alambo, as he heard the voice of his old-time enemy. It was more an incongruous feeling of deliverance, of relief at the thought that Maura Lambert had not as yet betrayed him. Then he stood again listening, for the sound of voices was once more coming from the outer room.

"How dare you come here?" he could hear the woman demand.

He could hear Morello's repeated laugh of mockery, and then the sound of the Neapolitan's voice.

"I can come anywhere now," was Morello's careless answer. There was an audacity in that declaration which seemed new to the man; it was not without its effect on the woman confronting him.

"But what right have you to come here?" she repeated in a voice which quavered a little, in spite of herself.

From some apartment nearby the strident notes of a piano struck up, as a vaudeville team settled down to determined rehearsals of an undetermined ragtime hit. Over and over the syncopated music was repeated, providing a raucous and ceaseless accompaniment for the dialog taking place in Number Seventeen. That tumult of sound compelled Kestner to place his ear flat against the panel of the intervening door, that none of the talk might escape him in the general din.

"What right have you to keep me out?" he could hear Morello demand. And again there was the sound of the full-throated

laugh, but this time it was quite without mirth.

"You have been drinking!" proclaimed the accusatory voice of the woman.

"Have I?" was the heavy retort of her tormentor. It was plain that he had stepped closer to her. "And what if I have? When I want a thing, I get it!"

"Tony!" cried the reedlike voice of the other, in sharp command.

"Bah!" cried back the scoffing voice. "Do not talk to me as though I were a child. The time for that is over!"

"And the time for this sort of nonsense is over," countered the woman. She had backed away from him, apparently, and was standing quite close to the bedroom door. Kestner, in the brief lapse of silence that followed, could catch the sound of her breathing. Then the neighboring piano struck up a louder tumult, and he could hear only Morello's voice again.

"Do you think you can get away from me?" the Neapolitan was saying. "No, *signorita*, it is too late in the game for that! You are one of us, and you will stay one of us! Always!"

"You have nothing to do with what I am, or what I intend to be," was Maura Lambert's defiant retort.

"No; that is already settled. You can not get away from that, any more than you can get away from me. You came here, thinking I would not find you. And the next morning I am here. And on still the next morning I will be here!"

"My father would kill you for this!" he could hear the frightened girl cry out. And the next moment he could hear Morello's laugh of careless disdain.

"He would kill me, would he? And two days ago he sent me to you, and said just what I have said to-day!"

"That is a lie!" Maura Lambert called out. "You know what happened to Ferrone, two winters ago in Capri! He talked that way, and he went to Corfu with a bullet in his arm! And when Shoenbein insisted on insulting me, as you are doing, my father followed him to Abbazia, and he was in the hospital at Fiume for over three weeks!"

"Yes," mocked Morello, "he watched over you then, because you were of use to him. He watched over you the same as a circus manager watches over an animal in a cage! Oh, yes; he took good care of you

—the same care that a track-racer takes of his horse! He took care of you because he had use for you. He kept others away so that you could serve him and his criminal ends."

"That's not true! You know it's not true! He kept my life clean, he kept it decent, no matter what it cost, because he was my father and he cared for me!"

"How much has he cared?" demanded Morello. "The same as a crook cares for his caper! The same as a rabbit-hunter cares for his ferret! And when he thinks you can not be of use to him, he will drop you, the same as he would drop an old shoe!"

Kestner had to strain his ear to catch the girl's answer above the din of the piano-pounding in the nearby apartment.

"That is my father you are speaking of," he could hear the quavering voice reply, and it rose in pitch as the phrase was repeated, "my father—do you hear!"

Still again the sound of Morello's heavy laughter filled the outer room.

"So he's your father," he scoffed. "Then I call him a fine kind of a father! Ha, a fine father, wasn't he, to take all those years to train you as a forger! A fine father to take a young girl and show her the secrets

of counterfeiting, and keep her at it, until she was the best steel-

"Your father!" Morello cried. "He is no more your father than I am!"



engraver in the business! He was a kind man, was he not, to take you out of a convent, when he found you were clever with a pen and brush, and put you to copying postage-stamps and Austrian bank-notes and let you think it was for museum exhibitions! That was a fine trick, was it not? He was a fine father when he tried to match you off with that check-forgery Carlesi, that smooth-tongued cutthroat who had

swindled his way from Messina to Berlin and back before you had stopped playing with your dolls! Ah, I see you remember Carlesi!"

"I don't want to hear any more of this!" cried the girl. "I can't listen to——"

"But you must hear more of this," contended the other, losing himself more and more in that fiery torrent of words as he went on. "And you are going to hear it now. I, myself, Antonio Morello, have something to say about that. Carlesi you remember; yes; and you will never forget him. This man you call your father planned you should marry him—you, a girl of eighteen, and Carlesi already hunted out of Berne and Vienna and Buda-Pesth by the police! Do you know *why* he planned that marriage? I will tell you why. He saw he was losing his hold over you, and he was afraid. He needed you in his work. He had spent years in making you what you were. But he saw you were beginning to be restless, that your heart was not at rest, that you might break away from him! And he wanted to tie you down, for his own use. He wanted to chain you to where he had placed you, the same as a dog is tied to its kennel. And Carlesi was to be the chain to hold you there!"

"That is not true!" moaned the girl.

"Ha, so it is not true? And it is not true, that night in Perugia, in the villa where by chance you found the first printing-press? That night when Carlesi tried to come through the window, after you had quarreled with him in the garden. That was your father's villa, on that night, and Carlesi could never have come to that window without your father's consent. No, this fine father of yours knew what Carlesi was going to do. That was part of the plan. But you shot Carlesi as he pushed his way in through the window. Ah, you remember that, too! You shot him, through the curtains, and he fell back into the garden. That was something which this man Lambert had not looked for. It changed his plans. But it did not end them. He was too clever for that!"

"I will not listen," cried the desperate girl. "I will not listen to this!"

"You must listen. For it is time you heard these things. You killed Carlesi. And he fell into the garden, and your father took care of the body. He covered up the crime and promised that no one should

know. It took much money. That was explained to you, and that was why, the next day, you forged the signatures to the Paris Electric certificates which had been stolen a month before. Lambert knew, then, that he had you under his thumb. You had killed a man, and no one must know. It was the secret between you and your father. It was the chain that held you down. And Carlesi dead was worth even more to him than Carlesi alive!"

"Oh, don't—don't!" sobbed the girl. "Don't go on with this!"

But Morello was not to be stopped.

"You killed Carlesi. You leaned out of the window and saw your father carry the body away. You saw it, with your own eyes. But you did not see everything. You did not see where he was taken. You did not see that he was still alive, and that in three weeks' time he was given four thousand *lire* on condition that he go to America and never be seen back in Italy!"

"What do you mean by that?" gasped the breathless girl.

"I mean what I have said. You did not kill Carlesi. It was this fine father of yours who lied to you, who made you think you had murdered a man!"

"This can't be true—it can't!"

"I can prove it is true. I can bring this man Carlesi to you, and then you will know. He will point out the bullet-wound, with his own finger. Then you will understand who the liar is!"

The girl's voice was so quiet that the listening Kestner could scarcely catch her next words as she spoke.

"My father would never lie to me like that! He would never do that!"

It was then that Morello exploded his final devastating truth at her.

"Your father!" he cried. "*He is no more your father than I am!*"

Kestner, as he stood there leaning against the faded panel of that locked door which separated him from those passionately contending voices, retained little memory of where he was.

All he heard and comprehended were those words of Morello's, the words which seemed to solve at one stroke the engima of Maura Lambert's life. They flashed light into the deepest corner of a mystery which from the first he had been unable to explain or explore. They brought to him a sudden

yet undecipherable sense of elation. They not only carried with them a readjustment of the entire case, but also the consciousness that his interest in the career of this girl, who had been driven into crime under compulsion, was more than a professional interest. And he did not lament the discovery. It left him with something to live for, something to work for.

But Kestner could give no further thought to the matter, for the girl on the other side of the door was already speaking again. The timbre of her voice had altered. It seemed touched with fear, and at the same time with exaltation. It carried, even above the trivial noises of that sordid rookery of sordid lives, the note of a soul which found itself confronted by issues wider than it could understand.

"That can't be true!" she sobbed. "It can't!"

"You do not believe? No! That is natural," Morello cried back at her. "They have made all your life a lie. But when I show you Carlesi, face to face, will you believe?"

"I can't believe it!" Yet for all that protest her voice carried a note of tremulous rhapsody which even Kestner could detect. And Morello, glorying in the discovery that he was upsetting her world about her, that he was leaving her nothing stable, nothing on which to rely, let the tide of his grim purpose carry him along.

"You will come with me, and then you will know. I do not ask you to believe. You will see, with your own eyes. And then you will know. You will know what I know, that Paul Lambert is not your father, that he robbed your father in Civita-vecchia when he went there dying of Roman fever. Lambert had been sent there from Paris, to steal maps of the fort. But instead of stealing the maps, he stole you. He saw you were a clever child and that he could make use of you. He took you to a convent in Switzerland. You will remember that. And when he took you out of that convent he began training you for his work. Already he was a forger; yes, a good forger. He forged the papers in which you always believed, the papers about yourself. Then you know what he did. You know how he——"

Kestner, straining to catch every word, heard Morello's voice trail off into sudden silence. In that silence, for a second or

two, he could hear nothing but the stridently muffled notes of the distant piano and the far-away rattle and clank of an elevator door-grill as it slid shut on its runway. Then he caught the unmistakable sound of a woman's gasp of terror and surprise.

Immediately following that strange gasp came another sound, the sound of a newer and deeper voice sounding in the room just beyond the locked door.

"You welcher!" boomed out that sterner and harsher voice. And the cry was repeated, slowly and deliberately, but in a tone even more passionate. "You dirty welcher!"

Kestner could see nothing of what had taken place or was then taking place. But as he heard that voice he knew it was Lambert himself speaking, Lambert who must have stepped quietly into the room while the Neapolitan was pouring out his volcanic utterances to the bewildered woman in front of him.

He waited there, motionless and breathless, as that silence of only a few seconds prolonged itself into something which to straining nerves seemed almost interminable.

Then, above the din of the Alambo's many activities, came still another sound. It was not loud. It was a sound not unlike that of one board being dropped flat on another, or of two books being slapped together to rid them of dust.

It was a sound that might have been accepted as the distant explosion of gases in the exhaust of a back-firing automobile, or, to the uninitiated ear, as the quick slam of a door. But to Kestner it meant something quite different. It was a sound which he had heard on more than one occasion, and always with a feeling of nettling nerve-ends.

Almost before the meaning of that sound had fully registered itself on his startled consciousness there was a second and less determinate sound. The floor under Kestner's feet quivered a little with the concussion of some sudden weight imposed upon it.

But the Secret Agent no longer stood there inactive. That telltale thud brought his hand up to the brass draw-bolt. Even when this was released, however, he found the door still locked. He could not distinctly remember whether he cried out or not. But he at least knew that he was



DRAWN BY ARMAND BOTH

Kestner heard a shot, a crash of a body to the floor. Then he wheeled



and caught up an armchair and swung it down upon the locked door.

struggling and straining ineffectually against a locked door, and losing valuable time.

Then he wheeled about and ran back into the center of the room. There he caught up a slattern-cushioned armchair, letting the cushions fall about as he raised it high above his head. Then, swinging back to the locked door, he brought the chair-legs with a shattering crash against the faded panels. That quick blow splintered the edge of the door, breaking away the mortised lock and leaving it free to swing outward into the next room.

Kestner, dropping the chair, stepped into that next room.

On the floor, half-way between the bedroom and the opened door leading to the hall, lay Morello.

Kestner stooped over him. There was a small blue hole in the man's forehead, just above the nose-bridge where the black-haired eyebrows met, and from the back of the head the skull had been blown entirely away.

Kestner stepped to the hall door and shut and locked it. Then he picked up the revolver which Lambert must have thrown back into the room as he fled. The Secret Agent's fingers were a little unsteady as, from force of habit, he examined this revolver and found the cartridge of one chamber empty. But he dropped the firearm, without emotion, close beside Morello's outstretched right hand. Then he peered quickly and inquiringly about the room.

The package of plates was no longer there. On the floor was the piece of green baize in which they had been wrapped, but the delicately chased oblongs of metal were gone. Gone too was the traveling-bag and the hat and gloves which had stood beside it.

And with them, Kestner suddenly realized, Maura Lambert had once more slipped away from him.

The car rose to his floor, in response to his frantic pushes on the bell-button. A second later he was shooting down toward the office.

"Did a tall man and a girl with a leather bag go down here a moment ago?" Kestner asked the close-cropped negro-boy operating the car. That youth's heavily impersonal face lightened into sudden interest as he felt a coin pressed into his hand.

"Yas, sah, dat young woman wen' down

ahbout two minutes ago! But th' tall gen'elmun, I see him go down by th' sta'ahs, sah."

Kestner stepped from the elevator-car to the office-desk.

"I think you had better call a policeman," he said to the pale-eyed clerk, still bent over his desk. "A man has just been murdered in Number Seventeen!"

"A man's been *what*?"

"If you want me later ring me up," cried back Kestner as he made for the door of the Alambo. Outside that door his quick eye fell on Wilsnach himself. His colleague of the Service was holding by the arm a small and vigorously protesting messenger-boy.

"There's th' guy I want!" was that youth's triumphant cry as Kestner made a spring for them.

"What's wrong here?" barked out the Secret Agent.

"This gink's tryin' to butt into my business. He comes up on th' run an' grabs me after I hand over that message o' yours!"

"Where did you hand it?"

"W'y, to th' dame herself as she hops into a taxi an' beats it for Broadway without even waitin' to sign for it!"

Kestner wheeled about and stared eastward. There was no taxi in sight. "Was she alone?" was his next quick query.

"Yep!"

"Not with a tall man of about fifty?"

"Oh, that ol' guy grabbed th' first taxi an' got away as though he was answerin' a three-alarm call. That was b'fore th' dame wit' th' bag come out o' the hotel!"

"We're too late!" gasped Kestner.

He suddenly turned about and caught Wilsnach by the coat-sleeve. "You got that man Carlesi?" he demanded. And his heart went down as he read the answer on Wilsnach's somewhat bewildered face, even before his lips spoke the words.

"I thought I had him cornered, but he gave me the slip!"

Kestner's hand dropped. "O God, what a mess for one morning!" he breathed aloud.

Wilsnach stepped back a little and stared at his superior. "But this man Carlesi is only small potatoes," argued Wilsnach. "He's nothing but——"

"Never mind what he is," cut in Kestner, "we've got to get that man if it takes us round the world!"

Keep on the trail of Maura, and the slippery gang o' counterfeiters—in the sixth story next month (February) on sale everywhere January 29.

Hearsts

A detailed illustration of a woman with dark brown, wavy hair tied with a small blue bow. She is resting her head on her right hand, looking directly at the viewer with a soft expression. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, garment. The background is a soft, out-of-focus mix of green and yellow.

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"Heart
of the
Sunset"

By **Rex Beach** ★

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My Valentine

"Your picture in my heart is framed,
Good soup so rich and fine.
Of all I cherish, you are named
My dearest Valentine.

"You cheer and comfort and sustain.
You meet the daily need.
The bounteous feast, the menu plain—
You grace them both, indeed!

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Or things are out of joint,
Your potent aid is always near.
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JUSTICE

by Jessie J. Montague

State versus Avarice, second conviction:
Charge is receiving young children for gain.
Lower tribunal without jurisdiction.
Language of statute is perfectly plain.
In suits that are ruled by the state conclusion.
Charges of this kind have no proper place.
Recommend plaintiff for false prosecution.
Discharge the defendant—Call the next case.

State versus Knavery, charge, defalcation.
Used his depositor's funds as his own.
Left them destitute of wage of starvation.
Crime purposely concealingly shown.
Defendant avers possession, competency.
Would reap, necessarily, dreadful day's end.
Seems deeply moved and professes repentance.
Sentence suspended—Call the next case.

State versus Poverty, charge, defalcation.
Man out of work, and the next defense.
Lending, speaks for a sort of election.
Defendant admit all the charges are true.
Children in court with an equal mother.
Prayer, begged for that discredited the race.
We must get the law enforced, some way or other.
No one silver with them! Call the next case.



The War On

By Elbert
Drawing by

SOMETHING recently happened in Europe, growing out of the War, which is bigger in its far-reaching influence than even the War itself.

This is the Russian victory over John Barleycorn.

The Czar of all the Russias has issued a Ukase to the effect that the Russian nation will no longer manufacture or deal in strong drink, nor allow others to do so.

And a second proclamation has been issued by the Czar to the effect that at the close of the war the manufacture and sale of strong drink will not be resumed, but that the Russian nation is out of the business, now, always and forever.

Here is a world-making epoch, a pivotal point. It proves that Emerson's "Law of Compensation" was more than a poet's dream.

Out of the bad comes good; and the action of Russia came about in the most natural, simple, matter-of-course way in the world.

Centuries of agitation in English-speaking countries have been unable to effect what one little speech in the Russian House of Representatives brought about.

The question was, shall we use our grain for bread or for vodka?

The Czar then, on the authority of the Duma, as head of the nation, issued the ukase.

Temperance agitation, beginning with Father Mathew in Ireland, moving to



John Barleycorn Hubbard

Charles A. Winter

England, covering America with the aid of John B. Gough, John Sobieski, St. John of Kansas, Frances Willard of Illinois; all these combined, with their thousands of helpers, never convinced the conscience of the world in the way the unknown Russian peasant-statesman reached the hearts of his hearers via their pocketbooks.

And here, in part, is his argument:

"The Russian nation holds a monopoly on the manufacture and sale of strong drink.

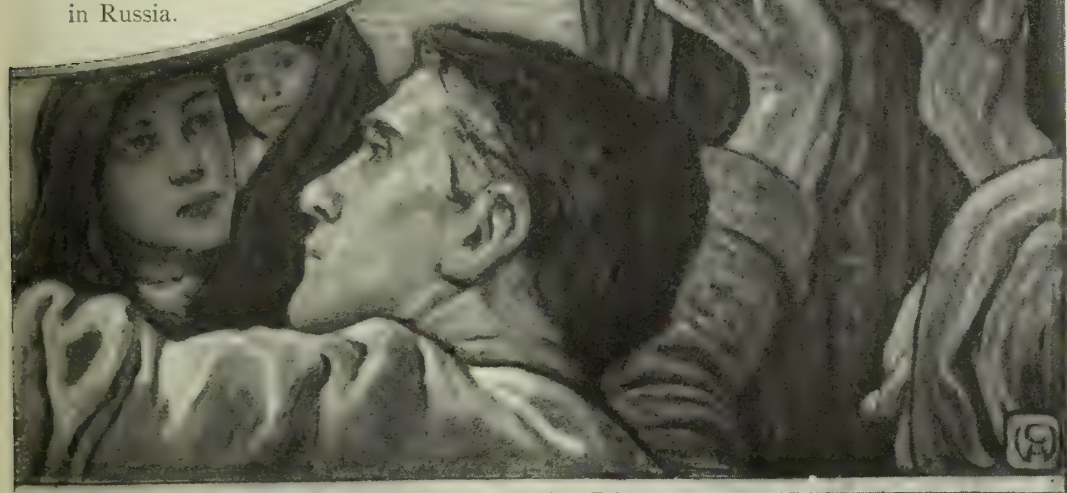
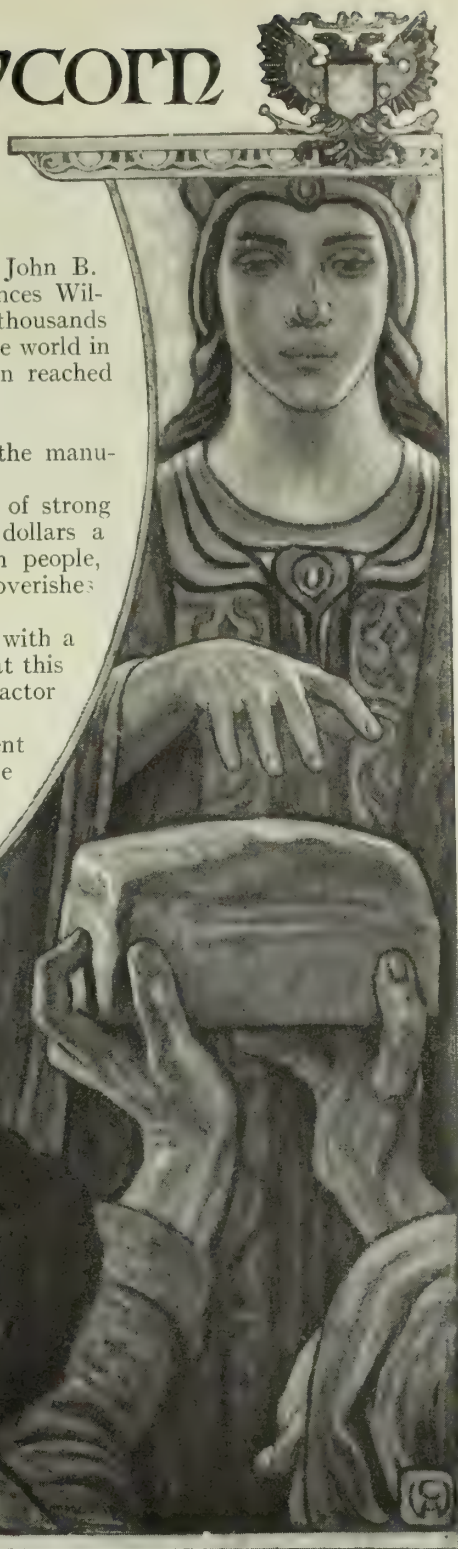
"Our income from the manufacture and sale of strong drink has been about four hundred million dollars a year. But this money comes from our own people, and that which makes our people poor, impoverishes the nation.

"We are now engaged in a terrific struggle with a powerful enemy. There are those who say that this enemy can only be subdued by the deciding factor of famine.

"We are now told officially that the Government owns wheat, rye, and oats to the extent of one hundred and fifty million bushels.

"This grain was purchased for the manufacture of vodka. The question now arises: Shall we use this grain for the manufacture of vodka or shall we set it apart for bread to feed our people?"

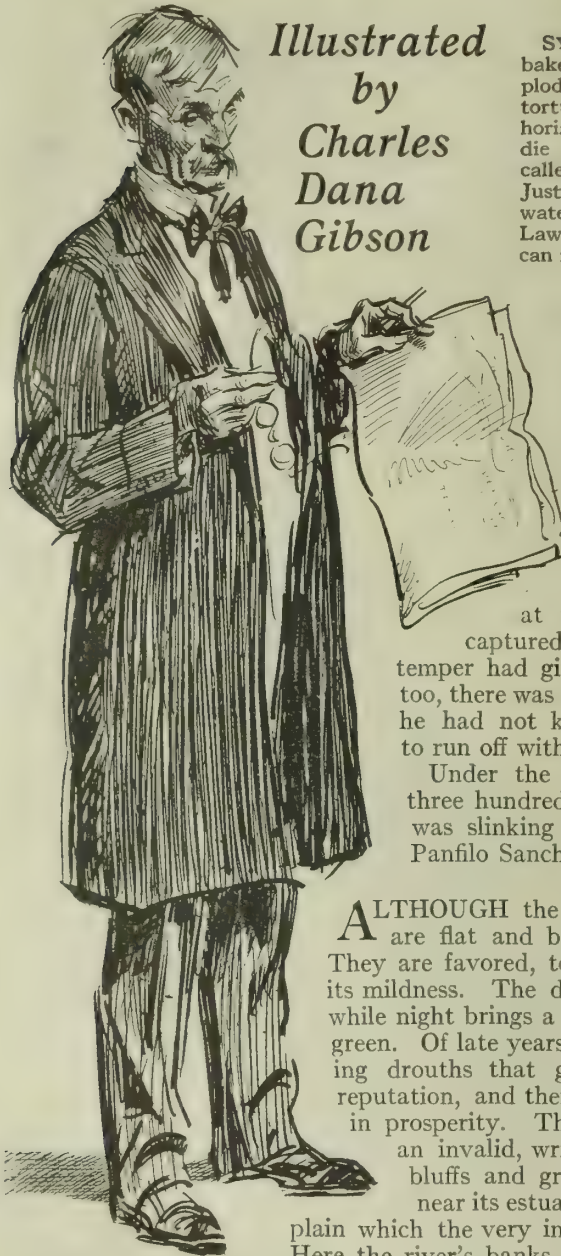
Right then, on the spot, a resolution was passed canceling the manufacture and sale of all strong drink in Russia.



Heart of the Sunset

by the Author of "The Auction Block ;

*Illustrated
by
Charles
Dana
Gibson*



SYNOPSIS: Alone through a Texan waste, sun-baked, waterless, down near the Mexican border, plodded a woman, on and on: her every step a torture. Somewhere beyond the shimmering horizon lay a water-hole. She must reach it or die of thirst. This woman was Alaire Austin, called the "Lone Star" because of her beauty. Just as the night closes in, she staggers to the water-hole, and into the arms of a stranger, David Law, a ranger, waiting there to capture a Mexican murderer. Those two, Alaire and Law, spend

"**L**IFE must be sweet to men like Law, who are free and happy," mused Alaire as she rode with the Ranger and his prisoner through the starlight.

But the object of Alaire Austin's envy was not so completely at peace with himself as she supposed. Even yet the Ranger's mind was in a black turmoil from his recent anger at the Mexican murderer whom he had captured, and of late, be it said, these spells of temper had given him cause for uneasiness. Then, too, there was a lie upon his lips. He had told Alaire he had not killed Panfilo Sanchez, who had tried to run off with his horse.

Under the stars, at the break of the arroyo, three hundred yards below the water-hole, a coyote was slinking in a wide circle around the body of Panfilo Sanchez.

ALTHOUGH the lower counties of southwest Texas are flat and badly watered, they possess a rich soil. They are favored, too, by a kindly climate, sub-tropic in its mildness. The days are long and bright and breezy, while night brings a drenching dew that keeps the grasses green. Of late years there have been few of those distressing drouths that gave this part of the State an evil reputation, and there has been a corresponding increase in prosperity. The Rio Grande, jaundiced, erratic as an invalid, wrings its saffron blood from the clay bluffs and gravel canyons of the hill country, but near its estuary winds quietly through a low coastal plain which the very impurities of that flood have enriched. Here the river's banks are smothered in thickets of huisache, ebony, mesquite, oak, and alamo.

Railroads, those vitalizing nerve-fibers of commerce, are so scarce along this division of the border, that even in this day when we boast, or lament, that we no longer have a frontier, there remain in Texas sections,

"That Miz Austin is a money-makin' piece of furniture," old Blaze Jones told his daughter Paloma; "if I was younger—I'd organize myself up, and do away with her husband, and marry her. She's a heart-breakin' device."

Rex Beach

"The Spoilers"; "The Silver Horde"; etc.

the night together in the open. On the evening of the morrow she hides while Law captures not one but two Mexicans. The second man is Panfilo Sanchez, a ranch hand of Alaire's. Law releases him at her request, but the man tries to steal his horse, and Law pursues and shoots him though he does not tell her. Then Alaire, and Law with his prisoner, start toward their big adventure.

larger than some of our eastern states, which hear the sound of iron wheels only on their boundaries. To travel from Brownsville north along the international line, one must, for several hundred miles, avail oneself of horses, mules, or motor-cars, since rail transportation is almost lacking. And on his way the traveler will cross whole countries where the houses are *jacals*, where English is a foreign tongue, and where peons plow their fields with crooked sticks as did the ancient Egyptians.

That part of the State which lies below the Nueces River was for a time disputed territory, and long after Texans had given their lives to drive



the eagle of Mexico across the Rio Grande, much of it remained a forbidden land. Even to-day it is alien. It is a part of our South-land, but a South different to any other that we have. Within it there are no blacks, and yet the whites number but one in twenty. The rest are swarthy, dark-haired men who speak the Spanish tongue, and whose citizenship is mostly a matter of form.

The stock men, pushing ahead of the nesters and the tillers of the soil, were the first to invade the lower Rio Grande, and among these "Old Ed" Austin was a pioneer. Out of the unmapped prairie he had hewed a foothold, and there, among surroundings as Mexican as Mexico, he had laid the beginnings of his fortune.

Of "Old Ed's" early life strange stories are told; like the other cattle barons he was hungry for land and took it where or how he could. There are tales of fertile sections, bought for ten cents an acre, tales of Mexican ranchers dispossessed by mortgage, by monte, or by any means that came to hand; stories even of some, more stubborn than the rest, who refused to feed the Austin greed for land and who remained on their farms to feed the buzzards, instead. Those were crude, old days; the pioneers who pushed their herds into the far pastures were lawless fellows, ruthless, acquisitive, mastered by the empire-builder's urge for acres and still more acres. They were the reclaimers, the men who seized and held, and then seized more, concerning themselves little or not at all with the moral law as applicable to both Mexican and white, and leaving it to the second generation to justify their acts, if ever justification was required.

As other ranches grew under the hands of such unregenerate owners, so also, under "Old Ed" Austin's management, did Las Palmas increase and prosper. The estate took its name from a natural grove of palms in which the house was built; it comprised an expanse of rich river-land, backed by miles of range where "Box A" cattle lived and bred. In his later years the old man sold much land, and some he leased; but when he handed Las Palmas to his son, "Young Ed," as a wedding gift, the ranch still remained a property to be proud of, and one that was known far and wide for its size and richness. Leaving his boy to work out of it a fortune for himself

and his bride, the father retired to San Antonio, whither the friends and cronies of his early days were drifting. There he settled down, and proceeded to finish his allotted span exactly as suited him best. The rancher's ideal of an agreeable old age comprised three important items; to wit, complete leisure, unlimited freedom of speech, and two pints of rye whisky daily. He enjoyed them all impartially, until, about a year before this story opens, he died profanely and comfortably. He had a big funeral and was sincerely mourned by a coterie of gouty old Indian-fighters.

Las Palmas had changed greatly since Austin, senior, painfully scrawled his slanting signature to the deed. It was a different ranch now to what the old man had known; indeed, it was doubtful if he would have recognized it, for even the house was new.

Alaire had some such thought in mind, as she rode up to the gate, on the afternoon following her departure from the water-hole, and she felt a thrill of pride at the acres of sprouting corn, the dense green fields of alfalfa so nicely fitted between their fences. They were like clean green squares of matting spread for the feet of summer.

A Mexican boy came running to care for her horse, a Mexican woman greeted her, as she entered the wide cool hall and went to her room. Alaire had ridden far. Part of the night had been spent at the Balli goat ranch, the remainder of the journey had been hot and dusty, and even yet she was not wholly recovered from her experience of the outward trip.

The house servants at Las Palmas were on the whole well-trained, and Mrs. Austin's periodic absences excited no comment; in the present instance, Dolores fixed a bath and laid out clean clothes with no more than a running accompaniment of chatter concerned with household affairs. Dolores, indeed, was superior to the ordinary servant; she was a woman of some managerial ability, and she combined the duties of personal maid with those of housekeeper. She was a great gossip, and possessed such talent for gaining information, that through her husband Benito, the range-boss, she was able to keep her mistress in fairly intimate touch with ranch matters.

Alaire, however, was at this moment in no mood to resume the tiresome details of management; she quickly dismissed her

servitor and proceeded to revel in the luxury of a cool bath, after which she took a nap. Later, as she leisurely dressed herself, she acknowledged that it was good to feel the physical comforts of her own house, even though her home-coming gave her no especial joy. She made it a religious practice to dress for dinner, regardless of Ed's absence, though often for weeks at a time she sat in solitary state, presiding over an empty table.

But Alaire looked forward to no lonely dinner to-night, for Ed was at home.

Dolores bustled in for a second time and straightway launched herself into a tirade against Juan, the horse-boy.

"Devil take me, if there was ever such a shameless fellow," she cried angrily. "He delights in tormenting me, and—*Dios!* He is lazier than a snake. Work? Bah! He abhors it. All day long he snaps his revolver and pretends to be a *bandido*, and when he is not risking hell's fire in that way he is whirling his riata and jumping through it. Useless capers! He ropes the dog, he ropes the rose bushes, he ropes fat Victoria, the cook, carrying a huge bowl of hot water to scald the ants' nest. Victoria's stomach is boiled red, altogether, and so painful that when she comes near the stove she curses in a way to chill your blood. What does he do this morning but fling his wicked loop over a calf's head and break off one of its little horns. It was terrible, but *Señor* Austin only laughed and told him he was a fine *vaquero*."

"Has Mr. Austin been here all the time?"

"Yes."

"Has he—drunk much?"

"Um-m—no more than common. He is on the gallery now with his cocktails."

"He knows I am at home?"

"I told him."

Alaire went on dressing. After a little she asked, "Has Benito finished branding in the south pasture?"

"He finished yesterday and sent the *remuda* to the Six Mile. José Sanchez will have completed the *rodeo* by this afternoon. Benito rode in last night to see you."

"By the way, you know José's cousin, Panfilo?"

"Si."

"Why did he leave Las Palmas?"

Dolores hesitated so long that her mistress turned upon her with a look of sharp inquiry.

"He went to La Feria, *señora*." Then in a lowered tone: "Mr. Austin ordered it. Suddenly, without warning, he sent him away, though Panfilo did not wish to go. Benito told me all about it."

"Why was he transferred? Come! What ails your tongue, Dolores?"

"Well, I keep my eyes open and my ears, too. I am no fool—" Dolores paused doubtfully.

"Yes, yes!"

Dolores drew closer. "Rosa Morales—you know the girl? Her father works the big pump engine at the river. Well, he is not above anything, that man; not above selling his own flesh and blood; and the girl is no better. She thinks about nothing except men, and she attends all the *bailes* for miles around, on both sides of the river. Panfilo loved her; he was mad about her. That's why he came here to work."

"They were engaged, were they not?"

"Truly. And Panfilo was jealous of any man who looked at Rosa. Now you can understand why—he was sent away." Dolores' sharp eyes narrowed meaningly. "*Señor* Ed has been riding towards the river every day, lately. Panfilo was furious, so—"

"I see! That is all I care to hear."

Alone, Alaire stood motionless for some time, her face fixed, her eyes unseeing, but later, when she met her husband in the dining-room, her greeting was no less civil than usual.

Ed acknowledged his wife's entrance with a careless nod, but did not trouble to remove his hands from his pockets. As he seated himself heavily at the table and with unsteady fingers shook the folds from his napkin, he said, "You stayed longer than you intended. Um-m—you were gone three days, weren't you?"

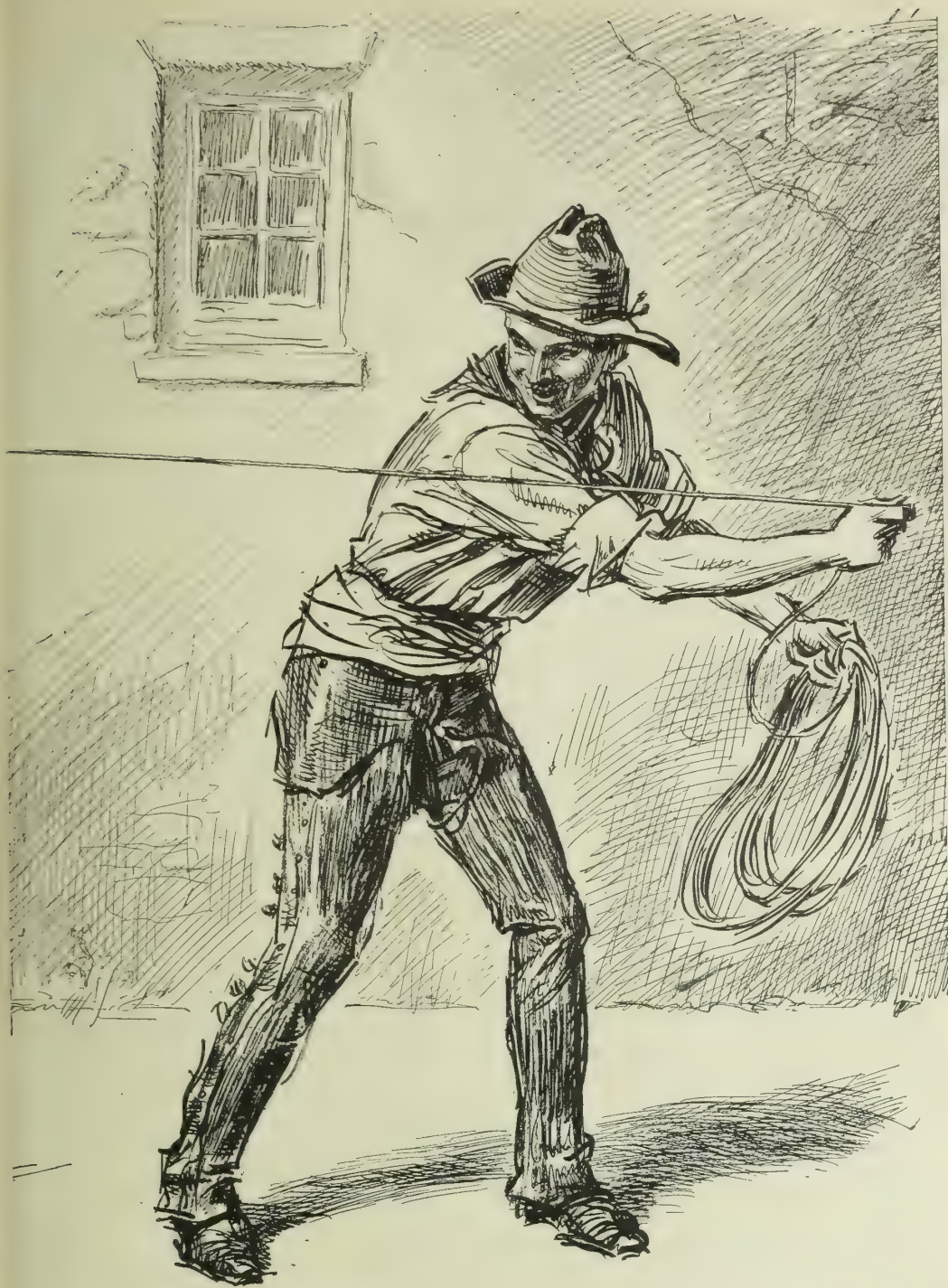
"Four days," Alaire told him, realizing with a little inward start how very far apart she and Ed had drifted. She looked at him curiously, for an instant, wondering if he really could be her husband, or—if he were not some peculiarly disagreeable stranger.

Ed had been a handsome boy, but maturity had vitiated his good looks. He was growing fat from drink and soft from idleness; his face was too full, his eyes too sluggish; there was an unhealthy redness in his cheeks. In contrast to his wife's semi-formal dress he was unkempt—unshaven



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"Juan is lazier than a snake. All day long he pretends to be a *bandido*; he ropes



the dog, he ropes fat Victoria, the cook, carrying a huge bowl of hot water."

and soiled. He wore spurred boots, and a soft shirt; his nails were grimy. When in the city he contrived to garb himself immaculately, he was in fact something of a dandy; but at home he was a sloven, and openly revelled in a freedom of speech and a coarseness of manner that were sad trials to Alaire. His preparations for dinner this evening had been characteristically simple; he had drunk three dry cocktails and flung his sombrero into a corner.

"I've been busy while you were gone," he announced. "Been down to the pump-house every day, laying that new intake. It was a nasty job, too. I had Morales barbecue a *cabrito* for my lunch, and it was good, but I'm hungry again." Austin attacked his meal with an enthusiasm strange in him, for of late his appetite had grown as errant as his habits. Ed boasted, in his clubs, that he was an outdoor man, and he was wont to tell his friends that the rough life was the life for him; but as a matter of fact he spent much more time in San Antonio than he did at home, and each of his sojourns at Las Palmas was devoted principally to sobering up from his last visit to the city and to preparing for another. Nor was he always sober even in his own house; Ed was a heavy and a consistent drinker at all times. What little exercise he took was upon the back of a horse, and, as no one knew better than his wife, the physical powers he once had were rapidly deteriorating.

By and by he enquired vaguely: "Let's see. . . . Where did you go this time?"

"I went up to look over that Ygnacio tract."

"Oh, yes. How did you find it?"

"Not very promising. It needs a lot of wells."

"I haven't been out that way since I was a boy. Think you'll lease it?"

"I don't know. I must find some place for those La Feria cattle."

Austin shook his head. "Better leave 'em where they are, until the rebels take that country. I stand mighty well with them."

"That's the trouble," Alaire told him. "You stand too well—so well that I want to get my stock out of Federal territory as soon as possible."

Ed shrugged carelessly. "Suit yourself; they're your cows."

The meal went on with a desultory flow

of small talk, during which the husband indulged his thirst freely. Alaire told him about the accident to her horse and the unpleasant ordeal she had suffered in the mesquite.

"Lucky you found somebody at the water-hole," Ed commented. "Who was this Ranger? Never heard of the fellow," he commented on the name. "The Rangers are nothing like they used to be."

"This fellow would do credit to any organization." As Alaire described how expeditiously Law had made his arrest and handled his man, her husband showed interest.

"Nicolas Anto, eh?" said he. "Who was his *compañero*?"

"Panfilo Sanchez."

Ed started. "That's strange! They must have met accidentally."

"So they both declared. Why did you let Panfilo go?"

"We didn't need him here, and he was too good a man to lose, so—" Ed found his wife's eyes fixed upon him, and dropped his own. "I knew you were short-handed at La Feria." There was an interval of silence, then Ed exclaimed testily, "What are you looking at?"

"I wondered what you'd say."

"Eh? Can't I fire a man without a long-winded explanation?" Something in Alaire's expression warned him of her suspicions; therefore, he took refuge behind an assumption of anger. "My God! Don't I have a word to say about my own ranch? Just because I've let you run things to suit yourself—"

"Wait! We had our understanding." Alaire's voice was low and vibrant. "It was my payment for living with you, and you know it. You gave me the reins to Las Palmas so that I'd have something to do, something to live for and think about, except—your actions. The ranch has doubled in value, every penny is accounted for and you have more money to spend on yourself than ever before. You have no reason to complain."

Austin crushed his napkin into a ball and flung it from him; with a scowl he shoved himself back from the table.

"It was an idiotic arrangement, just the same. I agreed because I was sick. Dad thought I was all shot to pieces. But I'm all right now and able to run my own business."

"Nevertheless it was a bargain, and it will stand. If your father were alive he'd make you live up to it."

"Hell! You talk as if I were a child," shouted her husband, and his plump face was apoplectic with rage. "The title is in my name. How could he make me do anything?"

"Nobody could force you," his wife said, quietly. "You are still enough of a man to keep your word, I believe, so long as I observe my part of our bargain."

Ed, slightly mollified, agreed: "Of course I am; I never welched. But I won't be treated as an incompetent, and I'm tired of these eternal wrangles and jangles."

"You *have* welched."

"Eh?" Austin frowned belligerently.

"You agreed to go away when you felt your appetite coming on, and you promised to live clean, at least around home."

"Well?"

"Have you done it?"

"Certainly. I never said I'd cut out the booze absolutely."

"What about your carousals at Brownsville?"

Austin subsided sullenly. "Other men have got full in Brownsville."

"No doubt. But you made a scandal. You have been seen with—women, in a good many places where we are known."

"Bah! There's nothing to it."

Alaire went on in a lifeless tone that covered the seething emotions within her. "I never enquire into your actions at San Antonio or other large cities, although of course I have ears and I can't help hearing about them; but these border towns are home, to us, and people know me. I won't be humiliated more than I am; public pity is—hard enough to bear. I've about reached the breaking point."

"Indeed?" Austin leaned forward, his eyes inflamed. His tone was raised, heedless of possible eavesdroppers: "Then why don't you end it? Why don't you divorce me? God knows I never see anything of you. You have your part of the house and I have mine: all we share in common is meal-hours, and—and a mail address. You're about as much my wife as Dolores is."

Alaire turned upon him eyes dark with misery. "You know why I don't divorce you. No, Ed, we're going to live out our agreement, and these Brownsville episodes

are going to cease." Her lips whitened. "So are your visits to the pumping station."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You transferred Panfilo because he was growing jealous of you and Rosa."

Ed burst into sudden laughter. "Good Lord! There's no harm in a little flirtation. Rosa's a pretty girl."

His wife uttered a breathless, smothered exclamation; her hands as they lay on the tablecloth were tightly clenched. "She's your tenant—almost your servant. What kind of a man are you? Haven't you any decency left?"

"Say! Go easy! I guess I'm no different to most men." Austin's unpleasant laughter had been succeeded by a still more unpleasant scowl. "I have to do *something*! It's dead enough around here——"

"You must stop going there."

"Humph! I notice *you* go where *you* please. Rosa and I never spent a night together in the chaparral——"

"*Ed!*" Alaire's exclamation was like the snap of a whip. She rose and faced her husband, quivering as if the lash had stung her flesh.

"That went home, eh? Well, I'm no fool! I've seen something of the world, and I've found that women are about like men. I'd like to have a look at this David Law, this gunman, this Handsome Harry who waits at water-holes for ladies in distress." Ed ignored his wife's outflung hand, and continued mockingly: "I'll bet he's all that's manly and splendid; everything that I'm not."

"You'd—better stop," gasped the woman. "I can't stand everything."

"So? Well, neither can I."

"After—this, I think you'd better go—to San Antonio. Maybe I'll forget, before you come back."

To this "Young Ed" agreed quickly enough. "Good!" said he. "That suits me. It's hell around Las Palmas, anyhow, and I'll at least get a little peace at my club." He glowered after his wife as she left the room. Then, still scowling, he lurched out to the gallery where the breeze was blowing, and flung himself into a chair.

IT had required but one generation to ripen the fruits of "Old Ed" Austin's lawlessness, and upon his son heredity had played one of her grimmest pranks. The father had had faults, but they were those



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"Ed!" Alaire exclaimed. "That went home, eh?" jeered her husband. "I've found that women



are about like men. I'd like to see this David Law who waits at water-holes for ladies in distress."

of his virtues; he had been a strong man, at least, and had ridden herd upon his unruly passions with the same thoroughness as over his wild cattle. The result was that he had been universally respected. At first the son seemed destined to be like his father. It was not until "Young Ed" had reached his full manhood that his defects had become recognizable evil tendencies, that his infirmity had developed into a disease. Like sleeping cancers the Austin vices had lain dormant in him during boyhood; it had required the mutation from youth to manhood, and the alterative effect of marriage to rouse them. But once awakened their ravages had been swift and destructive.

Ed's marriage to Alaire had been inevitable. They had been playmates, and their parents had considered the union a consummation of their own lifelong friendships. Upon her mother's death, Alaire had been sent abroad, and there she remained while "Young Ed" attended an eastern college. For any child the experience would have been a lonesome one, and through it the motherless Texan girl had grown into an imaginative, sentimental person, living in a make-believe world, peopled, for the most part, with the best-remembered figures of romance and fiction. There were of course some few flesh and blood heroes among the rest, and of these the finest and the noblest had been "Young Ed" Austin.

When she came home to marry, Alaire was still very much of a child and she still considered Ed her knight. As for him he was captivated by this splendid, handsome girl, whom he remembered only as a shy, red-headed little comrade.

Never was a marriage more propitious, never were two young people more happily situated than these two, for they were madly in love, and each had ample means with which to make the most of life.

As Las Palmas had been the elder Austin's wedding gift to his son, so Alaire's dowry from her father had been La Feria, a grant of lands across the Rio Grande, beyond the twenty league belt by which Mexico fatuously strives to guard her border. And to Las Palmas had come the bride and groom, to live, to love, and to rear their children.

But rarely has there been a shorter honeymoon, seldom a swifter awakening. Within six months "Young Ed" had killed his

wife's love, and had himself become an alcoholic. Others of his father's vices revived, and so multiplied that what few virtues the young man had inherited were soon choked. The change was utterly unforeseen; its cause was rooted too deeply in the past to be remedied. Maturity had marked an epoch with "Young Ed"; marriage had been the mile-post where his whole course veered abruptly.

To the bride the truth had come as a stunning tragedy. She was desperately frightened, too, and lived a nightmare life, the while she tried in every way to check the progress of that disintegration which was eating up her happiness. The wreck of her hopes and glad imaginings left her sick, bewildered, in the face of "the thing that couldn't."

Nor had the effect of this transformation in "Young Ed" been any less painful to his father. For a time the old man refused to credit it, but finally when the truth was borne in upon him unmistakably, and he saw that Las Palmas was in a fair way of being ruined through the boy's mismanagement, the old cattleman had risen in his wrath. The ranch had been his pride as Ed had been his joy; to see them both go wrong was more than he could bear. There had been a terrible scene, and a tongue-lashing delivered in the language of early border days. There had followed other visits from Austin, senior, other and even bitterer quarrels; at last, when the girl-wife remained firm in her refusal to divorce her husband, the understanding had been reached by which the management of Las Palmas was placed absolutely in her hands.

Of course the truth became public, as it always does. This was a new country—only yesterday it had been the frontier, and even yet a frontier code of personal conduct to some extent prevailed. Nevertheless, "Young Ed" Austin's life became a scorn and a hissing among his neighbors. They were not unduly fastidious, these neighbors, and they knew that hot blood requires more than a generation to cool, but everything Ed did outraged them. In trying to show their sympathy for his wife, they succeeded in wounding her more deeply, and Alaire withdrew into herself. She became almost a recluse, and fenced herself away not only from the curious but also from those who really wished to be her friends. In time people remarked that Ed Austin's

metamorphosis was no harder to understand than that of his wife.

It was true. She had changed. The alteration reached to the very bone and marrow of her being. At first the general pity had wounded her, then it had offended, and finally angered her. That people should notice her affliction, particularly when she strove so desperately to hide it, seemed the height of insolence.

The management of Las Palmas was almost her only relief. Having sprung from a family of ranchers the work came easy, and she grew to like it—as well as she could like anything, with that ever present pain in her breast. The property was so large that it gave ample excuse for avoiding the few visitors who came, and the range boss, Benito Gonzales, attended to most of the buying and selling. Callers gradually became rarer; friends dropped away almost entirely. Since Las Palmas employed no white help whatever, it became in time more Mexican than in the days of "Old Ed" Austin's ownership.

In such wise had Alaire fashioned her life, living, meanwhile, under a sort of truce with her husband.

But Las Palmas had prospered to admiration, and La Feria would have prospered equally had it not been for the armed unrest of the country across the border. No finer stock than the "Box A" was to be found anywhere. The old lean, long-horned cattle had been interbred with white-faced Herefords, and the sleek coats of their progeny were stretched over twice the former weight of beef. Alaire had even experimented with the Brahmin strain, importing some huge, hump-backed bulls that set the neighborhood agog. People proclaimed they were sacred oxen and whispered that they were intended for some outlandish pagan rite—Alaire by this time had gained the reputation of being "queer"—while experienced stockmen declared the venture a woman's folly, affirming that buffalo had never been crossed successfully with domestic cattle. It was rumored that one of these imported animals cost more than a whole herd of Mexican stock, and the ranchers speculated freely as to what "Old Ed" Austin would have said of such extravagance.

It was Blaze Jones, one of the few county residents granted access to Las Palmas, who first acquainted himself with the outcome

of Alaire's experiment, and it was he who brought news of it to some visiting stock buyers at Brownsville.

Blaze was addicted to rhetorical extravagance. His voice was loud; his fancy ran a splendid course.

"Gentlemen!" said he. "You-all interest me with your talk about your prize northern stock, but I claim that the bigger the state the bigger the cattle it raises. That's why old Texas beats the world."

"But it doesn't," some one contradicted.

"It don't, hey? My boy"—Blaze jabbed a rigid finger into the speaker's ribs, as if he expected a ground-hog to scuttle forth—"We've got steers in this valley, that are damn' near the size of the whole state of Rhode Island. If they keep on growin' I doubt if you could fatten one of 'em in Delaware without he'd bulge over into some neighboring commonwealth. It's the God's truth! I was up at Las Palmas last month——"

"Las Palmas!" The name was enough to challenge the buyers' interest.

Blaze nodded. "You-all think you know the stock business. You're all swollen up with cow-knowledge, now ain't you?" He eyed them from beneath his black eyebrows. "Well, some of our people thought they did, too. They figured they'd inherited all there was to know about live stock, and they grew plumb arrogant over their wisdom. But—pshaw! They didn't know nothing. Miz Austin has bred in that Brayma strain and made steers so big they run four to the dozen. And here's the remarkable thing about 'em—they ain't got as many ticks as you gentlemen."

Some of the cattlemen were incredulous, but Blaze maintained his point with emphasis. "It's true. They're a grave disappointment to every kind of parasite."

But Alaire had not confined her efforts to cattle; she had improved the breed of "Box A" horses, too, and hand in hand with this work she had carried on a series of agricultural experiments.

Las Palmas, so people used to say, lay too far up the river to be good farming land; nevertheless, once the pumping plant was in, certain parts of the ranch raised nine crops of alfalfa, and corn that stood above a rider's head.

There was no money in "finished" stock; the Border was too far from market—that also had long been an accepted truism—yet

this woman built silos which she filled with her own excess fodder in scientific proportions, and somehow or other she managed to ship fat beeves direct to the packing-houses, and get big prices for them.

These were but a few of her many ventures. She had her hobbies, of course, but oddly enough most of them paid, or promised to do so. For instance, she had started a grove of paper-shelled pecans, which was soon due to bear; the ranch house and its clump of palms was all but hidden by a forest of strange trees which were reported to ripen everything from moth-balls to bicycle tires. Blaze Jones was perhaps responsible for this report, for Alaire had shown him several thousand eucalyptus saplings and some ornamental rubber plants.

"That Miz Austin is a money-makin' piece of furniture," he once told his daughter Paloma. "I'm no mechanical adder—I count mostly on my fingers—but her and me calculated the profits of them eucher—what's-their-name trees and it gave me a splittin' headache. She'll be a camphor queen, sure."

"Why don't you follow her example?" asked Paloma. "We have plenty of land."

Blaze, in truth, was embarrassed by the size of his holdings, but he shook his head. "No, I'm too old to be rampagin' after new gods. I ain't got the imagination to raise anything more complicated than a mortgage; but if I was younger—I'd organize myself up and do away with that Ed Austin. I'd sure help him to an untimely end, and then I'd marry them pecan groves, and blooded herds and drug-store orchards. She certainly is a heart-breakin' device, with her red hair and red lips and——"

"Father!" Paloma was deeply shocked.

Complete isolation, of course, Alaire had found to be impossible, even though her ranch lay far from the traveled roads and her Mexican guards were not encouraging to visitors. Business inevitably brought her into contact with a considerable number of people, and of these the one she saw most frequently was Judge Ellsworth of Brownsville, her attorney.

It was perhaps a week after Ed had left for San Antonio that Alaire felt the need of Ellsworth's counsel, and sent for him. He responded promptly, as always. Ellsworth was a kindly man of fifty-five, with a forceful chin and a drooping, heavy-lidded

eye that could either blaze or twinkle. He was fond of Alaire, and his sympathy, like his understanding, was of that wordless, yet comprehensive, kind which is most satisfying. Judge Ellsworth knew more than any four men in this part of Texas; information had a way of seeking him out, and his head was stored to repletion with facts of every variety. He was a good lawyer, too, and yet his knowledge of the law comprised but a small part of that mental wealth upon which he prided himself. He knew human nature, and that he considered far more important than the law. His mind was like a full granary, and every grain lay where he could put his hand upon it.

He motored out from Brownsville, and after ridding himself of dust, insisted upon spending the interval before dinner in an inspection of Alaire's latest ranch improvements. He had a fatherly way of walking with his arm about Alaire's shoulders, and although she sometimes suspected that his warmth of good-fellowship was merely a habit cultivated through political necessities, nevertheless it was comforting, and she took it at its face value.

Not until the dinner was over did Ellsworth enquire the reason for his summons.

"It's about La Feria. General Longorio has confiscated my stock," Alaire told him.

Ellsworth started. "Longorio! That's bad."

"Yes. One of my riders just brought the news. I was afraid of this very thing, and so I was preparing to bring the stock over. Still—I never thought they'd actually confiscate it."

"Why shouldn't they?"

Alaire interrogated the speaker silently.

"Hasn't Ed done enough to provoke confiscation?" asked the Judge.

"Ed?"

"Exactly! Ed has made a fool of himself, and brought this on."

"You think so?"

"Well, I have it pretty straight that he's giving money to the Rebel *junta* and lending every assistance he can to their cause."

"I didn't know he'd actually done anything. How mad!"

"Yes—for a man with interests in Federal territory. But Ed always does the wrong thing, you know."

"Then I presume this confiscation is in the nature of a reprisal. But the stock is

mine, not Ed's. I'm an American citizen, and——"

"My dear, you're the first one I've heard boast of the fact," cynically affirmed the Judge. "If you were in Mexico, you'd profit more by claiming allegiance to the German or the English or some other foreign flag. The American eagle isn't screaming very loudly on the other side of the Rio Grande just now, and our dusky neighbors have learned that it is perfectly safe to pull his tail feathers."

"I'm surprised at you," Alaire smiled. "Just the same, I want your help in taking up the matter with Washington."

Ellsworth was pessimistic. "It won't do any good, my dear," he said. "You'll get your name in the papers, and perhaps cause another diplomatically worded protest, but there the matter will end. You won't be paid for your cattle."

"Then I shall go to La FERIA."

"No!" The Judge shook his head decidedly.

"I've been there a hundred times. The Federals have always been more than courteous."

"Longorio has a bad reputation. I strongly advise against your going."

"Why, Judge, people are going and coming all the time! Mexico is perfectly safe, and I know the country as well as I know Las Palmas."

"You'd better send some man."

"Whom can I send?" asked Alaire. "You know my situation."

The Judge considered a moment before replying. "I can't go, for I'm busy in court. You could probably accomplish more than anybody else, if Longorio will listen to reason, and after all, you are a person of such importance that I dare say you'd be safe. But it will be a hard trip, and you won't know whether you are in Rebel or in Federal territory."

"Well, people here are asking whether Texas is in the United States or Mexico," Alaire said lightly. "Sometimes I hardly know." After a moment she continued: "Since you know everything and everybody, I wonder if you ever met a David Law?"

Ellsworth nodded.

"Tell me something about him."

"He asked me the same thing about you. Well, I haven't seen much of Dave since he grew up, he's such a roamer."

"He said his parents were murdered by the Guadalupe."

The Judge looked up quickly; a queer startled expression flitted over his face. "Dave said that? He said both of them were killed?"

"Yes. Isn't it true?"

"Oh, Dave wouldn't lie. It happened a good many years ago, and certainly they both met a violent end. I was instrumental in saving what property Frank Law left, but it didn't last Dave very long. He's right careless in money matters. Dave's a fine fellow in some ways—most ways, I believe, but——" the Judge lost himself in frowning meditation.

"I have never known you to damn a friend or a client with such faint praise," said Alaire.

"Oh, I don't mean it that way. I'm almost like one of Dave's kin, and I've been keenly interested in watching his traits develop. I'm interested in heredity. I've watched it in Ed's case, for instance. If you know the parents it's easy to read their children." Again he lapsed into silence, nodding to himself. "Yes, Nature mixes her prescriptions like any druggist. I'm glad you and Ed—have no babies."

Alaire murmured something unintelligible.

"And yet," the lawyer continued, "many people are cursed with an inheritance as bad, or worse, than Ed's."

"What has that to do with Mr. Law?"

"Dave? Oh, nothing in particular. I was just—moralizing. It's a privilege of age, my dear."

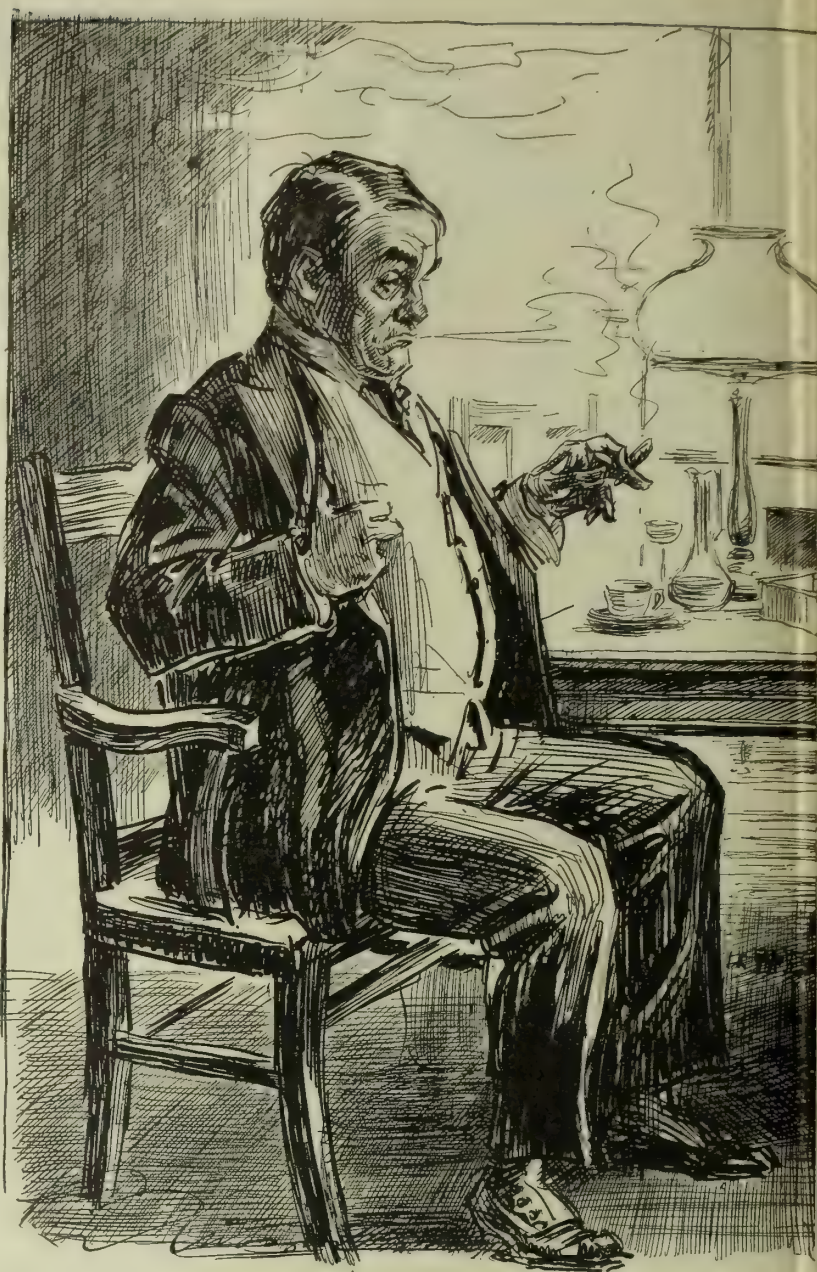
ALAIRE'S preparations for the journey to La FERIA were made with little delay. Owing to the condition of affairs across the border, Ellsworth had thought it well to provide her with letters from the most influential Mexicans in the neighborhood; what is more, in order to pave her way toward a settlement of her claim he succeeded in getting a telegram through to Mexico City—no mean achievement, with most of the wires in Rebel hands and the remainder burdened with military business. But Ellsworth's influence was not bounded by the Rio Grande.

It was his advice that Alaire present her side of the case to the local military authorities before making formal representation to Washington, though in neither case was he sanguine of the outcome.

The United States, indeed, had abetted the rebel cause from the start. Its embargo on arms had been little more than a pretense of neutrality, which had fooled the Federals not at all, and it was an open secret that financial assistance to the uprising was rendered from some mysterious northern source. The very presence of American troops along the border was construed by Mexicans as a threat against President Potosi and an encouragement to revolt, while the talk of intervention, invasion, and war had intensified the natural antagonism existing between the two peoples. So it was that Ellsworth, while he did his best to see to it that his client should make the journey in safety and receive courteous treatment, doubted the wisdom of the undertaking and hoped for no practical result.

Alaire took Dolores with her, and for male escort she selected after some deliberation José Sanchez, her horse-breaker. José was not an ideal choice, but since Benito could not well be spared, no better man was available. Sanchez had some force and initiative at least, and Alaire had no reason to doubt his loyalty.

The party went to Pueblo by motor—an



"Those Mexicans have confiscated my stock," Alaire was saying; "I'm an American citizen

unpleasant trip, for the road followed the river and ran through a lonesome country, unpeopled save for an occasional goat-herd and his family, or a glaring hot village of some half-dozen cubical houses, crouching on the river bank as if crowded over from Mexican soil. The roads remained much as



jungle dwelling, by a thick brush barricade.

José Sanchez was in his element here. He posed, he strutted, he bragged, he strove to impress his countrymen by every device. José was, indeed, rather a handsome fellow, with a bold insolence of bearing that marked him as superior to the common *pelado*, and having dressed himself elaborately for this journey he made the most of his opportunities for showing off. Nothing would do him but a *baile*, and a *baile* he had. Once the arrangements were made, other Mexicans appeared mysteriously until there were nearly a score, and until late into the night they danced upon the hard-packed earth of the yard. Alaire fell asleep to the sounds of feet scuffling and scraping in time to a wheezy violin.

Arriving at Pueblo on the following day, Alaire secured her passports from the Federal headquarters, across the

Rio Grande, while José attended to the railroad tickets. On the second morning after leaving home the party was borne southward into Mexico.

Although train schedules were uncertain, the railroad journey itself was similar to many Alaire had taken, except for occa-

and—" "My dear, you're the first one I've heard boast of the fact," interrupted the Judge.

the first ox-carts had laid them out; the hills were gashed by arroyos, some of which were difficult to cross, and in consequence the journey was from an automobilist's point of view decidedly slow. The first night the travelers were forced to spend at a mud *jacal*, encircled, like some African

sional evidences of the war. The revolution had ravaged most of northern Mexico; long rows of rusting trucks and twisted car skeletons beside the track showed how the railway's rolling stock had suffered in this particular vicinity; and as the train penetrated further south temporary trestles and the charred ruins of stations spoke even more eloquently of the struggle. Now and then a steel water-tank, pierced with loop-holes and ripped by cannon balls, showed where some detachment had made a stand. There was a military guard on the train, too—a dozen unkempt soldiers loaded down with bandoleers of cartridges, and several officers, neatly dressed in khaki, who rode in the first-class coach and occupied themselves by making eyes at the women.

At its frequent stops the train was besieged by the customary crowd of curious peons; the same noisy hucksters dealt out *enchiladas*, *tortillas*, goat cheese, and coffee from the same dirty baskets and pails; even their outstretched hands seemed to bear the familiar grime of ante-bellum days. The coaches were crowded; women fanned themselves unceasingly, their men snored, open mouthed over the backs of the seats, and the aisles were full of squalling, squabbling children.

As for the country itself, it was dying. The ranches were stripped of stock, no carts creaked along the highways, and the roads, like the little farms, were growing up to weeds. Stores were empty, the people were idle. Over all was an atmosphere of decay, and what was more significant far, the people seemed content.

All morning the monotonous journey continued—a trial to Alaire and Dolores, but to José Sanchez a red-letter experience. He covered the train from end to end, making himself acquainted with every one and bringing to Alaire the gossip that he picked up.

It was not until midday that the first interruption occurred; then the train pulled in upon a siding and after an interminable delay it transpired that a north-bound troop-train was expected.

José brought this intelligence. "Soon you will behold the flower of the Mexican army," he told Alaire. "You will see thousands of Longorio's veterans, every man of them a very devil for blood. They are returning to Nuevo Pueblo, after destroying a band of those Rebels. They had a great

victory at San Pedro—thirty kilometers from La Feria. Not a prisoner was spared, *señora*."

"Is General Longorio with them?" Alaire enquired quickly.

"That is what I came to tell you. It is believed that he is, for he takes his army with him wherever he goes. He is a great fighter; he has a nose for it, that man, and he strikes like the lightning—here, there, anywhere." José, it seemed, was a rabid Potosista.

But Dolores held opposite sympathies. She uttered a disdainful sniff. "To be sure he takes his army with him, otherwise the Constitutionals would kill him. Wait until Pancho Gomez meets this army of Longorio's. Ha! You will see some fighting."

José blew two fierce columns of cigaret smoke from his nostrils. "Longorio is a gentleman; he scorns to use the tricks of that bandit. Pancho Gomez fights like a savage. Think of the cowardly manner in which he captured Espinal, the last time. What did he do then? I'll tell you. He lay in wait and allowed a train-load of our troops to pass through his lines towards Chihuahua; then he took possession of the telegraph wires and pretended to be the Federal commander. He sent a lying message back to Espinal that the railway tracks were torn up and he could not reach Chihuahua and so of course he was ordered to return. That was bad enough, but he loaded his bandits upon other trains—he locked them into freight cars, like cattle, so that not a head could be seen—and the devil himself would never have guessed what was in those cars. Of course he succeeded. No one suspected the truth until his infamous army was in Espinal. Then it was too late. The carnage was terrible. But do you call that a nice action? It was nothing but the lowest deceit. It was enough to make our soldiers furious."

Dolores giggled. "They say he went to his officers and told them: '*Compadres*, we are now going into Espinal. I will meet you at the Plaza, and I will shoot the last man who arrives there.' *Dios!* There ensued a foot-race."

"It is well for him to train his men how to run fast," said José, frowning sternly, "for some day they will meet Luis Longorio, and then—you will see some of the swiftest running in all the world."

Alaire, who had listened smilingly, now intervened to avert a serious quarrel.

"When the train arrives," she told her horse-breaker, "I want you to find General Longorio and ask him to come here."

"But, *señora!*" José was dumfounded, shocked. "He is a great general——"

"Give him this note." Quickly writing a few lines on a page from her note-book, she gave him the scrap of paper, which he carefully placed in his hat; then, shaking his head doubtfully, he left the car.

Flushed with triumph, Dolores took the first occasion to enlarge upon her theme.

"You will see what a monster this Longorio is," she declared. "It was like him to steal your beautiful cattle; he would steal a crucifix. Once there was a fine ranch owned by a man who had two lovely daughters—this Longorio and his men killed everybody on the *hacienda* except the daughters, and those he captured. He took them with him, and for no good purpose, either, as you can imagine. Naturally the poor creatures were nearly dead with fright, but as they rode along the elder one began talking with Longorio's soldiers. She made friends with them. She pretended to care nothing about her fate; she behaved like a lost person, and the soldiers laughed. They liked her spirit, God pity them! Finally she declared she was a famous shot with a pistol, and she continued to boast until one of her guards gave her his weapon with which to show her skill. Then what? Before they could hinder her she turned in her saddle and shot her younger sister through the brain. Herself she destroyed with a bullet in her breast."

"I've heard many stories like that, from both sides," Alaire said, gravely.

In the course of time the military train came creeping along on the main track and stopped, to the great interest of the south-bound travelers. Down at the rear of the train was a rickety passenger coach, and towards this José Sanchez made his way.

A half-hour passed, then occurred a commotion at the forward end of Alaire's coach.

A group of officers climbed aboard and among them was one who could be none other than Luis Longorio. As he came down the passageway Alaire identified him without the aid of his insignia, for he stood head and shoulders above his companions

and bore himself with an air of authority. He was unusually tall, at least six feet three, and very slim, very lithe: he was alert, keen; he was like the blade of a rapier.

Longorio was a young man, his cheeks were girlishly smooth and of a clear, pale, olive tint, which sun and weather apparently were powerless to darken; his eyes were large, bold and brilliant; his nostrils thin and sensitive like those of a blooded horse. He seemed almost immature, until he spoke—then one realized with a curious shock that he was a man indeed, and a man, moreover, with all the ardor and passion of a woman. Such was Alaire's first hasty impression of Luis Longorio, the Tarleton of Potosi's army.

Disdain, hauteur, impatience, were stamped upon the General's countenance as he pushed briskly through the crowd, turning his head from side to side in search of the woman who had summoned him.

Not until she rose did he discover Alaire; then he halted, his eyes fixed themselves upon her with a stare of amazement.

Alaire felt herself color faintly, for the man seemed to be scanning her from head to heel, taking in every detail of her face and form, and as he did so his expression remained unaltered. For what seemed a full minute Longorio stood rooted; then the stiff-visored cap was swept from his head; he bowed with the grace of a courtier.

"*Señora!* A thousand apologies for my delay!" he said. "*Caramba!* I did not dream—I did not understand your message." He continued to regard her with that same queer intensity.

"You are General Longorio?"

"Your obedient servant."

With a gesture Mrs. Austin directed Dolores to vacate her seat and invited the General to take it. But Longorio checked the maid's movement; then with a brusque command he routed out the occupants of the seat ahead, and reversing the back, took a position facing Alaire. Another order, and the men who had accompanied him withdrew up the aisle. His luminous eyes returned once more to the woman and there was no mistaking his admiration. He seemed enchanted by her pale beauty, her rich red hair held him fascinated, and with Latin boldness he showed his feelings.

This Rex Beach story, his latest and best by all odds, is continued in the new March Hearst's—get it February 27.



This scene I borrowed from a picture to transfer to my play
"May Blossom."



David Belasco
at his desk.

MY LIFE'S

By David

THE premonition that an important event in my life was about to occur was fulfilled sooner than I expected. It was nothing less than the production of my play, "May Blossom" at the Madison Square Theater, an honor coveted by every playwright. Viewed in the light of the years that have passed, "May Blossom" is interesting, aside from whatever intrinsic value it possesses as a play, because it was the pioneer of the "war" dramas that followed shortly



changes. I became convinced, as I watched the character of our attractions at the Madison Square, that it was time for a play showing the atmosphere of the home during the trying days of the Civil War. I had little opportunity for writing, as my duties in connection with the theater kept me busy; for although others rehearsed the second, or traveling, companies, I was occupied from morning until late at night studying new productions, working on the current play, and keeping in touch with the work of other managers; so that my original writing had to be done after midnight and on Sundays.

STORY

Belasco

after. It was quiet and "bloodless," but by means of "outside" effects, such as the tramping of passing cavalry, the rumbling of moving artillery, and kindred sounds, a warlike environment was suggested without showing any scenes of conflict.

In deciding to write "May Blossom" I was influenced by my early experience, which had taught me that domestic comedy, society drama, military drama, crime plays, and farces, have each, in turn, a certain vogue until the style



Bijou Fernandez, with little Tommy Russell beside her, was the central figure in the bird-funeral scene in "May Blossom."

My family and I lived in a boarding-house on Twenty-third Street, and I worked in a hall-room in which I had barely space to sit. Leander Richardson, whose prominent position, as a writer, has made him known to a large public, had a room next my "study." Sometimes, in the small hours of the morning, when I had been scratching away, rattling my sheets of paper or noisily enacting different bits as I wrote them, a knocking would sound on the partition and Richardson would shout: "For God's sake, Belasco, don't you ever go to bed? I can't sleep."

The Civil War histories in the public library furnished the material for the necessary environment. The enthusiasm was supplied by Charles Frohman. His "Splendid, Dave, splendid!" and "Fine! that's bound to go!" as I tried the situations and dialog on him, so buoyed and cheered me that I felt he was as much responsible for "May Blossom" as I was, and I finally gave him a deserved half-interest.

A glass of ice-water flung in Miss Cayvan's face raised her to the emotional height I wanted.

The Old Madison Square Theater where my "May Blossom" was played.



"May Blossom"
was written
for Georgia
Cayvan.

"May Blossom, or the Fisherman's Daughter," was the original title. The scene was laid in a village on Chesapeake Bay. When the first version was finished, Mr. Frohman startled me by proposing a trip South to read it to William Gillette. This was my first meeting with the well-known author and actor. After the enthusiasm of Charles Frohman, I found Mr. Gillette's unemotional, taciturn manner far from encouraging, and my heart quailed as I read on and on, and he sat without a word or even movement beyond an occasional recrossing of his long legs, but when I had finished, his praise more than made up for his silence during the reading. Learning that Mr. Gillette was writing a play called "The Fisherman's Daughter," I dropped my subtitle, and kept only the name "May Blossom." Afterward, Charles Frohman had me read the play here and there. Whenever any one whose opinions he valued was within reach, he called on me and together we would go with our manuscript to wherever the person might be to whom he wanted me to read the play. In this way, we traveled pretty well all over the country, reading the manuscript to different people.

Georgia Cayvan as she played with Maginley in "May Blossom."



When I finally completed "May Blossom," I turned it over to the Mallorys. Their safe was full of manuscripts and contracts, and I had little hope that my play would be produced that season. Imagine my joy when it was accepted for immediate production! Before it was considered ready, however, it underwent the process to which we sub-

jected all our manuscripts. One scene in particular was greatly criticized. It was considered too strong for the Madison Square Theater audiences. I insisted that it remain as it was, for the success of the play depended upon that scene. Daniel Frohman, because of his brother Charles' interest in the play, remained silent and we reached the point where one vote would decide the fate of the scene. The deciding vote was with Mr. De Mille, and his decision in my favor helped to cement the friendship between us.

Incidentally, I may say that I was very grateful for a friend in those days. My methods were so different from Daly's, Wallack's, and Palmer's that I was considered eccentric. Each theater had its own followers, who were warm in their support of their respective houses and equally warm in condemning the efforts of the "opposition." Fortunately for me, almost all of the leading critics of the day upheld me. William Winter, the dean of American critics, was to me the dearest and best friend a man ever had. Edward A. Dithmar always gave me full credit for my innovations. I may say, in passing, that even to-day, after all these years, a first night at the Belasco Theater would be incomplete without the presence of these two who have never failed to help me with their advice and encouragement. Robert Morris of the "Evening Telegram," Nym Crinkle, Leander Richardson, and Franklyn Fyles, all of whom were the leaders in dramatic criticism of that day, championed my cause and fought my battles. It was through the splendid aid given me by Franklyn Fyles, writing under the pseudonym of "Clara Belle," that he and I became well acquainted. Some years later I was able to show my appreciation by asking him to collaborate with me in writing "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

"May Blossom" was an example of a play written to order, that is,—to suit certain people who were to play the parts. Georgia Cayvan needed a vehicle, and, as I understood her requirements, I created a character showing tenderness, gentleness, and directness. She had not been accustomed to playing parts requiring any great display of emotion. Her voice was delightful, but she seemed utterly incapable of raising it to the proper pitch of emotional strength; indeed it cracked when it reached

a certain point. Many a night, after the play, I put her through the most exacting vocal exercises. During one of our rehearsals I determined that Miss Cayvan should reach the full strength of the emotional power I knew she possessed. I took her through a scene over and over again. At length, to the consternation of the company, she fell in a faint. I understood her well enough to know that she could "come to" immediately, so I went to the green-room and filled a glass with ice-water. When I returned she was still on the floor, and without more ado, I flung the water in her face. The shock had the desired effect. Up jumped Miss Cayvan and made a rush at me. "You br—," she screamed, but checked herself before she had quite completed the word "brute." My heroic methods were successful; she had arisen to the emotional height I wanted.

In the cast for "May Blossom" were Bijou Fernandez and little Tommy Russell, the central figures of a pleasing scene in which a dozen or more children took part. The incident was suggested to me by a chromo that a tea-shop was giving away with purchases. The picture showed a group of children in the funeral procession of a dead bird. "The Burial of the Bird" was its title, I think. At any rate, it impressed me so that I wrote in a scene which practically reproduced the picture.

"May Blossom" was received with enthusiasm, but when the time came for me to take my curtain-call—my first New York call by myself—fear clutched at my heart. I managed to express my thanks, but as I turned to leave the stage, I fainted and would have fallen had Mr. Wheelock not caught me. Naturally, many people took advantage of the opportunity presented by my fainting to accuse me of "acting," but the ordeal was over and much I cared what they thought or said! The success of "May Blossom" was more than satisfying, but it brought a charge of plagiarism—a new experience for me.

It would seem as though the fact that I had taken "May Blossom" from my own play, "Sylvia's Lovers," which I had produced in California, would have been enough to establish my claim as the author; but a Mr. Taylor, an associate editor on the "Dramatic Mirror," of which Harrison Grey Fiske was proprietor, accused me of using his ideas. As I have stated, I



Now I have my studio, but in those days I worked in a hall-room in which I had barely space to sit. Sometimes, in the small hours of the morning, when I had been scratching away or noisily enacting different bits as I wrote them, a knocking would sound on the partition and someone would shout: "For God's sake, Belasco, don't you ever go to bed? I can't sleep."

depended upon war histories in the public library for my information as to battles and army movements, because I had no library of my own. In later

years, when I wrote "The Heart of Maryland," I was in a position to buy a reference library, but that was out of the question in the "May Blossom" days. Naturally I couldn't stop to verify the dates of actual events with the time covered by my play, so I left them blank. Mr. Taylor was an authority on war data, and I had submitted my manuscript to him and asked him to correct any historical mistakes and to fill in certain dates. I had no hesitation in asking Mr. Taylor to do this for me, as I had produced a play of his, "The Blue and the Gray," in San Francisco, and besides that we were fellow Californians. That was always enough to establish any one's claim on me, and I supposed that others felt the same.

After Mr. Taylor had gone over the manuscript, he returned it with certain suggestions about dates and events which I thankfully received. Just at this time, Mr. Taylor submitted "Caprice" to the Madison Square management. This was the play in which Mrs. Fiske, then Minnie Maddern, afterwards made such a success. "Caprice" was rejected by the Madison Square

management. Mr. Taylor claimed I had used my position to have his play rejected and my own accepted. He published his accusations in the "Mirror."

I asked him to take the matter into court, but he never did. He was satisfied with repeating his charges in the "Mirror" for many weeks. Two years later, when "May Blossom" was taken to the People's Theater on the Bowery, which was under the management of

FROM THE
CHARLES HUBB-
ARD COLLECTION



Two portraits
of Agnes Booth,
whom I cast for
Jagon's daughter.

Harry Miner, a dinner was given by Daniel Frohman and Harry Miner to celebrate the one-thousandth performance. Harrison Grey Fiske was, at his own request, among the speakers. He said he had a duty to perform, and then and there apologized for the unjust accusations which Mr. Taylor, in his editorial capacity, had made against me. This public acknowledgment cleared me of the un-

founded charge and ended the incident.

Before I leave "May Blossom," I want to speak of the introduction of DeWolf Hopper into the cast. Mr. Whiffen left the company, and Mr. Hopper was engaged to play the part, which was that of a jolly tar. Mr. Hopper was tall

When Jessie Millward's cue came I dropped a piece of ice down her back and pushed her onto the stage.

Claus himself never "ful-of-jelly" effect.

Charles Frohman, who had begun looking beyond his limited position with the idea of getting enterprises which he could call his own, became interested in "The Strangers of Paris," a play that I had written from Adolphe Belot's story and produced during the San Francisco days. Mr. Frohman decided to produce it

and thin and lacked the necessary plumpness. To overcome this, he bought a rubber stomach which shook so realistically when he chuckled that Santa produced a better "bowl-

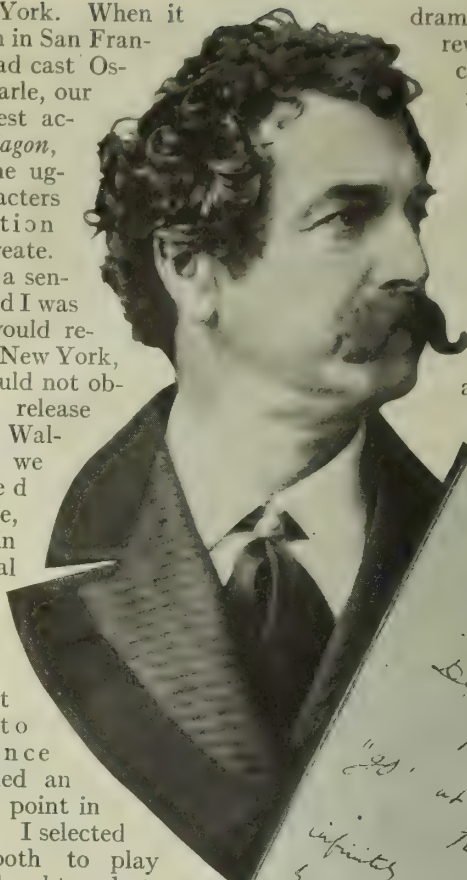
Robert Mantell came to the notice of the Madison Square management.



in New York. When it was given in San Francisco I had cast Osmond Tearle, our handsomest actor, for Jagon, one of the ugliest characters imagination could create. He made a sensation, and I was sure he would repeat it in New York, but he could not obtain his release from Mr. Wallack, so we engaged Henry Lee, who was in the original cast of "Hazel Kirke."

Jagon brought Lee into prominence and marked an important point in his career. I selected Agnes Booth to play Jagon's daughter, but as she was in the heyday of her success, I feared she would think the part so overshadowed by Mr. Lee's that she would refuse it. When I read the play to her, I am afraid I over-emphasized certain portions which were cut out later. Miss Booth took the part, and when

rehearsals started, her rôle began to dwindle. She remained out of friendship for me, but took pains to let me know that she would never again decide the merits of a part from hearing me read it. "I see through you, my boy," she said, "you wrote it up for my benefit." My original dramatization of "The Stranglers of Paris" was a melo-



Lester Wallack, that paragon of all actors, sent me this letter, asking me to touch up Miss Robe's and Mr. Bellew's rôles when they protested they had been eclipsed.

drama without a ray of humor in it. In rewriting it for New York, I injected comedy lines here and there, scattering them among several different characters. In the crowd of one hundred or more supernumeraries was a short, round boy with a jolly, comical face. At one of the rehearsals, as he sat in a small boat, he reached for something and in doing so he nearly fell into the water. It was so funny that I made it a part of his regular business, and, finding him so amusing in everything he did, I gave him all the comedy lines, taking them away from the others, so that he had quite a good part. This boy was John Bunny, and I doubt if to-day there is a city, town, or village anywhere

13. St. John St.
Dec 31st
Dear Mr. Bellew -
We must have another
"go" at the last act.
The clowns see
infinitely too long and we
have missed the opportunity
for a strong scene for
Mr. Bellew and Miss Robe.
I intended to two
first acts better -
your always
Lester Wallack

in the United States, in which a moving-picture theater is located, that is not familiar with his face.

Mr. Frohman was confronted with the problem of finding a house for our play. There were only a few theaters in New York then, a mere handful in comparison with the many theaters of to-day. The situation had its advantages, because it is not well for a city to have too many playhouses. When there are fewer, the standard is always higher and audiences are more concentrated. All the theaters were occupied, and Mr. Frohman was unable to get time

in any of them. The "C. F." of that day, however, was as indomitable as the "C. F." of later days. He rented, from Hyde and Behman, an old barn-like structure at Thirty-fifth and Broadway, where the Herald Square Theater now stands. It was so far "uptown" that it seemed almost out of the world. We went at midnight to look it over. The place had had a varied career as an aquarium, a menagerie, an Indian camp, and a circus. It had no charm as a theater, but it had a roof and four walls and, at one end, there was a stage. It wasn't very promising, but Mr. Frohman thought it could be made into something better. Just at this time, Booth's Theater on Twenty-third Street was about to be demolished. Hyde and Behman, prompted by Mr. Frohman, bought the inside of that playhouse and hauled it, proscenium arch and all, to Thirty-fifth Street—we had our theater! It was named the Park Theater, which later was turned into the Herald Square. From this it will be seen that my first connection with the Herald Square Theater was really long before I produced "The Heart of Maryland" there.

"The Strangers of Paris" made a sensation. Many a sentence from the dialog became famous, one, in particular, being taken as the campaign slogan of one of the political parties.

The scenic effects were highly praised, especially the ship scene, in which we showed the convicts in their cages, the revolt, the final sinking of the ship, together with

Jagon's struggle in the water, his escape from death, and his appeal to heaven. What buncombe it was! But I am not so



In Wallack's company
was such an artist as
Annie Robe.

certain it couldn't be revived to-day. However, I have no desire to do it.

Brooks and Dixon had produced Sims' gypsy play, "The Romany Rye," at Booth's Theater, and Robert Mantell, a young Englishman, appeared in it. He then played an engagement with Fanny Davenport in "Fedora," and by this time had come to the notice of the Madison Square Theater management. They engaged him as a star, and were on the lookout for a play. Hugh Conway's novel, "Called Back," was then all the rage. It had been dramatized in England, and Beer-bohm Tree was appearing as the oily, insidious *Macari*. The Madison Square management bought the American rights, but I found the manuscript very incomplete. Daniel Frohman suggested that I sail for London and see the play for myself. In fact, Dr. Mallory, who was in London at the time, had sent for me to join him. The ship sailed the next day. I found that Augustin Daly and his whole company were on board, and I slipped into an unobtrusive corner to watch my fellow voyagers. I was especially interested in Mr. Daly and enjoyed seeing him mingle with the members of the company. They appeared to be on very excellent terms. W. H. Thompson caught sight of me, and much to my embarrassment, for, outside of the theater, I was timid about meeting people, introduced me to Mr. Daly, Ada Rehan, May Irwin, Virginia Dreher, Otis Skinner, and others. While I was bowing to the ladies, the horrors of seasickness began to creep over me. Mr. Skinner took pity on my condition and led me to my stateroom. My comfort wasn't added to by the fact that I had been consigned to an upper berth, had two roommates, and was within easy "smelling-distance" of the cook's quarters. I had barely strength to creep to the table for the first dinner, making a brave effort to hide my agony. William Winter, who was on board, and Mr. Daly mercifully helped me below. I kept my berth for three days, and might have been there yet but for a rescue party, headed by Miss Rehan, which came to my stateroom, and after making me presentable, took me on deck. I mended rapidly, and the remainder of the voyage was most agreeable. William Winter was a delightful companion, and I took great pleasure in our long talks. When we reached Liver-

pool, I was Mr. Daly's guest for the night. The next day I hastened to London and was met by Doctor Mallory's secretary, who took me to my lodgings, where I saw a genuine English "slavey" for the first time. Until then I had thought the "slavey" purely a stage type, but I found she really existed. I am confident Kipling's sensations when he took his first Japanese bath, as described in "From Sea to Sea," were no more startling than mine when I peeped over the bed-covers the next morning and watched the "slavey" creep into my room for my shoes, which in my inexperience I had not set outside in the hall.

I was to return to America on the same steamer on which I had crossed. That gave me a week, small time to accomplish much; but Dr. Mallory was determined that I should see something of London. He took me to the Tower first, and then to Westminster Abbey. The doctor evidently knew that the Abbey would occupy a great deal of my attention, for he had brought a book with which to pass the time. I sought out the tomb of Queen Elizabeth, and then looked for that of Mary, Queen of Scots, my idol. When I found it, I stood there dreaming, unmindful of the shadows that began to creep into the vast cathedral. It was nearing seven when I woke from my trance and found the Doctor standing beside me with a smile of understanding. Then I hurried to my lodgings and, after a hasty meal, went to the Haymarket where Mr. Tree was playing in "Called Back." My first visit to London was so fleeting that my impressions are rather indistinct. Mr. Tree was all kindness, and I was invited to the Garrick and Green Room Clubs. I had a pleasant meeting with my uncle, David James, then at the height of his popularity in "Our Boys," and Charles Wyndham, the brother-in-law of Bronson Howard.

On the return voyage I found, to my delight, that I was a good sailor, or rather, shall I say that I was too busy to be seasick? The Madison Square management had given me *carte blanche* to rewrite "Called Back," and I did much of the preliminary work on my homeward trip. I was in the writing-room most of the time, altering and originating stage business. Charles Frohman was so eager to tell me of the continued success of "May Blossom" that he came out in a tug-boat to meet

Mrs. Fiske was then
Minnie Maddern.

strike out for himself, and was chafing under the restraints imposed upon him. The Mallorys knew that in some way they would have to protect themselves, so they made overtures to A. M. Palmer.

me. A long summer of preparation followed, and what a hot summer it was! We gave Tree's part of *Macari* to W. J. Ferguson. Fresh from my impression of the real slavey, I introduced an English tenement, where the conspirators framed their plot. The rôle of the slavey was put into the hands of a newcomer to the stage, May Robson, who doubled in another part, and who showed even at that time her unusual cleverness in character work.

During the rehearsals of "Called Back," signs of a break became evident in the personnel of the Madison Square Theater executive staff. Gustave Frohman had left, and was interested in the building of a new theater which was to be called the "Lyceum." "C. F." had so many outside interests, and was so largely associated with Lester Wallack, that he might be considered as only hanging to the Madison Square staff by a thread. Daniel Frohman was growing ambitious to

None too soon was this association consummated. Palmer's Union Square had been undermined by the

I recall an evening after one of Minnie Maddern's performances when we rode in the elevated train from Harlem to the Battery and back again, many times.



popularity of the Madison Square, and Palmer's actors were beginning to desert him for other fields. Not only that, but there was a physical cause for the dissolution of the Union Square Theater. New York amusements had steadily crept up Broadway from the Battery. The theaters clung to the parks of the city. The new playhouses were now in the neighborhood of Madison Square Park, and there was every indication that theaters would be built even farther north. The "Union Square" was therefore out of the theater district. It had lost standing, too, because of the illness of Sara Jewett and the death of Charles Thorne, the public's idol. The coming of Mr. Palmer to the Madison Square sounded the death-knell of domestic drama. "May Blossom" was the last of its school. Mr. Palmer soon gave me occasion to feel his presence. Robert Mantell and Jessie Millward, the young Englishwoman who had won distinction with Henry Irving, were a most nervous couple to manage. We were rehearsing a very difficult scene in "Called Back," and their nervousness was increased by the presence of Mr. Palmer and Mr. Boucicault. I asked Mr. Palmer if he would kindly leave the rehearsal. He flared up and refused, although my request was made confidentially. "I am a partner in this theater," he declared, "and shall come to every rehearsal if I feel inclined." Fortunately, Mr. Boucicault understood the situation and offered to go at once. "Right you are, my boy," he said, and left the theater. In Mr. Palmer's refusal I saw the end of my connection with the Madison Square. Mr. Palmer had been the court of last resort in his own house, and naturally expected to continue as such in his new connection, but, after our little clash at the rehearsal, he was courteous enough not to interfere again with my duties in connection with "Called Back."

"May Blossom" was still running successfully at the Madison Square, so we produced "Called Back" at the Fifth Avenue Theater. On the opening night, two more frightened actors never trod the boards than Robert Mantell and Jessie Millward. I stood in the wings with Miss Millward, trying to revive her courage. She was positively limp. I hid a piece of ice in my handkerchief. When her cue came, I dropped the ice down her back and pushed her on violently—so violently that she

brought up against the table gasping, and uttered her first words with just the proper overwrought feeling. We played in a blazing heat for many weeks. The discomfort of the actors was added to by the fact that the latter part of the play was laid in Russia and they were obliged to wear furs.

"Called Back" was practically my last production for the Madison Square Theater management. While I was getting "The Private Secretary" ready, Frank Thornton came to America. He had been engaged for the leading rôle and had been studying Mr. Tree's production. I knew that he could rehearse the play, so I sent in my resignation, firm to leave, though Mr. Palmer gave every sign that he wanted me to stay. Dr. Mallory had lost interest in the theater and was devoting most of his time to "The Churchman." Few of my supporters were left, so I frankly told Mr. Palmer that I preferred to go. My last act at the Madison Square was to arrange for the appearance of Olga Brandon in the cast of "The Private Secretary."

At this time I became associated again with Bronson Howard. George Knight had produced "Only a Tramp," and while he made a personal success, the play failed. Knight had lost a fortune, but even that disaster did not deter him from being madly in love with the part. Mr. Howard had promised to rewrite "Only a Tramp," but he was so busy with "The Henrietta," which he had written for Robson and Crane, who were about to produce it, that he could not devote the necessary time to the other play, and asked me to do the work for him. It was to be done at once. When I took the rewritten play to Mr. Howard, he said: "You've caught my style exactly. There are no marks of joining anywhere." Indeed, the play read as though it had been written by one man. Mr. Howard insisted that my name appear as collaborator. That association did me unbounded good, even though I never felt that I quite deserved the part-authorship of "Only a Tramp," which we renamed, "Baron Rudolph."

To add to my good fortune, Lester Wallack sent for me. "My dear David," he said, "I want you to write something for me; I have not appeared in a new part for a long while, and I feel that I need another 'Diplomacy' rôle." After we had talked for some hours, it was decided that I should look for a foreign piece, to be adapted to

fit the requirements of the Wallack company—not an easy task, since that organization contained such artists as Kyrle Bellew, John Gilbert, Madame Ponisi, and Miss Annie Robe. Each one of them was to be furnished with what we call a “showy” part. Mr. Bellew was entitled, by the terms of his contract, to refuse any rôle he did not consider up to a certain standard. Sardou’s plays were at the height of their popularity then, and I suggested to Mr. Wallack that I adapt “Fernande,” which suited him admirably. Instead of buying my version outright, he agreed to pay me two hundred and fifty dollars a week as long as the play remained in New York. I retained the road rights as my own.

I had no place in which to write in those days, except the little hall bedroom already spoken of, where I could only work late at night, so I used to be a familiar figure in the writing-room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. I felt that in preparing “Fernande” I ought to be near the theater and within reach of Mr. Wallack, as frequent consultations would be necessary, so I asked him for a corner in the theater that I might call my own. Much to my delight, he opened the doors of his own beautiful study, in his house, ’round the corner from the theater, and told me to consider it as my own. There I worked, day and night, not even going out for my meals, which were sent in. Mr. Wallack spent a great deal of time with me, and I found him rich in suggestions and ideas. I was four weeks adapting the play, my long experience at similar work in San Francisco having accustomed me to working quickly.

“Fernande” brought me into intimate contact with a man who has ever been an inspiration to me. Lester Wallack was a grand old veteran, with all the dignity of the old school. He carried himself with pride, but he was always courteous, kind, and gracious. I can see him now, erect, with his shock of white hair and his blackened moustache. He was the paragon of all actors, and, as my work progressed, and our association ripened, I became more and more conscious of his worth. My admiration and respect must have been apparent to him, for he often told me that I soothed and cheered him when he was nervous and depressed. He needed sympathy as he was approaching the end of his career. In fact, “Fernande” was the very last part he

studied. I held the script while he memorized his lines, and he often paused to ask me to write in this or that, for certain effects. So greatly did this increase his rôle that, when the time came for rehearsals, Mr. Bellew and Miss Robe found their parts totally eclipsed. They protested, and Mr. Wallack asked me to touch up their rôles to their satisfaction. I sat up all night, adding a line here and a speech there, to round out and strengthen their scenes.

At Wallack’s I was witness to the crumbling of another justly famous institution. Mr. Wallack had competition from many quarters, for new men were on the horizon, public taste was changing, and lighter forms of entertainment were coming into vogue. Even Daly was meeting with reverses, and the Madison Square was going down hill. Mr. Wallack was broken in courage; he felt he could not stem the opposition against him. “Shall I get out altogether?” he often asked as he sat in the study. “The public seems to be losing faith in me. I am playing to a corporal’s guard of old faithfuls who cling to me.”

About this time, Steele Mackaye and his many inventions were coming into prominence. He and Gustave Frohman formed a business connection, and the lease of the little Fourth Avenue playhouse—the Lyceum—was turned over to Mr. Mackaye as the manager and Charles Frohman as the business-head. The Tiffany people were financially interested in the theater. I was engaged as stage-director before there was any real need of me. My salary was fixed at one hundred and fifty dollars a week. Mackaye and I dreamed of many things together; he was to write, and I was to produce, and never were there such ideal conditions as those under which we planned to work. Alas!

I was determined to revolutionize stage-lighting, and this attracted Mr. Mackaye, who was always interested in any innovation. He made it clearly understood that I must save myself entirely for the new playhouse; that no other theater should have my efforts or suggestions. He arranged to open a school of acting with Franklin Sargent, who taught elocution at Harvard College and the Madison Square Theater, and who had been so successful in developing Mary Anderson’s diction and physical grace. Naturally the idea of a school appealed to Mr. Mackaye, who, in

a way, was the literary executor and ardent disciple of Delsarte. We engaged an entire building on Twenty-third Street, and had two hundred and seventy-five pupils, of whom two hundred were women. Thus I became a professional teacher of acting.

Mr. Mackaye selected his own play, "Dakolar," to be the opening attraction for the new theater. He read the script at his home before a number of guests, among them many dramatic critics. Mackaye was seated at the head of the table, and, as his stage-director, I sat by his side to take notes on whatever points I considered important. He was a wonderful reader, and quite charmed most of those present. After the reading, he invited criticism. A few points were raised and argued to his satisfaction. I remained silent, and he finally called on me, which was what I had hoped he would not do, for I had noted many weaknesses in the play. I did not want to commit myself, but he insisted, although I suggested that we wait until the next day. William Winter had diplomatically avoided giving a verdict; so had several other critics. I was at last brought to bay and an opinion dragged out of me.

As I read the notes I had made, I could see that Mr. Mackaye was highly displeased. And, finally, in response to my criticism of an especially emotional scene, he drew himself up and said: "When I wrote that scene, I dipped my pen into my heart's blood!" I saw all our beautiful plans going up in smoke. "How can we ever work together after this?" I asked. "We cannot," he promptly rejoined, and added ironically: "I am afraid there is not room enough for both of us at the same theater." I resigned the next day, and Mr. Mackaye put on his play himself. What followed is a matter of stage history. "Dakolar" was not a pronounced success.

After my disagreement with Mr. Mackaye my relations with the school of acting were naturally somewhat strained. The situation was simplified when Franklin Sargent left Mackaye and opened a school for himself. That school was the beginning of his famous school of the present day. I went over to Mr. Sargent, followed by most of my pupils. It was during my connection with Mr. Sargent's school that I met Benjamin F. Roeder, who has been associated with me for many years. At our first meeting, Mr. Sargent said to me: "Mr.

David, here's a young man who has been acting as my secretary, and he is anxious to become a playwright. He wants to meet you." Mr. Roeder was then a slight, black-haired boy, with a tremendous enthusiasm for the drama. He blushed and told me of his ambition to write a play. He had, in fact, completed one, "and would I kindly make an appointment for the next Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, to hear it read?" When Sunday came, a business matter demanded my attention, and I forgot the appointment. I was detained until nearly three o'clock in the morning. When I reached home, I found the boy asleep on the front steps. I was touched to the heart, and then and there began the association which I have found so indispensable for so many years. When he found out later that he did not want to write, he became my general business manager.

Mr. Mackaye followed "Dakolar" with "In Spite of All," an adaptation of Sardou's "André Fortier." Minnie Maddern (Fiske), whom I had met in the days of "Caprice," was in the cast. She was charming in the part, and Charles Frohman and I were equally enthusiastic about her. I remember bumping into him at her dressing-room door one night, each of us laden with a huge bouquet. Mr. Frohman engaged Miss Maddern for "In Spite of All" and took her to the Globe Theater, Boston. I was invited to go along, an opportunity which I eagerly seized. Since the days of Adelaide Neilson I had seen no one who pleased me as much as Minnie Maddern. We became very good friends, and I recall a memorable evening, after one of her performances, when we rode up and down on the elevated train, from Harlem to the Battery and back again, many times, so engrossed in telling each other our ambitions that we couldn't bear to part.


Mr. Mackaye and I were estranged for some years after our disagreement, but in time forgot our differences.

Later, when Mr. Mackaye severed his connection with the Lyceum, the directors brought over Daniel Frohman from the Madison Square. He put me in charge of the stage and, in the months to follow, I was to work in agreeable channels and under pleasant circumstances. Another little playhouse was about to contribute to our theatrical history and, fortunately for me, I was to play no small part in its career.

The Enemy

by George
Randolph
Chester

Illustrated by A.B. Wenzell



SYNOPSIS; Good old Billy! he likes his drink, and he likes it often—says he can take care of himself. He must; because he is the architect for the Pannard sky-scraper, the foundation work of which is sliding. Bow-Wow knows why—so Billy takes him home to sober up. Tommy proposes to Geraldine Benning—she is thinking of Billy and says, no. Off he goes to the club, and with Billy makes a night of it.

When Tommy drops out, Billy finishes the escapade alone and angers Geraldine, though she forgives him later. Then Billy learns Bow-Wow is Harrison Stuart, the architectural genius who had suddenly disappeared from view. Billy scours the city until he finds Stuart's wife and daughter Tavy living in poverty. Billy and Tavy become engaged. One night Billy celebrates his engagement; gets drunk and calls on Tavy and her mother—who breaks off the engagement. Geraldine goes to Tavy under pretense of bringing Billy and Tavy together to make them happy again.

STILL sat Tavy smoothing and smoothing at the seam of the little gray frock with her tiny thumb. So, all Billy's friends knew of his weakness, and that it was chronic, and that it was likely to occur again and again, and that he must be forgiven and forgiven, and that after each forgiveness he was like to come to the door, at the most unexpected times, with that something in him which was not Billy, leering its red leer, and snarling its red snarl out of a cruelly distorted and disennobled countenance. Deeper and deeper Tavy buried her heart beneath the ashes of her once joyous hopes, and the mouse-gray of her gown crept up and blended with the delicate tint of her cheeks and obliterated it; while the gay mauve plumes nodded and nodded. Oh! Geraldine

was talking again. What was she saying?

"So I'll just bring Billy up some evening, and pop him in at the door."

Tavy's heart gave a leap. It was not yet deeply enough buried, so brave little Tavy compressed her lips, and heaped more ashes upon it, more and more, working quite frantically, as if in fear that it might burst through the ashes before she had heaped on enough. To have Billy pop through the door!

"Grand tableau," Geraldine rattled on, "Billy pops in, I pop out, tears, reconciliation, the fatted calf. He'll be at our house for dinner to-night. I'll bring him up."

"No." All buried now, buried away down deep, and the voice was even and firm.

"Some other night then," Geraldine cheerfully urged. "You're bound to have him sooner or later, because Billy is irresistible; and the Billy habit grows on one. I couldn't do without Billy if I wanted to." The mauve plumes should have been clipped. "Well, wait until some night next week."

"Please don't, Geraldine. You mustn't think of it. I know you mean well, but Billy can't come."

"I'm so sorry!" cooed Geraldine. "Billy will be broken-hearted when I tell him to-night that his good Samaritan failed."

Thereupon Billy's good Samaritan dropped the entire subject, and chatted away about frills and furbelows, and dances and theaters, and all such agreeable topics, until it came time to take Tavy home, with a splitting headache.

At dinner time, the mauve plumes tucked away with Geraldine's other familiars, Billy's good Samaritan appeared before him radiant with sympathy, if such a thing could be, and cheerful with condolence.

"Did you see her?" he asked.

"Tavy, you mean?" she laughed. "I had her out for a drive, Billy."

"How is she? How did she look?"

"Pretty well, I should say." Geraldine considered the matter critically with a pretty little pucker of concentration in lips and brow. "Her hair was as black as ever, and she was quite able to laugh, when I told her about Tommy's absurd fancy-dress breakfast."

"Oh," observed Billy. He should have been delighted that Tavy had not worn herself to a shadow with grief, but there was

a selfish pang of disappointment in the thought that she had laughed. "What did she say?"

Her face turned sweetly serious and her lashes drooped, as she took his hand and clasped her own over it.

"I don't like to tell you, Billy." Her voice was full of sympathetic modulation, low and gentle, and her brows twitched ever so slightly as she felt the wince in the big hand which lay in hers. She strolled with him towards the library.

"It's all off then, permanently," he guessed, and his voice was funereal in its dejection. "I am not to see her any more."

"I wouldn't give up all hope even yet, Billy." It was dim in the library, and dark walls half-hidden in the glow of a low, wide-spreading, dull red lamp shade. She sat on one of the big comfortable settees, and Billy sat beside her. It was he who reached for her hand this time, and held to it.

"I did the best I could for you, Billy. I told her how sorry you were and how broken-hearted, and after I had pleaded with her, for half an hour, to forgive you, I asked for permission to bring you up, but she said, no, you could not come."

A sharp intake of the breath, and the hand which held Geraldine's closed with such convulsive strength that she almost cried out with pain.

"Poor little Tavy!" That was his first thought, and that was what the convulsive clutch of his hand had meant. Geraldine recognized it, and she felt her lips stiffen. She had at first interpreted that clutch as pain for himself.

"Poor little Tavy," she repeated. "Of course it hurt her, Billy. No girl likes to be humiliated; but, if I were you, I'd let the matter rest a week or two; then I'll go up again, if you wish, and make another attempt."

"Will you!" The tone was as eager as if it had been the first time she had proposed to go. He had no pride, none whatever!

"Of course I will, but I don't like to. Frankly, Billy, I had all I could do to keep from saying what I thought. I don't care for people who are unforgiving to my friends. Let's don't talk about it any more. Tell me about your business."

He was heavily plodding through the details of structural iron work, when Three-

B Benning lounged into the library and shook hands heartily. There was no resentment in Three-B Benning that Billy had once made a fool of himself in this house nor was there any either in Mrs. Benning. How good it was to be among old friends, and what a jolly little homelike dinner party it was. Billy enjoyed it very much; but he left at half past nine.

First of all, as soon as he reached the city, he took a spin down the drive. The windows in the bay were lighted, but there was no one visible in them, though once a shadow crossed the curtains.

Oh, if he could only see her, if he could only stand at a distance and gaze on her, it would be something to this intense longing which was in his heart!

He must see her! The lights went out in the bay window up there, and it might have soothed him some to know, though it would have hurt him too, that, when Tavy went back into the delit and white room, she kneeled by her bed and bowed her head on her arms, and longed and longed for a sight of Billy as he longed for a sight of her! Ashes are a light covering with which to hide a heart, Tavy.

Morning. Three times a week, at thirty, Tavy hurries off for her music lesson. Just across the drive, at the corner where she takes the stage, are some steps leading down the bank. There is a sort of forlorn park there, with many steep little winding paths and innumerable steps to go up and go down, and feeble shrubbery, and a general air of making the best of things. Perhaps there is something in the very forlornness of the hillside retreat which appeals to Tavy, and perhaps it is because she has so few opportunities to be quite alone with her endless task of ash heaping but, whenever there is no stage in sight, she wanders down for a five minutes' stroll around the poor little fountain, and sometimes even sits on one of the starved looking benches.

To-day, she rounds the little clump of shrubbery toward the fountain, her eyes cast to the ground, and her thoughts somber with the weight of that endless task which she has taken upon herself, and which she had begun to fear will never quite cease. It is a somber day, too, with the sky grayly overcast and a gray mist in the air. Just on the other side of the shrubbery, near the fountain, is a tall young man gazing straight up through the branches. This is a splen-

did spot which he found. Whenever he has a half hour to spend, he can look up at those windows, on the block beyond, without being conspicuous.

Suddenly, as Tavy rounds the corner, she looks up from the ground and the tall young man looks down from the windows, and the gray skies disappear, and all the world is flooded with radiance, and a certain heart scatters its ashes as if they were nothing, and goes pounding away at a furious rate. Why, in all the universe there is no such thing as tragedy, or sorrow, or somber thought; nothing but joy, music, youth, flaming color, love!

"Billy! Tavy!" The two words are simultaneous; they are exultant. For only a moment they stand and feast the eyes which had been so, so hungry, and then, with a cry of rapture, they are clasped in each other's arms, clasped close, as if nothing should ever part them again!

THERE was a thrilling air of secrecy in Mike Dowd's Sink, and Mike, watching the four lone survivors of the winter conclave, lowered his yellow mustache in suspicion and contemptively fingered his bungstarter. "There was something doing," but the nature of it required such unusual preparations that Mike, in all his experience, could find nothing upon which to base a theory. For a week there had been furtive whisperings among Jerry-the-Limp, Piggy Marshall, Red Whitey, and Tank Tonkey. This whispering might mean anything from a raid on a peanut stand to the murder of a friend. But what did it mean when Piggy Marshall, who had never been known to wear any other neck adornment than a blue gingham shirt with the top button open, suddenly produced from his pocket a tight little roll in clean yellow paper, and proceeded, with many painful jerks and much reddening of the face, to don a phenomenally low turn-down collar of phenomenal whiteness, and a crisp little black and red bow tie, which was ready-made, and snapped on with a hook? What did it mean when Tank Tonkey, in like solemn manner, donned a like snow-white collar and attached a ready-made four-in-hand of violent blue? What did it mean when Jerry-the-Limp produced, from a flat parcel under his arm, a waiter's white dickey of glistening celluloid, and buttoned it under his vest, presenting in the twink-

ling of an eye, a startling transformation from a poor, suffering poverty-stricken cripple to a gentleman of means, in a spotless white shirt front and a substantial black bow tie? What did it mean when Red Whitey, decorated in a green tie, went back to the tap and washed his face?

"What have you guys turned up?" demanded Mike Dowd, his curiosity at last past bearing.

"Oh, nothin'!" It was Jerry-the-Limp who gave this nonchalant reply; Jerry, who had adjusted every cravat and critically inspected it, who had turned up Piggy Marshall's trousers band, so that it did not lop in a ragged gray edged line over the top of his belt, who had sent Red Whitey shuffling sullenly back to wash his face a second time, with instructions to use soap and a brick or quit the party.

"Nothin', eh!" growled Mike, viewing the resplendent quartette askance. "If you stiffs pull anything phoney around this corner and get the Chicago Buffet in bad, I'll pike you!"

"Aw, give that stuff the double bell, Mike," husked Piggy Marshall, lounging over against the bar and twisting his neck to a comfortable settling in his collar. "We're just gonna call on a friend."

"Oh," and Mike's yellow mus-

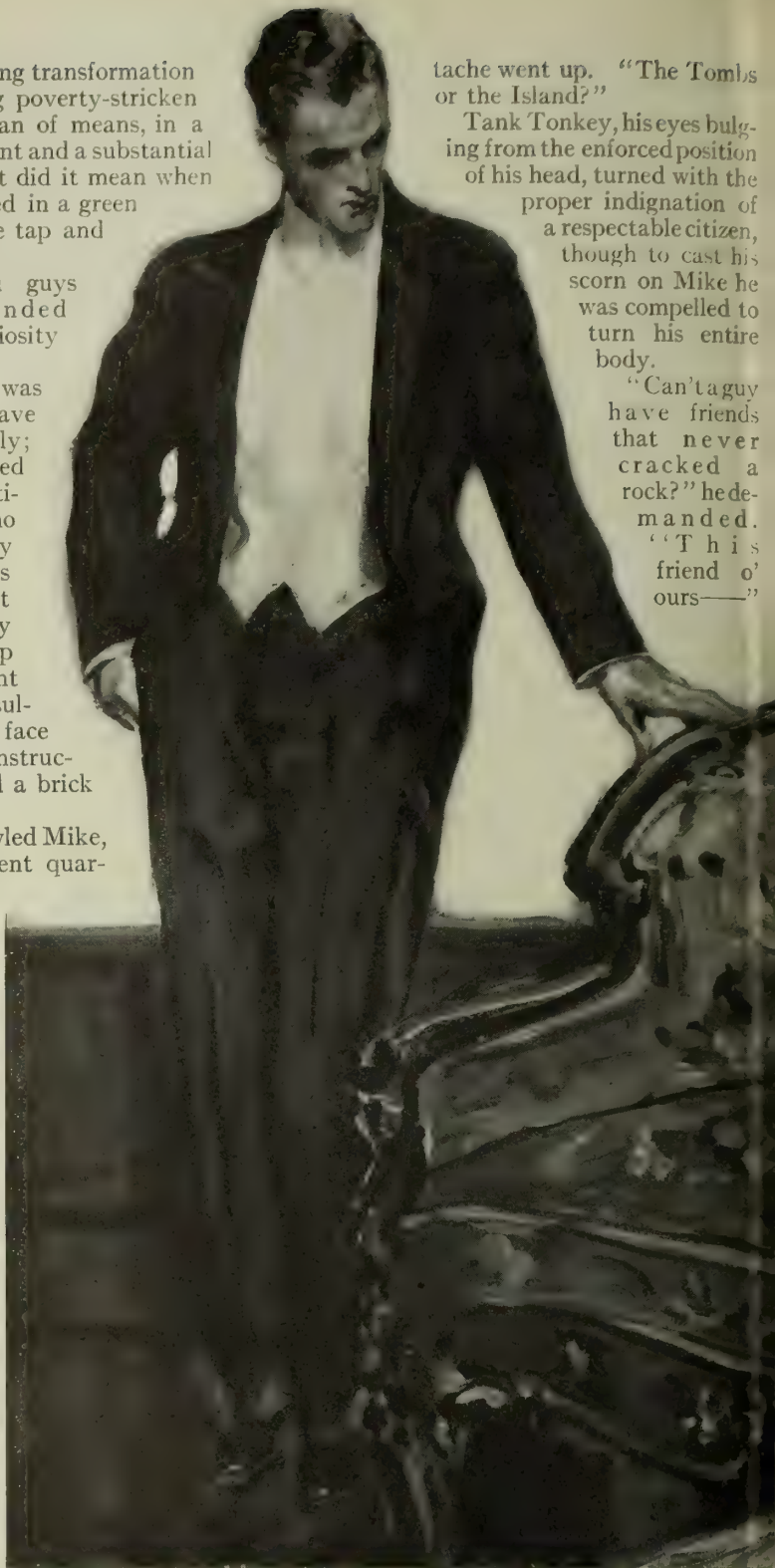
"It's all off, then, permanently?" Billy asked. "I'm not to see Tavy any more?" "I wouldn't give up hope even yet, Billy," replied Geraldine.

tache went up. "The Tombs or the Island?"

Tank Tonkey, his eyes bulging from the enforced position of his head, turned with the proper indignation of a respectable citizen, though to cast his scorn on Mike he was compelled to turn his entire body.

"Can't a guy have friends that never cracked a rock?" he demanded.

"This friend o' ours——"



"Shut your yawp, you fat slob!" suddenly blazed Jerry-the-Limp. "If I hear another rumble out of you, I'll cave in your hoops!" and he shook a bony fist at the offending brother. "Red, ain't you got that mop scraped yet?"

"You go to hell!" yelled the suffering Red Whitey from back at the tap, "I got soap in my eye!"

"You don't know how to use it," scorned Jerry. "Come on, or we'll drop you off the wagon."

The four, in solemn line, drank their parting drinks, and left Mike Dowd mystified to the point of whittling a ring around his mallet handle.

It was Jerry-the-Limp who led the way, striding along with an appearance of

great briskness, which, however, made but little headway, with Piggy Marshall beside him and Red Whitey and Tank Tonkey following. They trudged the Bowery, in the blighting shadow of the elevated tracks, and over to Broadway, and far up town, a procession with a sedate purpose and stolid decision, their eyes popping and their faces reddening from the cramping of their stiff collars, but their destination fixed inexorably in their minds.

Past the
wholesale
district,
past the
dry goods
section,
past the hotel



quarter, and up near the theater district, where, at last, they turned in, with the unbreathed ease of them who have traversed continents, at one of the old office buildings. Just before they entered the lobby, Jerry-the-Limp drew up his cohorts for a final word of instruction, while a near-by policeman wondered whether or not he should trouble himself.

"Now look here, you boneheads, listen to me. When you drill into this dump, hold your heads up and don't look at the janitor. Just pass him right by, because if he ever catches your eye, he'll give you the run. Follow me, and pretend you got business where you're goin'. Do you get me?"

"Shoot," rumbled Tank Tonkey, his chin elevated and a ridge of white numbness coming in his neck where it bound against his collar.

"Damn soap!" snarled Red Whitey, rubbing his knuckle in his eye.

"Well, when we get where we're goin'," went on Jerry, "stick right close to me, and don't any of you butt in unless I give you a stamp on the hoof. That's all. Now!"

With this word of command, General Jerry-the-Limp led his troops boldly into the lobby, and passed the elevator starter in unquestioned safety, and turned into the open car and lined up against the back wall in silent stiffness.

"Twelfth!" shrilled General Jerry, as the car shot upward.

"Now!" again said Jerry-the-Limp, as they emerged on the twelfth floor. It was a word of reassurance as well as command, for Red Whitey was already showing signs of weakening, and seemed unanxious to leave the elevator.

For only a moment General Jerry paused before the office door of William Lane, Engineering Architect, then he boldly opened the door and entered, and the snubnosed office boy, who still felt that hereditary instinct for rod and line and hook and worm, was astounded to see confronting him the four most remarkable visitors who had ever entered that reception-room. He was a city-bred boy, however, and he knew exactly what to do. He bristled straight up to the gate of the low railing, and barred the way of the entire four. He came about to Tank Tonkey's middle shirt button.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"Is Mr. Doe in?" The voice of Jerry-the-

Limp, a wheedling voice, a voice intended to be suave, but which ended in a whine.

"What do you want?"

Red Whitey, catching the sweeping eye of the snubnosed boy on him, followed the line of the ceiling, as far as he could see it, in both directions, and then studiously inspected the rug. He was most uncomfortable. Jerry-the-Limp, however, was unruffled. He was sure of his ground.

"Just tell Mr. Doe it's some friends dropped in to call on him."

The boy was city-bred. He studied the four friends of Mr. Doe with frankly admiring incredulity, and then the snubnose seemed to spread, in sympathy with his suppressed grin.

"Cards, please," he requested.

Jerry-the-Limp, given much to impulsiveness, suddenly leaned forward and snarled in the boy's face, and the boy stepped back, startled by that ghastly mask.

"The names'll do, you!" he shrilled. "You tell Doe it's Jerry-the-Limp! He'll be right out!"

For a moment the boy stood, stunned, and then, looking backwards at the friendly callers, with their shiny buttons and their frowsy crumpled clothing, and their startlingly contrasting collars and cravats, he went into the office of John Doe, where he found Billy's partner bending, with pleasant absorption, over an intricate roof drawing. He had a fine problem here to solve, a delicate, complicated problem, where safety and grace must be combined.

"Out with it, Major," he smiled down with good comradeship.

"Some callers for you, Mr. Doe. I didn't tell 'em you was in. One of 'em says his name is Jerry-the-Limp." The boy saw the face of John Doe turn deadly pale, he saw his lean hands grip the edge of his drawing-board, he saw the eye half close; then he saw the head come up, and John Doe was smiling down at him again.

"Jerry-the-Limp, eh?" he spoke slowly, and as if his tongue were slightly thickened, but he smiled. "Well, show them in, Major;" then, as the door closed, he reached for a glass of water and stood gathering himself for the indignity.

"Hello, Bow-Wow," hailed Jerry-the-Limp cheerily, as he came into the little private office.

John Doe stood silently until the four had clustered into the room.

"You will not use that name here," he said quietly. "Now, why have you come?"

"Just a friendly little call, Pal," and Jerry-the-Limp grinned confidently up at him. "We thought you'd like to see some of your old buddies from down at the Sink."

"You came for money, I suppose."

Tank Tonkey smiled pleasantly; Piggy Marshall chuckled in his throat; Red Whitey rubbed his knuckles in his eye, but his other eye looked pleased.

"Well, Brother," returned Jerry-the-Limp, still grinning his impudent grin, "I wouldn't have mentioned it myself, right off the bat this way, till we'd chatted a while about old times, but, if you want to help your old pals a little bit, why, we ain't too proud to accept assistance."

John Doe slowly paced the length of his little office, and Red Whitey, watching his erect carriage, his straightly poised head, his neatly cropped silver Vandyke, and the marked distinction of his face, tugged at Jerry-the-Limp's coat and huskily whispered, "Are you sure he's the right guy?"

"Shut your yawp!" growled Jerry-the-Limp. "He didn't deny it, did he?"

With sudden decision, Doe sat at his desk and leafed through his 'phone book, and called a number.

"Is this Mike Dowd?" he asked.

The effect of that simple question was magical! Tank Tonkey, who was never comfortable standing, leaned against the wall with a thump which jarred the pictures, and he held his middle; Piggy Marshall tried to stick his finger between his collar and his throat; Red Whitey half opened the door, so he could have quick egress if needed, and stood listening, with his face fish-white where it gleamed through his red whiskers; Jerry-the-Limp, with active concern on his weazened face, hurried over to the desk.

"For the love of Pete, wacha gonna do, Bow-Wow!" he implored.

"Just a moment, Mr. Dowd." John Doe set down the receiver, and turned on Jerry-the-Limp a face so full of command that the poor suffering cripple drew up his leg instinctively to limp. "I told you not to call me by that name," he said sternly. "You used it once before when I was in Mr. Dowd's saloon. I warn you not to utter the syllables again. Stand back there!"

Jerry-the-Limp, with a droop in his lips,

turned to find the eyes of his cohorts glaring coldly upon him.

"Honest, Mr. Doe, if you turn us up to Mike——"

Doe held up his hand, and Jerry-the-Limp, not quite knowing why, stopped.

"This is John Doe, Mr. Dowd," he said into the 'phone. "If you will remember, when I was in your place not long ago, a man who pretended to be a cripple claimed acquaintance with me, under the name of Bow-Wow."

The four afternoon callers, huddled near the doorway in two groups, of three callers and one caller, heard a harsh voice crackling and snapping in the 'phone.

"Yes, they're here," returned Doe, with a smile. "I merely called you up, Mr. Dowd, to ask your advice as to what to do with them."

The answer of Mike Dowd was so short, so clean-cut, and so vigorous, that every person in the room could hear it.

"Kill 'em!"

A lot more came over the wire, not all the words were distinguishable and not all were printable, but enough could be gleaned, even by the caller nearest the door, whose red whiskers seemed to be curling tighter.

"Thank you," returned Mr. Doe, and hung up the receiver; then he faced his callers. "Get out!"

The tone was not vociferous, it was not extraordinarily vigorous even, but there was such calm and firm decision about it that the callers got out; and, as they closed the door behind them, John Doe sunk limply on his desk, sprawled there, crushed, humiliated, shamed!

"You're a fine fathead!" growled Piggy Marshall, as they jostled out through the reception-room. He was already taking off his collar, and tearing it in the process.

"Didn't I tell you you didn't know the gent?" demanded Red Whitey, who was well in the lead.

The snubnosed office boy was opening the outer door for them.

"For a handful of butts I'd croak you!" husked Tank Tonkey vindictively, as they clustered in front of the elevator. "You had a fine frame-up, didn't you? Oh yes! We'd come up here—say, do you know what this outfit cost me?" and he shook the collar and the violent blue tie at Jerry-the-Limp. "Nineteen cents! Now you buy it!"

"Do you suppose I want to play circus?"

snarled Jerry-the-Limp, looking at the white circle with aversion. "Ain't you sport enough to invest that much in a big gamble like this? Why, all we had to do——"

"Yes, we did!" Tank Tonkey again. He was too heavy to give himself much to wrath, but when he did, it was deadly. "All we had to do was to smoke your hop, and think this millionaire sport was Bow-Wow, and we could milk him for the rest of our lives. Oh, yes, we did!" Tank Tonkey's rage was rising in proportion to his weight. "I'll lean on you, you shrimp!"

"Shut your yawps, you boneheads!" shrilly yelled Jerry-the-Limp, wheeling on his followers with fierce command, but he saw in their cold eyes that his moral force was shattered and his leadership gone; and he had instant proof of it when Red Whitey, without a word of warning, suddenly pranced up and kicked him on the shin.

"Say," growled Piggy Marshall; "don't any of these elevators stop on this floor?"

A messenger boy stepped up to the row of elevators and pressed a button, and the next car flashed its red light. It was fairly crowded, and, as they thronged in, Jerry-the-Limp found himself forced violently into the periphery of Tank Tonkey.

"Get out of me!" wheezed Tank, his voice made shrill by compression. "Step away or I'll bat you!"

"Paste him one for me, Tank," requested Piggy Marshall.

"I will, so help me, the minute I get room to swing an arm!" and in Tank's reddened eyes there came a savage gleam. "Push back, I tell you!"

"Get off my foot!" growled Piggy Marshall. He, too, was losing his temper.

At that moment the elevator stopped at the main floor, and Jerry-the-Limp, feeling that the height of his unpopularity had arrived, popped out of the door, with a real limp. He might have gotten away clear, but the elevator starter, seeing him run, grabbed him by the coat. That was no way to detain Jerry-the-Limp, for his arms were out of the sleeves in an instant, and, leaving the coat in the starter's hands, he darted through the lobby, in his blue shirt sleeves, with his celluloid dickey sticking straight out in front of him and his black bow tie slipped around under his ear. That second of delay, however, had been disastrous, for it enabled Red Whitey to catch him round the neck, at the curb, and, in two seconds

more, Tank Tonkey and Piggy Marshall were upon him!

It took two policemen to drag Jerry-the-Limp from under his clothes; and the last admiring Broadway saw of General Jerry and his army, they were whizzing away in a patrol wagon, still snarling.

MRS. STUART smiled as she opened the door, for the young man who stood there, with a portfolio of sketches under his arm and a whimsical grin on his wide lips, was Tommy Tinkle.

"Any water-color drawings to-day, madam; any oil portraits to paint; any white-washing to do?"

"Step in, and I'll look around," invited Mrs. Stuart, very glad indeed that he had come, for smiling was rather rare, these days, in the Stuart apartments.

"Thank you." Tommy hung his hat on the hall tree in the vestibule, and lounged into the parlor. "A certain beautiful young lady is not at home, I suppose. Do you mind if I smoke? Foggy weather we're having."

"Tavy is at her music lesson, and you know you may smoke, and I think we shall have some rain, and won't you sit down." It was good to hear her laugh, although the mirth did not extend as far as her patient eyes.

Tommy drew Mrs. Stuart's chair into a more pleasant view for her, and waited until she had seated herself, and reached for his portfolio.

"I've been doing some serious portrait work," he observed. "How is this one?"

Mrs. Stuart gave a little gasp of delight.

"Tavy!" she cried.

"Pretty fine, from memory and sketches," bragged Tommy, cocking his head on one side to admire his own work. "The Hudson river, Mrs. Stuart, flows down through the state of New York in an almost directly north and south line for the more important part of its course. On its broad bosom floats a wealth of commerce. The next portrait is of a lady whom all must revere and admire, and whom to know is a privilege," and he turned the leaf. "Lady Stuart."

"You flatter with your brushes as well as with your tongue, I'm afraid," protested Mrs. Stuart, pleased nevertheless, for Tommy had limned her in one of those rarer moments, during her recent happiness, when

she had redeveloped the mischief which accounted for some of the imps in Tavy's eyes.

"You speak but to charm," rattled on Tommy. "The shores of the many bays and inlets in the vicinity of New York are the most interestingly populated of any city in the world. Into New York Harbor come ships from every clime. This is Geraldine. I name her so that you may know for whom the portrait was intended, and so congratulate me. The next is the artist himself, painted in a period of repose and just on the point of smoking a cigaret with easy nonchalance. The Atlantic Ocean, Mrs. Stuart, is an extremely large body of water, and turning the page, you find yourself gazing on the manly features of Billy Lane. Handsome chap, isn't he? Mrs. Stuart, we have now arrived at the object of my visit." He handed her the last named portrait, and closed the portfolio. "Now tell me, what is your frank and unbiased opinion of Billy?"

She did not answer immediately, although she shot at him a swift and shrewd glance. There was much method in Tommy's madness, as she had long since divined.

"I like Billy very much," she admitted, but the smile was gone from her face. "He has many noble qualities."

"I knew you'd say that," Tommy promptly rejoined. "Every one who knows him must say it. Why can't he come back, and promise to be good, and be forgiven?"

"Please don't, Tommy," begged Mrs. Stuart soberly. "From what you say, I judge that you know what happened here, and if you know, you already understand why Billy can never be the same to us."

"Probably not," He smiled at her with engaging frankness. "Billy didn't send me, but I know he wouldn't expect to be quite the same to you. He wouldn't ask a full restoration, but just a crumb, just the privilege of coming up here once in a while and sitting around."

She shook her head sadly. "It wouldn't do, Tommy. It couldn't be kept to that. You knew, of course, that Billy and Tavy were very fond of each other."

"I couldn't help knowing it," and the whimsical grin flashed on Tommy's face. "From the minute Billy met Tavy he made a nuisance of himself. If I asked him the time, he told me about Tavy's curls. If I said good-morning, he told me about her eyes. I've never seen a fellow so foolish

about a girl. And now if you could see him, Mrs. Stuart, you'd pity the boy. He's all broken up, he's pale and hollow-eyed, he can't eat, he can't sleep, he can't do anything but just moon around and want to see Tavy. I'm serious, Mrs. Stuart. Billy's my best friend, and I'll admit that he needed a punishment. But he's had it. Give us a chance, won't you? Just let Billy and me come up here for five minutes at a time, and sit in a corner and say nothing, just look and go away. I'll even put blinkers on Billy, if you say so. I'll——"

She stopped him with a smile of infinite sadness. "What you say only makes me the firmer in my determination. I'm sorry that he has suffered, but the mere fact that he thinks so much of Tavy makes it dangerous for him to come here. I would not torture her with a love she could not enjoy, nor permit her to marry a man who would be bound to make her unhappy."

Tommy stiffened a trifle. "Billy would make no girl unhappy," he stoutly maintained. "His one weakness is his only fault, but I personally know that he has never tried to overcome it. He has never had occasion to do so until now. He has not taken a drink since the last time he came to your door. He's cured, and all he needs is a little encouragement."

Again she smiled and shook her head. "I could not trust him. I have seen too much of what that weakness leads to. I have seen men stop drinking for brief periods, and sometimes quite long ones, but if they once have that craving they never are quite safe; never," and that old bitterness sprang into her eyes.

"That's just it!" Tommy's voice was triumphant. "Billy has no craving, and I'll swear to it. Here's what I propose. You may be making a serious mistake. If Tavy and Billy think so much of each other, and Billy is all right, you'd be very sorry you kept them apart. You just let Billy come up here, now and then, and watch him. If he makes one more mistake, just one, turn him out. I'll help you. So will Billy." Adroit Tommy. He saw, as she glanced down again at the ingratiating picture of Billy, that there was no wavering in her, and he knew better than to compel a refusal which would be final. He went abruptly to the window. "What a queer government boat. Did you ever see one like it, Mrs. Stuart?" he pointed it out, a



DRAWING BY A. B. WENZELL

"Tavy!" The cry burst from Stuart. **"My little Tavy!"** For a startling moment she



turned to Billy, her heart beating high and fast. "He is your father, Tavy," said Billy.

long, low craft with a myriad of angling derricks, which, at that distance, looked like toothpicks. He relieved her of the sketch, as she stood at the window. "Will you and Tavy go to the theater with me some night this week?"

Again she laughed at him.

"You'll have to ask Tavy about that." Suddenly her eyes narrowed. "You're not arranging for us to meet anyone?" The shocked look on his face was enough answer. "Pardon me, Tommy."

"I'm not damaged in the slightest," he lightly assured her. "How soon will a certain beautiful young lady be home?"

"She should be here now," and Mrs. Stuart glanced at the clock.

"Then I'll wait," and Tommy strolled across to the piano. He had a habit of making himself perfectly at home everywhere he went. He had been known to call merely because he liked to sit in a certain chair and think. He opened the piano and ran his fingers over the keys. "I think Tavy and you need some excitement. You've been cooped up here too much since Billy went away. If you won't let him come back, I'll have to take you out myself."

He leaned over some music and pushed it aside, then he struck into a gay little composition of his own, a whimsical thing, full of unexpected turns and ending with a crash which was humor itself caught into melody.

"You always seem happy," mused Mrs. Stuart, studying him curiously.

"It's about the only good thing I do," returned Tommy soberly. "I think I'll go home."

He had thought it all out. Before he left the room, he managed to slip the portrait of Billy under a sheet of music on the table. They'd find it there later.

HAD the swine walked in at the feast to claim acquaintance with the prodigal son, he could not have been more startled and degraded in his own eyes than was John Doe at the appearance of his one-time cronies of the Bowery. Revolting ghosts from his besotted past, they had come in upon him to soil the cleanness of his present manhood. Why, his swine were there before he had even sat at the feast, before the fatted calf had been killed, and he shuddered to think of the long train of persecution which had threatened him. It had been his impulse to share with these unfortu-

nates some measure of his prosperity, but, in a flash, he had seen before him endless extortion which would finish only with his death.

No man may escape his guilt. He cannot hide himself so well beneath the guise of respectability, the shelter of wealth, nor the wall of years, but that, at some unexpected moment, when the world seems the happiest and the gayest and the fullest of radiant promise, his old-time sin will raise its frightful visage above the horizon, and cover all his sky.

That beautiful little problem in roof construction, that delicate problem, the solution of which must combine strength and grace, and which had promised so much pleasure; he looked upon it now with aversion. The joy was gone from it, as all joy from this hour had departed from him. He put on his coat and hat and left the office, but, before he went, he considered well what, if any, moral obligation he owed to his old companions, Jerry-the-Limp and Piggy Marshall and Red Whitey and Tank Tonkey. If it be the obligation of the strong to protect the weak, of the able to feed the incompetent, of the ambitious to supply the lazy, of the rich to support the poor, then he owed a debt to his afore-time brother swine. Money laid in their hands would do them no good, so he called up Mike Dowd again, and, much to that gentleman's indignant protest, arranged a fund to be held secretly for the denizens at the Sink, when they should be ill or in trouble, or immoderately thirsty. Then, his conscience washed of this, he went home to the dim, heavy quiet of Billy's lounging-room.

The old, old occupation, the one which came upon him at every untoward turn of his new life; self-analysis, self-revilement, deep, deep self-abasement; and these things are good for no man except for a momentary acknowledgment to strengthen him. Slowly, inexorably, he went back over his distorted career, trying to comprehend by what impossible steps he had slipped into the degrading annihilation from which Billy had rescued him. Even now his soul was writhing in abject misery. Tavy was miserable; Jean was miserable; Billy, good, kind Billy who had brought him back from his wretched oblivion, was miserable. And for what? All for that yellow liquid which stood in the decanter at his hand, a glass beside it.

Whisky. What was it? A taste on the tongue, a numbing of the brain, an exhilaration of the blood, and then a paralysis of every single thing, physical, mental, and moral, which is the best in man; a paralysis in which there is no joy, no happiness, no comfort. Why!

A taste upon the tongue, a numbing of the brain, an exhilaration of the blood, that was all. There was nothing more which could be cataloged as a reason for tilting that decanter, and pouring the pungent yellow liquid into a glass and swallowing it. That was all; and yet men gave their wealth, their abilities, their families, their lives, their souls, to tilt that decanter and pour the yellow liquid into the glass, and swallow it! John Doe reached out and laid his hand upon the decanter!

What devil of perversity had seized upon him! Why, looking this inexplicable enigma calmly and logically in the face, should he suddenly be impelled to tilt that decanter and pour the yellow liquid into the glass, and swallow it? Why, knowing all that he knew, should he be seized with a sudden fierce desire to feel that taste upon his tongue, to feel those numbing fumes ascending into his brain? There would ensue a dizzy discomfort, a revolt of his stomach, a thickening of his tongue, a blearing of his eyes, an ugly relaxation of all his facial muscles, and yet—

By God, he must have it! He must! That old fever of desire swept upon him with an irresistible flood, it shook him from head to foot, it distended his eyes, it strained the leaders of his throat, it grasped him with a demoniacal frenzy! He must have it, in spite of all knowledge, in spite of all reasoning, in spite of all that he held most dear, in spite of man, in spite of God! There was no reason for this, there was no explanation, there was no possible way of understanding; but he must feel that taste upon his tongue! It was the impulse of a maniac, of a madman, of some accursed fiend which had driven out John Doe from this helpless body, and urged it to its destruction. He was bent and crouched and rigidly tensed in every incurving member, even to his claw-like fingers, as, with widely spread mouth and staring eyes, he lifted the glass and filled it to the brim, and raised it, trembling, toward his lips!

Tavy! She stood just before him, star-

ing in shocked wonder, her luminous gray eyes struggling between surprise and reproach, her sweet face pallid, her black ringlets clustering about her white brow, her exquisitely curved lips, which had half parted in a smile of welcome, now stiffened. At first he thought that the beautiful figure in the mouse-colored frock was an apparition; but no, it was Tavy, Tavy herself, Tavy in the flesh! During the whirl of his mad lunacy, she had come in at the door, unnoticed, and Billy now followed her. All John Doe's tensed muscles relaxed, and from his nerveless fingers he dropped the glass!

After such a whirlwind of passion he would normally have sunk into a chair, exhausted, limp, but there had come a new and an even more powerful stimulus. This was his daughter, his Tavy, one of the two images which he had held before his mind by night and by day, until she, with Jean, had become a part of all his mind, of all his soul, of his very flesh and blood.

And she had come to save him! She had appeared like a blessed vision sent from heaven, to stop him in that one and only moment when his own strength had not been sufficient for his needs, to step in at the instant when he was about to take the downward plunge into that hell from which he could never again arise! In that he saw the finger of divine intervention, and in him there welled up a great flood of gratitude, which swept away all that cold repression he had for so long forced upon himself; and, as he looked upon her, as the great change came over him which brought him back from the distortion wrought by the fiend of craving, he saw her eyes soften with compassion and her lips curve with the smile of sweet pity.

"Tavy!" The cry burst from him in an agony of love and longing. "My little Tavy!"

For a startled instant she turned to Billy, her heart beating high and fast.

"He is your father, Tavy."

Her father! At first she could not comprehend it. Her father! She was dazed. Then, as the full significance of the revelation broke upon her, she sprang to him. She was in his arms and sobbing upon his shoulder, and, over and over, with a broken voice and the tears streaming down his white cheeks, he was calling her his little Tavy, his little Tavy, his little Tavy!


Get the next instalment of George Randolph Chester's big story in the new Hearst's for March —the sensation on every news-stand February 27.

The

by

Illus-

ALTHOUGH the man's back was turned toward me, I was uncomfortably conscious that he was



"Aunty of you kill 'um three-eye?" demanded Tiger-tail. "Certainly," I said gravely as I pointed to my book.

"This is her picture; I am a direct descendant of her. She's the goddess of wisdom. That's why I'm always studying when you see me down by the water here."

watching me. How he could possibly be watching me while I stood directly behind him, I did not ask

Third Eye

Robert W. Chambers

trated by Herman Pfeifer

myself; yet, nevertheless, instinct warned me that I was being inspected; that somehow or other the man was staring at me as steadily as though he and I had been face to face and his faded, sea-green eyes were focussed upon me.

It was an odd sensation which persisted in spite of logic, and of which I could not rid myself. Yet the little waitress did not seem to share it. Perhaps she was not under his glassy inspection. But then, of course, I could not be either.

No doubt the nervous tension incident to the expedition was making me super-sensitive and even morbid.

Our sailboat rode the shallow, turquoise-tinted waters at anchor, rocking gently just off the snowy coral reef on which we were now camping.

The youthful waitress who, for economy's sake, wore her cap,

writing in her diary. Sometimes she thoughtfully touched her pencil point with the tip of her tongue; sometimes she replenished the fire from a pile of dead mangrove branches heaped up on the coral reef beside her. Whatever she did she accomplished gracefully.

As for the man, Grue, his back remained turned toward us both and he continued, apparently, to scan the horizon for the sail which we all expected. And all the time I could not rid myself of the unpleasant idea that somehow or other he was looking at me, watching attentively the expression of my features, and noting my every movement.

The smoke of our fire blew wide across leagues of shallow, sparkling water, or, when the wind veered, whirled back into our faces across the reef, curling and eddying among the standing mangroves like fog drifting.

Seated there near the fire, from time to time I swept the horizon with my marine glasses; but there was no sign of Kemper; no sail broke the far sweep of sky and water; nothing moved out there save when

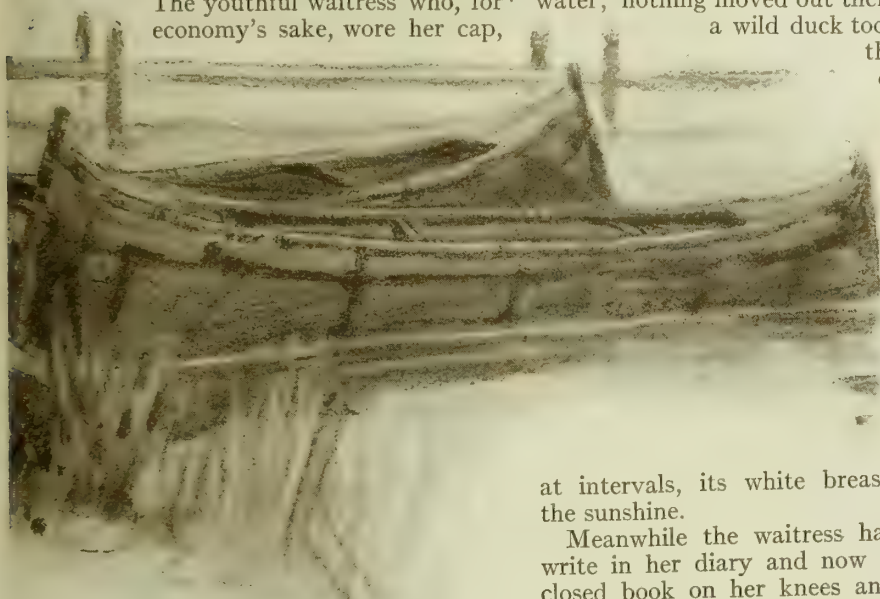
a wild duck took wing amid
the dark raft
of its companions to
circle low
above
the
ocean
and
settle
at random,
invisible
again
except
when,

at intervals, its white breast flashed in the sunshine.

Meanwhile the waitress had ceased to write in her diary and now sat with the closed book on her knees and her pencil resting against her lips, gazing thoughtfully at the back of Grue's head.

It was a ratty head of straight black hair, and looked greasy. The rest of him struck me as equally unkempt and dingy—a young-

apron, collar, and cuffs over her dainty print dress, was seated by the signal fire



ish man, lean, deeply bitten by the sun of the semi-tropics to a mahogany hue, and unusually hairy.

I don't mind a brawny, hairy man, but the hair on Grue's arms and chest was a rusty red, and like a chimpanzee's in texture—and sometimes a wildly absurd idea possessed me that the man needed it when he went about in the palm forests without his clothes.

But he was only a "poor white"—a "cracker" recruited from one of the reefs near Pelican Light, where he lived alone by fishing and selling his fish to the hotels at Heliotrope City. The sailboat was his; he figured as our official guide on this expedition—an expedition which already had begun to worry me a great deal.

For it was, perhaps, the wildest goose-chase and the most absurdly hopeless enterprise ever undertaken in the interest of science by the Bronx Park authorities.

Nothing is more dreaded by scientists than ridicule; and it was in spite of this terror of ridicule that I summoned sufficient courage to organize an exploring party and start out in search of something so extraordinary, so hitherto unheard of, that I had not dared reveal to Kemper by letter the object of my quest.

No, I did not care to commit myself to writing just yet; I had merely sent Kemper a letter to join me on Sting-ray Key.

He telegraphed me from Tampa that he would join me at the rendezvous; and I started directly from Bronx Park for Heliotrope City; arrived there in three days; found the waitress all ready to start with me; inquired about a guide and discovered the man Grue in his hut off Pelican Light; made my bargain with him; and set sail for Sting-ray Key, the most excited and the most nervous young man who ever had dared disaster in the sacred cause of Science.

Everything was now at stake, my honor, reputation, career, fortune. For, as chief of the Anthropological Field Survey Department of the great Bronx Park Zoölogical Society, I was perfectly aware that no scientific reputation can survive ridicule.

Nevertheless, the die had been cast, the Rubicon crossed in a sailboat containing one beach-combing cracker, one hotel waitress, a pile of camping kit and special utensils, and myself!

How was I going to tell Kemper? How

was I going to confess to him that I was staking my reputation as an anthropologist upon a letter or two and a personal interview with a young girl—a waitress at the Hotel Gardenia in Heliotrope City?

I lowered my sea-glasses and glanced sideways at the waitress. She was still chewing the end of her pencil, reflectively.

She was a pretty girl, one Evelyn Grey, and had been a country school-teacher in Massachusetts until her health broke.

Florida was what she required; but that healing climate was possible to her only if she could find there a self-supporting position.

Also she had nourished an ambition for a post-graduate education, with further aspirations to a Government appointment in the Smithsonian Institute.

All very worthy, no doubt—in fact, particularly commendable because the wages she saved as waitress in a Florida hotel during the winter were her only means of support while studying for college examinations during the summer in Boston, where she lived.

Yet, although she was an native of Massachusetts, her face and figure would have ornamented any light-opera stage. I never looked at her but I thought so; and her cuffs and aprons merely accentuated the delusion. Such ankles are seldom seen when the curtain rises after the overture. Odd that frivolous thoughts could flit through an intellect dedicated only to science!

The man, Grue, had not stirred from his survey of the Atlantic Ocean. He had a somewhat disturbing capacity for remaining motionless—like a stealthy and predatory bird which depends on immobility for aggressive and defensive existence.

The sea-wind fluttered his cotton shirt and trousers and the tattered brim of his sagging straw hat. And always I felt as though he were watching me out of the back of his ratty head, through the raveled straw brim that sagged over his neck.

The pretty waitress had now chewed the end of her pencil to a satisfactory pulp, and she was writing again in her diary, very intently, so that my cautious touch on her arm seemed to startle her.

Meeting her inquiring eyes, I said in a low voice, "I am not sure why, but I

don't seem to care very much for that man, Grue. Do you?"

She glanced at the water's edge, where Grue stood, immovable, his back still turned to us.

"I never liked him," she said under her breath.

"Why?" I asked cautiously.

She merely shrugged her shoulders. She did it gracefully.

I said, "Have you any particular reason for disliking him?"

"He's dirty."

"He *looks* dirty, yet every day he goes into the sea and swims about. He ought to be clean enough."

She thought for a moment, then: "He seems, somehow, to be fundamentally unclean—I don't mean that he doesn't wash himself. But there are certain sorts of animals and birds and other creatures from which one instinctively shrinks—not, perhaps, because they are materially unclean—"

"I understand," I said. After a silence I added, "Well, there's no chance now of sending him back, even if I were inclined to do so. He appears to be familiar with these latitudes. I don't suppose we could find a better man for our purpose. Do you?"

"No. He was a sponge fisher once, I believe."

"Did he tell you so?"

"No. But yesterday, when you took the boat and cruised to the south, I sat writing here and keep ng up the fire. And I saw Grue climbing about among the mangroves over the water in a most uncanny way; and two snake-birds sat watching him, and they never moved.

"He didn't seem to see them; his back was toward them. And then, all at once, he leaped backward at them where they sat on a mangrove, and he got one of them by the neck——"

"What!"

The girl nodded. "By the neck," she repeated, "and down they went into the water. And what do you suppose happened?"

"I can't imagine," said I with a grimace.

"Well, Grue went under, still clutching the squirming, flapping bird; and he *stayed* under."

"Stayed under the *water*?"

"Yes, longer than any sponge diver I

ever heard of. And I was becoming frightened when the bloody bubbles and feathers began to come up——"

"What was he doing under the water?"

"He must have been tearing the bird to pieces. Oh, it was quite unpleasant, I assure you, Mr. Smith. And when he came up and looked at me out of those very vitreous eyes he resembled something horribly amphibious. . . . And I felt rather sick and dizzy."

"He's got to stop that sort of thing!"

I said angrily. "Snake-birds are harmless, and I won't have him killing them in that barbarous fashion. I've warned him already to let birds alone. I don't know how he catches them or why he kills them. But he seems to have a mania for doing it——"

I was interrupted by Grue's soft and rather pleasant voice from the water's edge, announcing a sail on the horizon. He did not turn when speaking.

The next moment I made out the sail and focussed my glasses on it. "It's Professor Kemper," I announced presently.

"I'm so glad," remarked Evelyn Grey.

I don't know why it should have suddenly occurred to me, apropos of nothing, that Billy Kemper was unusually handsome. Or why I should have turned and looked at the pretty waitress—except that she was, perhaps, worth gazing upon from a purely non-scientific point of view. In fact, to a man not entirely absorbed in scientific research and not passionately and irrevocably wedded to his profession, her violet-blue eyes and rather sweet mouth might have proved disturbing.

As I was thinking about this she looked up at me and smiled.

"It's a good thing," I thought to myself, "that I am irrevocably wedded to my profession." And I gazed fixedly across the Atlantic Ocean.

There was scarcely sufficient breeze of a steady character to bring Kemper to Sting-ray Key; but he got out his sweeps when I hailed him and came in at a lively clip, anchoring alongside of our boat and leaping ashore with that unnecessary dash and abandon which women find pleasing.

Glancing sideways at my waitress through my spectacles, I found her looking into a small hand mirror and patting her hair with one slim and sun-tanned hand.

When Professor Kemper landed on the

coral he shot a curious look at Grue, and then came striding across the reef to me.

"Hello, Smithy!" he said, holding out his hand. "Here I am, you see! Now what's up——"

Just then Evelyn Grey got up from her seat beside the fire; and Kemper turned and gazed at her with every symptom of unfeigned approbation.

I introduced him. Evelyn Grey seemed a trifle indifferent. A good-looking man doesn't last long with a clever woman. I smiled to myself, polishing my spectacles gleefully. Yet, I had no idea why I was smiling.

We three people turned and walked toward the comb of the reef. A solitary palm represented the island's vegetation, except, of course, for the water-growing mangroves.

I asked Miss Grey to precede us and wait for us under the palm; and she went forward in that light-footed way of hers which, to any non-scientific man, might have been a trifle disturbing. It had no effect upon me. Besides, I was looking at Grue, who had gone to the fire and was evidently preparing to fry our evening meal of fish and rice. I didn't like to have him cook, but I wasn't going to do it myself; and my pretty waitress didn't know how to cook anything more complicated than beans. We had no beans.

Kemper said to me, "What on earth did you bring a waitress for?"

"Not to wait on table," I replied, amused. "I'll explain her later. Meanwhile, I merely want to say that you need not remain with this expedition if you don't want to. It's optional with you."

"That's a funny thing to say!"

"No, not funny; sad. The truth is that if I fail I'll be driven into obscurity by the ridicule of my brother scientists the world over. I had to tell them at the Bronx what I was going after. Every man connected with the society attempted to dissuade me, saying that the whole thing was absurd and that my reputation would suffer if I engaged in such a ridiculous quest. So when you hear what that girl and I are after out here in the semi-tropics, and when you are in possession of the only evidence I have to justify my credulity, if you want to go home, go. Because I don't wish to risk *your* reputation as a scientist unless you choose to risk it yourself."

He regarded me curiously, then his eyes

strayed toward the palm tree which Evelyn Grey was now approaching. "All right," he said briefly, "let's hear what's up."

So we moved forward to rejoin the girl, who had already seated herself under the tree.

She looked very attractive in her neat cuffs, tiny cap, and pink print gown as we approached her.

"Why does she dress that way?" asked Kemper, uneasily.

"Economy. She desires to use up the habiliments of a service which there will be no necessity for her to reënter if this expedition proves successful."

"Oh. But Smithy——"

"What?"

"Was it—moral—to bring a waitress?"

"Perfectly," I replied sharply. "Science knows no sex!"

"I don't understand how a waitress can be scientific," he muttered—"and there seems to be no question about her possessing plenty of sex——"

"If that girl's conclusions are warranted," I interrupted coldly, "she is a most intelligent and clever person. I think they are warranted. If you don't you may go home as soon as you like."

I glanced at him; he was smiling at her with that strained politeness which alters the natural expression of men in the imminence of a conversation with a new and pretty woman.

I often wonder what particular combination of facial muscles are brought into play when that politely receptive expression transforms the normal and masculine features into a fixed simper.

When Kemper and I had seated ourselves, I calmly cut short the small talk in which he was already indulging, and to which, I am sorry to say, my pretty waitress was beginning to respond. I had scarcely thought it of her—but that's neither here nor there—and I invited her to recapitulate the circumstances which had resulted in our present foregathering here on this strip of coral in the Atlantic Ocean.

She did so very modestly and without embarrassment, stating the case and reviewing the evidence so clearly and so simply that I could see how every word she uttered was not only amazing but also convincing Kemper.

When she had ended he asked a few questions very seriously. "Granted," he said,

"that the pituitary gland represents what we assume it represents, how much faith is to be placed in the testimony of a Seminole Indian?"

"A Seminole Indian," she replied, "has seldom or never been known to lie. And where a whole tribe testify alike the truth of what they assert can not be questioned."

"How did you make them talk? They are a sullen, suspicious people, haughty, uncommunicative, seldom even replying to an ordinary question from a white man."

"They consider me one of them."

"Why?" he asked in surprise.

"I'll tell you why. It came about through a mere accident. I was waitress at the hotel; it happened to be my afternoon off; so I went down to the small boat landing to study. I study in my leisure moments, because I wish to fit myself for a college examination."

Her charming face became serious; she picked up the hem of her apron and continued to plait it slowly. "There was a Seminole named Tiger-tail sitting there, his feet dangling above his moored canoe, evidently waiting for the tide to turn before he went out to spear crayfish. I merely noticed he was sitting there in the sunshine, that's all. And then I opened my mythology book and turned to the story of Argus, on which I was reading up."

"And this is what happened: there was a picture of the death of Argus facing the printed page which I was reading—the well-known picture where Juno is holding the head of the decapitated monster—and I had read scarcely a dozen words in the book before the Seminole beside me sprang to his feet and leaned over me and placed his forefinger squarely upon the head of Argus."

"Who?" he demanded.

"I looked around good-humoredly and was surprised at the evident excitement of the Indian. They're not excitable, you know."

"That," said I, "is a Greek gentleman named Argus." I suppose he thought I meant a Minorcan, for he nodded. Then, without further comment, he placed his finger on Juno.

"Who?" he inquired emphatically.

"I said flippantly: 'Oh, that's only my aunt, Juno.'"

"Aunty of you?"

"Yes."

"She kill 'um three-eye?"

"Argus had been depicted with three eyes."

"Yes," I said, "my aunt Juno had Argus killed."

"Why kill 'um?"

"Well, aunty needed his eyes to set in the tails of the peacocks which drew her automobile. So when they cut off the head of Argus my aunt had the eyes taken out; and that's a picture of how she set them into the peacock."

"Aunty of you?" he repeated.

"Certainly," I said gravely; "I am a direct descendant of the goddess of wisdom. That's why I'm always studying when you see me down on the water here."

"You Seminole!" he said emphatically.

"Seminole," I repeated, puzzled.

"You Seminole! Aunty Seminole—you Seminole!"

"Why, Tiger-tail?"

"Seminole hunt three-eye long time—hundred hundred year—hunt 'um three-eye, kill 'um three-eye."

"You say that for hundreds of years the Seminoles have hunted a creature with three eyes?"

"Sure! Hunt 'um now!"

"Now?"

"Sure!"

"But, Tiger-tail, if the legends of your people tell you that the Seminoles hunted a creature with three eyes hundreds of years ago, certainly no such three-eyed creatures remain to-day?"

"Some."

"What! Where?"

"Black Bayou."

"Do you mean to tell me that a living creature with three eyes still inhabits the forests of Black Bayou?"

"Sure. Me see 'um. Me kill 'um three-eye man."

"You have killed a man who had three eyes?"

"Sure!"

"A man? With three eyes?"

"Sure."

The pretty waitress, excitedly engrossed in her story, was unconsciously acting out the thrilling scene of her dialogue with the Indian, even imitating his voice and gestures. And Kemper and I listened and watched her breathlessly, fascinated by her lithe and supple grace as well as by the astounding story she was so frankly unfolding

with the consummate artlessness of a natural actress.

She turned her flushed face to us, "I made up my mind," she said, "that Tiger-tail's story was worth investigating. It was perfectly easy for me to secure corroboration, because that Seminole went back to his Everglade camp and told every one of his people that I was a white Seminole because my ancestors also hunted the three-eyed man, and nobody except a Seminole could know that such a thing as a three-eyed man existed.

"So, the next afternoon off, I embarked in Tiger-tail's canoe, and he took me to his camp. And there I talked to his people, men and women, questioning, listening, putting this and that together, trying to discover some foundation for their persistent statements concerning men, still living in the jungles of Black Bayou, who had three eyes instead of two.

"All told the same story; all asserted that since the time their records ran the Seminoles had slain every three-eyed man they could catch; and that as long as the Seminoles had lived in the Everglades the three-eyed men had lived in the forests beyond Black Bayou."

She paused, dramatically, looking from Kemper to me with starry eyes.

"And *what* do you think!" she continued, under her breath. "To prove what they said they brought for my inspection a skull. And then two more skulls like the first one.

"Every skull had been painted with Spanish red; the coarse black hair still stuck to the scalps. And, behind, just above the base of the brain where the pituitary gland is situated, was a hollow, bony orbit—unmistakably the socket of a *third eye!*"

"W—where are those skulls?" demanded Kemper, in a voice not entirely under control.

"They wouldn't part with one of them. I tried every possible persuasion. On my own responsibility, and even before I communicated with Mr. Smith—" turning towards me, "—I offered them twenty thousand dollars for a single skull, staking my word of honor that the Bronx Museum would pay that sum.

"It was useless. Not only do the Seminoles refuse to part with one of those skulls, but I have also learned that I am the first person with a white skin who has ever

heard of their existence—so profoundly have these red men of the Everglades guarded their secret through centuries."

After a silence Kemper, rather pale, remarked, "This is a most astonishing business, Miss Grey."

"What do you think about it?" I demanded. "Is it not worth while for us to explore Black Bayou?"

He nodded in a dazed sort of way, but his gaze remained riveted on the girl. Presently he said, "Why does Miss Grey go?"

She turned in surprise, "Why am I going? But it is *my* discovery—*my* contribution to science, isn't it?"

"Certainly!" we exclaimed warmly and in unison. And Kemper added: "I was only thinking of the dangers and hardships. Smith and I could do the actual work—"

"Oh!" she cried in quick protest, "I wouldn't miss one moment of the excitement, one pain, one pang! I *love* it! It would simply break my heart not to share every chance, hazard, danger of this expedition—every atom of hope, excitement, despair, uncertainty—and the ultimate success—the unsurpassable thrill of exultation in the final instant of triumph!"

She sprang to her feet in a flash of uncontrollable enthusiasm, and stood there, aglow with courage and resolution, making a highly agreeable picture in her apron and cuffs, the sea wind fluttering the bright tendrils of her hair under her dainty cap.

We got to our feet much impressed; and now absolutely convinced that there did exist, somewhere, descendants of prehistoric men in whom the third eye—placed in the back of the head for purposes of defensive observation—had not become obsolete and reduced to the traces which we know only as the pituitary body or pituitary gland.

Kemper and I were, of course, aware that in the insect world the ocelli served the same purpose that the degenerate pituitary body once served in the occiput of man.

As we three walked slowly back to the camp-fire, where our evening meal was now ready, Evelyn Grey, who walked between us, told us what she knew about the hunting of these three-eyed men by the Seminoles—how intense was the hatred of the Indians for these people, how murderously they behaved toward any one of them whom they could track down and catch.

"Tiger-tail told me," she went on, "that in all probability the strange race was but that all had not yet been exterminated

centuries of persecution have made these three-eyed men partly amphibious—that is, capable of filling their lungs with air and remaining under water almost as long as a turtle."

"That's impossible!" said Kemper bluntly.



I drew the pretty waitress closer—not that the night was cold, but it might become so. I said to her, "When at home your mother tucks you in—then what does she do?" "She kisses me and turns out the light," said Evelyn Grey innocently.

because now and then, when hunting along Black Bayou, traces of living three-eyed men were still found by him and his people. "No later than last week Tiger-tail himself had startled one of these strange denizens of Black Bayou from a meal of fish; and had heard him leap through the bushes and plunge into the water. It appears that

"I thought so myself," she said with a smile, "until Tiger-tail told me a little more about them. He said that they can breathe through the pores of their skins; that their bodies are covered with a thick, silky hair, and that when they dive they carry down with them enough air to form a sort of skin over them, so that under water their bodies appear to be silver-plated."

"Good Lord!" faltered Kemper. "That is a little too much!"

"Yet," said I, "that is exactly what air-breathing water-beetles do. The globules of air, clinging to the body-hairs, appear to silver-plate them; and they can remain below indefinitely, breathing through spiracles. Doubtless the skin-pores of these men have taken on the character of spiracles."

"You know," he said in a curious, flat voice, which sounded like the tones of a partly-stupefied man, "this whole business is so grotesque—apparently so wildly absurd—that it's having a sort of nightmare effect on me." And, dropping his voice to a whisper close to my ear: "My God!" he said. "Can you reconcile such a creature as we are starting out to hunt, with anything living known to science?"

"No," I replied in guarded tones. "And there are moments, Kemper, since I have come into possession of Miss Grey's story, when I find myself seriously doubting my own sanity."

"I'm doubting mine, now," he whispered, "—only that girl is so fresh and wholesome and human and sane—"

"She is a very clever girl," I said.

"And really beautiful!"

"She is intelligent," I remarked. There was a chill in my tone which doubtless discouraged Kemper, for he ventured nothing further concerning her superficially personal attractions.

After all, if any questions of priority were to arise, the pretty waitress was *my* discovery. And in the scientific world it is an inflexible rule that he who first discovers any particular specimen of any species whatever is first entitled to describe and comment upon that specimen without interference or unsolicited advice from anybody.

Maybe there was in my eye something that expressed as much. For when Kemper caught my cold gaze fixed upon him he winced and looked away like a reproved setter dog who knew better. Which also, for the moment, put an end to the rather gay and frivolous line of small talk which he had again begun with the pretty waitress.

I was exceedingly surprised at Professor William Henry Kemper, D. F. A. S. S.; S. I. M. P.

As we approached the camp-fire the loathsome odor of frying mullet saluted my nostrils.

Kemper, glancing at Grue, said aside to me, "That's an odd looking fish. What is he? Minorcan?"

"Oh, just a beach-comber. I don't know what he is. He strikes me as dirty—though he can't be so, physically. I don't like him, and I don't know why. But I wish we'd engaged somebody else to guide us."

Toward dawn something awoke me, and I sat up in my blanket under the moon. But my leg had not been pulled.

Kemper snored at my side. In her little dog-tent the pretty waitress probably was fast asleep. I knew it because the string she had tied to one of her ornamental ankles still lay across the ground convenient to my hand. In any emergency I had only to pull it to awake her.

A similar string, tied to my ankle, ran parallel to hers and disappeared under the flap of her tent. This was for her to pull if she liked. She had never yet pulled it. Nor I the other. Nevertheless I truly felt that these humble strings were, in a subtler sense, ties that bound us together. No wonder Kemper's behavior had slightly irritated me.

I looked up at the silver moon; I glanced at Kemper's unlovely bulk, swathed in a blanket; I contemplated the dog-tent with, perhaps, that slight trace of sentiment which a semi-tropical moon is likely to inspire even in a jelly-fish. And suddenly I remembered Grue and looked for him.

He was accustomed to sleep in his boat, but I did not see him in either of the boats. Here and there were a few lumpy shadows in the moonlight, but none of them was Grue lying prone on the ground. Where the devil had he gone?

Cautiously I untied my ankle string, rose in my pajamas, stepped into my slippers, and walked out into the moonlight.

There was nothing to hide Grue, no rocks or vegetation except the solitary palm on the backbone of the reef.

I walked as far as the tree and looked up into the arching fronds. Nobody was up there. I could see the moonlit sky through the fronds. Nor was Grue lying asleep anywhere on the other side of the coral ridge.

And suddenly I became aware of all my latent distrust and dislike for the man. And the vigor of my sentiments surprised me because I really had not understood

how deep and thorough my dislike had been.

Also, his utter disappearance struck me as uncanny. Both boats were there; and there were many leagues of sea to the nearest coast.

Troubled and puzzled I turned and walked back to the dead embers of the fire. Kemper had merely changed the timber of his snore to a whistling aria, which at any other time would have enraged me. Now, somehow, it almost comforted me.

Seated on the shore I looked out to sea, racking my brains for an explanation of Grue's disappearance. And while I sat there racking them, far out on the water a little flock of ducks suddenly scattered and rose with frightened quackings and furiously beating wings.

For a moment I thought I saw a round, dark object on the waves where the flock had been.

And while I sat there watching, up out of the sea along the reef to my right crawled a naked, dripping figure holding a dead duck in his mouth.

Fascinated, I watched it, recognizing Grue with his ratty black hair all plastered over his face.

Whether he caught sight of me or not, I don't know; but he suddenly dropped the dead duck from his mouth, turned, and dived under water.

It was a grim and horrid species of sport or pastime, this amphibious business of his, catching wild birds and dragging them about as though he were an animal.

Evidently he was ashamed of himself, for he had dropped the duck. I watched it floating by on the waves, its head under water. Suddenly something jerked it under, a fish perhaps, for it did not come up and float again, as far as I could see.

When I went back to camp Grue lay apparently asleep on the north side of the fire. I glanced at him in disgust and crawled into my tent.

The next day Evelyn Grey awoke with a headache and kept her tent. I had all I could do to prevent Kemper from prescribing for her. I did that myself, sitting beside her and testing her pulse for hours at a time, while Kemper took one of Grue's grains and went off into the mangroves and speared grunt and eels for a chowder which he said he knew how to concoct.

Toward afternoon the pretty waitress

felt much better, and I warned Kemper and Grue that we should sail for Black Bayou after dinner.

Dinner was a mess, as usual, consisting of fried mullet and rice, and a sort of chowder in which the only ingredients I recognized were sections of crayfish.

After we had finished and had withdrawn from the fire, Grue scraped every remaining shred of food into a kettle and went for it. To see him feed made me sick, so I rejoined Miss Grey and Kemper, who had found a green cocoanut and were alternately deriving nourishment from the milk inside it.

Somehow or other there seemed to me a certain levity about that performance, and it made me uncomfortable; but I managed to smile a rather sickly smile when they offered me a draught, and I took a pull at the milk—I don't exactly know why, because I don't like it. But the moon was up over the sea, now, and the dusk was languorously balmy, and I didn't care to leave those two drinking milk out of the same cocoanut under a tropic moon.

Not that my interest in Evelyn Grey was other than scientific. But after all it was I who had discovered her.

We sailed as soon as Grue, gobbling and snuffling, had cleaned up the last crumb of food. Kemper blandly offered to take Miss Grey into his boat, saying that he feared my boat was overcrowded, what with the paraphernalia, the folding cages, Grue, Miss Grey, and myself.

I sat on that suggestion, but offered to take my own tiller and lend him Grue. He couldn't wriggle out of it, seeing that his alleged motive had been the overcrowding of my boat, but he looked rather sick when Grue went aboard his boat.

As for me, I hoisted sail with something so near a chuckle that it surprised me; and I looked at Evelyn Grey to see whether she had noticed the unseemly symptom.

Apparently she had not. She sat forward, her eyes fixed soulfully upon the moon. Had I been dedicated to any profession except a scientific one—but let that pass.

Grue in Kemper's sail-boat led, and my boat followed out into the silvery and purple dusk, now all sparkling under the high luster of the moon.

Dimly I saw vast rafts of wild duck part and swim leisurely away to port and star-

board, leaving a glittering lane of water for us to sail through: into the scintillant night from the sea sprang mullet, silvery, quivering, falling back into the wash with a splash.

Here and there in the moonlight steered ominous black triangles, circling us, leading us, sheering across bow and flashing wake, all phosphorescent with lambent sea-fire—the fins of great sharks.

"You need have no fear," said I to the pretty waitress.

She said nothing.

"Of course if you *are* afraid," I added, "perhaps you might care to change your seat."

There was room in the stern where I sat.

"Do you think there is any danger?" she asked.

"From sharks?"

"Yes."

"Reaching up and biting you?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I don't really suppose there is," I said, managing to convey the idea, I am ashamed to say, that the catastrophe was a possibility.

She came over and seated herself beside me. I was very much ashamed of myself, but I could not repress a triumphant glance ahead at the other boat, where Kemper sat huddled forward, evidently bored to extinction.

Every now and then I could see him turn and crane his neck as though in an effort to distinguish what was going on in our boat.

There was nothing going on, absolutely nothing. The moon was magnificent; and I think the pretty waitress must have been a little tired, for her head drooped and nodded at moments, even while I was talking to her about a specimen of *Euplectella speciosa* on which I had written a monograph. So she must have been really tired, for the subject was interesting.

"You won't incommode my operations with sheet and tiller," I said to her kindly, "if you care to rest your head against my shoulder."

Evidently she was very tired, for she did so, and closed her eyes.

After a while, fearing that she might fall over backward into the sea—but let that pass. . . . I don't know whether or not Kemper could distinguish anything aboard our boat. He craned his head enough to twist it off his neck.

To be so utterly, so blindly devoted to

science is a great safeguard for a man. Single mindedness, however, need not induce atrophy of every humane impulse. I drew the pretty waitress closer—not that the night was cold, but it might become so. Changes in the tropics come swiftly. It is well to be prepared.

Her cheek felt very soft against my shoulder. There seemed to be a faint perfume about her hair. It really was odd how subtly fragrant she seemed to be—almost, perhaps, a matter of scientific interest.

Her hands did not seem to be chilled; they did seem unusually smooth and soft.

I said to her, "When at home, I suppose your mother tucks you in; doesn't she?"

"Yes," she nodded sleepily.

"And what does she do then?" said I, with something of that ponderous playfulness with which I make scientific jokes at a meeting of the Bronx Anthropological Association, when I preside.

"She kisses me and turns out the light," said Evelyn Grey, innocently.

I don't know how much Kemper could distinguish. He kept dodging about and twisting his head until I really thought it would come off, unless it had been screwed on like the top of a piano stool.

A few minutes later he fired his pistol twice; and Evelyn sat up. I never knew why he fired; he never offered any explanation.

Toward midnight I could hear the roar of breakers on our starboard bow. Evelyn heard them too, and sat up inquiringly.

"Grue has found the inlet to Black Bayou, I suppose," said I.

And it proved to be the case, for, with the surf thundering on either hand, we sailed into a smoothly flowing inlet through which the flood tide was running between high dunes all sparkling in the moonlight and crowned with shadowy palms.

Occasionally I heard noises ahead of us from the other boat, as though Kemper was trying to converse with us, but as his apropos was as unintelligible as it was inopportune, I pretended not to hear him. Besides, I had all I could do to maneuver the tiller and prevent Evelyn Grey from falling off backward into the bayou. Besides, it is not customary to converse with the man at the helm.

After a while—during which I seemed to distinguish in Kemper's voice a quality

that rhymes with his name—his tones varied through phases all the way from irony to exasperation. After a while he gave it up and took to singing.

There was a moon, and I suppose he thought he had a voice. It didn't strike me so. After several somewhat melancholy songs, he let off his pistol two or three times and then subsided into silence.

I didn't care; neither his songs nor his shots interrupted—but let that pass, also.

We were now passing into the forest through pool after pool of interminable lagoons, startling into unseen and clattering flight hundreds of waterfowl. I could feel the wind from their whistling wings in the darkness, as they drove by us out to sea. It seemed to startle the pretty waitress. It is a solemn thing to be responsible for a pretty girl's peace of mind. I reassured her continually, perhaps a trifle nervously. But there were no more pistol shots. Perhaps Kemper had used up his cartridges.

We were still drifting along under drooping sails, borne inland almost entirely by the tide, when the first pale, watery, gray light streaked the east. When it grew a little lighter, Evelyn sat up, all danger of sharks being over. Also, I could begin to see what was going on in the other boat. Which was nothing remarkable; Kemper slumped against the mast, his head turned in our direction; Grue sat at the helm, motionless, his tattered straw hat sagging on his neck.

When the sun rose, I called out cheerily to Kemper, asking him how he had passed the night. Evelyn also raised her head, pausing while bringing her disordered hair under discipline, to listen to his reply.

But he merely mumbled something. Perhaps he was still sleepy.

As for me, I felt exceedingly well; and when Grue turned his craft in shore, I did so too; and when, under the overhanging foliage of the forest, the nose of my boat grated on the sand, I rose and crossed the deck with a step distinctly frolicsome.

Kemper seemed distant and glum; Evelyn Grey spoke to him shyly now and then, and I noticed she looked at him only when he was gazing elsewhere than at her. She had a funny, conciliatory air with him, half-ashamed, partly humorous and amused, as though something about Kemper's

sulky ill-humor was continually making tiny inroads on her gravity.

Some mullet had jumped into the two boats—half a dozen during our moonlight voyage—and these were now being fried with rice for us by Grue. Lord! How I hated to eat them!

After we had finished breakfast, Grue, as usual, did everything to the remainder except to get into the fry-pan with both feet; and as usual he sickened me.

When he'd cleaned up everything, I sent him off into the forest to find a dry shell-mound for camping purposes; then I made fast both boats, and Kemper and I carried ashore our paraphernalia, spare *batterie-de-cuisine*, firearms, fishing-tackle, spears, harpoons, grains, oars, sails, spars, folding cage—everything with which a strictly scientific expedition is usually burdened.

Evelyn was washing her face in the crystal waters of a branch that flowed into the lagoon from under the live-oaks. She looked very pretty doing it, like a naiad or dryad scrubbing away at her forest toilet.

It was, in fact, such a pretty spectacle that I was going over to sit beside her while she did it, but Kemper started just when I was going to, and I turned away. Some men invariably do the wrong thing. But a handsome man doesn't last long with a pretty girl.

I was thinking of this as I stood contemplating an alligator slide, when Grue came back saying that the shore we had landed on was the termination of a shell-mound, and that it was the only dry place he had found.

So I bade him pitch our tents a few feet back from the shore; and stood watching him while he did so, one eye reverting occasionally to Evelyn Grey and Kemper. They both were seated cross-legged beside the branch, and they seemed to be talking a great deal and rather earnestly. I couldn't quite understand what they found to talk about so earnestly and volubly all of a sudden, inasmuch as they had heretofore exchanged very few observations during a most brief and formal acquaintance, dating only from sundown the day before.

Grue set up our three tents, carried the luggage inland, and then hung about for a while until the vast shadow of a vulture swept across the trees.

I never saw such an indescribable expres-

sion on a human face as I saw on Grue's as he looked up at the huge, unclean bird. His vitreous eyes fairly glittered; the corners of his mouth quivered and grew wet; and to my astonishment he seemed to emit a low, mewing noise.

"What the devil are you doing?" I said impulsively, in my amazement and disgust.

He looked at me, his eyes still glittering, the corners of his mouth still wet; but the curious sounds had ceased.

"What?" he asked.

"Nothing. I thought you spoke." I didn't know what else to say.

He made no reply. Once, when I had partly turned my head, I was aware that he was warily turning his to look at the vulture, which had alighted heavily on the ground near the entrails and heads of the mullet, where he had cast them on the dead leaves.

I walked over to where Evelyn Grey and Kemper sat so busily conversing; and their volubility ceased as they glanced up and saw me approaching. Which phenomenon both perplexed and displeased me.

I said, "This is the Black Bayou forest, and we have the most serious business of our lives before us. Suppose you and I start out, Kemper, and see if there are any traces of what we are after in the neighborhood of our camp."

"Do you think it safe to leave Miss Grey alone in camp?" he asked gravely.

I hadn't thought of that. "No,

of course not," I said. "Grue can stay."

"I don't need anybody," she said quickly. "Anyway, I'm rather afraid of Grue."

"Afraid of Grue?" I repeated.

"Not exactly afraid. But he's—unpleasant."

"I'll remain with Miss Grey," said Kemper politely.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I couldn't ask that. It is true that I feel a little tired and nervous, but I can go with you and Mr. Smith and Grue—"

I surveyed Kemper in cold perplexity. As chief of the expedition, I couldn't very well offer to remain with Evelyn Grey, but I didn't propose that Kemper should, either.

"Take Grue," he suggested, "and look about the woods for a



while. Perhaps
after dinner Miss
Grey may feel
sufficiently
rested to
join us."

"I am
sure,"
she



Suddenly
Grue hurled
his knife
at me and
bounded to-
ward Evelyn.
For one mo-
ment I thought
he had her, but
she picked up her
skirts, ran for the
nearest boat, and seized
a harpoon to defend herself.

said,
"that a few
hours' rest in camp will set
me on my feet. All I need is rest.
I didn't sleep very soundly last night."
I felt myself growing red, and I looked
away from them both to hide the fact.

"Oh," said Kemper, in apparent surprise, "I
thought you had slept soundly all night long."

"Nobody," said I, "could have slept
very pleasantly during that musical per-
formance of yours."

"Were you singing?" she asked inno-
cently of Kemper.

"He was singing when he wasn't firing off his pistol," I remarked. "No wonder you couldn't sleep with any satisfaction to yourself."

Grue had disappeared into the forest; I stood watching for him to come out again. After a few minutes I heard a furious but distant noise of flapping; the others also heard it; and we listened in silence, wondering what it was.

"It's Grue killing something," faltered Evelyn Grey, turning a trifle pale.

"Confound it!" I exclaimed. "I'm going to stop that right now."

Kemper rose and followed me as I started for the woods; but as we passed the beached boats Grue appeared from among the trees.

"Where have you been?" I demanded.

"In the woods."

"Doing what?"

"Nothing."

There was a bit of down here and there clinging to his cotton shirt and trousers, and one had caught and stuck at the corner of his mouth.

"See here, Grue," I said, "I don't want you to kill any birds except for camp purposes. Why do you try to catch and kill birds?"

"I don't."

I stared at the man, and he stared back at me out of his glassy eyes.

"You mean to say that you don't, somehow or other, manage to catch and kill birds?"

"No, I don't."

There was nothing further for me to say unless I gave him the lie. I didn't care to do that, needing his services.

Evelyn Grey had come up to join us; there was a brief silence; we all stood looking at Grue; and he looked back at us out of his pale, washed-out, and unblinking eyes.

"Grue," I said, "I haven't yet explained to you the object of this expedition to Black Bayou. Now, I'll tell you what I want. But first let me ask you a question or two. You know the Black Bayou forests, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see anything unusual in these forests?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

The man stared at us, one after another. Then he said, "What are you looking for in Black Bayou?"

"Something very curious, very strange, very unusual. So strange and unusual, in fact, that the great Zoological Society of the Bronx in New York has sent me down here at the head of this expedition to search the forests of Black Bayou."

"For what?" he demanded, in a dull, accentless voice.

"For a totally new species of human being, Grue. I wish to catch one and take it back to New York in that folding cage."

His green eyes had grown narrow as though sun-dazzled. Kemper had stepped behind us into the woods and was now busy setting up the folding cage. Grue remained motionless.

"I am going to offer you," I said, "the sum of one thousand dollars in gold if you can guide us to a spot where we may see this hitherto unknown species—a creature which is apparently a man but which has, in the back of his head, a *third eye*—"

I paused in amazement: Grue's cheeks had suddenly puffed out and were quivering; and from the corners of his slitted mouth he was emitting a whimpering sound like the noise made by a low-circling pigeon.

"Grue!" I cried. "What's the matter with you?"

"What is *he* doing?" screamed Grue, quivering from head to foot, but not turning around.

"Who?" I cried.

"The man behind me!"

"Professor Kemper? He's setting up the folding cage—"

With a screech that raised my hair, Grue whipped out his murderous knife and *hurled himself backward* at Kemper, but the latter shrank aside behind the partly erected cage, and Grue whirled around, snarling, hacking, and even biting at the wood frame and steel bars.

And then occurred a thing so horrid that it sickened me to the pit of my stomach; for the man's sagging straw hat had fallen off, and there, in the back of his head, through the coarse, black, ratty hair, I saw a glassy eye glaring at me.

"Kemper!" I shouted. "He's got a third eye! He's one of them! Knock him flat with your rifle-stock!" And I seized a shot-gun from the top of the baggage bundle on the ground beside me, and leaped at Grue, aiming a terrific blow at him.

But the glassy eye in the back of his

head was watching me between the clotted strands of hair, and he dodged both Kemper and me, swinging his heavy knife in circles and glaring at us both out of the front and back of his head.

Kemper seized him by his arm, but Grue's shirt came off, and I saw his entire body was as furry as an ape's. And all the while he was snapping at us and leaping hither and thither to avoid our blows; and from the corners of his puffed cheeks he whined and whimpered and mewed through the saliva foam.

"Keep him from the water!" I panted, following him with clubbed shot-gun; and as I advanced I almost stepped on a soiled heap of foulness—the dead buzzard which he had caught and worried to death with his teeth.

Suddenly he threw his knife at my head, hurling it backward; dodged, screeched, and bounded by me toward the shore of the lagoon, where the pretty waitress was standing, petrified.

For one moment I thought he had her, but she picked up her skirts, ran for the nearest boat, and seized a harpoon; and in his fierce eagerness to catch her he leaped clear over the boat and fell with a splash into the lagoon.

As Kemper and I sprang aboard and looked over into the water, we could see him going down out of reach of a harpoon: and his body seemed to be silver-plated, flashing and glittering like a burnished eel, so completely did the skin of air envelope him, held there by the fur that covered him.

And, as he rested for a moment on the bottom, deep down through the clear waters of the lagoon where he lay prone, I could see, as the current stirred his long, black hair, the third eye looking up at us, glassy, unwinking, horrible.

After a while he stirred on the bottom; a bubble or two like globules of quicksilver, were detached from the burnished skin of air that clothed him, and came glittering upward.

Suddenly there was a flash; a flurrying cloud of blue mud; and Grue was gone.

After a long while I turned around in the muteness of my despair. And slowly froze.

For the pretty waitress, becomingly pale, was gathered in Kemper's arms, her cheek against his shoulder. Neither seemed to be aware of me.

"Darling," he said, in the imbecile voice of a man in love, "why do you tremble so when I am here to protect you? Don't you love and trust me?"

"Oo-h-yes," she sighed, pressing her cheek closer to his shoulder.

I shoved my hands into my pockets, passed them without noticing them, and stepped ashore.

And there I sat down under a tree, with my back toward them, all alone and face to face with the greatest grief of my life.

But which it was—the loss of her or the loss of Grue, I had not yet made up my mind.

The next story in this new series of Robert W. Chambers stories will appear in the coming month in the new-sized Hearst's—get it February 27, everywhere.

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Love Youth,
dear, through
all the daily
hours I'll
walk with
you.



Experience

By George V.

Youth, having left his sweetheart, *Love*, in "The Land Where Dreams Begin" starts out into the "Big World" with *Ambition*. While *Ambition* is leading him on to fame and fortune they come upon "The Street of Vacillation," wherein *Youth* sees *Pleasure* for the first time, and she lures him away from *Ambition*. *Pleasure* takes *Youth* to the "Primrose Path" where he goes the pace and spends nearly all of his money. In an effort to get back the money he has

THE Mor-
ality
Play is
with us again,
and, in spite
of its digni-
fied age as a
dramatic form,
just as fresh as
ever in its ap-
peal. For although
your average man
remains just about
the same, he, as the
years go on, learns
new tricks in the art of
life so that the moralist,
or as we know him the
playwright, can always
show us new sins and new
salvations. That is why
George V. Hobart's "Expe-
rience" as presented by Wil-
liam Elliott is so popular. In Mr.
Hobart's morality play the
modern *Everyman* is called *Youth*.



Beauty (Madeline
Howard)—To *Youth*
I am always the
morning's sunshine.

The Play of he Month Hobart

wasted he goes to the "Corridors of Chance," a gambling-house, and there he loses everything. With *Experience*, who is always with him, *Youth* then comes into the "Street of Disillusion."

Youth — (stopping at the street entrance of the "Primrose Path" Cabaret) This is the place, *Experience*; we're all right now. A lot of my good friends on their way to the Primrose Path will be along here presently.

I feel confident they'll help me to better things with their advice and influence.

Experience—I don't want to discourage you, my boy, but friendships made through the wine glass are only as the vapors of the night,

and they fade and die in the morning of reality.

Youth—Now wait a minute, *Experience*—you call the turn every time, I'll admit, but don't tell me these friends of mine are going back on me simply because my clothes are getting a bit shabby. That isn't fair to them.

Experience—No, no; I'm not unfair, but I am as old as the world, and I know that the looking-glass of human nature reflects over and over again the

Frances Richards
is *Slander*, "but
please don't say I told you."

Miriam Collins is *Love*, herself.

same pictures. Don't depend on your friends—try to think of something else.

Youth—I am thinking—and I have been thinking. (enter *Work*, a big and powerful man. He carries his coat over his arm; his sleeves rolled up. He is mopping his perspiring brow and is in a hurry. *Experience* stops him)

Experience—Oh, this is an opportune meeting. How are you, *Work*! I'm glad to see you. *Youth*, meet my friend, *Work*.

Youth—*Work*! how are you? I was thinking about you and wondering what you looked like.

Work—(roughly) *Youth*, eh? Well, you size up all right to me. I'm looking for huskies like you. I've got a lot of vacant places down at the bottom of the ladder. Come on, speak up, speak up; don't stand there staring at

me. Oh! I'm rough, I know, but there isn't any harm in me—ask your friend *Experience*.

Youth—(ingenuously) I know there isn't any harm in you—but—well—(turns to *Experience*) He isn't very attractive, is he? Did you notice his voice?—sounds like the lash of a whip! See how the perspiration is rolling down his face! I don't believe I'd like to chum around with him.

Experience—Oh,

Youth (William Elliott) is very popular with the fascinating creatures of the "Prim-



Work is all right. Why, in time you'd learn to love him like a father.

Work—(roughly) Now, just a minute—this is not my way of doing things. If you want to have any dealings with me come right along—don't shilly-shally around here—what is it? Speak up! speak up!

Youth—Well, to be frank with you, I didn't think you were quite so rough in your manner. I thought you were—well, you see, your hands—they are so—

Work — (interrupting) Oh! I know—you expected to find me looking like a picture of a new suit of clothes. Well, you've got the wrong idea, boy! I'm old Work—the original—and I wear no

starched shirts and fol de rols. Maybe it's one of my sons you expected to meet—I have five of them. Now there's my oldest son—Job—he takes after me—he's rough and ready and willing—Job is. Then there's my twins, Position and Employment—nice boys, but a little unsteady sometimes. Then there's the pride of the family—Profession. I sent him to college, and he made good. He's all right—he's a credit to his father and mother. And then there's Sincure—he's the black sheep of the family, Sincure is. He's dolled up all the time and he travels around with a loafer by the name of Graft. Sincure is the only one in the family I have no use for, but I don't see much of him—it's pretty hard to find him. I don't know why I'm wasting my time standing here to tell you all this—but you're a kid, and there's only one way to start right, and that's through me. If you're with me I'll take you home and let you meet my Missus—

her name is Content—she's the mother of all my boys, Content is—she'll be a mother to you—and she's the finest, grandest mother in all the world.

Excite- ment

(Eleanore Christy) tells *Youth* she is "just crazy to have somebody invent a perfectly new and outrageous dance!"

Now listen, boy; I know your mind is all confused, and you're not strong for me right now—so I'm going about my affairs—and when your thoughts turn to old Work—when

rose Path" cabaret when he first ventures into their gaieties.

you surely want me—well, you come out and look for me—so long!
(*exit Work*)

Youth—He improves as you get to know him—doesn't he? I'd better call him back and—no; I'll see my friends first—maybe they can introduce me to that son of his—what's his name?

Experience—You mean Sinecure?

Youth—That's the one—Sinecure. I want to start in on the very top round of the ladder where it's soft and easy—so I can have time to spend with my friends.

Experience—Those who start at the top of the ladder generally finish by digging cellars for other people. (*enter Pleasure*)

Youth—(*to Experience*) Now I'm all right.

Pleasure still has that inviting smile.

(*he goes to her*) Good evening,
Pleasure!

Pleasure—(*coldly*)

I beg your pardon!

Intoxication is
the toast of the
midnight hour.



Youth—We've been strangers lately but you remember me, of course!

Pleasure—(*coldly*) I can't say that I do—

Youth—Youth!—don't you remember?—You invited me to the Primrose Path. I haven't been there lately because I've had the misfortune to—

Pleasure—(*interrupting*) Stop! it was never intended that the word "misfortune" should be spoken in my presence. It annoys me frightfully—please step aside! (*she exits haughtily into the Cabaret*)

Youth—(*to Experience*) She doesn't know me—and even her voice is different. Gee whiz! it hurts me to have her speak that way!

Experience—The voice of *Pleasure* is always the thrust of a dagger in the dark. (*enter Style and Beauty*)

Youth—(*goes to Beauty*) Beauty, you remember me, don't you?

Beauty—Of course; we danced the Tango together, didn't we?

Youth—No, I never danced a

Tango with you—but we waltzed together—we were very good friends.

Beauty—Oh, really; I've forgotten; I waltz so often—pardon me.
(*she goes*)

Intoxication—Pour out some more of that stuff that made Omar Khayyam a poet!

Youth—(to Style) I'm mighty glad to see you again, Style! How have you been?

Style—I don't recall you. Have you been drinking?

Youth—No; no, I cut that all out.

Style—Well, I'm afraid you haven't quite recovered—I don't know you. (Style goes into the Cabaret)

as long as there's any champagne left in the world I shall devote my life to you, Frivolity.

Youth—(to Wealth) Pardon me! (Wealth pays no attention to Youth)

Frivolity—(to Wealth) You couldn't find a better way to occupy your time.

Youth—(to Wealth) Good evening, Wealth—how have you been?

Wealth—(paying no attention to him—speaks to Frivolity) Every time I sober up lately I begin to moralize and get despondent, so



Youth—(to Experience) Have I changed so very much or what is the matter?

Experience—You haven't changed, my boy, and neither has human nature. Fair weather friends have no use for you when there's a storm in your soul.

Youth—It's hard to lose faith in them—but I'm beginning to understand. (enter Wealth and Frivolity)

There's Wealth! I'm sure I can depend on him. (Youth goes to Wealth)

Wealth—(to Frivolity) You can believe me—just

Margot Williams has made of Intoxication a personal triumph.

if you don't mind I'll shut out all the blue devils by traveling around with you, Frivolity.

Frivolity—Of course, Wealth! I won't give you time to be despondent.

Let's go in and dance—I love dancing!

(exit Frivolity into the Cabaret. Wealth is about to follow—Youth takes him by the arm)

Youth—Listen, Wealth, I'll stand for it from the others, but don't you tell me you've forgotten me! Wealth—Bless my soul, what is it? What's the matter?

Youth — You were my friend — you taught me how to throw my money away.

Wealth — Did I?

Youth — You did — and I learned the lesson thoroughly. Now with your influence and advice

I mean to do better things. A new spirit is awake within me and I want you to help me.

Wealth — Help you — of course — I'm always helping people — but don't take advantage of me when I'm with a lady. Now remember that — here's a bit of money for you! (*holds out a bill to Youth*)

Youth — (*looking at him in astonishment*) Money! — you — you think I want your money! Well, I don't. You taught me to throw mine away but

*Pas-
sion*
(*Florence
Short*) —
Youth! I want
you; with all
my burn-
ing heart
I want
you.



Youth meets the charming ladies of the "Primrose Path": *Frivolity* (*Marion Whitney*, on not tired; I'm worried; I don't get enough dancing; the — it certainly does interfere

you can't teach me to take yours like a beggar.

Wealth—Well, what is it you wanted?

Youth—I wanted a chance to earn it. I wanted a chance to prove to my-

Youth is sorely tempted by *Passion* but *Intoxication* draws him away from her.

self that even if *Ambition* is dead his memory still lives—and you've given it to me, yes, you, with your smug-faced charity, you have shown me that *Experience* is right.

The friendship of the selfish is a warm wind from the

South when the skies are clear, but when trouble comes it's as cold as the blast of Death.

Go where *Frivolity* waits for you—you've taught me something worth while this time. Come on, *Experience*, I'm going to look for Work.

But *Youth* does not succeed very well. In the "House of Last Resort" he finds a rather wretched sort of employment for awhile, but he finally comes face to face with *Poverty*. From him he flees into the "Street of Remorse," meets *Illusion* and with him sinks lower and lower till he is a dope-fiend in the "House of Lost Souls." But in the "Street of Forgotten Days" *Youth* is saved by the power of a mother's love, and he returns to *Love* and a new beginning in the "Land Where the Dreamer Awakens."

So end *Youth's* experiences, which, sufficiently true to our Broadways and Main Streets all over the land, are very entertaining—also, enlightening to novices in primroses.

the extreme left)—I'm
daylight arrives so early
with our night life.



A Far Country

THIS was the beginning of a new intimacy with Nancy—one which resembled the old intimacy, and

yet subtly differed from it. My marriage had put a barrier between us, and Nancy herself, at that time, had advised me to find my happiness behind that barrier. Did she recognize now that this was impossible? hadn't she recognized it then? made her appeal to me against her better judgment?

It was, as I say, an odd relationship I had thus renewed: a relationship which I felt one ought to achieve in marriage, but which was not in any marriage I knew or could think of. She provided me with an atmosphere in which I tingled. She was my *interpreter*. "There is your world!" she had the manner of saying. And behold! my eyes were opened. There was my world indeed! Or rather, that hemisphere of my world which remained in twilight was illuminated

SYNOPSIS: Here we have the story of a man in the making, a typical American, a buccancer with an ideal, cheating society right and left. We read of Hugh Paret, of the society that tried to make him and the women who knew him too well. His school-days came and went; Hugh didn't study; his father was disappointed; Hugh has his first quarrel with Nancy when she is outspoken about it. At her challenge he studies day and night and enters college. Then his graduation, his father's death, his first position with Watling, biggest lawyer in the city—and Hugh's career is on. Swiftly he learns every trick in the lawyer's

by her. I had, apparently, a sense of humor and a sense of proportion, but they needed the fertilization of her touch.

My own self she held up to me in perspective. Not mercilessly; she had the faculty of making me laugh at it: thus she relieved me from self-magnetization, and I became relaxed. Once, for instance, we were

"And, Hugh," said Nancy, "women in particular are against sex liberty because there would be no security in husbands for the unattractive ones."

By Winston Churchill

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

trade. Hugh forgets Nancy—until she announces her engagement to another man. But politics and business seems to have crowded love out of his life. It is while he is stumping the state to send Watling to the Senate that he meets Maude Hutchins. They are married, and set out on a honeymoon through Europe. But Hugh's restless yearning to get back to work drives them home where he plunges into money-making, which is disturbed only by the upcropping of Krebs, who believes in the people's rights. Maude, too, refuses to become worldly and grows away from him. In Nancy alone does Hugh find the real comradeship, which is suddenly shown him after a chance call upon her.

speaking about Perry Blackwood's criticism of me in regard to the Maplewood Avenue franchise and the Riverside Company.

"Oh, Perry!" Nancy exclaimed. "What Perry fails to see is that everybody is 'crooked,' as he calls it. Our society is permeated with crookedness, our civilization is built on it. The trouble isn't simply with the men at the top, whom they cry out against. It's with competition itself."

I looked at her

"You take my breath away. Why, Nancy, you didn't use to be like that," I replied, suddenly awakened to the fact that she possessed the intellect capable of the larger view.

in surprise. Modern economics was still in swaddling clothes.

Nancy hadn't read a page of it, and neither had I.

"When we were altering this house," she went on, "everyone had to take advantage of us. The carpenters and the painters dawdled, the plumbers charged two prices for the materials they thought we'd never look into, and wherever there was a chance to pad out a bill it was done.

And think of the adulterated foods, and the short weights, and the misrepresentations even of the little corner grocery store! We are all trying to get ahead and keep ahead of one another, from the

bottom of society to the top. And

I am sure we've always been like that, and England, too, and France. Only—we are continually inventing cleverer means. How can we expect those at the top to stop when



those at the bottom are attempting to do the same thing?"

"In other words," I said, "we are all rascals. How strange that I had never thought of it!"

"Why, yes," replied Nancy.

"Well," I observed, "that's comforting, in a way."

She laughed. "In a way. It's merely life. Surely, Hugh, you can't expect me to call you a Bayard or a Saint Francis of Assisi! You may yet become one—there's no telling." . . .

That remark of hers may be taken as a cue to my satisfaction in her company. I was neither a hero nor a villain to her—just what I always had been, Hugh Paret. It suggested, in this respect, the ideal relationship which we both had missed, and concerning which I confess to having had moments of vivid regret. Nancy did not betray having any. Our new footing was undefined, and I think we both preferred to have it left so. We did not dot our i's and cross our t's. And our congeniality even included a mutual partiality for conventions. I did not seek to find out the exact shade of Nancy's feeling for me; and it is impossible for me to analyze mine for her. We recognized without defining our mutual interdependence. Ultra-romantic fiction, no doubt, would have called us "soul-mates," and it is highly probable, at this stage of our renewed intimacy, that our feelings were more or less of that thin American variety which has provoked the ridicule of Europeans.

There were indeed moments (on which I shall not dwell) when her physical charm, her beauty stirred me strongly. And her accessories—if I may so speak of the thousand and one expressions of a woman's taste in clothing and surroundings—were so exquisitely expressive of her elusive personality. This elusiveness, I believe, would have still persisted if I had married her. These imaginations occasionally troubled me, and I longed to seize her and carry her off. Or rather, I wished that convention might sanction such a proceeding. But I wanted the setting as well as the jewel. I doubt if I should have been willing to throw up my career for Nancy, even if Nancy had been willing to throw up hers for me.

Neither of us were handicapped by orthodox morality. This renewal of our friend-

ship (I shall use that term as the most descriptive) took place at the time when rebellious voices, too, began to be heard in the literary wilderness. It was natural, indeed, to find that the pursuit of happiness which had become a riot reflected in letters. Literature had clung to the reign of traditional morality long after it had ceased to dominate life—if indeed it ever *did* dominate it. There were bold, if somewhat raucous voices to be heard shouting *liberty*—liberty of the sexes. "The Woman Who Dared!" A very thrilling novel which, by the way, Mr. Heddon denounced from his pulpit, shocking the traditionally minded profoundly. I read this book on the train, and discussed it with Nancy. We discussed many problems in this manner, thus avoiding personal references. Our intercourse was seductively inferential.

Were the people who pretended to be shocked *really* shocked?

It must be remembered that society had not then achieved the emancipation of the present day, when such matters are the subjects of casual dinner-table conversation.

"No," said Nancy, "they're not shocked in the way they think they are."

"How are they shocked?"

"As you and I are shocked."

"But I'm not shocked," I protested.

"Oh, yes, you are, and so am I. It isn't the *moral* side, I admit. It isn't really the moral side which troubles Mrs. Dickinson, though she achieves a blush when she talks of it. It's the *revolutionary* side—unconsciously, perhaps—the menace to these precious institutions of ours which we have built up through the centuries, and from which a few of us derive such privilege and comfort."

"You're talking like a socialist!" I exclaimed.

"I may be talking like one, but I'm not one. Far from it! I love the flesh pots which we have managed to fill for ourselves. We pay for them, and one of the prices we pay is the restriction of the liberty of the sexes. That is the fundamental reason why our class is up in arms against the author of that book. And another reason why women in particular are against sex liberty is that there would be no security in husbands for the unattractive ones."

I laughed. "When do you get time for such exhaustive reading?" I demanded

admiringly. "You take my breath away. Why, you didn't use to be like that."

"Reading!" exclaimed Nancy. "It's merely common sense. And you forget that once in a while I run across foreigners who have thought about these things. The cake we have made for ourselves has caraway seeds in it, and they annoy and hamper us somewhat as we eat it. But we wouldn't give it up, not even for unrestricted love. So we find it convenient to be shocked. We fool ourselves into thinking we *are* shocked. But we're not. I remember you always disliked caraway seeds, Hugh! . . ."

I suddenly awoke to the fact that Nancy possessed intellect—the kind of intellect capable of the larger view. Her comments on current topics were not of the parrot-like variety indulged in by so many women at dinner-tables; nor, on the other hand, did she "reek" with learning, as did Lucia Blackwood. It was Ralph's phrase. Lucia antagonized me more and more. Like many 'intellectuals,' she had a short upper lip and prominent teeth, and a precise way of talking at our table which often made me bristle. She could quote with deadly accuracy the average wage of women in the garment-making trades, and repeat pages from reports on sweat-shops and tenements. She was not a socialist. In those days persons of that creed were confined almost wholly to the portion of society which is called the proletariat. For all her learning, she had not the gift to see that enlightened self-interest and tenements and sweat-shops were all of a piece, and she pinned her faith to laws and *thrift*, to organizations whose concerted and persistent action would put the fear of God into aldermen and legislators. If she had not invaded my home I might have forgiven her.

Maude's admiration of her was always a mystery to me, for Lucia, on the one hand, differed from her in temperament as greatly as Nancy on the other. A perverse fate had led her to choose Lucia for an intimate, since Maude was by no means "intellectual."

It is curious that my renewed friendship with Nancy did not pronouncedly affect my life with Maude and the children. I did not tell Maude of that first impulsive visit. I suppose I had a definite purpose in concealing it. I fell once more into the old habit of my bachelor days of making my

call at the Durrett house on my way home in the evening. On one of these occasions, being late to dinner, Maude asked me where I had been. But when I told her she made no comment. I could not tell whether she objected or not, so strangely inscrutable was she at times. I came to the conclusion very quickly that she did not care—which was what I wished to believe.

Her life was full. She had the children. And I had gradually, if unconsciously, trained her not to expect too much of me. Yet, paradoxically, save at those moments when a clash between married persons seemed inevitable, or occasionally when I was annoyed or antagonized by too much of the presence of Lucia and Perry and Susan, Maude and I got along fairly well. In my heart of hearts—had I ever dared face the question—I should have preferred the freedom of bachelorhood. But Maude had not turned out to be a nagging wife; and I had adjusted my married existence in order to have as much freedom as possible. There were periods, too, when I was away on prospecting trips in private-cars, or attending to business in New York, while every summer I bundled the family off to a cottage at Mattapoisset, where I visited them occasionally.

I always felt a tug at my heartstrings when June came around, and it was time for them to go: when I accompanied them, on the evening of their departure, to the smoky, noisy station and saw deposited in the sleeping-car their luggage and shawls and bundles. They always took the evening train to Boston; it was the best. Tom was invariably there, with candy and toys, and generally Perry. Sometimes our three wives, with a host of children and harassed nurses, all went on together.

At such times I warmed to the Peters's and the Blackwoods. And I was astonished, as I clung to Matthew and Moreton and little Sarah that I did not feel this same affection for them always. And Maude, as she kissed me before the train started, had hints of tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Hugh, I feel so selfish in leaving you all alone!" she would say. "If it weren't for the children—they need the sea air. But I know you don't miss me as I miss you."

"Maude, you shouldn't say such things!"

"A man doesn't, I suppose. . . Please don't work so hard. Promise me you'll

come on and stay a long time. You can if you want to. We shan't starve." She smiled. "That nice room, which is yours, at the southeast corner, is always waiting for you. And you do like the sea, and seeing the sailboats in the morning."

I felt an emptiness when the train pulled out. I *did* love my family, after all! Why was life such a complicated thing? Was it because I was made wrong? I would go back to the deserted house, and I could not bear to look in at the nursery door, at the little beds with covers flung over them. Why couldn't I appreciate these joys when I had them?

One evening, as we went up-town in an open street-car together, after such a departure, Tom blurted out: "Hugh, I believe I care for your family as much as for my own. I often wonder if you realize how wonderful those children are! My boys are just plain ruffians—although I think they're pretty decent ruffians. But Matthew has a mind—he's thoughtful—and an imagination. To me he's like a delicate and valuable piece of mechanism. He'll make a name for himself some day if he's steered properly and allowed to develop naturally. Moreton's more like my boys. And as for Chick-abiddy—" words failed Tom.

I put my hand on Tom's knee. I actually loved him again as I had loved and yearned for him as a child. He was so human, so dependable. And why couldn't this feeling last?

He disapproved—foolishly, I thought—of my professional career. This was only one of his limitations. But I knew that he was loyal. Why hadn't I been able to breathe and be reasonably happy in that atmosphere of friendship and love in which I had been placed—or rather in which I had placed myself?

Before the summer was a day or two older I had got accustomed to being alone, and enjoyed the liberty. It was long since I had felt the need of permanent human ties—save occasionally that of Nancy. In summer, when she did not go abroad, Nancy had a house on that gay North Shore of Massachusetts which I used to visit when at Cambridge. When Maude and the children returned in the Autumn, similarly, it took me some days to get used to the restrictions on my liberty imposed by a household. I run the risk of shocking those who read this by declaring that if my

family had been taken permanently out of my life, I should not long have missed them. I do not recall consciously having had this thought, but I believe it to be true.

Again, when Maude was at home during the autumn, winter, and spring, I would sometimes be seized with violent antagonisms against her. She had certain habits and mannerisms which ordinarily did not affect me, and again would drive me to a desperation of revolt. She used "don't" for "doesn't", and she had a manner of gaping at times; in the midst of a conversation she would suddenly get up and set the room in order—and I never liked the order. It was a sort of "farmhouse" order, I thought, or "village" order. She had none of those dainty personal effects with which Nancy surrounded herself. And nothing angered me more than to come in of an evening and find the drawing-room strewn with toys. I protested in vain that somebody might call.

"Oh well," Maude would reply, "they'll understand. I'm not fashionable."

At such moments it seemed to me that she took a delight in her shortcomings, in opposing me. She made me, by inference at least, a snob. And it was precisely because she insisted on ignoring unwritten social rules that I was angry. Here again was Susan's influence, and Lucia's, I thought. I was wrong. It was Maude herself. And she lacked that instinctive eye in decoration and color which gives a room personality.

Her life was absorbed by the children, and in this realm I could not deny her expert qualifications, though they interested me but little. Susan had supplied her with her first books on that subject, and later she had mastered an entire library. Dr. Roe, our child specialist, declared that he would give her a certificate at any time. Maude combined science with intuition. There were particular foods in particular quantities, and on winter mornings a baby carriage might be seen on the roof of our kitchen extension. There were naps at certain hours, when the household went about on tiptoe.

"Children are all very well," I maintained, "until they become tyrants."

For this remark I was reproached and rebuked.

Often I would return home in the evening after a hard day's work, longing for some



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

I protested that callers might find the room strewn with toys. "Oh, well," Maude replied, "they'll understand I'm not fashionable."

counter excitement or diversion, or the relaxation to be afforded by people. Of course, we went out occasionally. But I had regarded it as a part of Maude's contract—which she had repudiated—to make delightful arrangements. Nancy did so. She had her theater parties, her special dinners, and excursions to the Country Club, then a comparatively new institution. Maude's lack of initiative irritated me.

You see, I am presenting my side of the case, a petty side, to be sure. The little things are those which do the most, I think, to mar matrimony. Inferentially I am setting forth Maude's grievances also.

As I look back on this period of my life, I am surprised that we got along as well as we did. Matrimony, Dr. Pound used to say, is a shaking-down process. Calvinism characteristically represented it as a moral trial in an evil world—or one side of it, at least, as such. But a new spirit was beginning to stir abroad, a questioning and even a rebellious spirit. More and more of us were refusing to be shaken down: moral trials had ceased to appeal to us. We did not cut the Gordian Knot, but we did manage to loosen it up considerably.

Those closing years of the Nineteenth Century, and the early ones of the Twentieth, were *loosening* up years indeed. Most of us were traveling so fast that we did not pause to take our reckoning. It cannot exactly be said that that man is unhappy who does not know what happiness is. We hear much in these days about divided self. I made no attempt at unity. I did not consciously reflect that the various factors of my life were in conflict, my profession, my relationship with Nancy on the one hand and with Maude on the other. I had rather surprisingly escaped other relationships in which some of my associates indulged—with that element which Dumas so appropriately named the *demi-monde*. One reason for this, perhaps, was because in my professional capacity I had been called upon to extricate some of my friends from embarrassing predicaments. Women of that class were like fly-paper—they stuck; and sometimes a great deal of money and legal adroitness were necessary to disentangle them. Lawyers and doctors soon get over being surprised. On one occasion I made several trips to New York and executed a very delicate mission in behalf of

Mr. Scherer himself. The lady was inclined to be hysterical and vindictive. Her case demanded as much patience and diplomacy as a dissolution proceeding of quite another sort. This, of course, was a matter of friendship, and Mr. Scherer was profoundly grateful. At another time, with Ralph's assistance, Ham Durrett was extricated. . . .

I had had temptations, but the remnant of what Calvinism calls conscience, strongly reinforced by enlightened self-interest and a distaste for adventuresses in general, saved me. I needn't go into them. . . .

What we wanted, we reached out for. We took over all kinds of property, and presently began to appropriate other men's wives—occasionally paying for them. Yet that happiness which we pursued so hotly was—as Tom would have expressed it—always a lap ahead: or rather it dissipated, evaporated, took on new forms, turned into various shapes in our hands. Mixed metaphors best describe our state of mind: we grabbed happiness on one side, and immediately it became more alluring on the other. We ran from corner to corner. There was no rest for us anywhere, and we thought we didn't want rest.

To-day I am able to a certain extent to regard myself objectively as I was in that decade which ended about 1907. I had achieved my ambition; I had out-Watlinged Mr. Watling. I accepted only important clients, and big fees, and it was quite understood that the interests of these clients must not clash with those of the Personality in New York who was the *deus ex machina* behind Mr. Scherer and Mr. Dickinson. Success drowns criticism, and the affair of the Riverside Company was forgotten. If one wished to win a case, and had the money to pay the fee and the capital and patience, perhaps, to wait, the thing to do was to go to Paret.

I was difficult to see, even more difficult to retain. And it must be admitted that that sense of importance—which as a law student I had envied in Theodore Watling—was distinctly pleasurable; the power from which it was derived satisfied a craving in my nature. And I had underlings of my own to do the preparatory drudgery.

Occasionally, of course, I became tired. But as a rule, when I was in my office or engaged in the world of men and affairs, I achieved something very like happiness.

Since a large factor in respectability is success, I had reached the very pinnacle of respectability, and at a comparatively early age. I was looked up to, and treated with increasing consideration by the community, and when I went to other cities I was regarded as representative of my own: as a "solid" man, and I felt my solidity. The modern American conception of the practice of law as a game was now ingrained, a game in which the object was not only to beat one's opponent, but also to *beat the rules*, to wriggle through the holes which legislators had left, and sometimes to draw up bills with holes in them. These holes later on came to be called "jokers"; invisible pin pricks which later could be widened, with the aid of lenient judges, into breaches.

Law was the traditional respectable profession of our nation. Lawyers were supported by a kind of divine right, and he who had the audacity to question this—there were very few—was not only an iconoclast but a traitor. He was no American.

I had long since dropped the delusion that the United States was a republic, not to speak of a democracy. Respectable lawyers, "solid" lawyers, existed for the purpose of holding up the hands of the "solid" element, the ruling element, in protecting them from the "impulses" of the masses, which (experience had shown) were not for a moment to be trusted. Divine providence had come to the aid of this doctrine with a more or less inflexible Constitution, the inspired and infallible Bible of our commercial protestantism.

This was all very comfortable and comforting.

Prosperity, of course, consisted in the aggregate of a nation's wealth, not in its distribution. Poverty was the chastisement of providence of those who did not possess or cultivate thrift, which corresponded in importance with charity in the religious sphere.

I had had the good sense, too, early to grasp the lesson that it was necessary for a successful lawyer to associate himself not only with the powerful, but to choose if possible that faction which preponderated both in power and in *respectability*. I am forced to admit that there had been an element of luck in my choice. If needful, in the cases which I accepted, I could bring enormous influences to bear, commercial in-

fluences of national scope. And in many instances I had the satisfaction of knowing that the cases would never be brought to court. "If Paret's retained, that settles it!" Such, more than once, had been the despairing exclamation of an adversary who advised his clients to settle as best they could, or to retire as gracefully as possible.

This may not have been law, but it was part of the game. I did not consciously distinguish it from law.

It made enemies, but success proved to be a sure bulwark against them while we had a public which worshipped success.

This was one side of my life, the dominating side. I have noted the other sides, the other relationships, which from time to time disturbed my equilibrium.

One success followed another. Many of them involved thought and labor and skill, traveling to and fro, persuasive powers, but the sense of triumph grew, and success seemed increasingly easy. Providence had blessed our city with such resources! Not only that, but it had evidently decreed that the comparatively few and chosen beings with whom I was associated should have the lion's share of those resources.

Thus the Nineteenth Century passed into history, and the sun of the Twentieth dawned on still more colossal plans. Nothing seemed impossible, and our wealth was becoming as proverbial as our smoke. To register from our city was to be charged double prices—it was said—in the great New York hotels which were springing up with the rapidity of mushrooms, and at the southern autumn and winter resorts which had begun to cater to the demand of unlimited incomes.

The axiom that the best politics are those which make for prosperity went almost unchallenged. The confidence of capital was necessary for good times.

It was in 1902 or 1903, I think, that I received a larger fee than had come to me in all my previous career. Modesty forbids me from mentioning the size of it. I may relate the circumstances briefly.

There are times when financiers and their allies, like nations, must be prepared to go to war; must be ready to defend their position against adventuring financial war lords. One of these latter, of the first magnitude, had arisen in New York with startling rapidity, seizing and watering rail-

roads, mines and industrials all over the United States; making alliances, defensive and offensive, of his own; attacking various strongholds of the *entente* which was under the leadership of that other and more respectable Personality I have mentioned. Our city, as I have said, was one of his fortresses. In vain had the new Adventurer tried to get a railroad into it. Controlled legislatures and astute legal scouts had blocked the advance at every point. Suddenly an attack was made in another, and totally unexpected quarter.

For many years the sedate Ashuela Telephone Company had exercised in the city an apparently secure monopoly, and had been able to ignore with complacency even the shrillest protests of its unreasonable subscribers. Mr. Lawler, that firm friend of the people, had raged against it in vain. The stock was held by some of our best families, the Durrets and Hambletons and Mr. Dickinson having, with the Ogilvys and Mr. Willet, a controlling interest. I possessed some stock, and had bought more for my mother. Widows and orphans also owned it. Nothing was believed to be more secure from attack than the Ashuela.

Then, through various underground sources, came rumors that the Ashuela was to be challenged. Mysterious "Eastern Capitalists" thought so well of the future of our city that they were considering the establishment of a competing telephone company. There was no doubt in our minds as to the identities of these capitalists, and as to which camp they belonged. War, with a real, burning issue, confronted the Ashuela. Mr. Lawler, the disinterestedness of whose newspaper could not be doubted, fanned the flame day by day, and sent his reporters about the city gathering instances of the haughty negligence of the Ashuela. Monopolies were proverbially insolent and non-progressive. Mr. Lawler painted pictures of the Ashuela's antiquated instruments, as compared with those used in other cities, as compared with the very latest inventions which the Automatic Company was prepared to install—provided they could get their franchise. And the prices! These, too, would fall under competition.

It was a clever campaign. If the city would give them a franchise, that Automatic Company—so well named!—would install automatic instruments. Each sub-

scriber, by means of a numerical disk, could call up any other subscriber. There would be no central operator, no listening, no tapping of wires; the number of calls would be unlimited. As a proof of the confidence of these Eastern gentlemen in our city, they were willing to spend five millions, and present more than six hundred telephones free to the city departments! What could be fairer, what could be more generous than this!

There could be no doubt that the public was aroused, that popular enthusiasm was enlisted in behalf of the "Eastern Capitalists," who were made to appear in the light of angels ready to rescue a groaning people from the thrall of monopoly. The excitement approached that of a presidential election, and became the dominant topic at quick lunch-counters and in street-cars. Cheap and efficient service! Down with the Bastille of monopoly!

To some of us whose heads were cool, who comprehended reality, this outcry was merely entertaining. Ralph Hambleton, for instance, always grinned when he read Mr. Lawler's sheet, and insisted that it gave him more amusement than "Punch." Mr. Lawler was getting a part of the five million dollars—that was all; and the public had about as much to do with the question as to whether the Automatic Telephone Company would get its franchise or not as the marching bands at election time have to do with the tariff. At a meeting of the board, as counsel for the company, I reassured some of the frightened directors in regard to this; I, who was their chief-of-staff in war.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I think we may safely disregard that phase of the situation."

"In other words—the public be d—d!" added Ralph.

"I think I may be trusted to find a way out of this," I went on, when the laughter had subsided. "Of course it will cost money, but not as much money, by any means, as if these people should get their franchise."

I had long since achieved that confident air and the judicial manner of speaking which inspires in the average layman a blind and almost superstitious confidence in the man of law. This was one of the first characteristics of Theodore Watling which I had acquired.

"I believe we may trust Mr. Paret,



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"Oh, why are we always having misunderstandings?" pleaded Maude. "Do sit down a minute, Hugh. It seems as though I never get a chance to talk to you."

gentlemen," put in Mr. Ogilvy, the president, smiling, and playing with a gold pencil on the polished table. He was one of those Americans who, in a commercial atmosphere, become prematurely white. His boyish, smooth-shaven face contrasted oddly with his snowy hair. . . .

The directors' meeting, of course, like most directors' meetings, was a farce like a ritual become empty of meaning, but which is still persisted in. It was expedient, however, that a corporation should follow the biblical advice concerning the lack of knowledge of the left hand of the doings of the right. The majority of the directors were, so to speak, the left hand. Some of them, like Mr. Edward Hollister, might have been shocked, and did not like to be shocked; others preferred to know nothing. . . .

In the meantime Mr. Judah B. Tallant in his trustworthy and conservative sheet, the "Era," had come loyally to the rescue of the Ashuela, that home institution; and had pointed out, among other things, that one logical result of having two telephone companies would be that most persons, in self-defence, would be obliged to have two telephones. This would be more expensive than having one. Indeed, I do not mind saying that Mr. Tallant and I had met in the Ashuela Hotel—since prejudice still barred him from the Boyne Club—and discussed the situation, even as we had discussed many others. I had been the modest and anonymous author of many articles in Mr. Tallant's newspaper. Perhaps the most brilliant of these literary achievements (of which I had given promise in my youth) had been the prospectus of the Maplewood Avenue Railway Company—on which I had spent several feverish nights—and portions of which Mr. Tallant published. As a result of that prospectus we sold for two million a franchise which cost us less than two hundred thousand. Verily, in these days the literary talent, after centuries of starvation, is receiving its just and tangible rewards!

I had also composed and given to the "Era," gratis, many "educational" articles and editorials. And on this occasion, as we sat in a private room and sipped our coffee and smoked our cigars, our privacy carefully guarded by the obsequious manager of the hotel, I aided him to map out another. In other words, we started a

backfire against Mr. Lawler's conflagration. This, it may be objected, was by no means assuming that high and mighty attitude towards the public which I have professed. But it was merely admitting, however powerless the people might be politically, that it was the part of wisdom not to ignore their good will. After all, if their votes counted for nothing, their savings were most desirable. They were investors.

In this newspaper warfare we recognized certain chivalric rules. We did not, for instance, reveal the identity of the "Eastern Capitalists," betray to the public that the Ashuela Telephone Company affair was merely a battle between powerful opposing forces whose respective generals sat in Wall Street. This was financial Marquis of Queensberry: nor is it expedient that the quarrels of the gods should be made the subject of mortal gossip.

The real arbiter, the Jovian figure in this affair, the most godlike of all enlightened self-interest deities—as I have explained—was Mr. Judd Jason. The fate of the Ashuela Telephone Company was in his hands. Mr. Tallant leaned across the table in our private room. When he was worried he looked grayer than ever, and his head resembled a granite boulder covered with lichen.

"Between you and me, Paret," he said in a half-whisper, "I don't like the way Judd's acting."

Mr. Dickinson didn't like it, Mr. Ogilvy didn't, and I was appealed to save them at any price. By means of certain secret conduits of communication it became known that a plausible Mr. Orthwein, with fat fingers, had held conversation with Mr. Jason some months before. And on my initial visit in this affair I had found the boss, for the first time in my experience, noncommittal.

"Surely, you don't intend to hand over the telephone business of the city to that crowd," I said. "We've always been straight with you, and we're ready to do as well for you, if not better than they do."

"What are you willing to do?" he demanded.

I mentioned a sum, he shook his head. I mentioned another, and still he shook his head.

"Come around again, Mr. Paret," he said.

I reported to Mr. Dickinson that Orthwein had literally debauched Jason and

the aldermen. We told Miller Gorse, but even the Railroad appeared to be powerless here. It was, declared Mr. Jason, a private matter. Both Dickinson and Ogilvy insisted that I had to get them out of it some way. I was to go as far with Jason as I liked.

We had pretty good reasons for suspecting that the Automatic agent had promised the aldermen five thousand dollars apiece, in addition to certain business contracts.

On the way back to my office I had an idea. I turned to the right into Franklin Street, and in ten minutes had reached Monahan's saloon. I found Mr. Jason seated pensively on a chair, his lean legs stretched over another, gazing pensively out of the open window into the alley.

"Well, you've come back, have you?" he remarked.

"Name your price," I said.

"Suppose I do—what then," he replied. "This thing's gone pretty far. Under that fine new charter you fellows put over on us, that franchise has got to be bid for—hasn't it? And the people want this new company. There'll be a howl from one end of this town to the other if we throw 'em down."

"All right," I said, "I'm ready for you there. Suppose another telephone company steps in, and bids a little higher for the franchise. That relieves your aldermen of all responsibility, doesn't it?"

"Another telephone company!" he repeated.

I had already named it, on my walk. "The Interurban," I said.

"A dummy company?" said Mr. Jason. "Lively enough to bid something over a hundred thousand to the city for its franchise," I replied.

Judd Jason, with a queer look, got up and went to a desk in a dark corner, and after rummaging for a few moments in one of the pigeon holes, drew forth a glass cylinder, which he held out as he approached me.

"You get it, Mr. Paret," he said.

"What is it?" I asked, "a bomb!"

"That," he announced, as he twisted the tube about in his long fingers, holding it up to the light, "that is the finest brand of cigars ever made in Cuba. A gentleman who had every reason to be grateful to me—I won't say who he was—gave me that once. Well, the Lord made me so's I can't appreciate any better tobacco than those

five cent 'Bobtails' Monahan's got downstairs, and I saved it. I saved it for the man who would put something over on me some day, and—you get it."

He held it out with the air of a general surrendering his sword. I laughed; a little nervously, I think, as I took it. In the act I had a glimpse of a side of Mr. Jason hitherto unimagined. He became more of an enigma to me than ever.

"Thank you," I said, unconsciously falling in with the semi-ceremony of his manner. "I appreciate the compliment, Mr. Jason, however undeserved. I do not flatter myself that the solution I have suggested did not also occur to you."

"You'll smoke it?" he asked.

"Surely."

"Now? Here with me?"

"Certainly," I agreed, a little puzzled. As I broke the seal, pulled out the cork and unwrapped the cigar from its gold foil he took a stick and rapped loudly on the floor. After a brief interval footsteps were heard on the stairs and Mike Monahan, white aproned and scarlet-faced, appeared at the door.

"Bobtails," said Mr. Jason, laconically.

"It's them I thought ye'd be wanting," said the saloonkeeper, holding out a handful. Judd Jason lighted one, and began smoking reflectively.

I gazed about the mean room, with its litter of newspapers and reports, its shabby furniture, and these seemed to have become incongruous, out of keeping with the thoughtful figure in the chair facing me.

"You had a college education, Mr. Paret," he said.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, that's something I missed. It must be a great thing, a college education."

"I'm afraid I didn't appreciate mine," I acknowledged.

"Well, I guess you'd think it funny if I told you that I'd rather have had a college education than anything else in the world—wouldn't you?"

"Why—no," I replied, although I did think it "funny," as he expressed it.

"Come in here," he said, rising, and I followed him into the bedroom. It was, as usual, in semi-darkness, but he raised the shades and led me to a corner, behind the door, where stood an old-fashioned rosewood bookcase. On the shelves were rows of volumes bound in leather. He took

down one, and handed it to me. It was a good edition of Carlyle's French Revolution.

"You've read it, of course," he said.

"Parts of it," I said, smiling to hide a certain embarrassment. Yet I was intensely interested. "I'm ashamed to say I don't read as much as I ought to. I don't seem to get time."

He took it from me and fingered the leaves caressingly.

"It's a great book," he said. "It took me a long time to understand some of the things he was driving at, but I'm always worked up, excited, when I read it. That's history, Mr. Paret," he added, tapping it, "that's life. That fellow Carlyle could look right down into the bowels of the volcano, he understood what was going on down there, how men and women feel, how they hate, and how they take their revenge when they get a chance, and what happens when that lava bursts forth and runs over the fine places of the earth. That isn't cut and dried history. Here's a man who knows what causes eruptions."

I recalled the chapters, which I had read in college during that brief period when Mr. Cheyne had aroused my literary ambitions, of that dreadful, *volcanic* march on Versailles of the Paris mob.

"Yes," I said, "you're right. I suppose that we who live—on top—don't realize what's going on, what feelings are underneath."

"I don't live 'on top'," replied Judd Jason. "I live half-way down."

I was unable to reply.

"I live in the crater," he added. "If I could write I could tell the folks on top a few things. It has been over a hundred years since that eruption came, and people are acting as though there'd never be another."

"And you believe there will be?" I asked.

"You can come down here and live with me for about six months, and hear what I hear and see what I see."

"But when?" I asked. "How soon?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and put back the book in the case. "Perhaps not until you and I are dead—maybe in ten years or so."

It was with difficulty, now, I reminded myself that I was talking to Judd Jason. I was unable to think of him any longer as the city boss: he had become an odd recluse, a wizard whom Balzac might have depicted.

"You mean the labor element?"

"I mean all of 'em," said Judd Jason. "Yes, the labor element, and the unemployed and the outcasts and the bums. Sometime—they'll break through the crust again." . . .

He spoke with extraordinary conviction, and suddenly broke off as though he saw the thing actually happening. He shut up the bookcase and led me back into the "office," where we sat down.

"I didn't suspect you of sympathies with the labor movement, Mr. Jason," I remarked to draw him out.

He lit another "Bobtail."

"Sympathies?" he repeated. "I guess my sympathies were extracted a good while ago. 'All the world's a stage.' Doesn't Shakespeare say that?"

I confirmed it.

"Well, that's the way I look at it. With the help of those writers in there, I've learned to sit back and enjoy the play."

"And pull the puppet strings," I suggested.

He smiled whimsically.

I was at a loss to know why he had chosen me for this confidence. I felt that a subtle relationship had somehow been established between myself and the boss, who had hitherto been impenetrable. Nay, at that moment I understood, somehow, that this relationship was not a new thing, born to-day. I had sensed it in my former visits. I could not define it. Why had he singled *me* out for such confidences as he had given to-day? Why had he chosen, with me, to abandon the "business" plane? Did he perceive, in me, something which corresponded to an element of his own nature?

Such questions were running through my mind as I watched him smoking reflectively. I did not know whether to resent his attitude, or to feel complimented because I was getting nearer to the cryptic Mr. Jason than any other man. And I was both repelled and fascinated; I experienced at once antipathy and sympathy. It was as though he were holding up a mirror to me. . . .

Suddenly, coming back from his reverie, his eyes met mine, and I felt an actual wrench within, as though he had read my thoughts.

"I know how these people feel, down here, below the crust," he said, with a wave

of his hand towards the window, as though to indicate the whole of that mean district. "They hate, and hate is molten hell. They'll break through, as I tell you, but it won't do 'em any good—another crust will form. Did you ever think, Mr. Paret, how much feelings have to do with the way a man's life turns out? It's his feeling that determines what a man turns out to be, and if the feeling is strong and holds out, he generally gets to be something which represents that feeling. You follow me?"

"Yes." I had forgotten to be surprised.

"Well, it's been a compensation to me, a satisfaction—yes, a revenge, if you like the word, to have you *respectable* rich people coming down here, into the crater—he smiled, "to *me*, to get things that you have to have to keep going. I made up my mind, a good many years ago, that I'd get square some way, and I guess I have got square."

I could not deny it.

"It's queer how a little thing will change a man's life, or seem to change it," he went on. "If I hadn't gone to jail when I was a kid, the chances are I wouldn't be where I am now. I was respectable once, Mr. Paret, at least my father was. He was a pillar of the old Morris Street Methodist Church, and I used to go there to Sunday-school. You wouldn't believe it—would you? Well, I did. And my father's ambition was to make me a minister, only he went about it the wrong way. He made me the boss of the city, instead. That's funny, isn't it? But as sure as I sit here I think it's true."

"How did it happen?" I asked, intensely interested in this unexpected confession.

"Just because he didn't understand boys. He tried hard enough to keep me straight—God knows. It wasn't his fault, I can see that now. He meant all right. He ought to have been a minister himself. I wanted to have a good time, and that was natural. All boys want to have a good time. Well, it was kite season, and all the fellows were making kites, whittling out the sticks. You know how we used to do it. I didn't have any knife, and I asked my father to lend me his. He wouldn't. That night I waited until he went to bed, and I took his knife out of his pocket. He suspected that I took it, and he gave me the worst hiding I ever had, and told me I was a thief and that I'd go to hell sure.

"I was black and blue, and sore outside and inside. Do you think it cured me of wanting to have a kite? After school that day, there were the other boys flying kites, and I made up my mind, if I was going to hell anyway, I might as well enjoy myself. There was another kid there whose father was too poor to buy him a knife, and we were standing in front of a barber shop on Green Street. I can remember it well, and the barber's pole like a stick of peppermint candy. We looked through the window, and there was the barber shaving a red headed man, and all of a sudden it struck me that a razor would be as good as a knife, even better.

"Well, we waited until the barber went across the street to get a glass of beer, and then we slipped in and got two of his razors. He saw us coming away, and missed the razors, and the cop caught us with the goods on us, whittling sticks in a vacant lot, and ran us in. I guess I was about fourteen. My father wouldn't lift a hand. He came into court and told the judge to send me up, that he was through with me. He disowned a son who was a thief. And I got ten days.

"I was bitter. They steered me into the lockup in Hickory Street. It was full of bugs and crooks, and they put me in the same cell with an old-timer named 'Red' Waters, who was one of the slickest safe-blowers around in those days. Red took a shine to me. He found out I had a head piece, and he told me there wasn't anything in keeping straight, and all this talk about God and hell was buncombe. Their gang, he said, could use a clever boy. If I'd go in with him I could make all kinds of money.

"Well, I held off—I don't know why, but I had a notion, I think, that the game was foolish, that in the long run there wasn't anything to it. Every once in a while Red had to put in time. I felt I could beat it, some way. And I swore I'd never go to jail again. I never have.

"Red kept telling me that he had sent word to Gallagher, the boss of that district, to come down and get him out. And sure enough, down Gallagher comes one day—and sure enough he did get Red out. Gallagher was a big Irishman, with a laugh you could hear a block away. He had a saloon in Fremont Street. That made an impression on me—how Gallagher could walk down there and get a crook out like

that. I got to wondering how he did it. I didn't dare go home. I didn't want to go home. My father had kicked me out. I went down to Gallagher's saloon, and there was Red leaning over the bar. 'Here's a smart kid!' he says; 'he and me were room-mates over in Hickory Street.' He got to gassing me, and telling me I'd better come along with him, when Gallagher came in. 'What is it ye'd like to be, my son?' says he. A politician, I told him. I was through going to jail. That made Gallagher laugh. He took me on as a kind of handy boy around the establishment, and by and by I began to run errands and find out things for him. . . . I was boss of that ward myself when I was twenty-six."

"And your father?" I asked curiously.

"I never saw him again. That's a fact. About six months after I got out of jail I went around to look at the house and it was rented to another family. The old man went away—I never knew where . . . You see," he went on, after a pause, with a peculiar look at me, "if I hadn't stolen the razor, I might have been respectable. I might have been like Grierson, or Miller Gorse, or—or—" He did not finish, but his glance was still fixed on my face.

My tongue refused to answer him.

"I might have been living up among the swells on Grant Avenue," he added, smiling.

"You don't regret it?" I was irresistibly impelled to exclaim.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, and the sharpness in his voice belied his smile, "I guess we've all got regrets, Mr. Paret. I enjoy what I've got, but I'd give it all up to-morrow for an education. You may not believe that, but it's true. I've talked pretty freely to you. You'll excuse me."

"Excuse you!" I ejaculated. I still found difficulty in recognizing the Judd Jason I had known, the Judd Jason of tradition. And yet, in spite of his confession—if it could be called such—he had not lost his baffling quality. "You have given me much to think about."

Again his look was penetrating. "There is much to think about," he returned. "I've got a notion that *this* won't last much longer. A few years, more or less. When it goes I'll be ready. I'll have a little house in the country, and my books."

"This?" I repeated his word, though I had more than an idea of his meaning.

He rose. This, too, was contrary to his custom on the departure of a visitor. His tone and manner, however, reverted to the normal.

"You're busy, and I've kept you too long," he said. "Go ahead and organize your company."

A few moments later, still rather dazed, I found myself on the dirty pavement beside the saloon.

What was it in me that had impelled Judd Jason to tell me these things? Here was a question I asked myself as I walked along. What was the kindred thing he had recognized in me? Had his confidence been a tribute to a fellow-master of subterfuge? I did not like to admit it: I should have preferred to think that there had been some other impulse behind it; and yet, even on that basis, there had been a hint on Judd Jason's part of a similarity between us which I instinctively resented; an ironical implication that, but for the grace of God, or rather the caprice of fate, he might have been Paret and I Jason; that it was due to a mere accident that I was "respectable" and he not. My suggestion of the organization of a dummy telephone corporation had appealed to the artist in him, and he had hailed me as a brother. This was essentially distasteful.

Was the difference between Mr. Jason and myself merely one of degree, and not of kind? I repudiated this suggestion. There were many things which Jason did the very notion of which was repulsive to me. He took toll, for instance, from the palaces of vice, and from gambling resorts. Well, my friends and respectable associates upheld his friends; some of them had their own "palaces;" and gambling on a large scale, with telephone and steel and railroad companies was respectable, not surreptitious. The law condemned faro and roulette, while the courts sanctioned our plunges.

These were not reflections conducive to my peace of mind. And yet I was subject to them on rare occasions. It was not with me a case of what a witty modern philosopher calls an agonized conscience so much as the disagreeable effect of the insinuation that Judd Jason and I might have anything in common. I looked down upon him, I secretly despised him, and the idea of being compelled to deal with him was repugnant to me. After I had been for a while in his

presence, these feelings were dissipated. However, if I had been frank with myself, I had always come away from him with a sense of humiliation rather than of triumph. And now I felt myself flushing.

My thoughts reverted to what he had told me of his boyhood. He had, to be sure, known nothing of my own, yet I was forced to confess likewise a striking parallel here. His desires, too, had rebelled against his environment, against the "religious" convictions of his father. What was the logical and ethical difference between Judd Jason's stealing a razor and my building a boat against my father's wishes, and my attempt to convince my father that the boat was a "raft," or my taking a chisel from Cousin Robert Breck? Judd Jason had gone to jail—that seemed to be the only difference. What the deuce was morality? . . .

I had arrived at this query, which more profound minds than my own seem to have difficulty in answering, when I found myself opposite the marble vestibule of the Corn National Bank. Mr. Judah B. Tallant, looking a trifle more moth-eaten than usual, confronted me. The day was warm, and he held his brown straw hat in his hand.

"Hello, Paret," he said, "how is that telephone business getting along?"

"Is Dickinson in?" I asked.

Tallant nodded.

We went through the cool bank, with its shining brass and red mahogany, its tiled floor, its busy tellers attending to files of clients, to the president's sanctum in the rear. Leonard Dickinson, very spruce and dignified in a black cutaway coat, was dictating rapidly to a woman stenographer, whom he dismissed when he saw us. The door was shut.

"I was just asking Paret about the telephone affair," said Mr. Tallant.

"Well, have you found a way out?" Leonard Dickinson looked questioningly at me.

"It's all right," I answered, sinking into a leather chair. "I've seen Jason."

"All right!" they both ejaculated at once.

"We win," I said.

They stood gazing at me. Even Dickinson, who was rarely ruffled, seemed excited. "Do you mean to say you've fixed it?" he demanded.

I nodded.

"Well," put in Tallant, with a laugh,

"I must say you don't seem very cheerful about it. How in hell did you do it? Upon my word, you're a wonder, Paret, if I do say it. I'd begun to give up."

"We organize the Interurban Telephone Company, and bid for the franchise—that's all."

"A dummy company!" cried Tallant.

"Why, it's simple as A B C!"

Dickinson smiled. He sat down in his revolving chair, and offered me a cigar. I refused it. "And Jason agrees?" he asked.

I nodded again.

"We'll have to outbid the Automatic people. I haven't seen Bitter yet about the—about the fee."

That word seemed to stick in my throat. But my companions were too elated to notice it.

"That's all right," said Leonard Dickinson, quickly. "I take off my hat to you, Hugh. You've saved us. *You* can ask any fee you like," he added genially. "Let's go over to—to the Ashuela and get some lunch."

He had been about to say the Club, but he remembered Mr. Tallant's presence in time.

Respectability, I reflected, was not a hard and fast line. Judah B. Tallant, still *persona non grata* at the Boyne, lived in the zone between Mr. Jason and me.

"Nothing's worrying you, Hugh?" asked Leonard Dickinson, anxiously, as we went out, followed by the glances of his employees.

"Nothing," I said. . . .

For this service, the rescue of the Ashuela Telephone Company, I had the personal thanks of the Personality in New York, as dear to a corporation lawyer as the Victoria Cross to a British soldier. The next time I was in New York he sent word to me to call at his office.

"That was well done, Paret," he said.

Every once in a while Mr. Scherer would say to me, "Hugh, do you happen to have a little money lying around loose?"

I usually had.

His gratitude was royal. Corporation lawyers of my standing were not only legal advisers to their capitalists, but guides, philosophers, friends. Through me, his social aspiration had been gratified; the Scherer family was now "in society:" and



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Miss Allsop hung the pendant around Maude's neck. "How it suits you, Mrs. Paret!"



she cried. "If you wish it changed—" I said. "Changed!" Maude exclaimed. "No!"

largely through my efforts and Nancy's, he had built that imposing French chateau, of renaissance architecture, with modern conveniences, which occupied the entire block on Grant Avenue from Rutger Street to Hull, pictures of which had appeared in newspapers all over the country.

Making money had grown so ridiculously easy! The real problem had come to be, how to spend it. Hundreds of new industries had sprung up with the new century the object of which was to aid bewildered millionaires in this perplexing task. Parasitic industries, socialist economists called them. Fifth Avenue, New York, was lined with them from one end to the other.

One evening, when I got home, I said to Maude, "I have a surprise for you."

"A surprise?" she asked, looking up from a little pink smock she was making for Chickabiddy.

"I've bought that lot on Grant Avenue, next to the Ogilvy's."

She dropped her sewing, and stared at me.

"Aren't you pleased?" I asked. "At last we are going to have a house of our very own."

Her eyes wandered about the room. They seemed suddenly to shine with tears.

"What's the matter?" I demanded.

"Hugh, I can't bear the thought of leaving it. I'm so used to it. I've grown to love it. It's part of me."

"But," I exclaimed, a little exasperated, "you didn't expect to live here always, did you? The house has been too small for us for years. I thought you'd be delighted." (This was not strictly true, for I had rather expected some such action on her part.) "Most women would. Of course, if it's going to make such a difference to you as that, I'll sell the lot. That won't be difficult."

I got up and started to go into my study. She rose, and her sewing fell to the floor.

"Oh, why are we always having misunderstandings? Do sit down a minute, Hugh. It seems as though I never get a chance to talk to you. You're so busy. Don't think I'm not appreciative," she pleaded, "It was—such a shock."

I sat down rather reluctantly, but still somewhat irritated and puzzled.

"I suppose I'm foolish," she continued, rather breathlessly, "and I know I can't express what I feel—I've never been taught to express myself. But sometimes I'm actually frightened, Hugh. We're

going through life so fast in these days, and it doesn't seem as if we were getting the real things out of it. I'm afraid of your success, and of all the money you're making."

I smiled. "I'm not so rich, yet, as riches go in these days, that you need be alarmed," I said.

She looked at me helplessly a moment. "I can't help feeling that it isn't—right, somehow. That you'll pay for it, that we'll pay for it. Goodness knows, we have everything we want, and more, too. This house—this house is real. I'm afraid that won't be a home, that it won't be real. That we'll be overwhelmed with—with things! . . . I suppose I'm provincial, and always shall be," she added, and suddenly achieved a tearful smile. "I've often told you what a mistake you made when you married me. Of course we'll build the house. I know I'm silly."

Such a *volte face* was characteristic of her. . . .

We were alone that evening. And after dinner, when she came down-stairs from seeing the children safe in bed, she had a leather covered book under her arm. With a strange smile, she held it out to me.

"Do you remember it?" she asked.

I took it from her vaguely.

"I've kept it all these years. Ten years! Just to think, Hugh, we've been married ten long years next Autumn!" She drew up a chair beside me and opened the book. Its contents brought back a flood of recollections of our wedding trip. "And don't you remember," she went on eagerly, as she turned over the leaves, "what fun we used to have taking these photographs and making these drawings? and how we'd change our plans every week, as we saw more and more houses? and how we used to sit drawing at night in the sitting-rooms of the queer little inns?"

These scenes came back to me indeed, like some past existence, as she turned over the leaves. There was something pathetic about the amateurish sketches which embodied our groping ideals, our naive belief in a future domestic peace and bliss, appropriately housed. Here was the record of how our feelings had been torn between Tudor, Jacobean, and Georgian. Tucked away among the empty pages at the back of the book was a picture in water colors which Maude had made of the

completed dwelling we had at length decided upon, a quaint medley of our collected impressions, neither manor nor farm, with half-cast, peaked dormers, and a projecting upper story. The diamond-paned lattices, surrounded by climbing roses, seemed emblematic of the futility of the ideal, so ill-suited were they to the rigorous climate of our own land and time. Overlooking the garden were the long windows of the living room of which we had dreamed, with its great fireplace and hewed beams of oak, where we were to have spent our evenings reading aloud to each other. . . .

"I suppose we couldn't have it now," I heard Maude say, wistfully. "It would look ridiculous on a city lot, next to Howard Ogilvy's."

She took the book from me, gently, and closed it.

"Well," I replied hopefully, "perhaps we shall build it, or something like it, in the country, some time soon. There's no reason why we shouldn't."

I really meant it at the moment. I had a yearning for peace. The maelstrom in which I lived suddenly became distasteful.

"Hugh," she exclaimed, "if we only could!" . . .

Now that we were ready to build the home which had been deferred so long, now that I had the money to spend without stint on its construction, the irony of life had deprived me of those strong desires and predilections which I had known on my wedding trip. What a joy it would have been to have built then! But now I found myself wholly lacking in definite ideas as to style and construction. Secretly, I looked forward to certain luxuries, such as a bedroom and dressing-room and warm tiled bathroom all to myself—a certain bachelor privacy for which for some time I had longed.

A few days later Maude asked me who was to be the architect.

"Why, Archie Lammerton, I suppose. Who else is there? Have you anyone else in mind?"

"N-o," said Maude. "But I heard of such a clever man in Boston, who doesn't charge Mr. Lammerton's prices, and who designs such beautiful private houses."

"But we can afford to pay Lammerton's prices," I replied, smiling. "And why shouldn't we have the best?"

"Are you sure he *is* the best, Hugh?"

"Everybody has him," I said.

Maude smiled in return. "I suppose that's a good reason," she answered.

I contemplated her with some surprise, letting the match with which I was about to light my cigar go out. We were seated at the breakfast table. The remark was characteristic of a new spirit I had begun to notice in Maude, a disposition to question my judgment. And I suspected Lucia, whose views about the independence of women were developing rapidly. And while I failed to visualize Maude as a "new woman," the tendency to think for herself of which she was giving evidence was at moments alarming.

"Of course it's a good reason," I assured her. "These people—the people we know—wouldn't have had Lammerton unless he were satisfactory. What's the matter with his houses?"

"Well," said Maude, "they're not very original. I don't say they're not good, in a way, but they lack—imagination. It's difficult for me to express what I mean. 'Machine-made' isn't precisely the idea, but there should be a certain irregularity in art—shouldn't there be? I saw a reproduction in one of the architectural journals of a house in Boston by this other man, Frey, which seemed to me to have great charm."

Here was Lucia, unmistakably.

"That's all very well," I said impatiently, "but when one has to *live* in a house, one wants something more than artistic irregularity. Lammerton knows how to build for every-day existence. He's a practical man, as well as a man of taste. He may not be a Christopher Wren, but he understands conveniences and comforts. His chimneys don't smoke, his windows are tight. He knows what systems of heating are the best, and whom to go to. He knows what good plumbing is. I'm rather surprised you don't appreciate that, Maude, you're so particular as to what kind of rooms the children shall have, and you want a schoolroom nursery with all the latest devices, with sun and ventilation. Howard Ogilvy wouldn't have had him, the Hollisters, and Dickinsons wouldn't have had him if his work lacked taste."

"And Nancy wouldn't have had him," added Maude, and she smiled once more.

Here again I recognized a new and peculiar note. It was not of sarcasm—sarcasm

never was Maude's style. There was no hint in her voice of reproach for my intimacy with and dependence on Nancy, and this in itself somewhat disconcerted me. Her references to this intimacy, *as* an intimacy, had been rare. For some years I had been seeing a great deal of Nancy; and I had never known or sought to know what were Maude's feelings in reference to it. I preferred to believe that she did not care. I should have characterized my relationship with Nancy as a platonic one—had I been called upon to explain it.

Maude had never "nagged" me, betrayed any jealousy, nor had I ever been curious about her attitude; I had taken it as a matter of fact: I had regarded her, I think, as a sensible woman, who had not made marriage too irksome: at times quite the contrary. Had I analyzed my relationship with her I should on the whole have thought of it, I believe, as the complement of my relationship with Nancy. Both women ministered to certain needs. There were moments of friction with Maude, of course; yet these were comparatively rare, after all: and some friction was inevitable in the average marriage. Of course, if I had married Nancy—! At times I confess to having had a certain heroic sense of accepting my fate.

Now, however, this remark of Maude's gave me a momentary glimpse into depths in her I had not suspected. In spite of the detachment from her, of the large part of my life which I led apart from her, I had always thought of her as growing out of me. Here was evidence, however, in her of a self-dependence which had developed sufficiently to compel me to regard her as an individual already considerably differentiated from me: an individual with a point of view which was not mine (and I was forced to admit not Lucia's or Susan's); with a point of view about *me*. She had, for some time, evidently been regarding me objectively; considering me. She had become critical, yet was at ease! Her manner implied the beginnings of a philosophy about me, the discovering and facing of weaknesses within me.

All this I did not, as usual, consciously analyze. It is what I felt. I would not have acknowledged weaknesses, but Maude gave the impression of having discovered them, and of the ability now to regard them with a certain complacency. There was a self-mastery about her. . . .

Such had been the current of thought, or of feeling, aroused by that little suggestion that Nancy had created Archie Lammerton's vogue, and had been the cause of my championship of him!

I thought it wiser to ignore her reference to Nancy. And I managed to restrain my temper, which was rising.

"You fail to realize, Maude," I said, "that some fashions may have a basis of reason. They are not all silly, as Lucia seems to think. If Lammerton builds satisfactory houses, he ought to be forgiven for being the fashion. He ought to have a chance." I got up to leave. "Let's see what kind of a plan he'll draw up, at any rate."

Her glance was almost indulgent. "Of course, Hugh. I want you to be satisfied, to be pleased," she said.

"And you?" I questioned, "you are to live in the house more than I."

"Oh, I'm sure it will turn out all right," she replied. "Now you'd better run along, I know you're late."

"I *am* late," I admitted, rather lamely. "If you don't care for Lammerton's drawings, we'll get another architect." . . .

It was true that Nancy was partly responsible for the fact that Mr. Lammerton had built so many houses for the fashionable of our city. This is by no means gainsaying Archie Lammerton's cleverness. I remember when, many years before, he had just arrived among us, out of the East, with a Beaux Arts moustache and the most delightful of manners; with letters of introduction to those of us who had best proved their adaptability to the economics of enlightened self-interest. He did not make the mistake of telling us that our city was ugly, or that we were barbarians. He evidently liked barbarians.

One of his most appealing attributes, to men, was his "belief" in our city, a form of patriotism which culminated, in later years, in "million population" clubs. I have often heard him declare, when the ladies had left the dining-room, that there was positively no limit to our future growth; and, incidentally, to our future wealth. Such sentiments as these could not fail to add to any man's popularity.

That very day on which the conversation with Maude occurred I called on Archie in his offices at the top of one of our new

buildings, where many young draftsmen were bending over their boards. I was ushered into his private studio.

"I suppose you want something handsome, Hugh," he said, looking at me over his cigaret, "something commensurate with these fees I hear you are getting."

"Well, I want to be comfortable," I admitted.

We lunched at the Club together, where we talked over the requirements.

When he came to dinner the next week and spread out his sketch on the living room table Maude drew in her breath.

"Why, Hugh," she exclaimed in dismay, "it's as big as—as big as the White House!"

"Not quite," I answered, laughing with Archie. "We may as well be comfortable in our old age."

"Comfortable!" echoed Maude. "We'll rattle 'round in it. I'll never get used to it."

"After a month, Mrs. Paret, I'll wager you'll be wondering how you ever got along without it," said Archie.

It was not as big as the White House, yet it could not be called small. I had seen to that. The long facade was imposing, dignified, with a touch of conventionality and solidity in keeping with my standing in the city. It was Georgian, of plum-colored brick with marble trimmings and marble wedges over the ample windows. Some years later I saw the house by Ferguson, of New York, from which Archie had cribbed it. At one end, off the dining-room, was a semi-circular conservatory. There was a small portico, with marble pillars, and in the ample, swift sloping roof many dormers; servants' rooms, Archie explained. The look of anxiety on Maude's face deepened as he went over the floor plans, the reception-room, dining-room to seat thirty, the servants' hall, and upstairs Maude's room, boudoir and bath and dress closet, my "apartments" adjoining on one side and the children's on the other, and the guest rooms with baths. . . .

Maude surrendered, as one who gives way to the inevitable. When the actual building began we both of us experienced, I think, a certain mild excitement, and walked out there, sometimes with the children, in the spring evenings and on Sunday afternoons. "Excitement" is, perhaps, too strong a word for my feelings; there *was* a pleasurable anticipation on my part, a looking-forward to a more decorous, a more

luxurious existence; a certain impatience at the delays inevitable in building. But a new legal-commercial enterprise of magnitude began to absorb me at this time. Somehow the building of this home—the first that we possessed—was not the event it should have been. And there were moments when I felt cheated, when I wondered what had become of that capacity for enjoyment which in my youth had been so keen. I remember, indeed, one gray evening when I went there alone, after the workmen had departed, and stood in the litter of mortar and bricks and boards gazing at the completed front of the house. It was even larger than I had imagined it from the plans; in the summer twilight there was something about it—if not precisely menacing, at least portentous, with its gaping windows and towering roof. I was a little tired from a hard day. I had the odd feeling of having raised up something with which—momentarily at least—I doubted my ability to cope: something huge, impersonal; something which ought to have represented a fireside, a sanctuary, and yet was the embodiment of an element quite alien to the home, a restless element with which our American atmosphere had, by invisible degrees, become charged. As I stared at it, the odd fancy seized me that the building somehow incarnated my own career. . . . I had gained something, in truth, but had I not also missed something, something which a different home would have embodied?

Maude and the children had gone to the seaside.

With a vague uneasiness I turned away from the contemplation of those walls within which I was to live. The companion mansions were closed, their blinds tightly drawn; the neighborhood was as quiet as the country, save for a slight but persistent noise that impressed itself on my consciousness. I walked around the house to spy, in the back yard, a young girl rather stealthily gathering laths and fragments of joists and flooring, and loading them into a child's express wagon. She started when she saw me. She was little more than a child herself, and the loose calico dress she wore seemed to emphasize her thinness. She stood stock still, staring at me with frightened yet defiant eyes. I, too, felt a strange timidity in her presence.

"Why do you stop?" I asked at length.

"Say, is this your house?" she demanded.

I acknowledged it. A hint of awe widened her eyes. Then she glanced at the half-filled wagon.

"This stuff ain't no use to you, is it?"

"No, I'm glad to have you take it."

She shifted to the other foot, but did not continue her gatherings. An impulse seized me. I put down my walking-stick and began picking up pieces of wood, flinging them into the wagon. I looked at her again, rather furtively; she had not moved. Her attitude puzzled me, for it was one neither of surprise nor of protest. The spectacle of the "millionaire" owner of the house engaged in this menial occupation so far as I could see gave her no thrills. I finished the loading.

"There!" I said.

She did not so much as thank me, but took up the wagon-tongue and was about to move off. "Where do you live?" I inquired curiously.

"Down there, in Foley Patch." She nodded in the direction of the slum by that name, along the riverside under the hill. There had, of late, been brought forward a scheme by the City Improvement Society to do away with this slum, in such unpleasant proximity to our finer residences, and build a boulevard in place of it. "I work in Jenney's bottling establishment," she added, gratuitously.

"It's hard work?" I said sympathetically.

"Seven till six. You've got to 'keep movin'."

"And what—are the wages?"

"I'm getting three a week." She didn't appear to resent my catechism.

"And how many in your family?"

"Four kids—all younger'n me. Mother scrubs in saloons. Father's a boozier."

I found myself at a loss. The whole story had been told. I gave her a dollar bill, and she took it and rolled it around her finger. Then she started off.

The experience was unique. And, as I watched her figure departing down the street, the reflections she had aroused were mingled with astonishment that she had not shown gratitude. I checked another impulse to follow her, to see for myself the conditions of that family. She left on me a disheartening impression of numbness, of life crushed out. I glanced up once more at the mansion I had built for myself loom-

ing in the dusk, and walked hurriedly away. . . .

It wasn't until early in December that we moved in.

Before I realized the fact, Christmas eve had arrived. Christmas eve had a way of arriving suddenly, like a visitor for whom one is wholly unprepared. Yet in spite of the moving-in, in spite of the care of organizing a new and complicated household, for weeks Maude had been at work on her presents, and storing away mysterious parcels; and the children had been in a state of excitement. I alone was indifferent to it all. I was, as usual, very busy. Mr. Scherer had in late years enlarged his trust to such proportions as to capture the imaginations of a public rapidly becoming used to Brobdingnagian business. A new breed of reformers was arising, apparently determined to make trouble. And we had, in the White House, the extraordinary spectacle of a president who was refusing to be advised by competent counsellors who had the prosperity and welfare of the nation at heart, and to whom other presidents had willingly listened. That prosperity, however, had not yet been affected. And the Jericho walls of the tariff still stood in their might. . . .

At four o'clock, after lunching in conference with Mr. Scherer and others, I emerged from the Boyne Club. The green-yellow daylight was fading, and the lamps were beginning to cast sickly streaks across the slush on the pavements. It was the sight of this slush (which for a brief half hour that morning had been pure snow, and had sent Matthew and Moreton and Bidy into ecstasies at the notion of a "real Christmas"), that brought to my mind the imminence of the festival, and the fact that I had as yet bought no presents.

In front of the club my automobile was waiting; Maude had sent it down-town to meet me. Within an incredibly short period these vehicles, which at first had been curiosities, had changed to luxuries and then—for some of us—to necessities. Mine was a French machine, of the make which Ham Durrett had first introduced among us, and I had paid for it something like eight thousand dollars.

I directed the chauffeur to the shopping district.

Over the heads of the people I beheld the

illuminated shops, decked in Christmas greens. Along the wet sidewalks surged the crowds, overflowing into the street. My chauffeur, a bristly-haired Parisian, blew his horn insolently. Men and women jostled each other to get out of the way, their holiday mood giving place to resentment as they stared into the windows of the limousine. With the American inability to sit still I shifted from one corner of the seat to another, impatient at the slow progress of the machine; and I felt a certain contempt for human beings, that they should make all this fuss, burden themselves with all these senseless purchases, for a tradition.

The automobile stopped, and I fought my way across the sidewalk into the store of that time-honored firm, Elgin, Yates, and Garner, pausing uncertainly before the very counter where, some ten years before, I had bought an engagement ring. Young Mr. Garner himself spied me, and handing over a customer to a tired clerk, hurried forward to greet me. His manner implied that my entrance was in some sort an event. I had become used to this aroma of deference.

"What can I show you, Mr. Paret?" he asked.

"I don't know—I'm looking around," I said, vaguely, bewildered by the glittering baubles by which I was confronted. What *did* Maude want? She did not seem to care for jewelry any more than for gowns; and yet I must give her something. While I was gazing into the case, Mr. Garner opened a safe behind him, and, with an air of triumph, laid before me a large sapphire, set with diamonds, in a platinum brooch. It was, indeed, a beautiful stone, gleaming in the depths of it like a star in an arctic sky. I had not given Maude anything of value of late. Decidedly, this was of value; Mr. Garner named the price glibly. If Mrs. Paret shouldn't care for it, it might be brought back or exchanged.

I took it, with a sigh of relief. Leaving the store, I paused on the edge of the rushing stream of humanity, with the problem of the children's gifts still to be solved. I thought of my own childhood, when at Christmastide I had walked with my mother up and down this very street, so changed and modernized now. I could recall that I had had definite desires, desperate ones, but my imagination failed me when I tried

to summon up the emotions connected with them. I had no desires now: I could buy anything in reason in the whole street.

What did Matthew and Moreton want? and little Biddy? Maude had not "spoiled" them; but they didn't seem to have any definite wants. The children made me think, with sudden softening, of Tom Peters, and I went into a tobacconist's and bought him a box of expensive cigars. Then I told the chauffeur to take me to a toy-shop, where, jostled by the crowd, I stood staring through a plate glass window at the elaborate playthings devised for the modern children of luxury. In the center was a toy man of war, four feet in length, with turrets and guns and propellers and a real steam engine. As a boy I should have dreamed about it, schemed for it, bartered my immortal soul for it. But—if I gave it to Matthew, what was there for Moreton? A steam locomotive caught my eye, almost as elaborate.

I forced my way through the doors, captured a salesman, and from a state bordering on nervous collapse he became galvanized into an intense alertness and respect when he understood my desires. He didn't know the price of the objects in question. He brought the proprietor, an obsequious little German who, on learning my name, repeated it in every sentence. For Biddy I chose a doll which was all but human; and which, when it was held up by a young woman for my inspection, elicited murmurs of admiration from the women shoppers by whom we were surrounded. The proprietor promised to make a special delivery of the three articles before seven o'clock. . . .

Presently the automobile, after speeding up the asphalt of Grant Avenue, stopped before the new house. In spite of the metamorphosis that house had made in my life, in three weeks I had amazingly become used to it. But I had an odd feeling that Christmas eve as I stood under the portico with my key in the door, the same feeling of the *impersonality* of the place which I had experienced before. Not that, for one moment, I would have exchanged it for the smaller house we had left. But that had been home.

I opened the door. How often, in that other house, I had come in the evening seeking quiet, my brain occupied with a problem, only to be annoyed by the romping of the children on the landing above.

A noise in one end of it echoed to the other. But here, as I entered the hall, all was quiet: a dignified, deep-carpeted stairway swept upward before me, and on either side were wide, empty rooms. And in the subdued light of one of them I beheld a dark figure moving silently about—the butler. He came forward to relieve me, deftly, of my hat and overcoat.

Well, I had it at last, this establishment to which I had for so long looked forward. And yet that evening, as I hesitated in the hall, I somehow was unable to grasp that it was real and permanent. The very solidity of the walls and doors paradoxically suggested transience, the butler a flitting ghost. How still the place was! Almost oppressively still. I recalled a story of a peasant who, yearning for a life among the great, had stumbled upon an empty palace, its tables set with food in golden dishes. Before two days had passed he fled from it in horror back to his crowded cottage and his drudgery in the fields. Never once had the sense of possession of the palace been realized.

Nor did I feel that I possessed this house, though I had the deeds of it in my safe and the receipted bills in my files. It eluded me; seemed, in my bizarre mood of that evening, almost to mock me. "You have built me," it seemed to say, "but I am stronger than you, because you have not earned me." Ridiculous, when the years of my labor and the size of my bank account were considered! Such, however, is the verbal expression of my feeling.

Was the house empty, after all? Had something happened? With a slight panicky sensation I climbed the stairs, with their endless shallow treads, so different from the ampler steps in the other house, and hurried through the silent hallway to the schoolroom. Reassuring noises came faintly through the heavy door. I opened it. Little Biddy was careening round and round, crying out, "To-morrow's Christmas! Santa Claus is coming to-night!"

Matthew was regarding her indulgently, sympathetically, Moreton rather scornfully. The myth had been exploded for both, but Matthew still hugged it. That was the difference between them. Maude was seated on the floor. It was she who perceived me first, and glanced up at me with a smile.

"It's father!" she said.

Biddy stopped in the midst of a pirouette. At the age of seven she was still shy with me, and retreated towards Maude.

"Aren't we going to have a tree, father?" demanded Moreton, aggressively. "Mother won't tell us—neither will Miss Allsop."

Miss Allsop was their governess.

"Why do you want a tree?" I asked.

"Oh, for Biddy," he said.

"It wouldn't be Christmas without a tree," Matthew declared—"and Santa Claus," he added, for his sister's benefit.

"Perhaps Santa Claus, when he sees we've got this big house, will think we don't need anything, and go on to some poorer children," said Maude. "You wouldn't blame him if he did that—would you?"

The response to this appeal could not be said to have been enthusiastic. . . .

They are shadowy, as I look back upon them, those children. How little I saw of them! And yet I had, at times, sudden twinges of the heartstrings, as when I kissed them good night; resolutions to see more of them; resolutions which evaporated, or were swallowed up in what I deemed the main business of life.

After dinner, when the children had gone to bed, aided by Miss Allsop, we dressed the tree. Or rather, it might better be said that Maude and Miss Allsop dressed it, while I gave a perfunctory aid. Both the women took such a joy in the process, vying with each other in getting effects, the Englishwoman, far from her home and friends, as intent as Maude. She had been with us several years. And as I watched them eagerly draping the tinsel and pinning on the glittering ornaments I wondered why it was that I was unable to find the same joy as they in the task, why I could not enter into it with the same zest. Thus it had been every Christmas eve. I was always tired when I got home, and after dinner relaxation set in.

An electrician had come while we were at the table, and had fastened on the little electric bulbs which did duty as candles.

"Oh," said Maude, as she stood off to survey their work, "isn't it beautiful! Come, Miss Allsop, let's get out the presents."

They flew out of the room, and presently hurried back with their arms full of the usual parcels: parcels from Maude's family in Elkington, from my own relatives, from the Blackwoods and the Peters, from Nancy.

In the meantime I had had my own contributions brought up, the man-of-war, the locomotive, the big doll. Maude stood staring.

"Hugh, they'll be utterly ruined!" she exclaimed. But her voice caught.

"The boys might as well have something instructive," I replied, "and as for Biddy—nothing's too good for her."

"I might have known you wouldn't forget them, although you are so busy." . . .

We filled the three stockings hung by the great fireplace. Then, with a last lingering look at the brightness of the tree, she stood in the doorway and turned off the electric switch.

"Not before seven to-morrow morning, Miss Allsop," she said. "Hugh, you *will* get up, won't you? You mustn't miss seeing them. You can go back to bed again."

I promised.

Evidently, this was Reality to Maude. It had been one of my dreams of marriage, this preparing for the children's Christmas, remembering the fierce desires of my own childhood. It struck me, after I had kissed her good night and retired to my dressing-room, that fierce desires burned within me still, but the objects towards which their flames leaped out differed. That was all. Had I remained a child, since my idea of pleasure was still that of youth? The craving for excitement, adventure, was still unslaked; the craving for freedom as keen as ever. During the whole of my married life, I had been conscious of an inner protest against "settling down," as Tom Peters had settled down.

The smaller house from which we had moved, with its enforced propinquity, had emphasized the bondage of marriage. Now I had two rooms to myself, in the undisputed possession of which I had, for a week, taken a puerile delight. On one side of my dressing-room Archie Lammerton had provided a huge closet containing the latest devices for the keeping of a multitudinous wardrobe. There was a reading lamp, and the easiest of easy chairs, imported from England. Between the windows were shelves of Italian walnut designed for the keeping of my favorite books. As a matter of fact, I had none. The shelves were filled with the editions of the classics which I had bought during that brief period at Cambridge when I had come under the influence of Alonzo Cheyne.

I stood gazing at them that evening, and taking down at random a volume of Keats read at random a few lines here and there—the Ode to a Grecian Urn. Words, as I scanned them, strung together—just words. Yet I recalled the time, so long ago, when something within me had responded to these words; an appreciation which had begun to quicken. Now, that part of me had been demagnetized. For years literature had ceased to exist so far as I was concerned.

I put back the book rather sadly. Unaccountably, of late, I had been subject to these moments of introspection. Had I not gained everything a man could desire? or nearly everything? I was successful, I was rich, my health had not failed, I had a wife who catered to my wishes, lovable children who gave no trouble. And yet—there was still the void to be filled, the old void I had felt as a boy, the longing for something beyond me, I knew not what; there was the strange inability to *taste* any of these things I had gained, the need at every turn for excitement, for a stimulus—just as Ham Durrett was unable to play a game without betting heavily on it. My marriage had been a disappointment, though I strove to conceal this from myself; a disappointment because it had not filled the requirements of my category—excitement and mystery. I had found out in a few days all there was to know of Maude, and the idea that some pleasure might have been gained by assisting her development on her own lines had not occurred to me. Another woman might continually have stimulated me, and in stimulation have brought satisfaction.

The only "other woman" of whom I could think was Nancy.

But why not make the best of it? According to traditional religious teaching—so counter to the world's habits—true happiness was to be found in that way, and in no other. Here, close at hand, were joys awaiting me, a loving and trusting wife, desirable children whom I scarcely knew. Had I not, after all, been blessed beyond my deserts? A wistful regret, a wistful affection stirred within me. There was Matthew, so strangely like me, or what I had been, imaginative, living in a realm of his own fancy. He would sit by the hour, in rapt attention, while Maude or Miss Allsop read to him such beautiful children's

versions of Greek mythology as Kingsley's or Hawthorne's, or the chivalry of Froisart and the Round Table. He dramatized them, just as I used to dramatize, to the mystification and slight contempt of Moreton, whose genius was practical or destructive.

I had neglected these boys. Could I not "save" myself by studying and helping them? making companions of them? What was "salvation"? What was "life"? As I lay, open-eyed, in the darkness, the words suggested my early religious instruction, and by one of those odd yet perfectly comprehensible coincidences the strains of music pervaded my consciousness, the chimes of Holy Trinity, ringing out in the damp night the Christmas hymn, *Adeste Fideles*.

"Oh come, all ye faithful!" It was midnight, it was Christmas! How clear the notes rang through the wet air that came in at my window! And they started within me chords which I thought had ceased forever to vibrate, feeling-tones of memories of the past. I had reverted for the time into the Hugh Paret of the visions; the antiquity of that hymn overwhelmed and possessed me. Back into the dim centuries it led me, into candle-lit Gothic chapels of monasteries on wind-swept heights above the firs, and cathedrals in mediæval cities. Twilight ages of war and scourge and stress and storm—and faith. What a strange thing, that faith whose flame had so marvelously persisted, piercing the gloom!

Was it mere sentimentalism? And was this mood of mine sentimentalism? Or was there in truth some spiritual-electric fluid to make incandescent certain fibres of the being? . . .

I became aware that the music had changed, that unconsciously I was thinking of a line of another hymn, which I had learned in childhood. Hymns had had a mystical effect upon me. "Christ is born in Bethlehem." "Hark the Herald Angels Sing!" That was it! The Christmas myth, as I had heard someone once call it. Could it be that, childlike, in such an hour of emptiness, I clung to it still, despite the years of indifference? Was Jesus Christ the Saviour of the World? and did He possess the power to save me? Save me from *what*? Ah, in this hour I knew. In the darkness the Danger loomed up before me, vague yet terrible, and I trembled. Why was not

this Thing ever present, to chasten and sober me? The Thing was myself, which I beheld objectively.

Fierce and tenacious, indifferent and proud, steel in the cruelty of its desires, fearful in the havoc it had wrought, in its potential strength. Could it be subdued? Foiled, it would rave and tear and rend, I knew, for it had been fed to mightiness, and no demand of it had gone unsatisfied. . . .

Into my remembrance, by what suggestion I know not, came that Winter evening when I had gone to Holder Chapel at Harvard to listen to a preacher, a personality whose fame and influence had since spread throughout the land. Some dim fear had possessed me then. I recalled vividly the man, and the face of Hermann Krebs as I drew back from the doorway. . . .

I awoke in the Winter dawn, and gradually there returned to me the memory of my thoughts and sensations of the night before. The daylight made them fantastic, the Fear had fled. I had reverted to the commercial romanticist whose oyster is the industrial world, and who regards that world as a function of himself. Complacency returned to me, and with it the appreciation of a warm bathroom and a porcelain tub. I had no qualms about deserv- ing them, no doubts about owning them. And had I been more introspective I might have attributed my uncomfortable spiritual experiences to the lobster I had eaten at the club.

Religious scruples and vague regrets had happily evaporated, and yet there clung to me, minus the sanction of fear of reward or revealed truth, a certain determination to behave, on this day at least, more like a father and a husband: to make an effort to enter into the spirit of the festival, and see what happened. I dressed in cheerful haste, took the sapphire pendant from its velvet box, tiptoed into the still silent schoolroom, hung it on the tree, and flooded on the electric light that set the tinsel and globes ablaze. No sooner had I done this than I heard the patter of feet in the hallway, and a high pitched voice—Biddy's—crying out: "It's Santa Claus!"

Three small figures stood in the doorway.

"Why, it's father!" exclaimed Moreton.

"Oh-h-h!" cried Biddy, staring at the blazing tree, "isn't it beautiful!"

Maude was close behind them. She gave

an exclamation of delighted surprise when she saw me, and then stood gazing with shining eyes at the children, especially at Biddy, who stood dazzled by the glory of the constellation which confronted her. Matthew, too, wished to prolong the moment of mystery. It was the practical Moreton who cried, "Let's see what we've got!"

The assault and the sacking began.

At Maude's suggestion the night before we had placed my presents, *pièces de résistance*, at a distance from the tree, in the hope that they would not be spied at once, that they would be in some sort a climax. It was Matthew who first perceived the ship, and identified it, by the card, as his property. To him it was clearly wonderful, but no miracle. He did not cry out, or call the attention of the others to it, but stood with his feet apart, examining it.

Then Moreton saw the locomotive, was told that it was his, and took possession of it violently.

Biddy was bewildered by the doll, which Maude had taken up and was holding in her lap. She had had talking dolls before, and dolls which closed their eyes. She recognized this one, indeed, as a sort of super-doll; but her little mind was modern, too, and set no limits on what might be accomplished. She patted it, but was more impressed by the raptures of Miss Allsop, who had come in and was admiring it with some extravagance.

Maude lifted up the dress, and fingered the exquisite embroidery underneath.

"How some poor woman must have toiled over it!" she sighed. . . .

"But you haven't looked on the tree yourself," I reminded her.

She gave me an odd, questioning look, and got up and set down the doll. As she stood for a moment gazing at the lights, at the shining objects which shot their rays hither and thither she seemed very girlish in her dressing-gown, with her hair in two long plaits down her back.

"Oh, Hugh!" She lifted the pendant from the branch and held it up, and I detected in her voice a note of emotion which surprised me, which troubled me a little. Her gratitude, her joy at receiving a present was deeper than the children's.

"You chose it for me?"

I felt something like a pang when I thought how little trouble it had been.

"If you don't like it," I said, "or wish to have it changed—"

"Changed!" she exclaimed reproachfully. "Do you think I'd change it? Only—it's much too valuable—"

I smiled . . . Miss Allsop deftly undid the clasp and hung it around Maude's neck.

"How it suits you, Mrs. Paret!" she cried.

I had made her inordinately happy. In comparison to other women she cared but little for jewels and dress. This pendant was by no means the only present I had given her in recent years, but she seemed to attach to it a peculiar value and significance. The incident had brought out the extraordinary and somewhat disturbing fact that our marriage, which in my life had become a secondary and routine affair, was still to Maude as vital as on the day of our wedding. Such unchangeable love was beyond my comprehension, although I had once dreamed of it. Had she taken my gift as a sign that my indifference was melting? Could it melt? I realized now that I had never loved her with the self-abandonment and infatuation which had characterized my feeling for Nancy.

As I went down-stairs and into the library to read the financial page of the morning newspaper I asked myself, with a certain disquiet, whether, in the formal, complicated and luxurious conditions in which we now lived it might be possible to build up new ties and common interests. I reflected that this would involve confessions and confidences on my part, since there was a whole side of my life of which Maude knew nothing. I had convinced myself long ago that a man's business career was no affair of his wife's: I had justified that career to myself. Yet I had always had a vague feeling that Maude, had she known the details, would not have approved of it. Impossible, indeed, for a woman to grasp these problems. They were outside of her experience.

Nevertheless, something might be done to improve our relationship, something which would relieve me of that uneasy lack of unity I felt when at home, of that lassitude and ennui which crept over me on Sundays and holidays, and which came over me as this Christmas day progressed. . . .

The next instalment of "A Far Country" will appear in the new Hearst's, next month—see that March issue on sale everywhere February 27.

Friendship

THE roots of friendship, as a rule, are imbedded in youth. In adult life and in old age, it is true, men may make new friends whom they cherish to the end of their days: this, however, is an exception to the rule, for, according to every recognized test of friendship time is one of its most important elements. And probably not a single one of the ties of friendship is more enduring than the memory of the hours of youth shared in a common happiness or even a common suffering. Yet there are exceptions, and the friendship of Abraham Radnof for Nathan Sammis is one of them.

Radnof had reached middle-age without the memory of having possessed a single friend. You must not imagine from this that there was something repellant in his nature for, on the contrary, he was of an honest and

When Radnof reached home his wife noted the change in his spirits. She understood then what the loss of a friend meant to him.



By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

kindly disposition and possessed most of the virtues that constitute a high character. A touch of austerity, perhaps, was one of his weaknesses, but he was intelligent and unprejudiced, and his austere moods were, as a rule, of brief duration. But something he must have lacked—some intangible, magnetic quality that attracts friends, for, in the most crowded city of the new world, he had reached his fortieth year without an acquaintance whom he could honestly have called a friend.

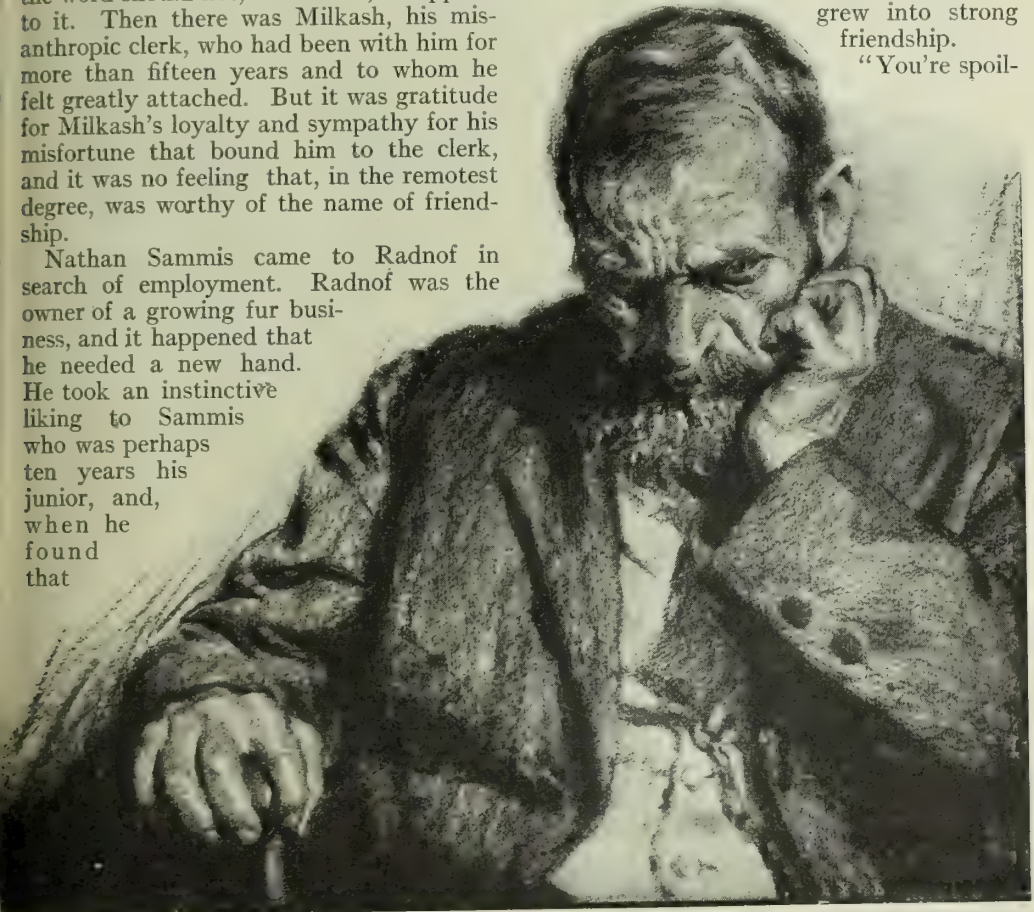
He was married—he loved his wife, and she loved him—but the friendship that exists between a happily married couple is so complicated with other relations that the word should not, in fairness, be applied to it. Then there was Milkash, his misanthropic clerk, who had been with him for more than fifteen years and to whom he felt greatly attached. But it was gratitude for Milkash's loyalty and sympathy for his misfortune that bound him to the clerk, and it was no feeling that, in the remotest degree, was worthy of the name of friendship.

Nathan Sammis came to Radnof in search of employment. Radnof was the owner of a growing fur business, and it happened that he needed a new hand. He took an instinctive liking to Sammis who was perhaps ten years his junior, and, when he found that

the younger man was skilled in his trade, lost no time in advancing him. Sammis had only arrived from Russia a few months before and had met with one disappointment after another until he came to Radnof, and, in the year that followed, he rarely lost an opportunity of expressing his gratitude to his employer for giving him a start at a time when his resources were at their lowest ebb. He was of a strongly imaginative nature, sentimental and impulsive, had studied for two years at the university, and was an omnivorous reader. Radnof's kindness made a deep impression upon him, and it was his response to it that kindled in Radnof's heart

a feeling that soon grew into strong friendship.

"You're spoil-



ing him," said Milkash, one day. "No good ever comes of being so nice to people."

Radnof smiled. "You're the greatest pessimist I ever saw," he answered. "He's a very fine fellow, and I like him very much."

"And some fine day he'll play you a dirty trick," grunted the misanthropic clerk.

Sammis fell into the habit of spending his evenings at his employer's home, and Mrs. Radnof liked him as much as her husband did. Sammis, for

fireside either in cheerful conversation or, what is even a greater enjoyment of friendship, in sympathetic silence. The two men became more and more attached to each other and spent more and more of their leisure time in each other's company. But Milkash kept croaking his prophecy of disaster.

"Old men shouldn't make friends,"

he declared
time
and



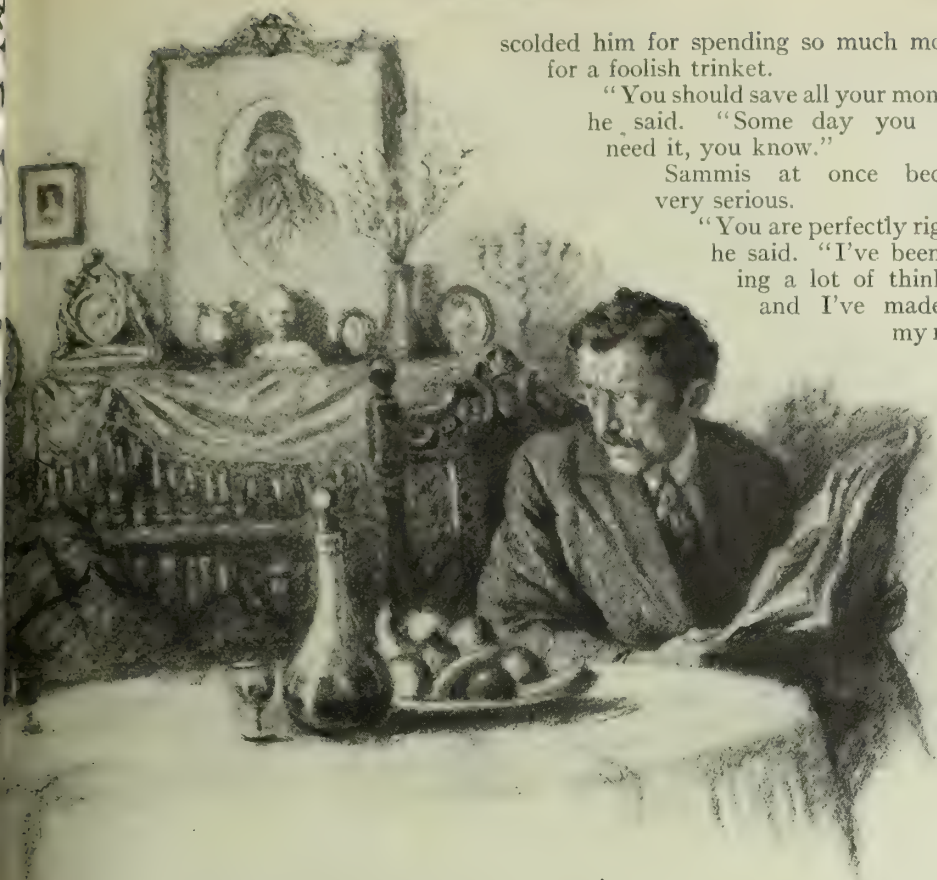
MILTON
BRACKER

"I don't want to marry at all," Sammis told them; "if I do marry it will be for money." Radnof laughed heartily. "The trouble with you is you've never been in love."

his part, was greatly touched by the beautiful home life of the Radnofs and asked for no greater pleasure than to sit at their

time again. "Some day he'll go back on you. Just mark my words."

It was not, however, until Sammis was stricken with typhoid fever and confined to his bed for two whole months that Radnof realized how much attached he had become to his new friend, and how much he missed him. Sammis was not very strong, and when the fever was at its height the doctor held out but little hope of his recovery. Radnof provided him with a good



scolded him for spending so much money for a foolish trinket.

"You should save all your money," he said. "Some day you may need it, you know."

Sammis at once became very serious.

"You are perfectly right," he said. "I've been doing a lot of thinking, and I've made up my mind

nurse and often sat at the bedside himself. Slowly, however, the disease spent its violence, and when the patient was able to leave his bed Radnof accompanied him to the country for four days, during which he rarely left his side.

When Sammis returned to work he found that his pay had been going on all the time. He expostulated with his employer.

"I cannot take it," he said. "I have not earned it. I can never repay your kindness while I was sick, but the money I do not want."

But Radnof only smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "We made a good profit out of the furs you selected, and you're entitled to the money. So please do not say any more about it. You've earned it."

Sammis laid the money aside and, when Purim came, presented his employer with a pearl scarf-pin. Radnof good-naturedly

to start in and get rich if I can. I tremble to think what would have happened to me when I was sick if it hadn't been for you. I must stop spending money foolishly." Then he laughed.

"That doesn't apply to the scarf-pin, though," he went on. "That's your own money. And I've figured out that I owe you a hundred dollars for the nurse and for medicines. But I'll let that wait a while."

"You owe me nothing," said Radnof. "What else could a friend do?" asked he.

But Milkash only shook his head and muttered in his long, black beard. "No good can come of it! No earthly good. I had a friend once, and he betrayed me. There is nothing in friendship."

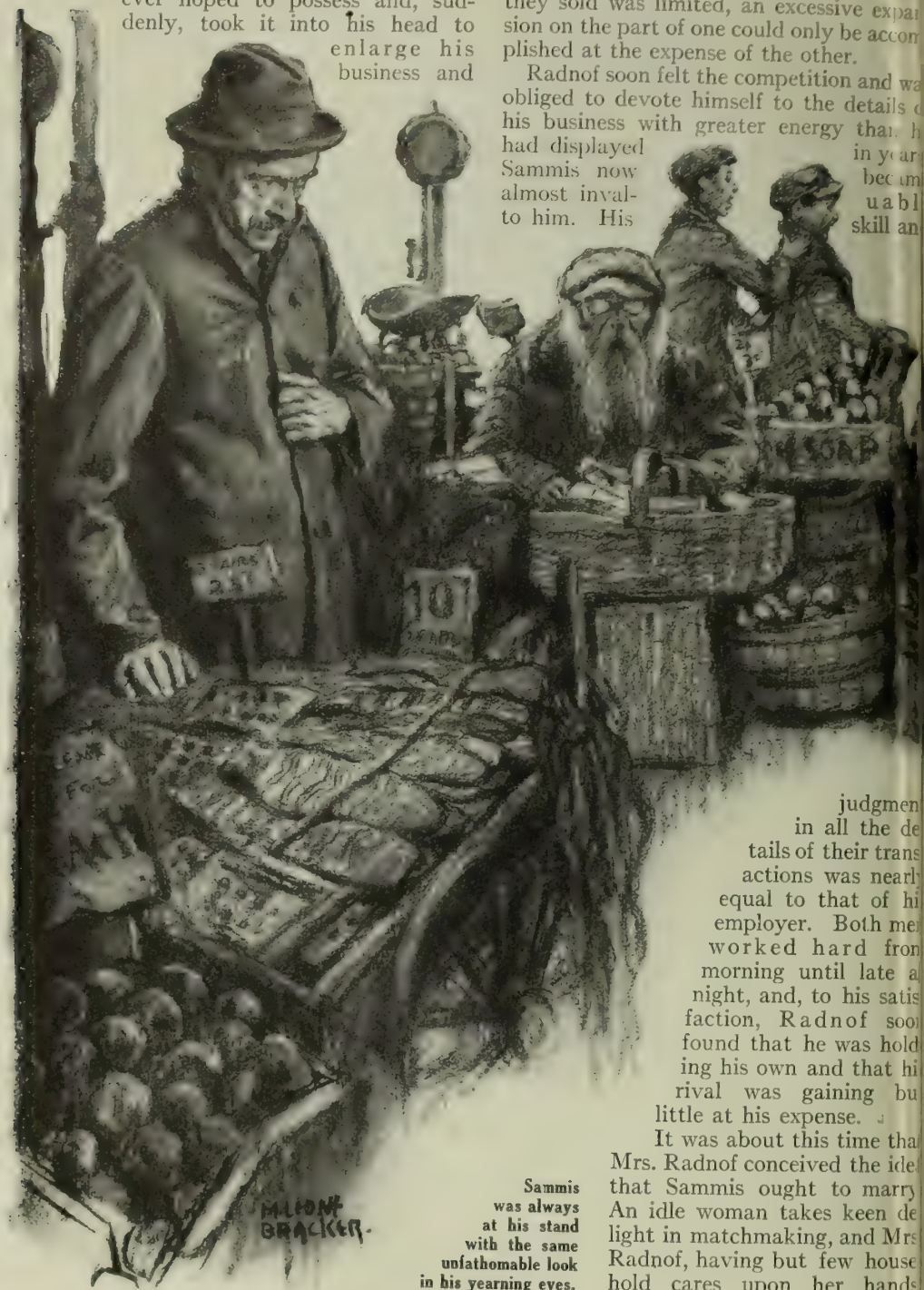
In another part of the Ghetto there was a fur dealer by the name of Harris—which, in earlier years, had been Harovitch—who was Radnof's closest rival in trade. Radnof had always looked upon this rivalry good-naturedly, probably because he possessed superior business acumen and had been

able to keep in the lead. But, through the death of an uncle, Harris unexpectedly inherited a larger sum of money than he had ever hoped to possess and, suddenly, took it into his head to enlarge his business and

extend his activities to a much wider field. As both men dealt in practically the same kind of goods and as the market in which they sold was limited, an excessive expansion on the part of one could only be accomplished at the expense of the other.

Radnof soon felt the competition and was obliged to devote himself to the details of his business with greater energy than he had displayed. Sammis now became almost invaluable to him. His

in years
became
unusually
skill and



Sammis was always at his stand with the same unfathomable look in his yearning eyes.

judgment in all the details of their transactions was nearly equal to that of his employer. Both men worked hard from morning until late at night, and, to his satisfaction, Radnof soon found that he was holding his own and that his rival was gaining but little at his expense.

It was about this time that Mrs. Radnof conceived the idea that Sammis ought to marry. An idle woman takes keen delight in matchmaking, and Mrs. Radnof, having but few household cares upon her hands

found that the selection of a mate for her husband's friend afforded her numerous opportunities for enjoying herself. One after another of her eligible neighbors was brought in upon some pretense or other for Sammis's inspection. It amused him, at

appreciates the fact that true friendship, in its unselfishness, its sincerity, and its sacrifices is the noblest relation into which we atoms of humanity upon this grievous old earth can ever hope to enter.
And now there



fell a sudden shadow. Sammis

came to work, one day, with bloodshot eyes and a mottled face, his clothes disheveled, and his voice and manner clearly indicating that he had been drinking heavily. Radnof, shocked and distressed, sent him home and told him to sleep.

"Come back at four o'clock," he said, "because there is something important you must do."

Radnof himself had many things to do that day, and it was only a few minutes before four o'clock that he returned to the store.

"He was in while you were gone," said Milkash. "He called up Harris on the telephone and made an appointment with him."

At four o'clock, promptly, Sammis appeared. He was perfectly sober but looked haggard and ill at ease. Without the slightest reference to what had happened Radnof explained to Sammis that an opportunity had unexpectedly arisen to extend the busi-

first, but he soon tired of the sport and rebelled.

"I don't want to marry at all," he told her. "If I do marry it will be for money. Making and saving money is all that interests me just now."

Radnof laughed heartily. "The trouble with you is that you've never been in love. No man who has ever loved a woman can talk so cold-bloodedly of marriage as you do."

Those were happy days for Radnof. This new friendship filled a void that had hitherto existed in his life, opened new fields of interest to him, and seemed to develop lights and shades in his own character whose existence he had never dreamed of before. We are all so accustomed to friendship as a factor in our lives that the wonderful consolation of it rarely strikes us. A man who has lived much by himself, however, readily

ness to greater proportions than either of them had ever dreamed of. The details of the scheme were purely technical, and it is hardly worth while to enter upon them. The important point was that Sammis was to be in the office of one of the big wholesale fur firms at five o'clock in order to close a transaction and that Radnof would telephone him promptly at that hour what to do.

Promptly at five o'clock Radnof telephoned to the wholesale firm and asked for Sammis.

"He isn't here," came the answer.

"Has he been there?"

"Not to-day."

"This is Mr. Radnof. I told him to be there at five o'clock. Can you hold the matter until I come around?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Radnof, but it's impossible. Harris is here, and we promised him second choice if you were not here on time."

Radnof hung up the receiver and went out into the street. For a few minutes he stood gazing about him in a dazed way. Then he hurried back to his store.

"Where's Sammis?" he asked.

"He went out," replied Milkash. "He asked me to give you this letter."

With a foreboding of impending disaster in his heart Radnof opened the letter.

"Dear Friend," it began. "Come what may, I hope we shall always be friends although I am afraid you will resent what I have done. I have decided to leave you. Mr. Harris has offered me a good position, and I think I shall be able to make more money. You need not be afraid that I will ever make use of anything that I learned about your business, or that I will ever help Harris to do anything that will harm you. I am sorry that I could not keep the appointment for you to-day. I did not even understand what you were saying—my head was in such a whirl. I guess I drank too much."

Radnof sank into a chair and his face turned ashen gray. A feeling of great depression had fallen upon him; something that he had cherished had suddenly gone out of his life, and he was lonely. He felt a hand upon his shoulder and looked up into the face of Milkash, his clerk.

"He isn't worth worrying about," said Milkash, soothingly. "If he hadn't gone back on you now he would have done it some other time."

When he reached home his wife instantly noted the change in his spirits, but, despite all her questions, he insisted that nothing had happened and vouchsafed no explanation of his evident depression. It was only once during the evening that he became roused from the lethargy into which he had fallen.

"Mr. Sammis—" began his wife, when Radnof brought his fist down upon the table with a crash that startled her.

"Do not mention his name!" he cried.

"From this moment on I do not wish that name uttered in my hearing. It is my positive command. You have been loyal and obedient all your life, and I ask you to comply with my wish without question."

His wife stared at him with wide-open eyes and a flushed face. Then she rose and kissed him tenderly and stroked his hair. She understood what the loss of a friend meant to him.

For several days Radnof gave only half-hearted attention to his business. And then, with suddenness, the tension snapped and the merest detail of business routine brought about the reaction. Milkash informed him, one morning, that an old customer had cancelled an order that he had given and had declared his intention of dealing with Harris thereafter. The pent-up emotions of Radnof found an unexpected outlet. His sensibilities had been outraged. He would never submit to having defeat heaped upon injury.

"Cheer up, Milkash," he exclaimed to his clerk. "We may lose a customer, and we may lose ten customers, but we are now going to get busy and extend our trade. And when we are through extending it I will not give you ten cents for all of Harris's business."

There are men engaged in active business in the Ghetto to-day who still speak, with awe, of the prodigious efforts that Radnof made to outdo his rival. With ample capital to maintain his business, even in the lead, according to conservative lines, he borrowed every cent of capital that he could obtain to develop it almost beyond the bounds of what the retail fur business could stand. He opened a wholesale establishment in which he contented himself with making his income keep pace with his expenses for no other purpose than to increase the prestige of his retail business. In the course of the year that followed he outbid Harris, and he undersold Harris, he

outwitted Harris, and he tricked Harris until, upon a day that brought gloating satisfaction to his heart, Harris's lawyer came to him and proposed that he should acquire Harris's business at a price that was fairly ruinous for Harris and insured immense profits to himself. When Radnof went to inspect his new possession Sammis was no longer on the list of employees.

The business continued to grow. Under the impulse of the energy that Radnof had expended upon it his personal supervision was no longer necessary, and Milkash, his clerk, supplied whatever directing force was necessary. Radnof, himself, gave but little attention to its affairs. He began to frequent the coffee-houses where, for hours, he would sit alone, reading the foreign newspapers or immersed in his thoughts. He met many acquaintances and, oftentimes, they would sit and chat with him but the things they talked about did not interest him, and the realization that he had nothing in common with them depressed him. He had no friends.

One day he heard that Sammis, broken in health, was peddling at a stand in Hester Street. He walked through Hester Street and saw him. Their eyes met and Sammis turned pale, even though his face wore a yearning, haunted look, but Radnof met his gaze unflinchingly. And, that night, his wife observed that for the first time in a long while, he seemed cheerful. Mrs. Radnof, obedient to her husband's injunction, had never mentioned Sammis's name, and had not the slightest idea of what had become of him. She had, however, noticed her husband's dejection and knew how much he had valued his friend and how much he had suffered by losing him.

Another year went by during which Radnof often walked through Hester Street. Sammis was always at his stand, in hot weather and in the snow of winter, ever growing paler and more peaked yet with the same unfathomable look in those yearning eyes whose gaze Radnof never seemed averse to meet.

One night Mrs. Radnof complained of feeling feverish and the next day pneumonia developed. The skill of physicians and the devotion of nurses were of no avail. Within forty-eight hours she had passed away, leaving her husband stricken with grief, bowed down with loneliness. When, a few few days later, with loving care, he gathered

together her trinkets, he found, in a drawer, a letter addressed to himself. It bore no date but had evidently been written a long time before.

"Dear, dear heart," it ran, "I have obeyed you and never mentioned Mr. Sammis's name. And even if you had not told me what your wishes were I am not sure whether I would ever have told you just what happened. Because there are things that a woman sees in one way and a man in another, and only unhappiness comes from trying to make both see the same way.

"But I always knew that you were unhappy because Mr. Sammis left us, and I also knew that you did not know the reason. I met him on the street one day, and I was shocked to see that he had been drinking. He grasped me by the arm and told me that he was never going to see either you or me again because he loved me so much that he was afraid to see me and he loved you so much that he could not take the slightest risk of making you unhappy. He said he knew how much you loved me and that when he found out how he felt toward me he tried to kill himself. But he could not do it, and he began to drink to drown his sense of his own cowardice. I told him that he must be crazy, but he paid no attention to me and walked away.

"I love you so much that I do not want you to regret that you forbade me to speak of him and therefore I must tell you the truth. I did not intend to tell you what he said. I was afraid that you would not understand and would think that I had done something to encourage him. A long time afterward I might have told you—I am not sure—but you told me not to speak of him, and I felt that that absolved me.

"But he went away from you rather than risk making you unhappy. I think he was a worthy friend. I have been a true wife, and I have never loved anyone but you but when I am gone I want you to know that your friend was a noble man."

It was the busy hour of the mart, and Sammis, wearied of his day's work and chilled with the cold, felt a tugging at his sleeve. Turning, he beheld an ashen face looking up, appealingly, into his own.

"Can you forgive?" asked a voice, in a whisper.

And Sammis's wan face became illumined with a tender smile.

The Count

by Arthur

Illustrated by



Jigger opened the door at the head of the stairway and his youthful, nasal-noted voice was heard to call out: "Yes, ma'am, he's here all right!"

KESTNER, of the Secret Service, sat in a brown study. It was three full hours since the murder of Morello in the Alambo Hotel. Not a word had as yet come in to him, and here was a case, he knew, where time was precious.

On the rosewood table in front of Kestner lay what was left of his third cigar. About his feet was a scattering of ashes, the residuary evidence of an hour's Vesuvian mental ferment.

Confronting him on the polished table-top, not unlike huge pawns on an abandoned chessboard, stood three telephone transmitters.

Two of them were Kestner's recently installed private wires. The third was the switchboard connection of the hotel itself.

Kestner sat between those transmitters, momentarily undecided as to what the next move should be. He sat where those wires converged, waiting, like a spider at the center of its web. Yet for all the intricate network of espionage that had been so feverishly and yet so dexterously thrown out across the city, no slightest word of value had trickled in to him. He was still hesitating between the house connection and his second private wire when the brisk tinkle of a bell brought an end to his indecision.

He caught up the receiver on his left and found Wilsnach, his colleague from the Paris office, on the wire. Kestner listened eagerly.

terfeiters

Stringer

Armand Both

There were Maura's shadowy violet-blue eyes, and the misty rose of an unhappy mouth that seemed made for happiness.



"We've got something," announced Wilsnach. "Can I talk?"

"Talk away!"

"We haven't a trace of the woman yet," began Wilsnach.

"What woman?" angrily demanded Kestner. He always hated the other man when he spoke of Maura Lambert as a Bertillon exhibit, and there were times when he half-suspected Wilsnach's knowledge of that feeling.

"The scratcher for the Lambert gang," was the none too placatory response over the wire.

"We can find that woman best by first finding Carlesi. I've already told you that."

"But she's the king-pin of those counterfeiters. She's the one we've got to get!"

"And she's the one we'll get the easiest—when the time comes!"

"Well, Carlesi shouldn't be hard. Romano has just 'phoned me that one of his men has spotted Carlesi and trailed him to a shooting-gallery."

"Where?"

"Down on the East River water-front."

"And he's there now?" demanded Kestner.

"As far as I know," was the answer. "He'll be easy to find. A middle-aged Dago, stoop-shouldered, with granulated eyelids."

"But why a shooting gallery?"

"That they can't say until someone gets inside. And they waited for word from you."

"Good!"

"There's only one thing more, Romano says. What looks like a bundle of bond paper was delivered there a few minutes

after Carlesi went in."

"That's important.

Now describe that shooting-gallery to me, and tell me just where it is."

Kestner listened intently as Wilsnach told what he knew of the place. Then the Secret Agent glanced down at his watch.

"I think I can be inside that gallery in an hour's time. Meanwhile, you have Romano run down the Lambert taxi number. Put Schmidt on it too, if nothing turns up in an hour. I've 'phoned Hendry to have all trains and ferries covered, and the City staff people are watching the bridges and motor-routes. We can't afford to let that man Lambert get off the Island."

"You mean if he gets going, now, he'll never stop?"

"Murder in the first degree can make a man travel a long way, Wilsnach. And we've done enough traveling on this case."

"And you'll cover Carlesi and the gallery alone?"

"I'll attend to Carlesi. But post a man

to trail him, in case he tries to move on before I get there. Get a man who'd know Lambert if he saw him."

"Lambert?"

"Yes; either Lambert or Maura Lambert are going to get in touch with Carlesi as soon as they safely can. Perhaps Lambert's already seen him. It's ten to one the girl will try to. And that's why I'm going to cover Carlesi."

"All right—I understand."

"And in case of doubt, report to Hendry by wire."

"Of course," answered Wilsnach.

"And as soon as you're free, yourself, get around to that shooting-gallery. I may need you."

"I'll be there," said the ever-dependable Wilsnach, as he hung up the receiver.

It was exactly one hour later that Kestner stopped his taxi-cab on a side-street sloping down to the East River waterfront. He was appareled in a suit of rusty brown, purchased from a Seventh Avenue second-hand man, a pair of square-toed tan shoes that had both seen better days and been made for larger feet, and a weather-stained felt hat with an oily sweat-band and a sagging brim.

He slackened his pace a little as he turned the corner, leisurely rolling a cigaret and as leisurely returning the cotton pouch to his coat-pocket. He stared indolently and irresolutely about him, as he stood opposite the shooting-gallery window. Then he shuffled by, hesitated, and finally swung back in his tracks. But during every moment of that apparent aimlessness he was carefully inspecting his ground.

As he shuffled into the gallery itself he found it comparatively deserted, steeped in the lull of its mid-afternoon quietness. Yet he stood puffing his cigaret, lethargically watching two-youths in sailor blouses as they shot at a glass ball dancing at the summit of a fountain spray. They were shooting desultorily, and with comments of ribald disgust. So Kestner sank into one of the four red-armed chairs ranged in front of the street-window. From that point of vantage he stared casually and dreamily about him.

He found himself confronted by a long and rather low-ceilinged room filled with the drifting fumes of gun-oil and tobacco and smokeless cartridges. Across the front

of this room ran a counter, with a hinge-top at one end, and at the other an orderly row of waiting firearms.

Behind this counter stood an anaemic and sallow-faced youth of about twenty, languidly passing the blade of a broken-handled razor along the face of an oil-covered hone. About that youth Kestner could find little that was worthy of attention. But he let no movement of the sallow-faced boy escape him.

Beyond the counter-top were the targets, white-painted discs of metal, a row of clay pipes illuminated by unseen electric-bulbs, and a further row of diminutive white ducks which traveled on an endless chain across a dusky and well-devised background, a ceaseless hurrying procession ceaselessly inviting the skill of the most casual visitor. A more remote target stood at the end of a galvanized iron tube, and along one side of this narrow tube ran a hemp rope connecting with a whitening-brush on a pivot.

It was not until the two seafaring youths put down their rifles, relighted their stogies, and wandered on to other diversions, that Kestner languidly rose from his chair and advanced to the gun-counter. As he did so the sallow-faced youth pulled the hemp rope and re-whitened the tunnel target, switched on the lights which illuminated his crowded parliament of targets, and went on with his honing.

Kestner threw down a quarter and picked up a rifle. As he took deliberate aim at one of the moving white ducks he noticed that a door in the side-wall to the left had opened and another man had stepped into the room. And Kestner's interest in that gallery immediately increased.

He fired, and saw a duck go down. Then he turned and glanced sleepily at the newcomer. It would have taken a keen eye to discern any interest or any alteration in that look. The change was there, however, for at a glance the man in the rusty brown clothes had realized that the intruder was not Carlesi.

Yet this intruder was not without his points of interest. He appeared to be a rotund and square-shouldered and small-eyed man of about forty-five, with a skin so oddly weather-reddened that its color seemed to have been deepened with brick-dust. His wide-brimmed Stetson hat was stained with sweat, and from one corner of

the full-blooded thick lips drooped a green Havana cheroot.

Kestner, as he tried for another duck and sent it over, conceded there was both audacity and authority in that figure with the brick-dust skin and the alert little eyes. And Kestner, as he aimed for a bull's-eye and missed by a bare inch, wondered just what that picturesque newcomer's business could be, and just what connection he could have with Carlesi and a bundle of bond-paper.

But curiosity did not deter Kestner from his target practice. He remembered, as he tried again for the nearest bull's-eye and rang the bell, his long months of rifle and revolver work, his early pistol-drill as a police "rookie," his idle weeks and weeks of shooting at the Monte Carlo pigeons. He had always been proud of his gun-work. But his aim would have been more assured, he knew, if the number of his cigars had been more limited.

He was able to go down the row of clay pipes, however, snapping pipe after pipe off at the stem, each in its turn. Then, having leaned over the counter in utter idleness for a minute or two he tried out the tube target. His third shot rang the bell. So did his fifth, his eighth, his ninth, and his tenth. Then he put down his gun, felt through his pockets, and stared about with heavy-eyed dismay.

"Hell!" he mumbled, "there ain't even a dime for another go!"

He was conscious of the fact that the stranger had crossed over to the counter and was standing close beside him. He could hear the click of a coin as it was snapped down on the board.

"Jigger, hand the gen'leman a gun. It's worth a nickel or two to see real shootin'!"

Kestner laughed with lazy unconcern, took the rifle, and tried for his eleventh target.

"Missed!" ejaculated the stranger as the bullet left its tell-tale stain a half-inch above the bull's-eye.

"S what booze does," complained Kestner as he sighted again. Out of the next six shots, however, four of them were bull's-eyes. It was by that time, too, that Kestner had decided on his rôle.

"You're a slick shot," solemnly admitted the stranger.

"Get me some day without a hangover," was the other's heavily boastful retort.

"Say, son, where'd you learn to shoot that way?"

"Down in the Panhandle country," was the promptly mendacious reply.

"Learnt ridin', too, I s'pose?"

"Anything on hoofs," acknowledged the other, as he made a fumble at rolling a cigaret.

"You out o' work?" casually inquired the stranger.

"Yep!"

"What's your trade?"

Kestner felt that his new friend was not long in getting down to cases.

"Tried brakin' on the C and G T, but the work was too heavy. Before that I was a plumber. But I got in bad, out yonder."

"Where?"

"Out West."

"How?"

"Scabbin'."

"I guess you've done strike-breakin' then?"

"Sure. A man's got to live."

"And you ain't gun-shy of a little excitement?"

Kestner laughed.

"I can eat it." Then he yawned, openly and audibly. "But what I *could* eat now 's about ten hours' sleep."

The stranger at his side grew suddenly thoughtful.

"I'm roundin' up a bunch o' strike-breakers myself," he explained. The lowering of his voice became confidential, fraternal. "I'm lookin' for a couple o' hundred good men; and you're the style I'm after."

Kestner viewed him with a carelessly cynical eye.

"What 're you payin'?"

"Three dollars a day, and everything found. That includes transportation from New York."

"In gold?"

That query elicited a guarded look of appraisal from the stranger. The figure in rusty brown, apparently, was not as unsophisticated as he looked.

"Gold, sure," was the final response.

"And where's the transportation to?"

The stranger waved an ambiguously comprehensive arm.

"Down South."

"But how far down?" Kestner backed disdainfully away. "Get this, my friend, first crack: No Mexican stuff for mine!"

"Oh, we'll call this the other side of the Canal."

"But what's the game?"

"Protectin' nitrate mines."

"Go on!"

"Ain't that enough?"

"Not for me." Kestner leaned sleepily against the shooting-gallery counter. The other man stood studying him.

"Look here, son; I'm roundin' up a bunch o' longhorns who can take a chance, and do what they're told, and keep their mugs shut. That's worth three dollars a day. And if they can shoot it's worth two dollars extra."

"That sounds like Banana-belt revolution work."

"No, son, it's just Banana-belt politics. And once we carry the election in that republic there's a three hundred dollar bonus waitin' for ev'ry man who's made good. And I'm a poor guesser if you'd be a quitter in a game like that."

"Oh, I'm glad enough to get out o' this burg. But I'm bust. What're you givin' me down?"

"Twenty bones."

"And no questions asked?"

"All you've got to do is to step down to the office and sign up."

Kestner viewed the other man with a sudden show of suspicion. But that mention of an office interested him.

"There's no street-parade about this thing, is there?"

"Son, what 're you scared of?" was the stranger's gentle inquiry.

"I'm scared o' nothin'. But a couple o' flatties 've got my number and they're goin' to pound me off the Island. All I want is a corner to crawl into till I can sleep this head o' mine off."

"Then just step this way," said the man with the red face, as he glanced casually about and crossed to the sidewall door and opened it. He waited until the sleepy-eyed man at his heels had passed through that door. Then he swung it shut.

"And here's your twenty to cinch the thing," he added as he produced a capacious roll of bills and peeled off two yellowbacks.

Kestner took the two bills, folded them up, and started to tuck them carefully into his vest pocket. Then, as he listlessly followed the other man down the narrow steps into the next room, he drew out those yellowbacks for a second inspection.

"I thought you paid in gold," he suddenly demurred.

"That's as good as gold, ain't it?"

Kestner, at the moment, did not answer, for he was staring down at the two ten-dollar notes, re-inspecting them with the trained eye of the expert.

"Ain't that as good as gold?" demanded the other man.

"Sure," was Kestner's easy answer, for the first glance had warned him that those two yellowbacks were counterfeits. And a second glance had convinced him of the fact that they had been printed from Lambert plates, with the Lambert inks, and on Lambert paper.

Kestner found himself in a basement-room which bore evidence of at one time being used as a plumber's shop. In the front corner stood an overturned enamel bath-tub and a couple of hand-bowls of the same material. Behind these lay a pile of gas-piping, and in the heavily grated window below the street-level Kestner could make out a dusty array of pipe-wrenches and faucets, a gasoline pump torch, and a broken heat-coil. Next to this was a grated door which opened on a steep flight of steps leading to the sidewalk level. In the middle of the room stood a huge flat-topped desk on which was a telephone transmitter, a city directory, and a green-shaded electric-light.

But it was none of these things that held Kestner's attention. His quick glance had already taken in the fact that two doors opened through a wooden partition across the back of the room. And from behind one of these doors came the sound of machinery, the rhythmic clatter and thump of what could be only a bed press in operation.

"Got a printin' plant back there?" he somnolently inquired as he sniffed the betraying smell of benzine.

"Sure," said the other man, pulling open one of the desk drawers and flinging a form-pad on the battered table-top. His next movement was one of impatience. "You sign here," he said as a stubby forefinger touched the bottom of the pad.

"I do a little printin' myself," amiably persisted the new recruit. He sat stiffly down at the desk and took up a pen. Then he leaned close over the form, possessed of a sudden desire to conceal his face. For

on the floor, at one end of the desk where he sat, stood a gallon can—a can from which the top had been cut away. Yet the insignia and the lettering on this can testified to the fact that it must recently have held olive oil. And oil, Kestner knew, could have been poured readily enough from

leaned in sleepy over the printed scrawlingly at-signature to was not as ab-his appearance could see that

dejection form and tached a its bottom, sent-minded as implied. He the shooting-

the un-sealed spout in a corner of the severed top. What startled him, however, was the discovery that the can bore the same stamp as those which had been stored full of sand and counterfeit paper in the Lambert printing-plant at Palermo. Kestner, as he

"Would you be fool enough to bring a cop in here?" Lambert cried out. "Don't dare to touch me," was Maura's reply, and again the coerced and icy quietness of her voice was ominous.

gallery above-stairs was merely a trap to gather in adventurous roustabouts and beach-combers and strike-breakers. These worthies were apparently



being drafted for some dubious expedition into Latin-American politics. What that expedition was did not greatly interest the man who had so recently sworn allegiance to the cause. What held his attention was the fact that this movement was being financed by spurious Lambert money, that he himself carried two of those counterfeit yellowbacks in his pocket, and that the murderer of Morello had in some way associated himself with the brick-skinned man in front of him.

Kestner still leaned sleepily over the desk-top. He was demanding of himself what deal Lambert in his desperation could have made with this adventurer from the Tropics.

"Gi' me a dollar a day extra," he languidly suggested, "and I'll do your printin' for you."

"You're a day too late," announced the other. "And you said you wanted to sleep off that head."

"I sure do. I never got a wink las——"

He stopped speaking, for the telephone bell beside him shrilled out its sudden summons. The other man very promptly lifted the transmitter away from the desk-top and took down the receiver.

"Yes," he answered over the wire. "Sure . . . This is Burke . . . Sure . . . An Italian named Carlesi . . . ever since morning . . . Yes . . . Carlesi . . . Search me . . . All right . . . Any old time . . . Sure . . . Sure!"

Kestner, still sitting at the desk, rubbed a heavy forehead.

"I thought you were goin' to let me get where it was quiet for a couple of hours," he complained.

The man with the brick-skinned face had taken the topmost sheet from the pad, folded it up, and placed it in his wallet. He stood for a moment or two without speaking, his alert little eyes studying the other man's stooping shoulders. The silhouette of that somnolent figure seemed to reassure him.

"All right," he said as he crossed the room and unlocked the door that led into what seemed to be a narrow passageway to the left of the printing-room. "You can have my whole private office."

"Me for the hay!" announced Kestner. He got up slowly, yawned, and stepped towards the open door.

"It ain't exactly hay, son," amended his new-found host, "but I've put in a

night or two myself on that bit of counter along the wall."

"It looks good to me," responded Kestner, as he sleepily unlaced his square-toed shoes and slipped them off. Then he made a show of clambering heavily up on the counter top. He yawned again as he covered his legs with a worn and paint-stained square of tarpaulin.

"Sleep tight," he heard the stranger call back to him as he closed the door—and the man on the counter suddenly lifted his head, for he felt sure of a touch of mockery in that apparently blithe-noted farewell.

Then a sensation not altogether conducive to quiet repose sped through Kestner's body. He had distinctly heard the sound of a key being turned in the lock and then withdrawn. That meant he had been made a prisoner. And the Secret Agent was further conscious of the somewhat disconcerting fact that in taking his departure the man had also carried away with him a pair of square-toed shoes which, obviously, were of no immediate use to a sleeper.

Kestner lay stretched out along his counter-top, carefully considering his predicament. Steadily, from the next room, came the consoling clank and pound of the bed press. Occasionally, from the shooting-gallery in the adjoining building, crept the thin and muffled bark of the target-rifles. Now and then, too, he could hear the faint drone of a steamer-whistle somewhere out on the East River. But beyond this narrow cantata of noises no enlightening sounds came to him.

He waited a few minutes, to make sure he was not being watched. Then he slipped quietly from the counter-top, walked noiselessly to the door, and cautiously turned the knob. That door, as he already knew, was locked.

He wheeled slowly about, studying the narrow chamber in which he found himself a prisoner. High up in the brick wall at the rear was a two-foot window, guarded with bar-iron sunk in the masonry. A few feet beyond this opening he could see a whitewashed plane of unbroken brick, but nothing else.

Between him and the printing-room stood a wooden partition of unpainted matched pine. Here and there along cracks in the

boards he could make out the glimmer of light, presumably from an electric bulb swung above the busy hand press. But no crevice was broad enough to permit him a glimpse of that room which he so wished to inspect.

The front of his narrow prison was shut off from the outer office by a partition of pine no heavier than that which ran along the side. And Kestner, when he realized that it would require no great effort to force a way through a barrier so flimsy, felt less disturbed in spirit. The worthy in the Stetson hat, he concluded, had merely taken an ordinary precaution to keep a new and untried recruit under surveillance. He had not imprisoned an acknowledged enemy. He had merely impounded an unstable adventurer who could later be made to serve certain desired ends.

Kestner returned to his study of the little chamber. Except for the counter and the tarpaulin he found it as bare as a cell. The one thing that worried him now was the loss of his shoes. But a source of even greater perplexity was the fact that he could see nothing of the printing-room next to him. And to investigate that printing-room was his first business in life.

He explored the partition wall, foot by foot. Then he took out his pocket-knife, squatted down at the inner end of the counter, and found two boards where the tongue and groove of the matched pine did not come close together.

He cut away the wood along this narrow fissure, timing each knife-stroke to synchronize with the clank of the press. Every sliver and shaving of pine was brushed carefully up and hidden beneath the counter end. And a ten-inch shift of the counter, he saw when he had finished, could easily hide all signs of his work.

But that work resulted in a quarter-inch crevice which commanded a reasonably clear view of the next room. And Kestner, leaning forward, could see the shock-headed dome of a middle-aged man at work above the hand press, picked out by the light from an unshaded electric bulb. On shelves beyond the press stood a litter of gray camp-blankets and waterproofs and wooden boxes that looked suspiciously like cases of ammunition. One corner of the room was piled high with larger boxes. A couple of these had been broken open, apparently for inspection. From the un-

sealed end of one protruded the stock of an army carbine.

Exceptional and significant as this merchandise appeared, it did not interest Kestner so much as did the man at work beside the press. He watched that man as he carefully re-inked his rollers and continued to feed in his sheets of cinnamon-brown bond paper, some eight or nine inches square. He watched the stooping-shouldered and swarthy-skinned worker as he held one of these squares up to the light, examined it with his squinting and red-rimmed eyes, and then proceeded to adjust a plate-shaft which seemed to be giving him trouble.

As the printer returned to his task of running his cinnamon-brown squares through the press Kestner awoke to a realization of just what was taking place behind the closed door of that cellar workroom. Those sheets of tinted bond, the Secret Agent decided, could be used for just one purpose. He had surmised it even before he caught sight of the oddly prepared azure ink and the figures and letters so freshly impressed on the sheets themselves.

In that humble little cellar-room was being created the currency of an impending Republic. From eight photo-engraved plates, in one block, the man at the press was busily printing forty-peso "shinplasters." And those forty-peso notes, Kestner suddenly remembered, were an integral part of the cause to which he himself had so recently sworn allegiance.

He was reminded of the imminence of this cause by the sudden thump of a closed door, the sound of steps, and then the murmur of hurried voices from the room to the front. The Secret Agent crept back to the transverse partition that shut off his narrow cell and pressed an ear flat against the pine boards. In that position he was able to make out the clear-cut tones of the man who had first spoken to him in the shooting-gallery above.

"But I've got business of my own to wind up here," he was complaining. "I've got to gather up another couple o' dozen men. Then I've got to get sixty cases o' windmill equipment aboard, and a lighter loaded with those phoney gasoline engines o' mine."

"But I tell you, Burke, I've got to get away from here!"

At the first sound of that voice, so guard-

edly lowered in tone, Kestner knew it was Lambert speaking.

"And I've got to get away from here too." It was Burke's voice speaking this time. "And I've got a few palms to grease before I can get clearance."

"But when we made our deal you agreed to get me away, and get me away without any waiting," retorted the impatient voice of Lambert. Kestner, behind his thin screen of matched pine, remembered that he was within twenty feet of the man who had murdered Morello.

"Then the thing for you to do," said the heavier voice of the man called Burke, "is to get down to Tompkinsville and slip aboard the *Laminian*. You'll be all right there for a couple o' days. Then I'll push things through and get off by Friday noon."

"But I've got that paper to gather up. And it amounts to over three millions. We'll need that, no matter which side of the Equator we're on!"

There was a change, Kestner realized, in the voice of Lambert. It seemed the voice of a nervous and harried man uncertain of the future. It had lost its oldtime placid sense of power, its full-throated resonance. It seemed now to hold something not unlike a touch of pleading, an undertone of plaintiveness.

"Well, why not do your gatherin' to-day?" demanded Burke.

"But I can't do it. That stuff is consigned to a man named Morello."

"Then what's the matter with an order from Morello?"

"I can't get one."

"Why?"

There was a moment of silence.

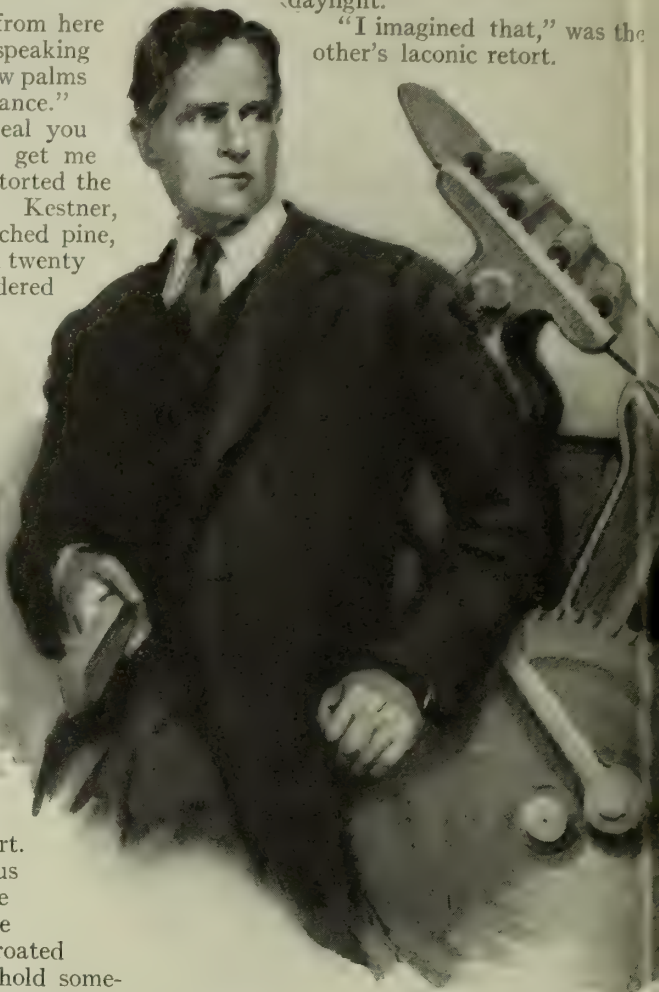
"Morello's where he can't be reached."

"Then why not work the wharf people?"

"I took the risk and went to the Brooklyn pier. They telephoned somewhere to verify my statement. Then they told me the shipment would have to be held. And

I can't keep dodging around this town in daylight."

"I imagined that," was the other's laconic retort.



"It's you, this time!" Maura moaned as she stared helplessly about her. "I ought to have killed him," replied Kestner.

"If we get that stuff I've got to get it myself."

"Well, that shouldn't be so much of a stunt. There's no time-lock on it."

"It's held and guarded in a bonded warehouse."

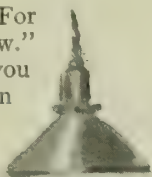
"S'posin' it is. I've got a couple o' river junkies who can get into anything along the waterfront."

"But I must handle those cans myself. We must have the right ones. We don't want seven hundred gallons of olive oil mixed up with that shipment of paper."

"Which means you'll have to get into that warehouse."

"Then tell me how. For God's sake, tell me how."

"How? Why, I'll get you two or three men who can slip in under with a muffled kicker and cut out



goin' through eight inches of oak without makin' more noise than eatin' through a cheese—just gets up between a couple o' stringers and runs a row o' holes across a plank. Then he runs another row close together, about three feet from the first row. Then he chisels that block free, lets it drop out, and crawls up through the hole. He drops what he wants into his boat, slips down with the tide, and unloads at a Bath Beach fence."

"But all that takes time," complained the restless-souled Lambert.

"I've seen Whitey take a half-inch ship augur, bore up through a pier-floor, tap an eighty-gallon brandy-cask, and drain it off and get away in half an hour's time."

"Then the sooner I get through that floor the better. How about to-night, at eleven?"

There was a moment or two of silence.

"Tide's against us."

"Then twelve?"

"Too early. About four in the mornin' would be the best."

Then came still another silence.

"Hold on a minute! Why couldn't you wait until about half past nine to-night, go

one of those six-inch floor-planks."

"But there'll be a watchman there at the street end of the pier—perhaps two of them."

Kestner could hear the easy laugh of the man called Burke.

"Whitey McGurk'll fix that for you. He's got a trick o' cuttin' out a pier-plank and asphalt over-lay with a brace and bit,

ARMAND BOTH



to their watchman with an order from the office, and get inside and stay there until Whitey gives a signal?"

"Where would I get the order?" Lambert, it was plain, was not his usual inventive and expeditious self. The other man even laughed a little.

"Ain't you a scratcher? Couldn't you work a little Jim the Penman stunt on that wharf bunch?"

"If you can get me a letter-head."

"Sure I can."

"That would give me time to sort out the paper and get it baled together ready for handling."

"There's just one thing," objected the man called Burke.

"What's that?" demanded Lambert.

His question remained unanswered, for at that moment a door opened and a youthful and nasal-noted voice, apparently that of Jigger, was heard to call out from the head of the stairway: "Yes, ma'am, he's here all right!"

The tableau which must have succeeded that unexpected speech was lost to Kestner. He was conscious only of the sudden silence, prolonging itself until it became epochal. And that silence, to the listener, was doubly hard to bear, for he had no means of determining its cause and no way of relieving its tension.

Then, almost with relief, came the sound of a woman's voice, tense, reed-like, touched with both defiance and determination. And the moment he heard that voice Kestner knew it was Maura Lambert speaking.

"Where is Carlesi?"

It was not merely a question. It was a declaration, an exaction, a challenge. It came as an ultimatum that was not to be ignored. It was apparently directed at Lambert, who required several moments' time before he could remarshal his forces against it. Kestner was further conscious of the fact that the man in the next room had not resumed his work at the press. He could hear the snap of the switch as the light was turned out, and he knew that Carlesi himself was becoming an interested spectator of that encounter. But Kestner had no time to dwell on these discoveries.

"What are you doing here?"

It was Lambert's voice that spoke. In

that voice was an effort at the authoritative, the autocratic. It was not without its note of scorn; but as a counter-challenge it lacked confidence.

"You know what I am doing here," was the woman's calm retort. There was an answering and unequivocal derisiveness in her voice as she spoke. Kestner could even catch Lambert's movement of impatience.

"Let me talk to this girl for a few minutes," he said to the man called Burke.

"Sure," was Burke's airily indifferent answer. He evidently stopped and turned back as he crossed the room. "I've got to get that letter-head, anyway. How long'll you be there?"

"It will not be long!"

There was a barb to the words as Lambert shot them out.

"It may be longer than you imagine," said the quiet-voiced young woman. Burke must have stopped to study her. He laughed quietly, for no reason that Kestner could fathom.

"Then there's a door-key in the desk-drawer," the adventurer called back as he opened the street-door. "But don't you two high-spirited aristocrats get to messin' up my office, or you'll be sorry you came."

Kestner could hear the sound of the door as it closed. Then came a period of silence, pregnant, disturbing, ominous.

"Now what do you want?" Lambert was heard to ask. There was quietness in his tone by this time, but there was also menace.

"I want Carlesi."

"Why?"

"My business is with Carlesi," was her uncompromising retort.

"And also with me."

"It will never again be with you." Her voice shook with a tremolo of restrained passion.

"Don't be too sure of that."

"I'm sure now of only one thing."

"Are you?" he mocked.

"That's of your lifetime of lying and cheating and cowardice, of your utter baseness."

"And you're through with all that?" he taunted.

"I'm through with all that," she passionately maintained.

"Don't be too sure of yourself," he suddenly cried out at her. "You're in this

mess as
You're
know it.
get away
any easier
There'

deep as I am.
marked, and you
And you can't
from this town
than I can."

was almost a note of
weariness in her
reply. "I have
got away from
you."

"No, you
haven't. And
you're not
going to.

You've tried that before, and it never
worked. It never will work."

It was words like these, Kestner sud-
denly remembered, that Morello himself
had used to the girl.

"This time I think it will . . . I came
here to see Carlesi."

Lambert forced a laugh. It was not a
mirthful one.

"Then you've started a little late. Car-
lesi's been dead for just seven years."

"Why should you lie to me—now?" she
asked, and her quietness seemed more dis-
turbng than any outburst could be. Kest-
ner, as he tried to picture them aligned
there, combative face to face, felt
that Lambert was not his old self,
that his contention as to Carlesi

was foolish, that some new-
born timorousness of soul
had robbed him of
his old astuteness
just as it had
denuded him
of his old
dignity.

"I know
Carlesi is in
this build-
ing," was
the girl's
deliberate
announce-
ment.

"And
what makes
you think
that?"

"I
don't
think
it. I
know it."

Then
came still
another
interim
of si-
lence.

Lam-
bert
was
plainly
not sure of
his ground.

Maura dropped into a wooden chair.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

ARNAND BUTH

"And what do you intend to do?"

"I intend to see him."

"Then you're on the wrong trail."

"Can I never look for the truth from you?"

"Carlesi's on a freighter—on a freighter called the *Laminian*, anchored down the Bay—on a tramp carrying contraband of war, that's going to take him and you and me to South America."

"You know that neither you nor Carlesi can ever leave New York."

"Can't we? And who'll stop us?" That challenge was mouthed largely, but there was something deeper than concern in the strident voice.

"I don't need to tell you that."

Again Lambert emitted his scoffing laugh.

"Not your cigar-eating *mouchard* this time, my dear!"

There was a brief intermission of silence as Lambert obviously drew closer to the woman he was addressing. "Listen to me, my girl," and his voice was lower and more rasping as he went on. "You can't change your spots or jump your gang overnight. I'm not going to haggle about the past. But we're both cornered here, and we've both got a chance for a get-away. Wait—listen to me. We can get down to Colon or perhaps Port Limcn, and strike up to San José. Then we can work Rio and Pernambuco and Buenos Ayres until things straighten out. Inside of two years we can slip back to Europe, and by that time you can have enough to go where you like, and stay where you like."

"Enough what?"

There was something akin to pity in her voice as she put that question to him. It accentuated, to the listening Kestner, the essential difference in their natures, the one accepting without protest or revolt a condition of life which must always stand odious to the other.

"Enough hard cash," was Lambert's reply. "Enough to keep you going the way it kept you going in the past, that gave you the best in the land, no matter how I had to scheme and plot for it."

"I am not thinking of the past. I cannot think of it. What I'm thinking of is the future. And my problems are not the kind hard cash, as you call it, can solve."

"Ha, you'll sing another tune when the hard cash isn't where you want it."

"I shall thank God for the chance," was her devout rejoinder.

"And after that what'll you do?"

"I shall live my own life, in my own way."

"How'll you live? And where'll you live?"

"That must be my own concern . . . And I came here to see Carlesi."

"Well, find him!" challenged the other—swept away by his anger.

Kestner suddenly held his breath, for he could hear the woman as she quickly crossed the room and tried the very door behind which he crouched. Then she went to the door of the printing-room. It too was locked. But she was not to be deferred by trivial obstacles or side-issues.

"What is behind those doors?" she demanded.

"Nothing," was Lambert's retort.

"Then why are they locked?"

Her opponent did not answer for a moment or two.

"Why ask me? Ask the man who owns them."

"Will you open those doors?"

There was finality in that demand, a finality which seemed to compel her adversary to a still newer course of equivocation.

"How am I to open them?" he craftily inquired.

"Then I shall find some one who can."

Lambert must have intercepted her on the way to the street door.

"Would you be fool enough to bring a cop in here?" he cried out, and he was panting a little, either from the exertion of holding her back or from the shock at the thought of her madness.

"Don't dare to touch me," she said to him, and again the coerced and icy quietness of her voice was ominous.

"Then for the love o' God be reasonable," he cried, plainly conscious that the avenue of his escape was a narrowing one.

"Then take me to Carlesi."

"I tell you I can't do it," he protested, surrendering to some final compulsion of fear. There was, however, a subtler note in his voice as he spoke again. "But if you've got to have him I'll get him for you."

"I intend to see him."

"Then stay there a minute."

Kestner waited, without breathing, wondering what it could mean. He waited for the sound of Lambert's approaching steps. But instead of approaching they receded; they crossed the floor, and mounted the

stairs, and passed out through the quickly opened door.

Then the white light of truth smote on the Secret Agent with a suddenness which caused him to gasp, as a banqueter gasps at a flashlight taken over his shoulder. The unexpected had happened, had come about in its unexpected way. *Lambert had gone.*

Kestner crouched there, waiting interminably, tortured by the thought that he was unable to act. He could merely listen with straining ears behind his locked door, debating within himself whether it would be better or not to push through that flimsy barrier and confront Carlesi and Maura Lambert while they stood within the same walls. For Lambert, he instinctively felt, would never return to that room.

Just why Kestner hesitated was not quite clear to himself. To break through a pine door he knew, was easy enough; but it was not so easy to face the predicament of appearing ridiculous in Maura Lambert's eyes. His intrusion now could never be a dignified one. Among other things, he was sadly in need of his shoes—and few men can hope to be impressive without their footwear. He was also a little ashamed of his rusty brown apparel. But he was more ashamed of the thought that around him would necessarily hang the odium of the eavesdropper, of the spy and lurker behind closed doors. He dreaded to face the woman in the next room. He would seem doubly ignoble before her now, swept as she was by her expiatory passion of renunciation. She was in some way above him, exalted by an emotion which he could not share with her. She was facing the light, for the first time in her life, and in that hour of illumination he himself would cut a sorry figure. For a moment or two the Secret Agent almost hated his calling.

But all thought on the matter was ended by an abrupt movement from the next room. Kestner had no means of determining just what had prompted Carlesi's action. There was nothing to show that any sign or word had been passed in to the Italian in the printing-room. But some message, Kestner felt, must have been given and received, to bring about so new a course of action. There was the sound of a light-

switch being snapped on, the grate of a key turning in a lock, and the door of the printing-room was suddenly thrown open.

This was followed by a silence of several seconds, and then from the startled girl came a cry, low in note, yet shot through with a timber which caused a small thrill to speed through Kestner's crouching body. "*Carlesi!*"

She repeated the word, more quietly, as though it were balm to her breast, as though she were hugging to her soul some truth which could never be taken away from her.

Kestner could see nothing. He no longer had any definite idea as to their positions. But he knew they were talking in Italian now, volubly, excitedly, feverishly. She was assailing him with anxious questions and demands. His answers, at times, seemed equivocal and circuitous. He kept hedging and contradicting himself, but by sheer force of will she was finally wringing the truth from him, forcing from his reluctant lips a confirmation of what Morello had already told her.

It was only brokenly that Kestner could follow the hurrying interplay of their talk. But he gathered that Carlesi had opened his shirt-front and was showing the girl a bullet-scar there, the scar which she herself had made.

Then Kestner became instinctively aware of the fact that Carlesi's manner had changed. What caused that change the eavesdropper had no way of telling. But it was transparent enough that Carlesi was now protesting he was an old man, that he was broken in health, that his bullet-wound had left him with a weak lung. He began to whimper for money, protesting that the girl had plenty and that all he needed was enough to get out of the country, to where it was warm and his cold could be cured.

The listener behind the closed door could hear the girl promising him her help, protesting she would give him what she could. The tones of her voice struck Kestner as being strangely impetuous and exalted, as though the consciousness of some great deliverance had lifted her high above the things of everyday life. Yet something about the answering voice of Carlesi touched the listener with disquiet. It brought that listener's ear closer against the wooden partition, in a panic to catch every sound

that might pass between the couple so completely hidden from his view.

Yet what took place he could not altogether decipher. He only knew there was the sound of a sudden gasp from the girl followed by an oddly choked little cry, as though a hand had been pressed over her mouth at the very moment she was about to call out. Then came a sharp concussion of the partition-boards and the equally sharp sounds of two bodies struggling together.

Kestner no longer hesitated. He stepped quickly back from the locked door, and throwing himself forward, shouldered against it with all his weight. That impact burst it open as readily as though it had been made of cardboard.

He was in time to see Carlesi grappling and twisting and clutching at the girl's body—and he blindly recalled that there had been too much of this primal and animal-like contention, of this underworld assault of body against body. One gross arm, he saw, was about the girl's head, and a blackened and ink-stained hand clamped over her mouth. And she was being forced back against the metal of the bed press, calmly, vindictively, while Carlesi plainly deliberated as to the best manner of making her a prisoner.

The sight of that uneven struggle, of a body so contaminated confronting one so incongruously fragile, angered Kestner beyond all reason. It sent a blind surge of rage through his veins, seeming to explode like a bomb in the very core of his brain. He had no recollection of catching up the type-bar which he afterwards found in his hand. He faintly remembered the dull sound of the impact as that bar descended on the forward-bent head with its mat of unkempt and crow-black hair. He saw the Italian go down like a clouted rabbit. He saw the girl lean back against the press wheel, and then stagger a little to one side as this wheel half-turned with her weight. The pallor of her face made the heart of Kestner ache as he watched her. She did not seem to recognize him. She was panting and weak, and it was several seconds before she could compel her gaze to seek out the huddled figure on the paper-littered floor.

"You've killed him!" she gasped in little more than a whisper. Then she looked at Kestner long and steadily, without moving.

"It's *you*, this time!" she moaned, as she stared helplessly about her.

Kestner laughed, hysterically, foolishly. It seemed life again, that plunge into action after such aeons of silence and waiting.

"Killed him?" he cried as he stooped forward and slapped about the inert hip of the stunned man. "I *ought* to have killed him," he added as he drew Carlesi's revolver from its hidden pocket.

"Is he dead?" she quavered. Her hand was groping blindly about until it rested on one of the carbine-cases.

"He's no more dead than he was when Lambert said you'd shot him. And we know now how dead that was!"

Kestner had already dropped to his knees and was busily engaged in unlacing the unconscious Italian's shoes. But his glance wandered to the white-faced woman, and still again there swept over him the ineffaceable conviction of her bodily beauty, the sense of that inapposite fineness of fiber which unfitted her for such scenes as this—just as it had unfitted her for the ways of the underworld into which she had been thrust.

"But what does it all mean?" she asked as she stared at Kestner's stooping figure.

"It means that Lambert tipped this man off to act just as he's acted. And it means, now, we both know who Lambert is and what he is."

She had dropped into a wooden chair on the far side of the hand press and was mopping her white face with a foolishly small handkerchief. She stared at him a little vacantly as he quickly pulled on the Italian's shoes and fell to lacing them up. The feverish haste of his movements seemed to puzzle her.

"What are you going to do?" she finally asked.

"I'm going to get ready for Lambert," was his answer.

"But he will never come back."

"Then I'll go to him." Kestner was on his feet by this time, dodging across the room. He found relief in quick movement, for he was not so calm as he pretended to be.

"But where can you go?"

"It won't be far," said Kestner as he dodged out to the telephone and caught up the receiver. Carlesi, he saw, had moved one hairy arm a little. There was no time to be lost.

He dodged back to the printing-room

door and stood there with his hand on the knob. The girl saw that he was waiting for her to step to the outer room.

It was not until he had closed and locked the printing-room door that she turned slowly about and faced him. He could see that she was steeling herself to a final compromise which was not easy to achieve.

"What must I do?" she asked him.

Kestner, who had been disconsolately studying his ill-fitting shoes, looked even more disconsolately up into her face. He stared at the shadowy violet-blue eyes, at the misty rose of the unhappy mouth that seemed made for happiness, and his own misery increased. Then he took a deep breath.

"I am a Federal officer," he began, wondering why it was so hard for him to say what it was necessary to say.

"I know it," she said. She was no longer looking at him.

"And I have certain duties to perform."

A silence fell between them. He found it hard to go on.

"You mean you can't let me go?" she finally suggested.

"No," he replied, "I can't let you go."

"Once," she said, "you told me I could count on your help."

"How can enemies help each other?"

She looked up quickly.

"We can never be enemies—now."

"And still there is nothing I can do."

"There is only one thing."

"What?" he asked, staring at the pale oval of her face.

"You must let me go."

"But where?"

"Anywhere. Anywhere away from here!"

"But that would only mean going out into danger."

She smiled a little wanly.

"I shall have to learn to face that danger."

"But you can't fight a thing like this out alone. You'll need help."

"I shall have to learn to fight it out alone. And I'm not afraid any more."

A great desolation was eating at his heart, the desolation of the man who must face failure both before and behind him.

"But how could I ever find you?"

That query arrested her as she moved to adjust the veil about her hat-rim.

"You said once that the world was

small," she began, in little more than a whisper. Then she stopped, hesitating. He realized at that moment how they were proceeding by indirection only, how vast were the reservations which dare not be forgotten, how divergent were the lives confronting each other across a narrow desk-top in that waterfront cellar. But the desolation in his heart seemed more than he could endure.

"We may meet again," she was saying. "Some time when I can meet you without—without shame."

She was at the bottom of the steep little flight of steps that led to the street and liberty. One hand was on the rusty iron railing. He could have reached out and taken it. But he made no effort to stop her.

"We shall meet again!" he cried out with sudden conviction, catching at that hope as the drowning catch at a life-belt.

"Good-by," she said very quietly. For one moment she looked into his eyes, and then she turned away. Her face, he remembered, was quite colorless. It wore more an air of relinquishment than of triumph. There were no tears in the dark-lashed eyes as they gazed down into his, for she was already on the first step leading to the street. But they seemed crowned with a shadowy wistfulness that impressed him as more poignant than tears. And he cherished the thought, foolishly, that in that last vision of her he was compelled to look up to her, and not down at her.

Wilsnack, dropping from his overdriven taxicab ten minutes later, beheld a dejectedly shabby figure in a soiled felt hat and a rusty brown suit staring absently out over the East River, gray with the light of the late afternoon.

Twice Wilsnack was compelled to accost this figure before eliciting any response.

"Wilsnack, there's a counterfeiter named Carlesi locked in down there," Kestner finally explained. "You'd better place him under arrest, for *after to-night I'm quitting the Service!*"

"You mean you've got Lambert?" gasped Wilsnack.

"No," was Kestner's quiet response. "I said *after to-night. And I'm going to get him before morning!*"

Keep on the trail of Maura, and the rest of the gang of counterfeiters—in the seventh story next month (the new March Hearst's) on sale everywhere February 27.

"Mr. Dooley" on

by

F. P. Dunne

"HENNESSY," said Mr. Dooley, severely, "ye've been goin' to see th' doctor."

"Well, what's that to you?" said Mr. Hennessy.

"Nawthin'," said Mr. Dooley, "on'y 'tis a turrible habit to get fastened on a man. It grows on ye. Fr'm seein' a doctor wanst a year, ye get so ye can't pass th' office iv wan iv thim without goin' in an' havin' him eaves-dhrop on ye'er indigestion with a stethoscope. I knew a man wanst wint to a doctor so often he cudden't ate por-

ridge. Ivry time he put th' spoon in his mouth he said: 'Ah-h.' Can't ye shake off this dhreadful habit? Have ye no will power, no manhood? What did he tell ye?"

"He said I'd die if I didn't change me way iv livin'," said Mr. Hennessy proudly.

"Did he, faith?" said Mr. Dooley. "Well, that was smart iv him an' worth at laste three dollars. But I tell ye this, me boy, he held out on ye at that. He on'y give ye fifty per cint. iv th' information that I'll hand to ye. Ye'll die if ye change ye'er habits, an' ye'll die if ye don't. Give me three dollars, plaze, in small bills. He didn't charge ye annything, ye say? Thin it must iv been Dock O'Leary. I see how it was. Ye woke up with a pain in th' back. A few years ago he wud have called it a pain in th' back, an' when ye'd exercised th' ol' wheelbarrow f'r an hour it wud've passed away, an' ye'd be as well as iver.

But now that ye've got th' doctor habit ye limp as fast as ye'er ag'ny will let ye to Dock O'Leary's office, an' set f'r an hour thryin' to read th' current magazines f'r nineteen hundhred an' eight an' thinkin' with tears in ye'er eyes iv how bad th' fam'ly, that niver apprecyated ye befure, will feel whin ye ar-re no more. By an' by th' dock comes out pattin' a little boy on th' back an' sayin' to his mother: 'Yes, ma'am, -night an' mornin' an' keep th' pickles on th' top shelf.' He sees ye an' says he: 'What, ye here again? What mortal malady is desthroyin' that ivy covered roon this mornin'? Come in an' I'll have a look at ye.'

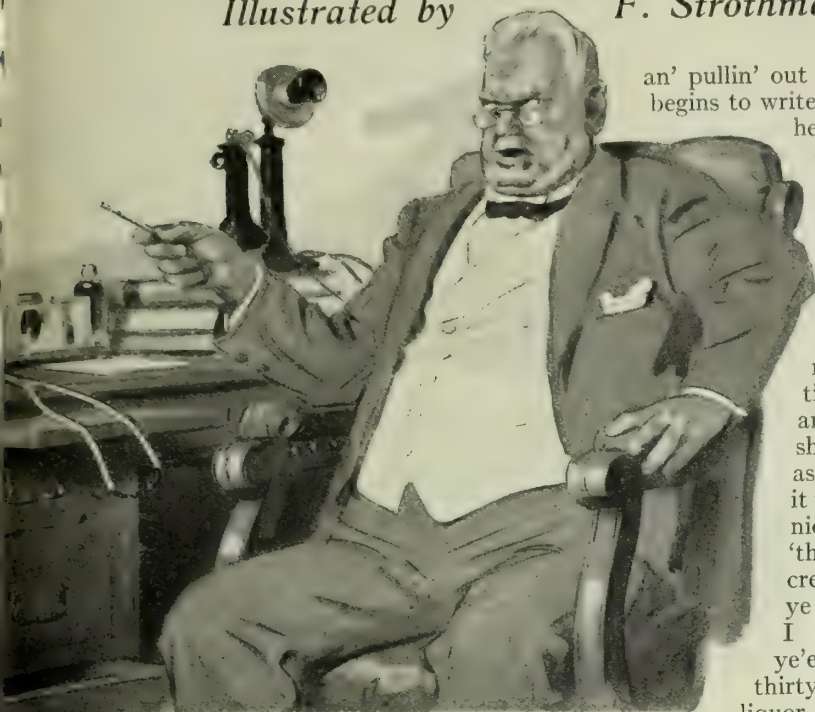
"Ye set down on th' edge iv a chair with ye'er hat in ye'er hand an' map out ye'er symptoms in a way that wud make him weep if he had a heart, but he on'y balances a paper knife on his finger an' looks at th'



Going to See the Doctor

Illustrated by

F. Strothmann



"Th' Dock, he says: 'I'm glad ye came to me before it was too late. As it is I think we may check th' pro-gress iv th' disease if we can't cure it,' he says. 'Ye ar-re suffrin' fr'm a sharp attackt iv hyper-asininity.'"

clock. Thin he tells ye to stick out ye'er tongue an' haul it in again, an' thin he feels ye'er pulse that's goin' like a steam dhrill, an' dhrops ye'er hand suddenly, sticks his watch back in his pocket an' walks up an' down th' room with a frown on his face. Ye think he is wondhrin' how he can break th' fatal news with th' laste shock to ye'er dilicate narvous system. But he ain't. He's sayin' to himsilf: 'There's an ol' fellow that's as indestruhtible as a hard coal clinker. There's nawthin' th' matter with him. I wisht I was as healthy, me with all th' diseases that me patients thinks they have an' a lot more that I get fr'm readin' medical books. But I mustn't tell him so. If I do he'll go down to that ol' Vethrinary Skinner, what'll tell him he has gallopin' consumption, charge him a day's wages an' hand him a prescription that'll give him a runnin' start on th' opyum habit.'

"Afther awhile he sets down at his desk

an' pullin' out a pencil an' pa-aper begins to write, an' while he writes he says: 'I'm glad ye came to me before it was too late. As it is I think we may check th' pro-gress iv th' disease if we can't cure it,' he says. 'What is th' matter with me?' says ye. 'This time,' says he, 'ye ar-re suffrin' fr'm a sharp attackt iv hyper-asininity,' he says. 'Is it fatal?' says ye. 'Not nicissrly,' s a y s he, 'though 'tis apt to increase with age. But ye must be careful, or I wudden't guarantee ye'er life f'r more thin thirty years. Do ye use liquor an' tobacco in mod-

hration?' 'I had wan glass iv beer an' a see-gar yisterdah,' says ye. 'It is as I thought,' says he. 'Th' modhrate dhrinker an' smoker is th' first to go,' says he. 'If ye think 'twud tind to prolong me life,' says ye bravely, 'I'll thry to get properly full ivry day,' says ye. 'No,' says he, 'ye must cut out liquor an' tobacco intirely f'r th' next two weeks,' he says, lightin' a see-gar. 'Ye'er blood pressure is too high, about a thousan' at th' prisint minyit. We must rejoyce this, or I may be walkin' behind ye with me hat in me hand wan iv these fine days. Ye must put ye'ersilf on a sthricht dite. F'r breakfast ye need not be particular, although ye must take plenty iv time with this meal, at laste five minyits. Poor th' coffee into th' saucer instead iv blowin' into it. At dinner on'y th' lean part iv th' corn beef an' no gristle. Positively no gristle. At supper a couple iv roasts iv beef or a leg iv mutton or so. But no more. If ye expict to be well ye must not touch patty de foy grah, troofles, sthrawberries out iv saison, arti-chokes, lamp chimbleys, canvas back ducks, turrypin, chop sooeey, kosher meat,

or carpet tacks in anny form.' An he hands ye this purscription:

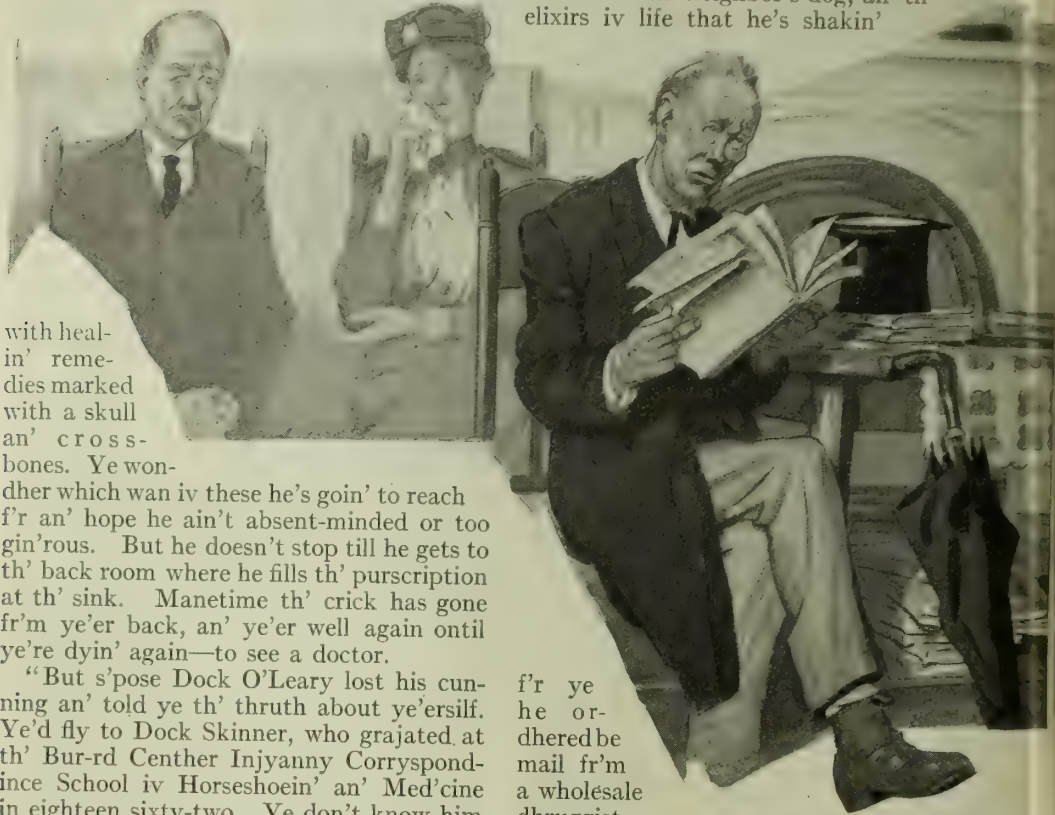
"Chlor. Sod. gr. II

"Aq. Mich. gal. VIII

"Rub on elbow night an' mornin'.

"Ye take it to th' dhrug store an' hand it to a young fellow that's pasteuryzin' th' sody glasses be blowin' into thim. He studies it carefully an' moves to th' mysterious labrytory in th' back iv th' shop. He passes by rows an' rows iv bottles filled

dope that th' dock has ordhered. He laves his healin' art to answer th' tillyphone, take in an ad f'r th' pa-apers, sell a postage stamp, a box iv gumdhrops, two sheets iv writin' pa-aper, a sky-rocket, a bar iv soap, a powdher-puff, an autymobill, an' a five cint see-gar, an' has a discussion with a little boy about th' largest amount iv ice crame that goes with a tub iv sody wather. He is surrounded on all sides with cans, bottles, an' jugs full iv th' delicacies intinded f'r th' neighbor's dog, an' th' elixirs iv life that he's shakin'



with heal-
in' reme-
dies marked
with a skull
an' cross-
bones. Ye won-

dher which wan iv these he's goin' to reach f'r an' hope he ain't absent-minded or too gin'rous. But he doesn't stop till he gets to th' back room where he fills th' purscription at th' sink. Manetime th' crick has gone fr'm ye'er back, an' ye'er well again ontill ye're dyin' again—to see a doctor.

"But s'pose Dock O'Leary lost his cunning an' told ye th' thruth about ye'ersilf. Ye'd fly to Dock Skinner, who grajated at th' Bur-rd Centhur Injyanny Corryspondince School iv Horseshoein' an' Med'cine in eighteen sixty-two. Ye don't know him well, but he's got a sign out, an' that's enough f'r ye to thrust th' care iv ye'er broken down but precyous arthly tinimint to him. He writes out a purscription that on'y a colledge pro-fissor cud read an' ye take it over to a large combynation ice-crame parlor, an' see-gar, candy, toy, gum, fire-cracker, harness, an' dhrug-store to have it filled. Th' scientist that's goin' to fish something out iv a bottle that'll save ye'er life is a pretty busy young chemist. While he's loadin' th' pills f'r ye he has so many other calls that ye begin to wondher how he can keep his mind on th' life-givin'

f'r ye
he or-
dhered be
mail fr'm
a wholesale
dhruggist,
who bought
it be th' kag
fr'm a fac-
thry where

it was put up be a man he niver see an' who has th' ordher filled be sayin' to a small boy: 'Jawunny, take a scoop shovel an' fill this ordher fr'm thim bar'ls in th' corner. I want three pounds each iv arsenic, quinine, calomel, rough-on-rats, an' rock-candy. Don't get thim mixed up. They look a good deal alike. I'm goin' to th' ball game.' Ye niver think what chances ye take whin ye take medicine. On'y there's

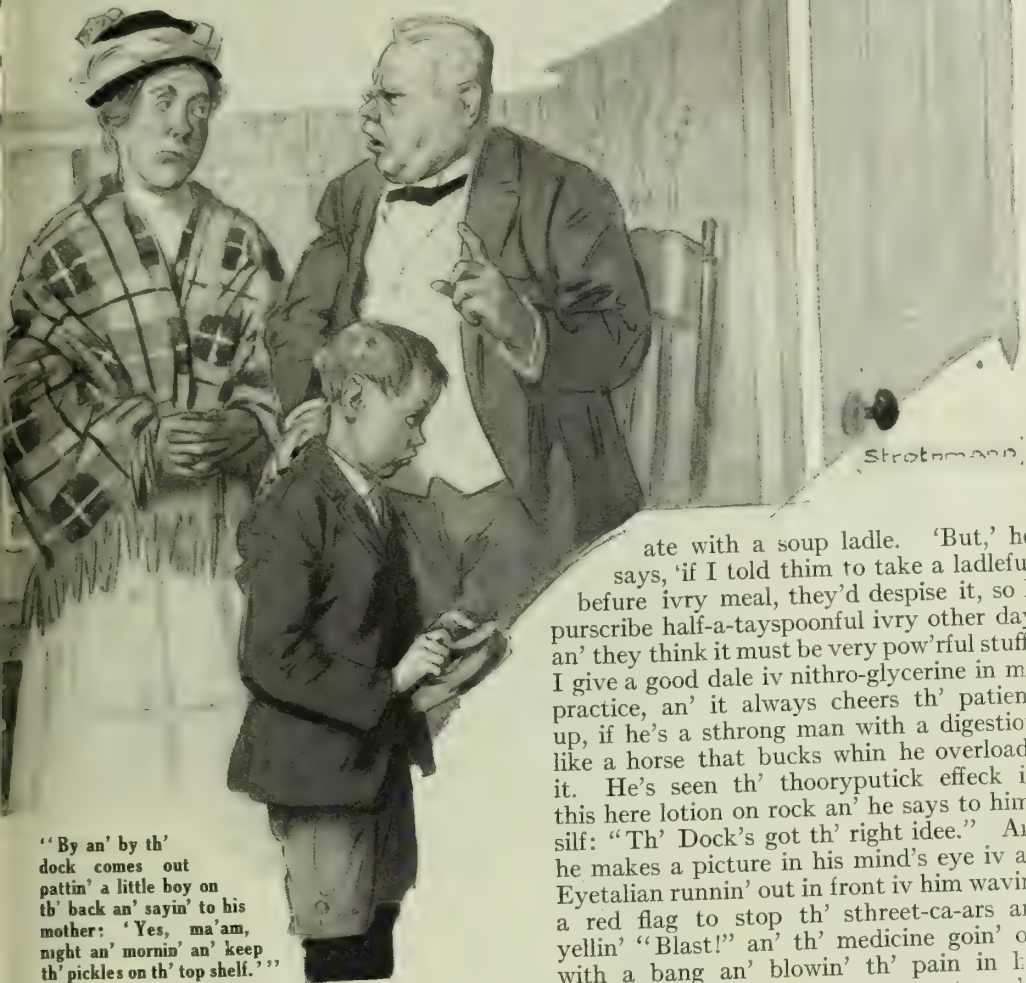
"Ye set in th' doctor's office thinkin' with tears in ye'er eyes iv how bad th' fam'ly, that niver appreciated ye, will feel whin ye ar-re no more."

wan thing in ye'er favor. Pizens ar-re xpensive.

"Annyhow, th' new kind iv docks don't give much medicine. Some puts their customers on a dite, which manes atin' something that ye don't like. Another feeds ye on little Boolgahryan sour milk germs that at wanst pro-ceeds to make war on th' native

out on th' front stoop where th' neighbors can see ye undhress.

"Dock O'Leary says that th' dock who shortens his purscriptions lenthens th' lives iv his patients. He says he sildom gives anny medicine that his customers cudden't



"By an' by th' dock comes out pattin' a little boy on th' back an' sayin' to his mother: 'Yes, ma'am, night an' mornin' an' keep th' pickles on th' top shelf.'"

germs an' massacre thim, so that soon ye'er interyor is turned into a kind iv a Balkan peninsuly an' th' struggle goes on f'r years till th' gr-reat powers inthervene. Wan dock asts ye what ye want to do an' says: 'Don't do it. Five dollars.' Another makes ye tell him ye'er dhreams an' be changin' thim keeps ye alive. Wan cures ye iv a headache be puttin' ir'n clamps on ye'er ankles an' another makes ye sleep

ate with a soup ladle. 'But,' he says, 'if I told thim to take a ladleful before ivry meal, they'd despise it, so I purscribe half-a-tayspoonful ivry other day an' they think it must be very pow'rful stuff. I give a good dale iv nithro-glycerine in me practice, an' it always cheers th' patient up, if he's a sthrong man with a digestion like a horse that bucks whin he overloads it. He's seen th' thooryputick effeck iv this here lotion on rock an' he says to himsilf: "Th' Dock's got th' right idee." An' he makes a picture in his mind's eye iv an Eyetalian runnin' out in front iv him wavin' a red flag to stop th' sthreet-ca-ars an' yellin' "Blast!" an' th' medicine goin' off with a bang an' blowin' th' pain in his chest to splinters. I give some to ye'er fr'ind Hinnissy,' he says. 'He come back in a little while. "What do ye want?" says I. "Ye f'rgot th' fuse," says he.'"

"I did no such thing," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, niver mind," said Mr. Dooley. "Annyhow most iv th' doctors has quit givin' medicine an' ar-re givin' advice. It's betther too. They don't have to write it down an' it can't be used at th' inquest. Th' fav'rite prescription is: 'Don't worry.'"

Wan day Hogan found himsilf out iv a job, he owed his month's rent an' he had th' nooralgy. He met Dock Larkin, an' th' dock says: 'Ye don't look well.' 'I've got th' nooralgy,' says Hogan. 'Th' trouble with ye,' says th' dock, 'is that ye worry. If ye promise me to quit worryin' I'll promise to cure ye'er nooralgy,' says he. 'Don't ye dare lay hands on this nooralgy iv mine,' says Hogan. 'I don't want it cured. It's th' ony thing I've got that takes me mind off me worries. But,' he says, 'ye can cure th' worries if ye want to. Can ye let me have thirty dollars? If ye haven't th' dhrug in ye'er pocket ye can give me a prescription an' I'll have it filled at th' bank,' says he.

"Me own idee is that none iv these new-fashioned idees is iver goin' to take th' place iv th' good, sthrongol' pizins that they used to ladle into ye. Whin I was a boy th' village dock give his patient a horse dhrench, an' I've often wondhered how he got it down without throwin' th' invalid an' havin' wan assistant set on him while another twisted his nose. That was medicine all right enough, an' it's th' kind I like to see now that I know that I have nawthin' th' matter with me, but I'm th' innocent victim iv an attack on me wurruks be millyuns iv bloodthirsty mickrobes that has invaded me inteeryor an' ar-re bein' opposed be squadhrons iv frindly germs. I feel like Bilgium. I'm angry because me noothrality has been vilated. This here germ theory is th' finest thing th' docks iver invinted f'r a sick man. It stirs his spoortin' feelin'. In th' ol' days a man was ashamed iv bein' sick. He thought there was something th' matther with him. Now he knows he's all right. There's nawthin' th' matter with him if he can on'y kill off th' invaders iv his sov'reignty. He wants to advance on thim with shot an' shell. He wants th' sthrongest, th' ugliest lookin', th' worst smellin', th' vilest tastin', th' mos' pizenous dark brown mixture that th' dock can get out iv his ammynition wagon. An' as each bathtry is fired, he may choke but

he'll say: 'Take that, ye varmint,' like Nick iv th' Woods mowin' down th' dusky redskins. Th' dock comes down in th'



mornin' afther makin' a reconnaissance iv yer blood, ye may say, an' finds ye settin' up in bed with th' light iv battle in ye'er eyes. 'Dock,' says ye, 'how did yisterdah's engagement come out?' 'Magnificent,' says he. 'They must have lost at laste a millyon in kilt an' wounded an' there can't be more thin three or four millyons left. I intind to attack thim in foorce to-day, an' I'm sindin' in provisyons f'r th' frindly mickrobes that is harassin' their outposts,' he says. Ye begin to feel like a gin'ral, bedad, settin' on a horse with a spyglass in ye'er hand, directin' th' fire iv th' artillery undher Colonel O'Leary, while th' frindly mickrobes with loud hurrahs carries wan position afther another. An' whin th' crool war is over ye think iv ye'ersilf standin' on a platform reviewin' th' frindly mickrobes

as they march past undher their tattered
ensigns an' maybe pensionin' thim f'r life.
An' even if th' medicine or th' inimy kills
ye, ye can picture ye'ersilf like Gin'ral
Wolfe lanin' on his elbow on th' hites iv
Abr'ham an' dyin' contint,
an' with just as good a raison
as he had.

"No, sir, whin I come
to think iv it, I'll not
deny th' pleasure
iv bein' sick.
It's th' on'y
way some
people has

But what I'd like to know is what th' doc-
tors get out iv it. They may cure ye, but
they can't make thimsilves feel any better.
Ye have an idee that if ye had th' ondivided
attintions iv a good dock ye'd live so long
that ye'd dhry up and blow away, but I often
see th' names iv good doctors in thim little
advertisements iv those that ar-re sthruck
out that's printed in th' pa-apers undher th'
births an' marredges. They don't get much
fame. Some fellow that's kilt a hundhred
thousan' men is more apt
to get into th' Dit-
ch'nry iv Bio-graphy,
mind ye, thin a



iv callin' attintion to thim-
silves an' bein' talked about.
If I tell Hogan ye'er well he
don't care. But if I say ye'er
sick he's got inthrest enough in
ye at laste to ask: 'What's th'
matther with him?' Ivry sick man
is a heero, if not to th' wurruld or aven to
th' fam'ly, at laste to himsilf. An' 'tis th'
proper business iv th' doctor to make him
feel like wan. A patient in th' hands iv a
doctor is like a heero in th' hands iv a story
writer. He's goin' to suffer a good dale, but
he's goin' to come out all right in th' end.

"Dodgin' warrants fr'm anti-vivisectionists that has
nacharally more iv a fellow feelin' f'r rabbits and guinea
pigs thin f'r human bein's."

man that's saved a millyon lives. In times
past th' on'y way that they cud get thim-
silves remimbered be posterity was be
havin' some disease named afther thim that
they'd invinted, or some part iv th' wurruks

that was not charted before. Wan man wint thundhrin' down th' ages because he found a patch in a man's inteeryor that no wan iver knew was there before, an' his confreres done him th' honor to name it afther him. Another surgeon had a place in ye named afther him that if Dock O'Leary sticks this

"It's a gr-reat purfissyon an' I know it, but I wouldn't follow it f'ranny amount iv money.



"Ivry sick man is a heero, if not to th' wurruld or aven to th' fam'ly at laste to himsilf. An' 'tis th' proper business iv th' doctor to make him feel like wan."

The Dock goes about all day long makin' people

namesake with his thumb an' ye holler, ye have to be cut open. It's a quare way that Hodgkins, Graves, an' Bright has took to immortality. Whin ye come to think iv it, it's kind iv fresh f'r a sthrange dock to stick his name on a malady that ye're shelterin'. If a sick man is entitled to annything it ought to be to give his own name to his own complaints. It's hard to think that afther harborin' this imperfection f'r years ye have no claim on it. Ye feel like sayin': 'Well, Dock Bright, if this is ye'er namesake, come an' take it away with ye. I don't want it.'

"What do they get out iv it? Not money. People ar-re very bashful about settlin' f'r havin' their lives saved. It's aisier to ampytate a millyonaire's leg than his bank roll, an' manny a man goes hopefully to th' op'ratin' table who's afraid he'll bleed to death if he pays th' bill. Dock O'Leary says he made a mistake whin he carved Grogan, th' wealthy plumber. He says he give th' chloroform too arly. He shud've give it to him with th' bill.

comfortable because they're incurable an' uncomfortable because they ain't, walkin' a hospital, welcomin' new life into th' wurruld, an' watchin' ol' life goin' out iv it, dodgin' warrants fr'm anti-vivisectionists that has nacharally more iv a fellow feelin' f'r rabbits an' guinea pigs thin f'r human bein's.

"'Tis only be finin' people with delusions iv bad health that doctors can afford to give their time to people that has something th' matter with thim. If ye woke me up in th' middle iv th' night an' screamed over th' tillyphone: 'In th' name iv our common humanity bring over a can iv lager. I et salt fish f'r supper an' I'm dyin' iv th' dhrought,' it's not five cints but five dollars I'd charge ye f'r th' panacee."

"Dock O'Leary," said Mr. Hennessy, "tells me a rival is takin' away a lot iv his practice be puttin' ivrybody on a dite. He didn't say who it was."

"He told me," said Mr. Dooley. "It's th' high cost iv livin'."

"Mr. Dooley" again in the new Hearst's—March—on the stands February 27.

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in
this
issue





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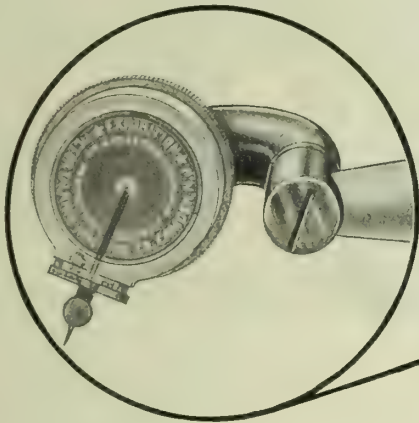
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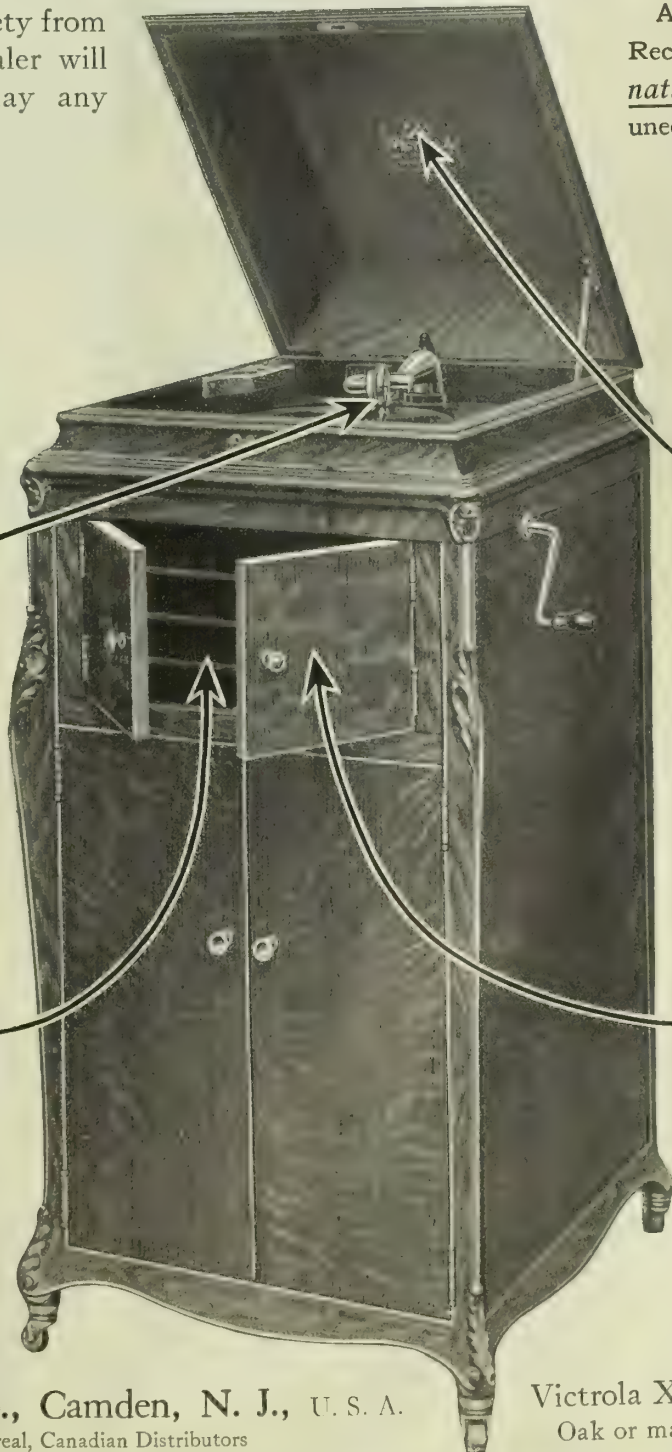


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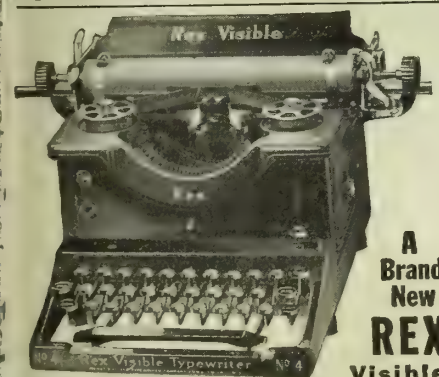
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No. 3. Vol. 27

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Harrison Fisher

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RULES. 1—Write your title of 5 words or less at the top of a sheet of paper; then your name and address; absolutely nothing more on the sheet. 2—Contest closes April 17, 1915. 3—Winner announced in May 29 Saturday Evening Post. Contest is free, but you may enclose with your title the coupon below, or you may send coupon without title. Study points below for ideas, and don't miss rare coupon offer.

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Campbell's SOUPS

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The Religion of Business



Business is the science of human service. Money comes incidentally to a service rendered.

The modern American Religion of Business remembers the week-day to keep it holy.

THERE is growing up in America a Religion of Business. It is the religion of now and here. It remembers the week-day to keep it holy. There was a time when we used to sing: "Religion is the chief concern of mortals here below." This is actually true. That which is your chief concern is your religion. Americans are a business people. Business is the science of human service. Money comes incidentally to a service rendered. The rewards of business are automatic. He who bestows on society a great benefit will receive a reward in proportion. The raw stock in business to-day is friendship. When we make a sale we make a friend.

When we part with a man we endeavor to part with him so when we meet again both will be glad.

The Golden Rule is to-day playing a big part in commerce. We are doing unto others as we would be done by, and this for the best possible reason—because it pays.

Business builds, constructs, creates, develops. Business means good roads, electric signs, cluster lights, schools, play-grounds, parks, gymnasiums, trees, flowers, gardens, homes, beautiful back yards, good plumbing, fresh air, pure water, electric fans, sure and quick transportation, courteous telephone service, hygiene and sanitation in a thousand forms—shops, stores, factories, offices—and best of all Pay Envelopes.

Steady work under agreeable conditions with fair pay, and opportunity for promotion, mean happiness, friendship, and all the joy that mortals know. In all of the great factories and mills now there are shower baths, reading-rooms, lunch-rooms, rest-rooms, free surgical attendance, sick benefits.

The whole endeavor is toward co-operation between the employer and the

By Elbert Hubbard
Drawing by Charles A. Winter

employed. Rich men to-day who would retain the respect of the world, are not "bounders." They belong, also, to the working class.

We used to hear men say: "Oh, I will make my pile and retire from business and enjoy myself." Any man who does not enjoy himself in his business will never know what happiness is.

We have all heard men say: "Oh, I am not in business for my health." But the man who is not in business

for his health will not have much health or much business.

We should work as if we expect to live forever; and live each day as if we expected to die to-morrow.

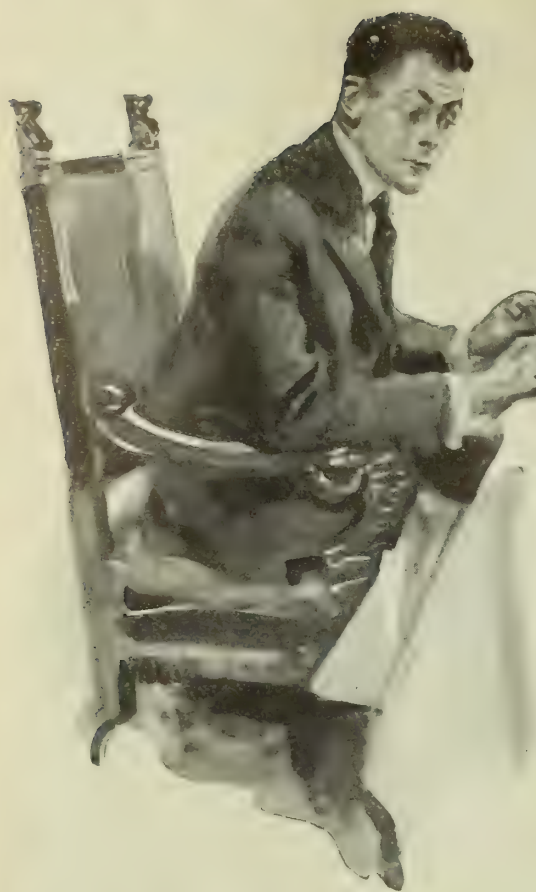
Tolstoi tells of a priest who saw a peasant plowing. The priest approached the peasant and said: "If you knew you were going to die to-night, how would you spend the day?"

And the peasant answered: "I would plow."

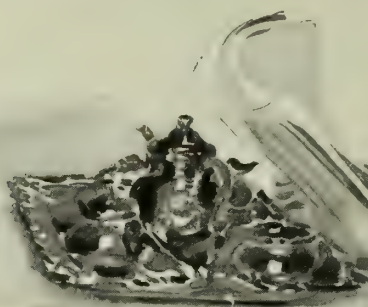
The priest did not expect this answer, but he thought a moment, and then he said to the peasant: "You have given the wisest answer that a man could possibly give. To plow is to pray, and to live properly here is the very best preparation for the life to come. God is surely on the side of the man who turns an honest furrow."

Thomas Jefferson said: "The chosen people of God are the people who till the soil."

So to-day in America we are applying love and labor to land, and the desert is blossoming like a rose, and the waste places are being made green, and sorrow and sighing are fleeing away. Business is a matter of ministering to human wants. American business men to-day are public servants. And well was it spoken, thus: "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant."



"Are they ready—the two notes I am to deliver?" asked Cedric, trying to pass for a young man with an appetite. "Because I'm going out very soon. I have an engagement at the club to play rackets." "Hope you win," said his mother, and she said it without the least grimace or eyebrow lifting.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Hollow Ship

by
Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by
James Montgomery Flagg

YOU might have thought that somebody was dying in the house, or being born. Nothing of the kind, however, was happening. The solemn, tiptoe hush of the establishment merely indicated to its staff of discreet and well-trained servants that their mistress, Mrs. Manning, was waiting breakfast for her son, Mr. Cedric.

Usually, Mr. Cedric was most punctual for eight o'clock breakfast on those mornings which had seen him go latest to bed. He had that high spirit of youth which points the shortest paths to danger, and whose allies are bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and a firm control of the swallowing muscles. Mr. Cedric could almost always make a show of eating breakfast.

But eight o'clock had passed, and all but one of those thirty long minutes which follow it belonged now to history, and still the arch into the dining-room had not been brightened by the immaculate form and rosy face of Mr. Cedric. It was not that he had not risen early enough to have been shaved, dressed, and down-stairs. On his bed temporarily at three A. M., he had risen at four-thirty, slept for an hour on the floor of his bathroom, and had not really succeeded in entering his bed, dressed for the part, until six-fifteen. He had risen again at six-eighteen, six-twenty-four, six-forty-five, seven-one, and seven-twenty-two. On the occasion of this last rising, he had made a desperate effort to pull himself together and shave. A fizzy tumbler of bicarbonate of soda, to which he added a trembling teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia, did not stay where he put it. The very first pass that he made with his razor laid his cheek open. A terrible, burning, leaden weight rolled from side to side in his head. He could not remember where he had been or what he had done. He only knew that he felt very sick and wished, vaguely, that he was dead and buried.

Those parts of his head which were not temporarily occupied by the rolling leaden weight contained the most delicate, level-headed mother, and for the interview which he knew must presently be had with her, he found that he was lacking in ambition.

When a man knows by experience the dire consequences of certain indiscretions, why is it that he goes on committing them? Cedric asked himself, and for the first time.

At the very moment when he was asking himself these questions, he was looking at a young man with an appetite.

and fall off, he envied those who die in battles and those who are born virtuous. He hoped his mother would be a little careful, that she wouldn't say too much, that she would open upon him only with small arms, and not bring up her siege-guns till later in the day.

But what she did was worse than anything he could have anticipated. She received his peck upon her cheek, poured his coffee, watched him (he had to sit facing the light), and said nothing that she might not have said to the most virtuous and comfortable son in the world.

Red-hot tacks would have seemed more appetizing to him than poached eggs with bacon. But under his mother's imperturbable eye, he swallowed enough of these things temporarily to pass for a young man with a suspicion of morning appetite. He drank a cup of coffee, and then, with sudden resolution, exclaiming that he had forgotten his handkerchief, he rose and left the room. Returning after a while, a handkerchief, indeed, was conspicuously displayed protruding from his breast-pocket.

Mrs. Manning said only, "When you go out, my dear, I wish you would deliver two notes for me—and wait for the answers."

"With pleasure," said Cedric. "Are they ready? Because I'm going out very soon. I have an engagement at the club to play rackets."

"Hope you win," said his mother, and she said it without the least grimace or eyebrow lifting. But when he had taken the two notes, she drew a long sigh and sat for a long time looking at the coffee pot.

The first note which Cedric looked at was addressed to a Mr. Appleton whom he had, at that particular moment, no great desire to see. Fate, however, was against him. Mr. Appleton, on

his way down-town, opened the door of his own house just as Cedric was ringing the bell.

"Good morning, sir. Mother asked me to give you this and wait for an answer."

"Good-morning, Cedric. You don't look well. What's the matter?"

"Didn't sleep well," said Cedric.

As the older man read the note, his mouth tightened. When he had finished he handed 'he note back to Cedric.

"Read that," he said.

Cedric read:

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Cedric's habits do not improve. Last night, as you may see by looking at him, he drank himself sick again. If Cecil were my daughter, I should send the poor pitiable fool about his business once and for all. I should hate to think that your daughter's life should be ruined as mine has been, for the same cause, and by a man of the same blood. The knot is of Gordian intricacy. There is no use trying to untie it. So cut it, is the prayer of your unhappy friend,

ELLEN MANNING.

A wave of unmanly horror and weakness swept Cedric from head to foot. Unrelated words rose from his breast and could not get themselves articulated. It was as if, in one and the same instant of time, he had been betrayed by the kiss of Judas and stabbed in the back. He succeeded at last in stammering,

"This is pretty raw!"

"Not so raw," said Mr. Appleton, "as the conduct of which it is a direct and not unjust consequence. A man of twenty-two who cannot command his appetites is hopeless, Cedric, and worthless. I am sorry for you, but I am going to take your excellent mother's advice. I am going to cut the Gordian knot."

"Can I see Cecil just once before you do?"

"If you care to see her at this instant, yes. Have you any idea how shockingly you look?"

Cedric tossed his hands upward and outward in a gesture of despairing finality, and with a choked "Good-morning" was about to turn and dash down the steps, when Cecil herself stepped from the darkness of the hall into the sunlight.

She was either too young and innocent to be struck cold and contemptuous by his appearance, or perhaps she loved him too much. Her lower lip trembled, and she stood, a figure at once pitying and to be pitied.

Her father, with a hurried "Good-morning," bolted down the steps. He was glad to escape a situation which a single glance at Cedric's ashen face had told him was without menace to his daughter.

"Aren't you going to speak to me, even?" she said gently, with a tremulous smile.

"What *can* I say, Cecil? I can hardly stand. I have misbehaved again like the devil. And if I can't be good for your sake, why, I'm hopeless."

"It isn't fair," she said. "I could go through fire for you. But you can't even be steady for me."

"Call me names!" he cried. "Give me what I deserve! Your father has forbidden me to see you any more, after this once——"

She bowed her head gravely; then lifted it with a noble defiance.

"If you will promise," she said, "never to drink any more, I'll disobey my father. If you will promise, I will marry you—to-day."

Very slowly and in great pain he turned from her, unable to meet those valiant eyes.

"Cecil," he said, "it's in my blood; it's stronger than I am. If I obtained you on the strength of such a promise, God would do well to strike me dead. Oh, Cecil, it isn't I who drink; 'tis a devil that is in me."

"Then we aren't engaged any more?"

"No, dear, not any more."

"Good-by, then," she said, with a sudden pitiful gesture of despair, "I shall love you always." And she turned swiftly, and went back into the house.

"And I you—always," exclaimed Cedric. And he stood and looked at the heavy, closed door. While he looked, the cries of his heart for the girl were gradually overwhelmed by the shouting for immediate alcohol of the devil that was in him.

He still carried in his hand the second of the two notes which his mother had asked him to deliver. He wondered, vaguely, if it was also the detonator of high explosives, and he was minded to tear it across and fling the pieces into an ash-barrel. Surely he no longer owed his mother any loyalty.

"For loving me," said Cedric, "I give you, Cecil, a great goose-egg. But in addition, I herewith give you the anaconda hug, the boa-constrictor clasp, the opening of my letters, the money in my bank, the keys of my heart, sure faith till death—but let me express myself more concisely."

But the simple fact that she had trusted his good breeding to the extent of not sealing the notes weighed heavily with him. It would have been as easy to master their contents before delivering them as it would have been impossible—for Cedric. Even drunk, he would not have been guilty of so under-worldly an act.

So he entered the little Hotel Iroquois and asked if Mr. Brant Adams was in, and, if so, would they please page him with the note. While Cedric waited, the register-clerk, the cashier, and the telephone-girl looked him over and appraised him. He could not have concealed his deplorable morning-after condition from a child. And the knowledge that he could not was no especial brace to his shattered system of nerves.

The page returned without the note, and con-

ducted Cedric down a flight of marble steps, past a barber shop of nickel and white porcelain, through a passage paneled with mahogany, in which were hung very large pictures of other hotels, to a snug little barroom, in whose subdued light the bartender's white coat showed very white indeed, and the face of the tall man which turned to Cedric with a smile of greeting looked young, handsome, and not untalented.

"Change your mind?" said the tall man, whom Cedric presumed to be Mr. Brant Adams.

"Thank you," said Cedric; "I don't mind if I do have a little drink."

With a great sweep of his hand, Mr. Adams indicated all the bottles on all the shelves back of the bar.

"And," said he, "the greatest of all these, to a man who has had a hard night, is absinthe."

And Cedric added, "*frappé*," as an acolyte might tack an

"Amen" to his priest's prayer. And upon the instant it was as if the whole of him was in a fire of eagerness for the first sip of the cold, thrilling drug.

They had a second measure brought to them at the little table in the far corner of the barroom, and a third; and then they began to laugh a little and feel a growing friendship for each other.

"Before I forget it," exclaimed Mr. Adams, "there is the answer to your mother's note! Perhaps you will help me with it."



"If I knew the question?"

"Perhaps you had better read the note."

He produced it from his breast-pocket, and, while Cedric read, the feeling that his expression was being closely watched by Mr. Adams was strong in him and not unpleasant. Mrs. Manning had written:

The custody of the bearer was awarded to me by the law of the land. My best efforts have resulted in failure. The boy is a drunkard, like his father before him, and I hereby relinquish all claims upon him or in him. My house is closed to him now and henceforth, and unless you care to take him over, he will have to shift for himself. ELLEN MANNING.

"Short and sweet!" murmured Mr. Brant Adams.

But Cedric was looking up into his face with a sudden, boyish smile that was very engaging.

"Are you, by any chance," he said, "the father before me?"

"Before you, yes; and I shall hope also to be the father behind you."

They shook hands strongly across the table and looked each other in the face with dawning affection.

"But," said Mr. Adams, "to get ourselves squarely upon the new basis, we must tell each other all about everything from the beginning of things. And youth shall be served first."

"Am I to tell you the story of my young life?" smiled Cedric.

"For the present, confine yourself to those parts of it which relate to women and drink."

"There have been two women in my life," said Cedric simply, "my mother and Cecil Appleton. As to drink, there have been more drinks talked about than drunk. I cannot remember, for instance, when I was not being warned against the insidious habit.

Drunkenness, the selfishness of it, the ungodliness of it, the horrors of it, are subjects upon which my mother was forever harping. She stood and stands for temperance, woman's equality, and eugenics as stoutly as a man stands for his friends."

"Eugenics, too?" interrupted the boy's father.

Cedric Manning smiled apologetically.

"You see, sir," he said, "I am supposed to inherit my disposition toward liquor. Please don't think that I am blaming you. A man should be his own master whether his heritage is a taste or a crooked spine. But it's quite true that my friends, some of whom live as I live, so live for the fun of it, not for the love of it. There are times when my whole system is ablaze with a fire which only the one thing will quench. Merely talking of liquor parches my throat—"

"Bartender!" exclaimed Cedric's father. And he held up two fingers.

"Thank you!" said Cedric, a minute later, his voice strengthening. "My mother's position was, and is, unassailable. I quarrel only with her methods, with her tact. If I had been as often warned against crime as against drink, I must long since have forged a check, married two women at once, and gone to the chair for murder. I had been made to think liquor so dangerous, that when, out of sheer overmastering curiosity, I took my first drink, I felt like a sort of hero. I felt that I was

"Then we aren't engaged any more?" Cecil asked. "No, dear, not any more," came his reply. "Good-by, then," she said, with a sudden pitiful gesture of despair. "I shall love you always."

taking the greatest of all dares, that I had stepped forward and lifted the flung gauntlet of fate."

"And then you had seven more?"

"Eight, I think."

Father and son laughed aloud.

"I carried them home," continued Cedric, "as easily as so many glasses of water. My feet weren't affected in the least, or my faculties. But I had to kiss my mother, and she smelled them on me. Then there was hell to pay, and she said things that a woman is foolish to say to a man."

"And what did you do?"

"I simply marched out of the house and got drunk. It was very wonderful. I loved it all. And I remember everything that I did. Next morning, my eyes were clear and bright, I had a good color, and my head didn't ache in the least. I felt, in short, like a fighting cock, and I ate a gorgeous breakfast. But nowadays," he finished with a kind of shiver, "the stuff seems to get me."

"When did you first take a drink because you needed a drink?"

"It was the very next day. I had, toward noon, a nameless, indescribable need, an inner clamoring, a thing that kept jogging my elbow as it were and saying, 'Don't forget me.' Will you believe me when I say that I hadn't the slightest notion that what I craved was alcohol? That is God's truth. And I only succeeded in enlightening myself by a process of elimination. I said to myself, 'What the devil is it you want? It isn't food; it isn't water. Is it love?' And the elimination of love followed presently, for consciously I neither craved love at that moment nor had any to offer. It wasn't love, it wasn't tobacco. It wasn't anything that I had ever wanted before, or thought that I wanted." Here Cedric looked disarmingly into his father's face. "And then," he said, "I thought of you, and of what made all the trouble between you and my mother. And I remembered all that I had been told about heredity—how in one family the men all have Roman noses, while in another they all drink. And at once I knew what it was that I craved so insistently. The nearest liquor was not three blocks away, and I was soon bolting three fingers of rye whisky, raw. The stuff gagged me and was nauseous; but it was no sooner down than I felt myself in perfect physical harmony from head to foot. Mentally, however, I was frightened stiff. For I knew that I was not acquiring a bad habit by slow degrees; I knew that I had been born with one."

The older man suddenly looked from his son's face to the bartender, and said he, "Who are you to stand all the day idle beside the hollow ships?"

The bartender grinned from ear to ear; but, to Cedric, his father's sudden departure from normal speech was a little alarming, a little shocking. And he wondered how the old boy carried his liquor when he had plenty of it aboard. Did he become violent and abusive? Did he stay in one place till soused, or was he the more dangerous, traveling kind of drinker—One who moves from place to place, and from thought to thought with lightning rapidity, and is earnest in the begetting and breeding of trouble.

But to the eye, at least, Cedric's father was still the acme of respectable sobriety. His clothes were spotless; his linen and his shave were alike immaculate. His eye was steady, courteous, and clear. And he appeared to listen to his son's confessions with an anxious and flattering interest.

"So you see," said Cedric, "the stuff has got me. There is always that horrible craving which bites into and eats away a man's power of resistance like an acid. I have often stood my ground for a week at a time, only to fall pitifully at the end of it. I have said, 'When the doctor warns me I will stop,' or 'I will stop forever when Cecil and I are married.' But when I say things like that, I'm just kidding myself. Were you, sir, born the way I was?"

"No; I belong to a generation which was found in a cabbage patch."

"I mean, sir, did your father drink before you?"



"Long before. But I perceive your meaning. You would rather lay the blame for your sickness upon the dead than upon me. But it won't do, Cedric. Mine is an acquired taste. It has cost me a great deal of money."

"Theoretically, then," said Cedric, "I ought to hate you for a dark angel. But I don't. I like you immensely."

"Tell me," said his father, "more about Cecil. And then youth will have been served and I shall have my turn at the fascinating art of narration."

"About Cecil?" The boy's face became troubled and he said, "It's too bad about Cecil. She would take her chances with me any day, and I should fail her. Sooner or later, the acid of desire would eat away the rock of resolution. Oh, sir, not that I blame you, or have for you any feeling but affection, but it is hard that the mistakes of one generation should be visited upon another! As in some horrible nightmare, I see myself coming home to Cecil upon the occasion of the first fall—crawling home to her, perhaps, upon my hands and knees. And my gift of anticipation is such that already I have felt a thousand times the full blast of her grief and contempt."

"Bartender," said Cedric's father, "did you ever hear of Pan Zagloba? If so, I probably remind you of him, for neither can I endure the sight of empty vessels."

"Isn't it unusually early in the day to get really drunk?" asked Cecil respectfully.

"Not at all," said his father. "Don't mention it; don't mention it to a soul. This coming home of the drunken husband to the wife—there lies the crux of the drink question. He comes home sick, and her arms fly about him and her heart flutters against his. He comes home drunk, and her love turns to ashes. Why is this? Drunk, sick?—what is the difference? Suppose that, instead of shrinking in horror and contempt, her heart were to go out to him in his pitiable helplessness with a great burst of loving and comforting. If he is delirious with typhoid, she fights with death for him; but if he is delirious with drink, she wishes that he was dead. My advice to a young miss about to marry would be this, 'Love him in his cups, and he will abjure them.' Cedric, if my wife had but hugged me drunk and made much of me, all this pitiable wrecking of lives would never have come about."

"I think I see her," said Cedric grimly. "She couldn't hug the angel Gabriel if he so much as smelled of witch-hazel. Go to! Can't you hear her—them, any woman with that eternal cry, that imbecile explanation of her own failure in the time of greatest need: 'He is not himself!'"

"A woman," said Cedric's father, "is not quite herself when she is bearing a child; yet it is at such times that the man loves her most tenderly and pityingly, especially if he is married to her. And I, that wanted a large family, am now divorced and drunk. Were it not for an immense fund of fortitude upon which I am at liberty to draw, I should weep very bitterly."

"You wanted a large family and were denied?"

"Your mother felt that she could be more useful (and less pained) in what she referred to as a higher sphere. It was upon the strength of this ultimatum, issued some eighteen months after you were born, that I took my first drink."

Cedric blinked with amazement.

"Your first what?"

"Drink. D-r-i-n-k—drink."

"Your first?"

"At the mature age of one score years and five."

"And after I was born?"

"Long after."

"Then my inherited taint, this damned handicap with which I was born into the world and for which I am not to blame,

Very slowly and in great pain Cedric turned from Cecil, unable to meet those valiant eyes. "Cecil," he said, "it's in my blood; it's stronger than I am. If I obtained you on the strength of such a promise, God would do well to strike me dead."

where do I get that? How can I have come by that?"

"Through the imagination of a woman laboring in a higher sphere. You see, women in the more exclusive spheres don't think or reason. They just try to do good."

Cedric was no longer entangled in the green net of the absinthe. His heart, with a sudden, strong beating, had sobered him.

"But what right had she," he exclaimed, "to bring me up in the belief that I was cursed and tainted?"

"She believed that what she was doing was for the best, my boy."

"And there is no taint in me, and no curse on me?"

"There is nothing the matter with you—except a slight jag."

"God bless you for that!" cried Cedric, with great feeling. "I feel as a man feels on a mountain-top when the wind blows. I thought I was a slave dragged at the wheels of Juggernaut's car, while it seems that I am just a regular feller entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

"Multiply and increase," said his father, "and don't listen to any bean soup about higher spheres."

"But how about you, sir?" asked the generous youth; "are you, too, a free agent, or has the stuff got you?"

"I was born, as I conceive," said the father, "to have a large family and to support one. I was born, in short, with much health and much money. The exercise of these functions being denied me at the ripe age of twenty-five, I remembered my neglected oats, and sowed 'em, and I kept on sowing 'em until your mother divorced me. Then I quit my agricultural activities, went West, changed my name, and lived."

"Lived!"

"When I say lived, I mean married. Really married. I married a girl

so tangled in the lower spheres of life that she



would rather have babies than not. She also thinks, reasons, loves her husband, puts his interests higher than her own—perhaps because they are her own—and is wonderfully beautiful to look at."

"Is she here now?"

Cedric's father looked facetiously behind him, into the corners of the room, then under the table and said, "No."

"But," he added, "she is in New York, if that is what you mean. She is even stopping with me at this hotel, bless her. But for the next few hours I shall avoid her like a pestilence."

"Why, you're all right—absolutely presentable."

"On the contrary, I am drunk—for the first time since I married her."

"Then she wouldn't scold you."

"Of course she wouldn't. She'd laugh at me!"

"What a dear she must be."

"She is. But promise me one thing. Don't reproach your mother. Don't stand up for me. Bury the past and dig up the future. Will you promise?"

"Why, yes."

"Shall we have a light one to bind the bargain?"

"Not for me," said Cedric, "I'm through. The old craving is dead. And for that I call down blessings on you, and on this meeting."

He rose, the least bit unsteadily.

"Going, Cedric?"

"Yes, father. When shall I see you again?"

"I'll communicate. Where are you going?"

"I'm going to walk until I'm sober, and then I'm going to work. When I am making good, I shall ask my mother to forgive me and take me back."

When Cedric had gone, the man who called himself Brant Adams called for a little water. In this he dissolved a white tablet and drank it off. Ten minutes later, he walked almost soberly out of the barroom, and had a taxi-cab called. To the driver he gave the address of Mrs. Manning's house.

Her face was very anxious and she held out both hands to him.

And: "Oh, Doctor," she cried, "tell me it worked!"

"Like a charm, Mrs. Manning. Heredity is a tough nut, but suggestion is a tougher. I think he's cured. I think so. But I owe you an apology—two apologies. I was obliged to hint to your son that in his bringing-up, you, of all people in the world, had been lacking in understanding, truthfulness, and common sense."

"Go on."

"I gave you a successor by whom your former husband (now a lily-white angel) has had many children and much happiness, and I apologize for that. I played the part of your former husband, delightfully, though I do say it that shouldn't."

Suddenly Mrs. Manning caught him by the shoulders, looked him closely in the face, and burst out laughing.

"Why, my dear man," she said, "you are drunk as a lord."

"And I apologize for that. It had to

(Continued on page 332)

Heart of the Sunset

"YOU probably know why I wished to see you," Alaire began.

General Longorio shook his head in vague denial.

"It is regarding my ranch, La Feria." Seeing that the name conveyed nothing, she explained,

"I am told that your army confiscated my cattle."

"Ah, yes! Now I understand." The Mexican nodded mechanically, but it was plain that he was not heeding her words in the least. All his mental powers appeared to be concentrated in that disconcerting stare which he still bent upon her. "We confiscate everything—it is a necessity of war," he murmured.

"But this is different. The ranch is mine, and I am an American."

There was a pause. The General made a visible effort to gather his wits. It was now quite patent that the sight of Alaire, the sound of her voice, her first glance, had stricken him with an odd semi-paralysis. As if to shut out a vision or to escape some dazzling sight, he closed his eyes. Alaire wondered if the fellow had been drinking; she turned to Dolores to find that good woman wearing an expression of stupefaction. It was very queer; it made Alaire extremely ill at ease.

Longorio opened his eyes and smiled. "It seems that I have seen you before—as if we were—old friends, or as if I had come face to face with myself," said he. "I am affected strangely. It is unaccountable. I know you well—completely—everything about you is familiar to me, and yet we meet for the first time, eh? How do you explain that, unless a miracle—"

"It is merely your imagination."

"Such beauty—here among these common people—I was unprepared." Longorio passed a brown hand across his brow to brush away those perverse fancies that so interfered with his thoughts.

In moments of stress the attention often centers upon trivial things, and the mind photographs unimportant objects. Alaire noticed now that one of Longorio's fingers was decorated with a magnificent diamond and ruby ring, and this interested her queerly. No ordinary man could fittingly have worn such an ornament, yet on the hand of this splendid barbarian it seemed not at all out of keeping.

"Dios! Let me take hold of myself, for my wits are in mutiny," Longorio continued. Then he added more quietly: "I need not assure you, *señora*, that you have only to command me. Your ranch has been destroyed; your cattle stolen, eh?"

"Yes. At least—"

"We will shoot the perpetrators of this outrage at once. *Bueno!* Come with me and you shall see it with your own eyes."

"No, no! You don't understand."

"So? What then?"

"I don't want to see any one punished. I merely want your Government to pay me for my cattle." Alaire laughed nervously.

"Ah! But a lady of refinement should not discuss such a miserable business. It is a matter for men. Bother your pretty head no more about it, and leave me to punish the guilty in my own way."

"He returned to speak in a brief business-like tone. 'I have belonged to me, personally, and I have managed it for several years, just as I manage Las Palmas, across the river. I am a woman of affairs, General Longorio, and you must talk to me as you would talk to a man. When I heard about this raid I came to look into the matter, or whoever is in charge of this district, and to make a claim for damages. Also I intend to see that nothing similar occurs again.'"

I have delayed making representations to my own Government in the hope that I could arrange a satisfactory settlement, and so avoid serious complications. Now you understand why I am here and why I wished to see you."

"*Valgame Dios!* This is amazing. I become more bewildered momentarily."

"There is nothing extraordinary about it, that I can see."

"You think not? You consider such a woman as yourself ordinary? The men of my country enshrine beauty and worship it. They place it apart, as a precious gift from God which nothing shall defile. They do not discuss business with their women. Now this sordid affair is something for your husband—"

"Mr. Austin's affairs occupy his time; this

SYNOPSIS: Alone through a Texan waste, sun-baked, waterless, down near the Mexican border, plodded a woman, on and on: her every step a torture. Somewhere beyond the shimmering horizon lay a water-hole. She must reach it or die of thirst. This woman was Alaire Austin, called the "Lone Star" because of her beauty. Just as the night closes in, she staggers to the water-hole, and into the arms of a stranger, David Law, a ranger, waiting there to capture a Mexican murderer. Those two, Alaire and Law, spend the night together in the open. On the evening of the morrow she hides while Law captures not one but two Mex-

is my own concern. I am not the only practical woman in Texas."

Longorio appeared to be laboriously digesting this statement. "So!" he said at last. "When you heard of this—you came, eh? You came alone into Mexico, where we are fighting and killing each other. Well! That is spirit. You are wonderful, superb!" He smiled, showing the whitest and evenest teeth.

Such extravagant homage was embarrassing, yet no woman could be wholly displeased by admiration so spontaneous and intense as that which Longorio manifested in every look and word. It was plain to Alaire that something about her had completely bowled him over; perhaps it was her strange red hair and her white foreign face, or perhaps something deeper, something behind all that.

Six phenomena

are strange and varied in their workings. Who can explain the instant attraction or repulsion of certain types we meet? Why does the turn of a head, a smile, a glance, move us to the depths? Why does the touch of one stranger's hand thrill us, while another's leaves us quite impassive? Whence springs

that personal magnetism which has the power to set the very atoms of our being into new vibrations, like a highly charged electric current?

Alaire knew the

"Hell!" snorted Jones. "You are a skeptic!" interrupted Mr. Strange. "Very well. I convince nobody against his will. But wait! Stand where you are. You have a strong face,"—and with the undivided attention of the audience, he began to cut Blaze's silhouette.



By Rex Beach

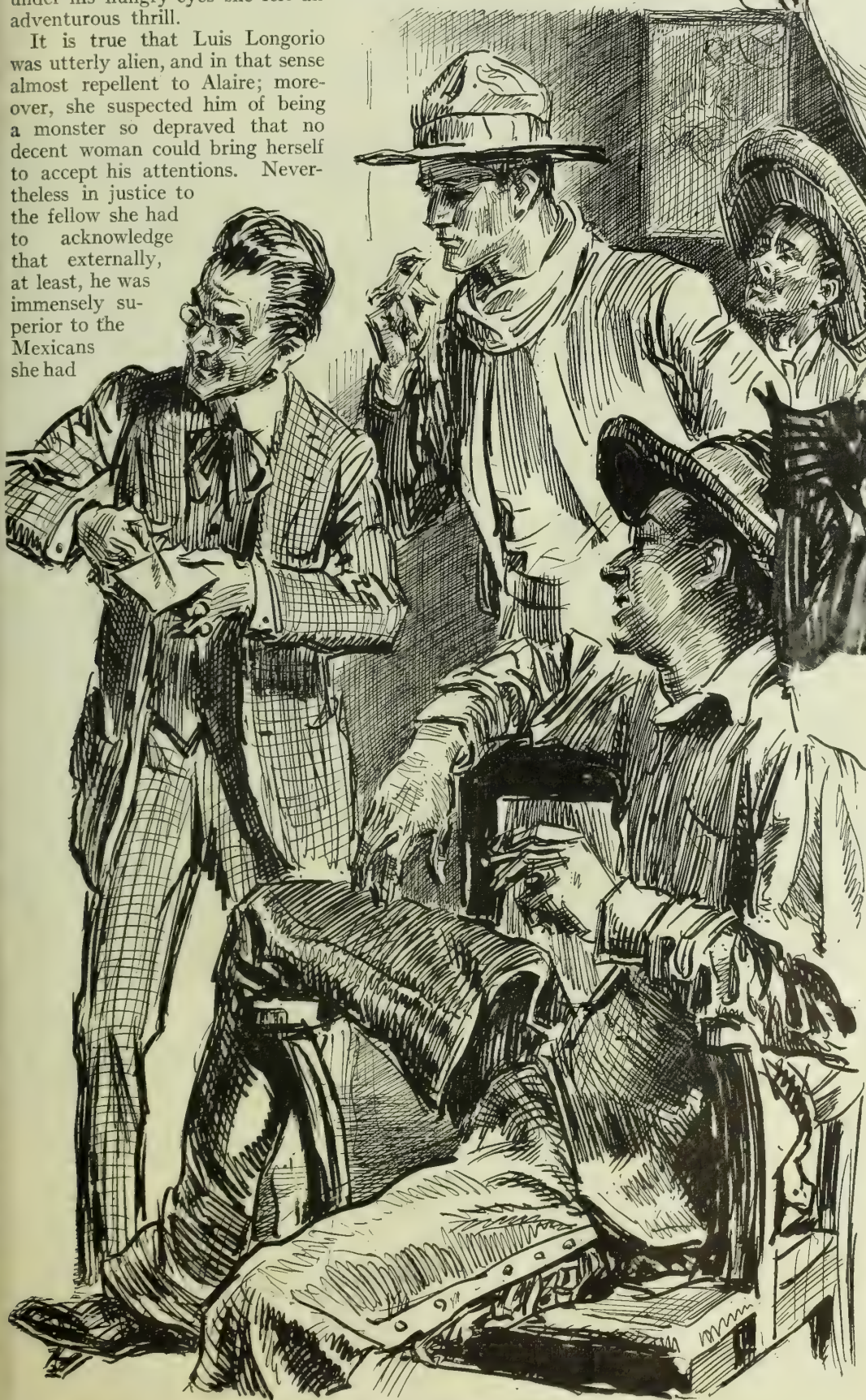
Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

cans. The second man is Panfilo Sanchez, a ranch hand of Alaire's. Law releases him at her request, but the man tries to steal his horse, and Law pursues and shoots him though he does not tell her. Law takes his prisoner to jail while Alaire returns home to discover her husband, "young" Ed, on an unexpected visit. They quarrel over her lonely night with Law in the desert. Then Alaire sets out with two servants to go down to her ranch in the war zone of Mexico, where the revolutionists have confiscated her stock. On the way her train is stalled to let General Longorio's troop train pass. She summons the general to her car.

susceptibility of Mexican men, and was immune to ordinary flattery; yet there was something exciting about this martial hero's complete captivity. To have charmed him to the point of bewilderment was a unique triumph, and under his hungry eyes she felt an adventurous thrill.

It is true that Luis Longorio was utterly alien, and in that sense almost repellent to Alaire; moreover, she suspected him of being a monster so depraved that no decent woman could bring herself to accept his attentions. Nevertheless in justice to the fellow she had to acknowledge that externally, at least, he was immensely superior to the Mexicans she had

met. Then, too, his aristocracy was unmistakable, and Alaire prided herself that she could recognize good blood in men as quickly as in horses. The fellow had been favored by birth, by breeding, and by education; and although military service in Mexico was little more than a form of banditry, nevertheless Longorio had devel-



Paloma Jones was a pretty woman now, and the young men of the neighborhood had made the discovery.

oped a certain genius for leadership; nor was there any doubt as to his spectacular courage. In some ways he was a second Cid—another figure out of Castilian romance.

While he and Alaire were talking, the passengers had returned to their seats; they were shouting good-bys to the soldiers opposite; the engine bell was clanging loudly; and now the conductor approached to warn Longorio that the train was about to leave. But the railway official had learned a wholesome respect for uniforms, and therefore he hung back until, urged by necessity, he pushed forward and informed the General of his train orders.

Longorio favored him with a slow stare.

"You may go when I leave," said he.

"*Si, señor.* But—"

The General uttered a sharp exclamation of anger, at which the conductor backed away, expressing by voice and gesture his most hearty approval of the change of plan.

"We mustn't hold the train," Alaire said quickly. "I will arrange to see you in Nuevo Pueblo when I return."

Longorio smiled brilliantly and lifted a brown hand. "No, no! I am a selfish man; I refuse to deprive myself of this pleasure. The end must come all too soon, and as for these *pelados*—an hour more or less will make no difference. Now, about these cattle. Mexico does not make war upon women, and I am desolated

that the actions of my men have caused annoyance to the most charming lady in the world."

"Ah! You are polite." Knowing that in this man's help alone lay her chance of adjusting her loss, Alaire deliberately smiled upon him. "Can I count upon your help in obtaining my rights?" she asked.

"Assuredly."

"But how? Where?"

Longorio thought for a moment and his tone altered as he said: "Señora, there seems to be an unhappy complication in our way, and this we must remove. First, may I ask, are you a friend to our cause?"

"I am an American, and therefore I am neutral."

"Ah! But Americans are not neutral. There is the whole difficulty. This miserable revolt was fostered by your Government; American money supports it, and your men bear arms against us. Your tyrant President is our enemy; his hands itch for Mexico—"

"I can't argue politics with you," Alaire interrupted positively. "I believe most Americans agree that you have cause for complaint, but what has that to do with my ranch and my cattle? This is something that concerns no one except you and me."

Longorio was plainly flattered by her words and took no trouble to hide his pleasure. "Ah! If that were only true! We would arrange everything to your satisfaction without another word." His admiring gaze seemed to envelope her, and its warmth was unmistakable. "No one could have the cruelty to deny your slightest wish, I least of all."

"Why did you take my cattle?" she demanded stubbornly.

"I was coming to that. It is what I meant when I said there was a complication. Your husband, señora, is an active Candelista."

For a moment Alaire was at a loss; then she replied with some spirit: "We are two people, he and I. La Feria belongs to me."

"Nevertheless his conduct is regrettable," Longorio went on. "Probably evil men have lied to him—San Antonio is full of rebels conspiring to give our country into the hands of outlaws. What a terrible spectacle it is! Enough to bring tears to the eyes of any patriot!" He turned his melancholy gaze from Alaire to her companion, and for the first time Dolores stirred.

She had watched her countryman with a peculiar fascination, and she had listened breathlessly to his words. But she smiled flippantly, as if freed from a spell; then she said, "Pah! Nobody ever laid an axe on La Feria. We do not consider him."

"Desist, señora, please," Longorio said, with a sigh.

Alaire turned upon her with a sharp exclamation, exclaiming so loudly that the woman's eyes, that had been fixed on Longorio, were turned to Alaire. His blue lines were eloquent of surprise and curiosity, but he held his tongue.

"So I to understand then that you rob me of the actions of my husband?" Alaire asked.

"No. But we must combat our enemies with the sword, not only those who bear arms with Candelistas, but those who shelter themselves behind the illa Gracia."



ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES DANA GILBERT

"Mexico does not make war upon women," replied General Longorio, "and I am desolated that the actions of

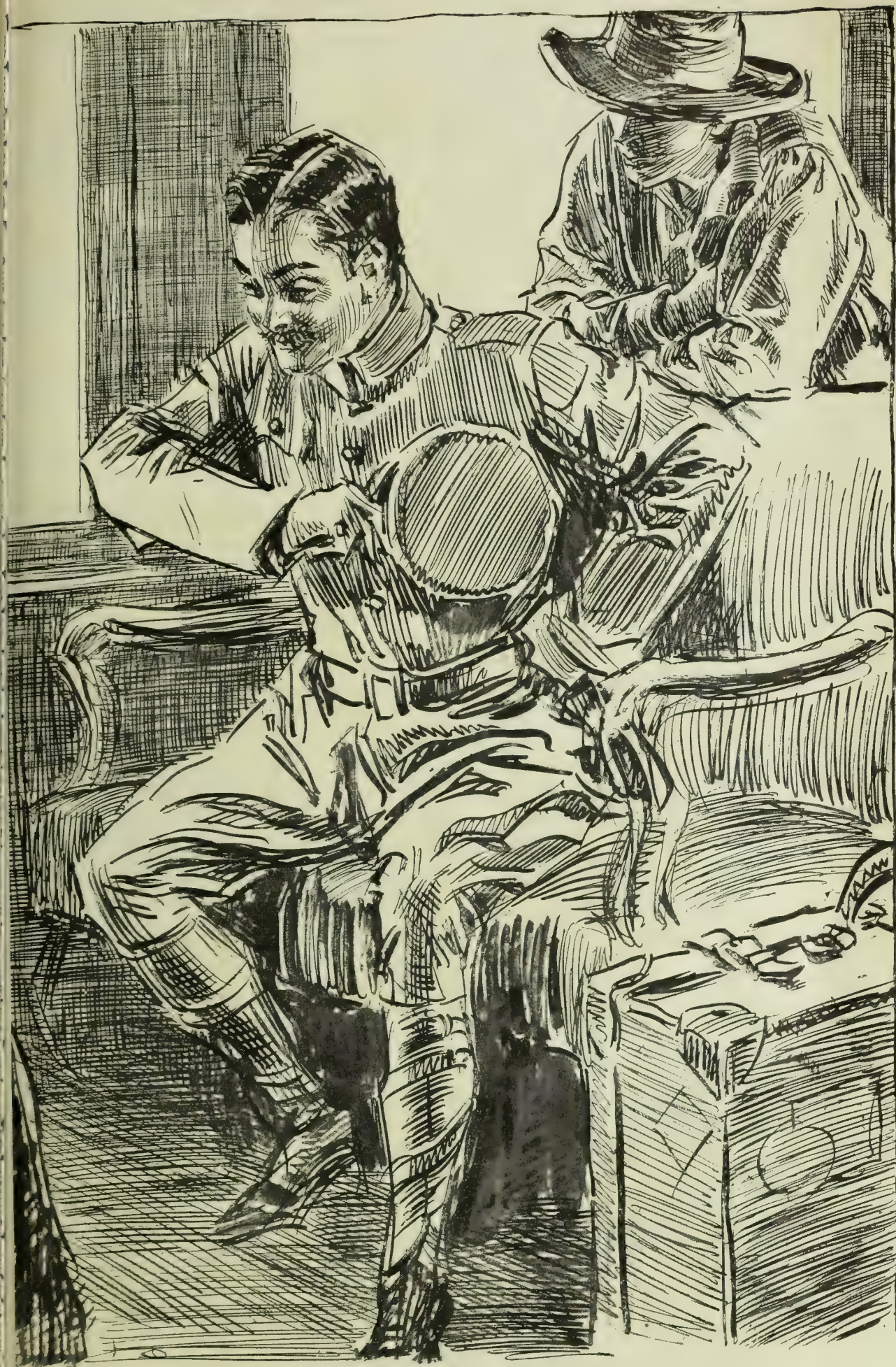
Alaire's face fell. "I had hoped that you would understand and help me, but I shall go to Mexico City and demand my rights, if necessary."

"Wait! I shall help," Longorio beamed enthusiastically. "It shall be the object of my life to serve you, and you and I shall arrange this matter satisfactorily. I have influence, believe me. A word from Luis Longorio will go farther with my Chief than a protest from your President. General Petrosi is a man of the highest honor, and I am his right hand. Very well, then!

Duty calls me to Nuevo Pueblo, and you shall return with me, as the guest of my Government. Dios! It is a miserable train, but you shall occupy the coach and travel as befits a queen of beauty—like a royal princess, with her guard of honor." He rose to his feet, but his eagerness soon gave place to disappointment.

"Thank you," said Alaire, "but I must first go to La Feria and get all the facts."

"Señora! It is a wretched journey. See!" He waved a contemptuous gesture at the car, crowded to congestion. "There is no food, you



command, and they shall answer with their lives for your safety. As for that *Teniente*—Ah, he is favored above his General!” Longorio rolled his eyes. “Think of it. I could be faithless to duty—a traitor to my country—for the privilege he is to enjoy. It is the sacred truth! *Señora*, the hours will drag until I may see you again and be of further service. Meanwhile I shall be tortured with radiant dreams. Go with God!” For a second time he bowed and kissed the hand he held, then taking José Sanchez intimately by the arm he turned to the door.

Dolores collapsed into her seat with an exclamation.

“*Caramba!* The man is a demon! And such eyes. Uf! They say he was so furious at losing those two sisters I told you about that he killed the soldier with the very weapon—”

Dolores was interrupted by Longorio’s voice beneath the open window. The General stood, cap in hand, holding up to Alaire a solitary wild flower which he had plucked beside the track.

“See!” he cried. “It is the color of your adorable eyes—blue like a sapphire gem. I saw it peeping at me, and it was lonely. But now behold how it smiles—like a star that sees Paradise, eh? and I, too, have seen Paradise.” He placed the delicate bloom in Alaire’s fingers and was gone.

“*Cuidado!*” breathed Dolores. “There is blood on it; the blood of innocents. He will burn for a million years in hell, that man.”

Longorio made good his promise: soon a grizzled old *Teniente*, with six soldiers, were transferred as a body guard to the American lady, and then after some further delay the military train departed. Upon the rear platform stood a tall, slim, khaki-clad figure, and until the car had dwindled away down the track, foreshortening to a mere rectangular dot, Luis Longorio remained motionless, staring with eager eyes through the capering dust and the billowing heat waves.

José Sanchez came plowing into Alaire’s car, tremendously excited.

“Look, *señora!*” he cried. “Look what the General gave me,” and he proudly displayed Longorio’s service revolver. Around José’s waist was the cartridge belt and holster that went with the weapon. “With his own hands he buckled it about me, and he said, ‘José, something tells me you are a devil for bravery. Guard your mistress with your life, for if any mishap befalls her, I shall cut out your heart with my own hands.’ Those were his very words, *señora*. *Carraho!* There is a man to die for.”

Nor was this the last of Longorio’s dramatic surprises. Shortly

after the train had gotten under way the Lieutenant in command of Alaire’s guard brought her a small package, saying: “The General commanded me to hand you this, with his deepest regard.”

Alaire accepted the object curiously. It was small and heavy and wrapped in several leaves torn from a notebook, and it proved to be nothing less than the splendid diamond and ruby ring she had admired.

“God protect us now!” murmured Dolores, crossing herself devoutly.

my men have caused annoyance to the most charming lady in the world.” “Ah! You are polite,” said Alaire.

have no one to wait upon you. In my company you will be safe. Upon my honor you will enjoy the highest courtesy—”

“Of course. But I must go on. I have Dolores and José to look after me.” Alaire indicated Sanchez, who had edged his way close and now stood with admiring eyes fixed upon his hero.

“Yes, *mi General*,” José exclaimed eagerly, “I am here.”

Longorio scrutinized the horse-breaker critically. “Your name is—?”

“José Sanchez.”

“You look like a brave fellow.”

José swelled at this praise, and no doubt would have made suitable answer, but his employer held out her hand, and General Longorio bent over it, raising it to his lips.

“*Señora*, one favor you can grant me. No! It is a right I shall claim.” He called one of his subordinates closer and ordered that a lieutenant and six soldiers be detached to act as an escort to Mrs. Austin’s party. “It is nothing,” he assured her. “It is the least I can do. Have no uneasiness, for these men are the bravest of my

BLAZE JONES rode up to his front gate and dismounted in the shade of the big ebony tree. He stepped back and ran an approving eye over another animal tethered there. It was a thoroughbred bay mare he had never seen, and as he scanned her good points he reflected that the time had come when he would have to accustom himself to the sight of strange horses along his fence and strange automobiles beside the road; for Paloma was a woman now and the young men of the neighborhood had made the discovery. Yes, and Paloma was a pretty woman; therefore the hole under the ebony tree would probably be worn deep by impatient hoofs.

He was glad that most of the boys preferred saddles to soft upholstery, for it argued that some vigor still remained in Texas manhood, and that the country had not

been entirely ruined by motors, picture-shows, low shoes, and high collars. Of course the youths of this day were nothing like the youths of his own, and yet—Blaze let his gaze linger fondly on the high-bred mare and her equipment—here at least was a person who knew a good horse, a good saddle, and a good gun.

As he came up the walk he heard Paloma laugh, and his own face lightened, for Paloma's merriment was contagious. Then as he mounted the steps and turned the corner of the "gallery" he uttered a hearty greeting.

"Dave Law! Where in the world did you drop from?"

Law uncoiled himself and took the ranchman's hand. "Hello, Blaze! I been ordered down here to keep you straight."

"Pshaw! Now who's giving you orders, Dave?"

"Why, I'm with the Rangers."

"Never knew a word of it. Last I heard, you was filibustering around with the Maderistas." Blaze seated himself with a grateful sigh where the breeze played over him.

Blaze Jones was a character, a local landmark. This part of Texas had grown up with Blaze, and inasmuch as he had sprung from a free race of pioneers he possessed a splendid indifference to the artificial fads of dress and manners. It was only since Paloma had attained her womanhood that he had been forced to fight down his deep-seated distrust of neckwear and store clothes and the like; but now that his daughter had definitely asserted her rights, he had acquired numerous unwelcome graces, and no longer ventured among strangers without the stamp of her approval upon his appearance. Only at home did he maintain what he considered

a manly independence of speech and habit. To-day, therefore, found him in a favorite suit of baggy, wrinkled linen and with a week's stubble of beard upon his chin. He was so plainly an outdoor man that the air of erudition lent him by the pair of gold-rimmed spectacles owlishly perched upon his sunburned nose, was strangely incongruous.

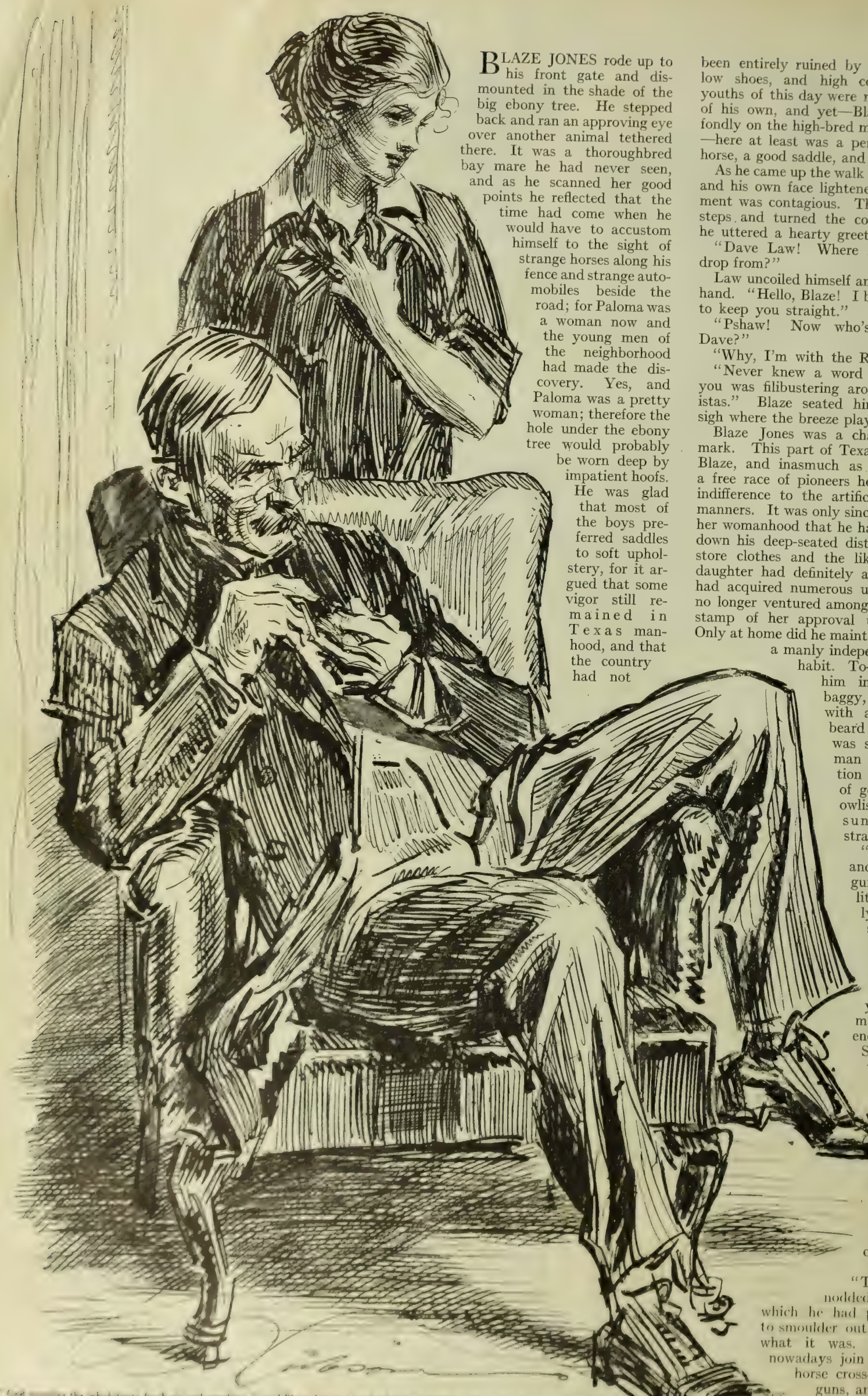
"So you're a Ranger, and got notches on your gun." Blaze rolled and lit a tiny cigaret, scarcely larger than a wheat straw. "Well, you'd ought to make a right able thief-catcher, Dave, only for your size—you're too long for a man and you ain't long enough for a snake. Still, I reckon a thief would have trouble getting out of your reach, once you got close to him. How many men have you killed?"

"Counting Mexicans?" Law inquired with a smile.

"Hell! Nobody counts them."

"Not many."

"That's good." Blaze nodded and relit his cigaret, which he had permitted promptly to smoulder out. "The Force ain't what it was. Most of the boys nowadays join so they can ride a horse cross-lots, pack a pair of guns, and give way to the



"and breathe the inhabitants fresh air and sunshine," said Blaze Jones, "and when they want anything else they come to me."

(Continued on page 323)

Making a Criminal

by

A. Brisbane

Belend dass Gott dich erhalte so rein und schön und hold
Praying that God may preserve thee, so pure
and beautiful and good

HERE is your future criminal, "created in the image of his Maker," with desires never to be gratified; with passions that will be distorted into crime; heart, mind, and body never to be developed.

Here is his birthplace, the slum tenement; his nursery, the gutter. Beyond, the jail, and all the punishments of miserable poverty await him.

What remorseless power, not loving or hating, not knowing or caring, thrusts this unhappy life into this miserable den of poverty?

Look at the room, there are thousands like it.

The father and the mother bring from the country power that will carry them through, honest, and hard-working. But no country or power, no force goes to this poor child, abandoned at the start by the mercy of God and the kindness of man.

Pity every creature in this "home."

The father curses his inefficiency, his weakness, the folly that brought him to this land.

And the poor mother, pity her. If she could



Here is the slum tenement, the birthplace of the child, your future criminal. And here is his nursery, the gutter, and the poor little mother, his older sister.



rest, eat, nurse her child, for a year or for two years, she would not immediately add another to the starving group of children. But in her poor body, there is little except endless fertility.

Her breasts will be dry in a few weeks. She is the man's single luxury and self-indulgence. In three months, another child, candidate for the criminal class, will have started from heavenly oblivion to the hell of modern civilization.

HERE lies the future citizen. Cared for now, he would make a useful man, a valuable citizen. Thanks to nature's kindness, he has the start that every child of a strong, though half-starved mother has in the first hour. His head is well shaped, his lungs are strong, his blood is clean.

How easy he, the other children, that came before him, the happy three that are dead, might have been saved and made useful.

Fifteen minutes from this slum there are the green fields—thousands of square miles, where millions of mothers and children could find happiness, health and normal development. But civilization says, "I want you here, you, your man, your children."

"Here is the sweatshop, here is the machine to which your body is fastened, here is the industry that clothes the nation, here you must stay and breed, and take your chance."

"There are many like you, you are cheap, your children are cheaper."

MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE

(Continued on page 317)

The Sunbonnets

By Harris Dickson



Major Acuff, the upper part of his head—eyes and all above—bandaged with white cloths, sat leaning against a tree; and on either side, as close as they could snuggle, were two little blue sunbonnets.

THE river cannonade began to slacken. Now and again the boom of an individual gun could be distinguished, or the whizzing of one shell mentally separated from the whirr of another. Eastward, to the south and north, in that crescent hedge of fire which crackled around the city—like the continuous rattle of a burning canebrake—there came momentary lulls.

A white-hot sun hung directly in the center of the heavens. Out of the Vicksburg Court House the steadfast clock tolled noon: "One—two—three—" those mellow tones went reverberating among the hills and rumbling along the river. From its commanding square the four-faced clock looked serenely upon other hills that were shrouded in gray smoke, spitting with tongues of flame; looked down upon vicious gunboats hurtling their shells across the roof-tops; looked down upon the backs of men in gray, into the hard-set faces of men in blue—an hundred thousand fighting males, each with a weapon in his hand and battle-madness in his heart. And it looked down upon white-faced women, upon wide-eyed wondering children who cowered in the ravines and peered from the darkness of many a cavern in the earth.

At the noon hour its solemn voice rebuked the brazen throats of war—"Peace; be still." A reluctant hush fell upon the river; gunboats, black and belching, shut their furnace mouths—then swung sullenly with the current, waiting until the tacit truce of an hour should be ended.

Eastward, north and south, that message of silence went creeping among the crater-crests and gullied fortresses. Grimy gunners paused with fuse in hand; riflemen pulled no other trigger; cooks in the valleys began to light the fires beneath their dinner pots. Calm lay upon the land, and peace rippled upon the silver windings of the river.

Out from their burrows came the city people, stretching their limbs and filling their lungs. And out from their hiding-places—in the God-knows-where—slunk the ownerless dogs with burning gullets and scintillating eyes. Ravening and snapping they ran, those hordes of dogs, searching into every open gate, climbing the fences, and fighting in the yards.

A woman looked out from her cave in Sky Pines Hill, a woman in black, with pale rosulate face and uncomplaining lips. Across the street she walked into the doorway of the Catholic church, where worshipers knelt in the cool dimness. Her countenance was pale and her little hands were cold. Two rosy, impatient children in dresses of unbleached domestic, and quaint

little blue sunbonnets. Behind her, in semi-darkness, stood a tall, slim girl of eighteen. This girl was neither romping nor impatient, but she wore the same unbleached domestic and a somewhat bigger bonnet. The old negro man outside was intently watching the sky; "Pears like dey done quit, Mistis," he called; "run out here, bofe you little sunbonnets." The children ducked under their mother's arms, and capered into the street. Mrs. Lanier spoke to the negro, "Uncle Abe, I am going to the house. Warm up the pea-soup we had yesterday. Bake the hoe-cake and don't let these children out of your sight—not for a minute."

Lucy and Sallie Katherine were already playing in an enormous hole where a mortar shell had exploded, throwing up the fresh earth. Sallie Katherine, the sturdier, smaller child, carried a red flannel doll, and the sisters worked diligently with silver spoons, digging a cave for dolly.

Their mother had nearly reached the corner. Lucy sprang up, her bonnet dangling down her back and fair hair flying. "Take the basket, mamma; don't forget the apples."

Farther up the street a brown-garbed woman bustled out like a bat from its hole, tying a shawl over her head as she ran. Mrs. Lanier tried to dodge around the corner and escape. But old Mrs. Pridgin clutched her sleeve. "Have you heard the news? Jinny White's baby got kilt in her cave last night. Head tore all to pieces. Major Dean got shot through the lungs—dead as a door-nail; great friend o' your'n I reckon—"

Mrs. Lanier tightened her lips and hurried on, while the well-informed person went from pot to pot and group to group, reveling in calamities.

It was a blistering day in midsummer, yet the air outside seemed cool after the choking stuffiness underground. Young Marion Lanier moved listlessly out of their cave behind her sister-in-law. She stopped and gazed up into the infinite peace of the heavens with eyes that were no less blue and deep. Hollows began to show in her cheeks; she threw an empty sack across an arm that was thin and pale. Then she went climbing here and there along the hillside, gathering mulberry leaves, and stuffed them into her sack.

"Dar now!" Uncle Abe dropped an armful of wood and faced belligerently toward the river. "Dar now! I reckon y'all gwine to gimme a chance to cook dese chillun some dinner. Git away from here!" The old man thrashed about him with a long stick to scatter the dogs, and raked the embers of his fire. "Huh! dem chillun who kin dodge more samer dan rabbits—an' d'ain't skeered neither." Suddenly he straightened up. "Whar dey gone? Lucy! Sallie

Kathin'!" Abe ran to the lower corner, mincing along in his queer high-heeled shoes. "Come back home dis minit! Come 'long; I got to cook dinner."

"What you going to have?" demanded Sallie Katherine, with her insolent little nose upturned.

"Tain't gwine to be no ice cream; you kin bet on dat."

"I know," Lucy tossed her head rebelliously; "it's fat meat and peas—and apple pie—apple pie—apple pie;" she clapped her hands and danced.

"Like to know whar yo' ma gwine to git any apples."

"From our tree, at home."

"Lord! Lord! honey, Yankees done tore dat tree to pieces too long ago to cry 'bout."

"Mr. Rodney Bezard is going to bring four apples."

"Huh!" That was all that Abe said.

Abe swung his pot: "Sallie Kathin', git dat hatchet. Let dat box alone; dat's all de flour us got. Whar's Lucy?" Abe ran to the corner. There he stopped disgustedly: "Huh! dars dat same blin' Yankee, comin' here ev'y day an' talkin' to dat chile. Good thing her ma ain't seen 'im—"

A man in dingy blue sat on a little ridge with Lucy at his knee. The upper part of his head—eyes and all above—was bandaged with white cloths. The negro boy who led him about the streets lay flat on the ground, digging his toes into the soft earth. Cave-dwellers flocked around beckoning Lucy away, but the child shook her head.

The Yankee officer's hands were gnarled and rough and strong—and whitened from weeks in the hospital. He stroked Lucy's curls. "My little friend, I came to say good-by; I am going away this afternoon."

"Then you won't come any more to tell me stories?"

"No, I'm going back home."

"I don't want you to go," Lucy clung to his hand.

"They are sending all the prisoners out of town, so they won't have to feed us."

"That's so," the child nodded wisely; then she sprang up and jerked his hand. "Come and take dinner with us—we've got flour bread to-day."

"Your mamma wouldn't like it."

"Oh yes, she would; my mamma always feeds the soldiers. Sometimes she isn't hungry and doesn't take any dinner herself."

"But I'm a Federal, you know," the man explained.

Lucy dropped his hand and backed off. "Well, you're not a Yankee anyway."

"Where is your papa?" the officer inquired. "He's in the war where Marse Robert is—that's what Uncle Abe says. Come." The man held back, then drew the child to him. The sunbonnet dangled down her back. He brought her face very close to his: "I wish I could see you, it would be sweet to know how you look. But if I had my eyes they wouldn't let me walk about the streets. Maybe I'll get back home and maybe a good doctor will make me see my own little girl. I won't be blind—I *won't!*"

Lucy took his hand timidly: "Can't you see to dodge the mortar shells?"

"You poor, poor baby—here," he took an envelope from his pocket, "here is a letter—to any Federal officer saying he must be good to you."

"Look out below!" Something came crashing down the slope, tearing through the mulberry bushes, and dropping with a thud to the ground. Major Acuff threw both arms around the child. Lucy laughed gleefully, "That's nothing but little aunty throwing down her sack. She picks mulberry leaves for Mr. Rodney's horse."

Marion Lanier swung herself down the hillside—foot and hand—through the thicket and landed firmly. There she stopped and stared, "Lucy, what *are* you doing? Go straight home."

"Little aunty," the child protested, "they won't feed him, and he's coming to dinner with us. Mamma says we can always bring soldiers to dinner."

For one moment of icy silence the young girl fixed her eyes upon the Federal, who straightened up, "I beg your pardon, Miss; I am a prisoner. This child and I have been talking."

"And he's blind—and he's going home—and maybe the doctor will make his eyes good—and maybe he'll see his own little girl—she's

just as big as me—" Lucy got it all out, in gulps, and stood her ground.

Marion swayed forward half a pace, "You are—blind?"

"I do not know, Miss—the surgeons do not know."

Marion struggled with herself, "You are welcome—quite welcome to what we have."

When Mrs. Lanier returned from her shell-destroyed home, she saw a Federal uniform in front of her cave. Major Acuff sat on the edge of the gutter, leaning against a tree; and on either side of him, as close as they could snuggle, were two little blue sunbonnets.

Sallie Katherine glanced up, then ducked her head, "Lucy, there's mamma."

Lucy sprang to her feet and ran, "Oh, mamma, where are the apples?"

Mrs. Lanier stopped at the corner and put down a bundle. She looked so tired and hot. "No apples Lucy, the Yankees shot your apple tree all to pieces." Lucy went slowly back to Sallie Katherine, and Major Acuff asked, "What's the matter, child?"

"Mamma didn't bring my apples; the Yankees shot our tree all to pieces—but I'm *not* going to cry."

"Never mind, I'll make those bad Yankees send you a great big bag full of apples."

Sallie Katherine wasn't listening; she scented trouble when old Abe ran to assist her mother. "Abe, who is that man talking with the children?"

"Dat's some ole Yankee po' white trash—dem chillun fotch him here to dinner—dem an' Miss Marion bofe."

"We have no dinner for him—send him away. No, I shall tell him myself." Mrs. Pridgin opened her ears to hear Mrs. Lanier give that Yankee a piece of her mind.

"Wait, sister, wait!" Marion stepped into

the street and drew her sister aside. Mrs. Lanier listened stonily, hesitated, shook her head a time or two, then walked to that Yankee with a very white face. Mrs. Pridgin couldn't hear a word until the Yankee lifted his head and said, "Thank you, Madam."

Marion kept watching until a lean brown horse swung around the corner, and a roundabout gray jacket flung himself from the saddle. "Look, Miss Marion, how'll this do?"—the leather fragments of a saddle from which the rider's blood had been wiped away.

Marion's eyes brightened, "That will do splendidly for the soles, Rodney."

"I don't see how you are going to manage the uppers. Good morning, Mrs. Lanier."

"Dinner's ready, Mistis," Uncle Abe put on his white coat—he wouldn't serve fat meat and pea soup without putting on that coat. They had no table; Rodney brought chairs for the ladies, and arranged the children's bench. "Wait," said Mrs. Lanier; "we have a guest. Oh, Lucy! Sallie Katherine, bring your friend." Both ladies glanced uncertainly at Rodney.

The children arose, looking very conscious, and guilty. Lucy hid a paper under her dress; Major Acuff slipped a note book into his pocket—in which Lucy had scrawled her own name and her mamma's name.

Young Bezard bounded to his feet, "Marion," he whispered sharply, "do you know who that man is?"

"No, except that his name is Major Acuff."

"I knew it! Recognized him by his walk. He was president of the court martial that tried to hang me at Port Gibson."

Marion staggered up and her breath stopped, "Send him away, sister, send him away."

Rodney touched her arm, "No, it's all right, I took that risk, and knew exactly what I was



"What yer got, old man?" asked the bristly-bearded man in blue as he bent over the oven. "Put dat down! Dat pie belongs to dese chillun," replied Uncle Abe, trying to shove the soldier away.



Rodney came running with Sallie Katherine upon his shoulder, a jubilant child holding an apple in each hand. Lucy darted ahead, "Look, little aunty, look! I've got two apples."

doing. Sh! not a word. Major Acuff, do you remember me?" he asked and laughed.

The major seemed trying to remember—with his ears. "Yes, I do remember your voice."

"I am Rodney Bezar, C. S. A."

The other man started perceptibly. "Rodney Bezar, the—the—" Major Acuff refrained from using the word "spy"—"the courier we captured at Port Gibson?"

"The same—quite at your service—for dinner."

"Well, well," Major Acuff frankly extended a hand; Rodney took it, and led him to his chair.

"Now, Major, sit in this rocking-chair—I am your debtor for three meals, if I remember rightly—and a very good horse."

"My best horse," the Union officer corrected.

"Excellent horse, else I shouldn't be here to offer you this plate of soup—yes, just take it in your lap. Sorry there's no table."

The ladies' faces were very tense and white as the two men chatted. They listened without hearing until Rodney said: "Major, it is now fifteen minutes to one. May I show you to a place of safety before the shelling begins?"

"Thank you, this negro boy will lead me—but you are right—I must go."

The children followed him to the corner where he bade them good-by. "Now run back to your mother. Mr. Bezar, would you kindly come here a moment?"

"Certainly."

The long street of cave-dwellers looked on at these two men who talked so earnestly. "Mr. Bezar, I gave those children a letter addressed to you," Federal officer, asking his care and protection. "You are a brave man, I know that, and, I hope, a sensible one. Don't tell where the batteries of war were laid. We should never have thought—at Port Gibson, but just now—that you would be here, a free man, and I, a prisoner. Please see that Lucy keeps my letter, and use it."

"You are very kind. Uncle Abe may keep your letter for a souvenir—the ladies might destroy it."

Rodney saw that the children were waiting when he turned and called, "Run along everybody; we are going up to look at our apple crop. Hurry!" They scampered ahead, while Rodney Bezar followed with Marion. This was the event of their day.

A flight of rickety wooden steps zigzagged dizzily upward to that isolated house whose dormer window, like a solitary eye, looked toward the Jackson Road where Grant's bellowing center lay. Round about along the hills and ravines, an enormous blue serpent tightened its coils—hissing with fire and glittering with steel—yet cautious withal, because of vomiting muzzles and deadly bayonets within.

When they had climbed to the top of the hill, Lucy caught Rodney's hand: "Now show me my apple tree."

"Mine too," echoed Sallie Katherine.

The young courier knelt and pointed to the southeast, following the course of Cherry Street and far into the country beyond, to a big old white house on a summit, behind which the brigade headquarters crouched. "Oh, I know that place," Lucy remarked with superior air; "that's where old Aunt Hannah lives. I could go there with both eyes shut."

"So could I," said little Sallie Katherine.

"But I can't see my apple tree," Lucy insisted.

"No, it's in the ravine," the courier laughed. "Hello, here come the shells again; run, children."

At the first boom from the river the streets cleared—like a village of prairie dogs. The shell burst overhead.

At sundown the cannonading stopped. They waited and listened, and looked at each other in the ominous stillness—more terrifying than the noise. Marion darted out of the cave and ran like a squirrel up the rickety steps. From the summit she saw that a white flag was flying at

the river bank, and deadly fear gripped the girl's throat. She gasped—her knees grew weak. A general officer was observing through his glass; she dared not inquire what had happened. Several boats were putting out from the river batteries. Men were rowing the small boats; dragging the bigger ones in tow. These bigger boats seemed crowded with blue uniforms, most of them standing, others lying on stretchers. One man wore a big white hat—no, it was a bandage around his head.

Marion's heart bounded on again—Major Acuff—the prisoners—blood surged tumultuously to her temples. She stood like a woman of stone, watching the boats as they crossed the river, discharged their prisoners, and came back empty; she saw the white flag come down, she saw a puff from the nearest gunboat and a mortar shell came hissing toward the hill. Marion covered her face and began to sob.

The officer touched her shoulder. "My dear Miss Lanier, there's no danger—"

She leaped up, and faced him with clenched hands, "Danger! Do you think I'm afraid? I thought the city had surrendered." Marion whirled angrily and ran.

THERE had been terrible fighting; day and night the women made lint and bandages; day and night they nursed the wounded. Ambulances poured their mangled stream into the hospitals—Rodney Bezar was not among them; Marion had seen or heard nothing of him for two interminable days. At the noon hour she sat upon the hill-top watching those fortified crests to the southeast. Lucy and Sallie Katherine chattered. Their mother was at the hospital.

"Please, please, children, don't talk. I want to watch the road."

"I want my apples," Lucy insisted. "Mr. Rodney forgot."

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Illustrated by Herman Pfeifer

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I was sitting one morning in my office, which, as I have said, separated the offices of Dr. Quint and Professor Boomly, when there came a loud rapping on my door, and, at my invitation, Dr. Quint bustled in—a little, meager, excitable, nearsighted man.

"Last week," he began angrily, "young Jones arrived from Singapore bringing me the eggs of *Erebia astarte*, the great Silver Moon butterfly. Attempts to destroy them have been made. Last night I left them in a breeding cage on my desk. Has anybody been in there?"

"I don't know," I said. "What has happened?"

"I found an ichneumon fly in the cage yesterday!" he shouted, "and this morning the eggs have either shrunk to half their size or else the eggs of another species have been secretly substituted for them and the Silver Moon eggs stolen! Has he been in there?"

"Who?" I asked, pretending to misunderstand.

"He!" demanded Quint fiercely. "If he has I'll kill him some day."

He meant his one-time friend, Dr. Boomly. Alas!

"For heaven's sake, why are you two perpetually squabbling?" I asked wearily. "You used to be inseparable friends. Why can't you make up?"

"Because I've come to know him. That's why! I have unmasked this—this Borgia—this Machiavelli—this monster of duplicity! Matters are approaching a point where something has got to be done short of murder. I've stood all his envy and jealousy and cheap imputations, and hints and contemptible innuendoes that I'm going to——"

He stopped short, glaring at the doorway, which had suddenly been darkened by the vast bulk of Professor Boomly—a figure largely abdominal, but majestic—like the massive butt end of an elephant. For the rest, he had a rather insignificant and peevish face and a melancholy mustache that usually looked damp.

"Mr. Smith," he said to me, in his thin, high, sarcastic voice—a voice incongruously at variance with his bulk—"has anybody had the infernal impudence to enter my room and nose about my desk?"

"Yes, I have!" replied Quint excitedly. "I've been in your room. What of it? What about it?"

Boomly permitted his heavy-lidded eyes to rest on Quint for a moment, then, turning to me, "I want a patent lock put on my door. Will you speak to Professor Farrago?"

"I want one put on mine, too!" cried Quint. "I want a lock put on my door which will keep envious, dull-minded, mentally broken-down, impertinent, and fat people out of my office!"

Boomly flushed heavily, "Fat?" he repeated, glaring at Quint. "Did you say 'fat'?"

"Yes, fat!—intellectually and corporeally fat! I want that kind of individual kept out. I don't trust them. I'm afraid of them. Their minds are atrophied. They are unmoral, possibly even criminal! I don't want them in my room snooping about to see what I have and what I'm doing. I don't want them to sneak in, eaten up with jealousy and envy, and try to damage the eggs of the great Silver Moon butterfly because the honor and glory of watching them would probably procure for me the Carnegie Educational Medal——"

"Why, you little, dried-up, protoplasmic atom!" burst out Boomly, his face suffused with passion. "Are you insinuating that I have any designs on your batch of eggs?"

"No, no, indeed," assented Quint, "that you want that medal yourself, and that you put an ichneumon fly in my breeding cage in hopes it would sting the eggs of the Silver Moon."

"If you found an ichneumon fly there," retorted Boomly, "you probably hatched it in mistake for a butterfly!" And he burst into a peal of contemptuous laughter, but his little, pig-like eyes under the heavy lids were furious.

"I now believe," said Quint, trembling with rage, "that you have criminally substituted a

batch of common *Plexippus* eggs for the Silver Moon eggs I had in my breeding cage! I believe you are sufficiently abandoned to do it!"

"Ha! Ha!" retorted Boomly scornfully. "I don't believe you ever had anything in your breeding cage except a few clothes moths and cockroaches!"

Quint began to dance. "You *did* take them!" he yelled; "and you left me a bunch of milkweed butterflies' eggs! Give me my eggs or I shall violently assault you!"

"Assault your grandmother!" remarked Boomly, with unscientific brevity. "What do you suppose I want of your ridiculous eggs? Haven't I enough eggs of *Heliconius Salome* hatching to give me the Carnegie medal if I want it?"

"The Silver Moon eggs are unique!" cried Quint. "You know it! You know that if they hatch, pupate, and become perfect insects that I shall certainly be awarded——"

"You'll be awarded the Matteawan medal," remarked Boomly with venom.

Quint ran at him with a half-suppressed howl, his momentum carrying him half-way up Professor Boomly's person. Then, losing foothold, he fell to the floor and began to kick in the general direction of Professor Boomly. It was a sorrowful sight to see these two celebrated scientists panting, mauling, scuffling, and punching each other around the room, tables and chairs and scrap-baskets flying in every direction, and I mounted on the window-sill horrified, speechless, trying to keep clear of the revolving storm center.

"Where are my Silver Moon eggs!" screamed Dr. Quint. "Where are my eggs that Jones brought me from Singapore—you entomological robber! You've got 'em somewhere! If you don't give 'em up I'll find means to destroy you!"

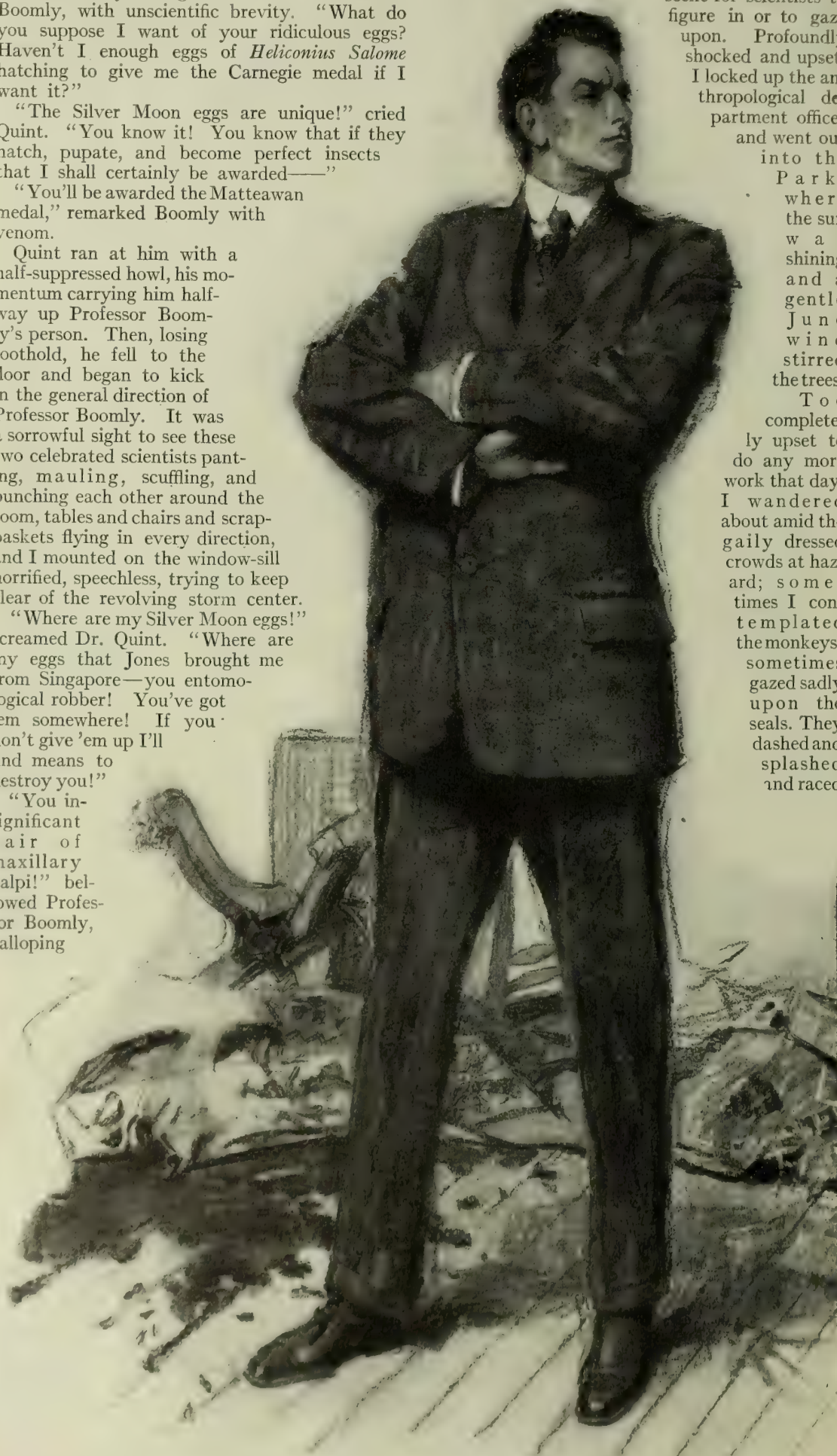
"You insignificant pair of maxillary palpi!" bel-lowed Professor Boomly, galloping

after Dr. Quint as he dodged around my desk. "I'll pull off those antennæ you call whiskers if I can get hold of 'em——"

Dr. Quint's threatened mustaches bristled as he fled before the elephantine charge of Professor Boomly—once again around my desk, then out into the hall, where I heard the door of his office slam, and Boomly, gasping, panting, breathing vengeance outside, and vowing to leave Quint quite whiskerless when he caught him.

It was a painful scene for scientists to figure in or to gaze upon. Profoundly shocked and upset, I locked up the anthropological department offices and went out into the Park, where the sun was shining and a gentle June wind stirred the trees.

Too completely upset to do any more work that day, I wandered about amid the gaily dressed crowds at hazard; sometimes I contemplated the monkeys; sometimes gazed sadly upon the seals. They dashed and splashed and raced



"Very well, Miss Case, talk to him," I said. "Jones and I are here as witnesses."

'round and 'round their tank, or crawled up on the rocks, craned their wet, sleek necks, and barked—houp! houp! houp!—until I understood very clearly that they liked the ladies best.

Well, it was a chivalrous preference. Had the opportunity been mine, perhaps—but let it pass.

For luncheon I went over to the Rolling-Stone Restaurant. There was a very pretty girl there—an unusually pretty girl—or perhaps it was one of those days on which every girl looked unusually pretty to me. There are such days.

Her voice was exquisite when she spoke. She said, "We have, to-day, corned-beef hash, fried ham and eggs, liver and bacon—" but let that pass, too.

I took my tea very weak; by that time I learned that her name was Mildred Case; that she had been a private detective employed in a department store, and that her duties had been to nab wealthy ladies who forgot to pay for objects usually

discovered in their reticules, bosoms, and sometimes in their stockings.

But the confinement of indoor work had been too much for Mildred Case, and the only outdoor job she could find was the position of lady waitress in the rustic Rolling-Stone Inn.

She was very, very beautiful, or perhaps it was one of those days—but let that pass, too.

"You are the great Mr. Percy Smith, Curator of the Anthropological Department, are you not?" she asked shyly.

"Yes," I said modestly; and, to slightly rebuke any superfluous pride in me, I added with becoming humility, pointing upward: "but remember, Mildred, there is One greater than I."

"Mr. Carnegie?" she nodded innocently. That was true, too. I let it go at that.

We chatted; she mentioned Professor Boomly and Dr. Quint, gently deploring the rupture of their friendship. Both gentlemen, in common with the majority of the administration personnel, were daily customers at the Rolling-Stone Inn. I usually took my lunch from my board-inghouse to my office, being too busy to go out for mere nourishment.

That is why I had hitherto missed Mildred Case.

"Mildred," I said, "I do not believe it can be wholesome for a man to eat sandwiches while taking minute measurements of defunct monkeys. Also, it is not a fragrant pastime. Hereafter I shall lunch here."

"It will be a pleasure to serve you," said that unusually—there I go again! It was an unusually beautiful day in June. Which careful, exact, and scientific statement, I think ought to cover the subject under consideration.

After luncheon I sadly selected an expensive five-cent cigar; and, as I hesitated, lingering over the glass case, undecided still whether to give full rein to this contemplated extravagance, I looked up and found her beautiful gray eyes gazing into mine.

"What gentle thoughts are yours, Mildred?" I said softly.

"The cigar you have selected," she murmured, "is fly-specked."

Deeply touched that this young girl should have cared—that she should have expressed her solicitude so modestly, so sweetly, concerning the maculicolous condition of my cigar, I thanked her and purchased, for the same sum, a packet of cigarets.

That was going somewhat far for me. I had never in all my life even dreamed of smoking a cigaret. To a reserved, thoughtful, and scientific mind there is, about a packet of cigarets, something undignified, something vaguely frolicsome.

When I paid her for them I felt as though, for the first time in my life, I had let myself go.

Oddly enough, in this uneasy feeling of gaiety and abandon a curious sensation of exhilaration persisted.

We had quite a merry little contretemps when I tried to light my cigaret and the match went out, and then *she* struck another match, and we both laughed; and *that* match was extinguished by her breath.

Instantly I quoted: "'Her breath was like the new-mown hay——'"

"Mr. Smith!" she said, flushing slightly.

"Her eyes," I quoted, "'were like the stars at even!'"

"You don't mean *my* eyes, do you?"

I took a puff at my unlighted cigaret. I felt that I was slipping my cables and heading toward an unknown and tempestuous sea.

"What time are you free, Mildred?" I asked, scarcely recognizing my own voice in such reckless apropos.

She shyly informed me.

I struck a match, lighted my cigaret, and took one puff. That was sufficient; I was adrift. I realized it, trembled internally, took another puff.

"If," said I carelessly, "on your way home you should chance to stroll along the path beyond the path that leads to the path which——"

I paused, checked by her bewildered eyes. We both blushed.

"Which way do you usually go home?" I asked, my ears afire.

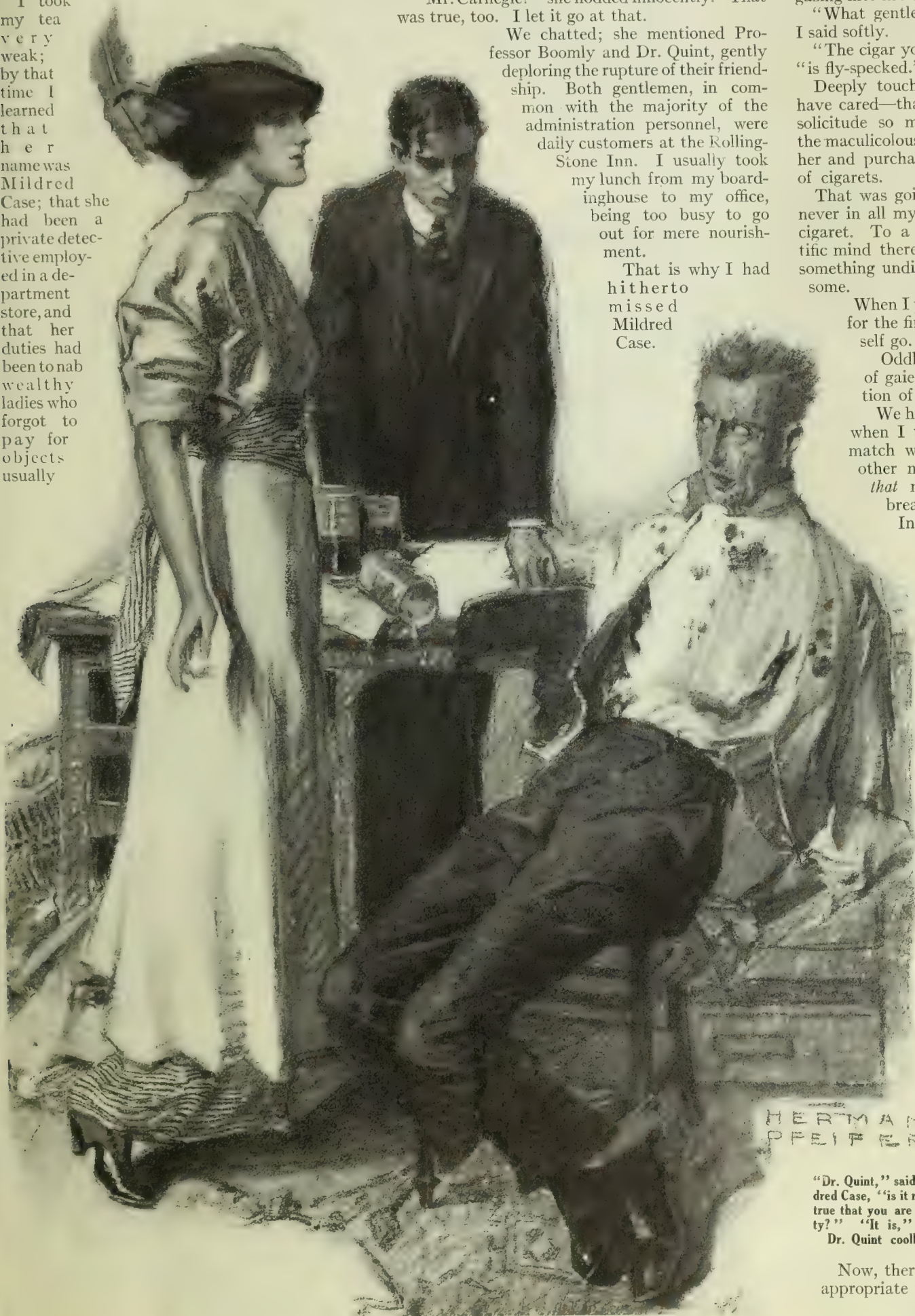
She told me. It was a suitably unfrequented path.

So presently I strolled thither; and seated myself under the trees in a bosky dell.

"Dr. Quint," said Mildred Case, "is it really true that you are guilty?" "It is," said Dr. Quint coolly.

Now, there is a quality in boskiness not inappropriate to romantic thoughts. Boskiness,

(Continued on page 321)



Two portraits of Georgia Cayvan, who was one of the Lyceum Theater Company that Mr. Frohman had already engaged, so that when DeMille and I came to write "The Wife" we were obliged to create characters that would fit the members of the company. We could not say "Here is our heroine. Find an actress to suit her"—for Georgia Cayvan was to be the leading lady, whatever the play itself might happen to be.

My Life's

By David

had leased the classroom, hall, and stage, which Steele Mackaye had designed when the Lyceum Theater was built. I am very proud to give the names of some of the pupils who made up my classes: Alice Fisher, Blanche Walsh, Charles Bellows, Maude Banks, George Fawcett, Harriet Ford, Emma Sheridan, Dorothy Dorr, Wilfred Buckland, George Foster Platt, Jennie Eustace, Grace Kimball, Cora Maynard, William Ordway Partridge, Robert Taber, Lincoln Wagnalls, E. Wales Winter, White Whittlesey, and Edith Chapman. This list stands as a refutation of the statement that the school of acting is not of benefit in preparing for the stage. It may sound like claiming more than my share of foresight, but the dominant talent of each individual was apparent to me at that time. William Ordway Partridge, the noted sculptor, was a gifted young man but I advised him to devote himself to sculpture, rather than to the stage.

A graphic picture of Robert Taber's successful and almost superhuman effort to overcome his physical disadvantages, will remain with me always. One day, as I sat in my studio, he limped in—pale, delicate—almost an invalid in appearance. An illness in childhood had left him with a shortened leg, so that he was obliged to wear a shoe with a sole at least two inches thick. After introducing himself, he told me of his ambition. "Do you think I can possibly become an actor with these?" he asked, pointing to his bent knee and drooping shoulder. The tragic pathos in his face aroused my sympathy and I asked him to read to me.

All his selections were from the old classics which he loved like many another youth I have met with the spell of the stage upon him. So he

In the oval. A scene by Miss Cayvan and Herbert Kelcey from "The Wife." We wrote it at DeMille's country house.

BEFORE Daniel Frohman could assume full control of the Lyceum Theater, a number of preliminary details had to be arranged. Helen Dauvray's term of the theater had not expired and Mr. Frohman had to convince the stockholders, some of whom were theatrical men, that he would make the theater a paying proposition. Naturally, the period immediately preceding Mr. Frohman's management was a most unsettled one. The future policy of the theater was to be determined, a company chosen, and a play selected. Mr. Frohman and I found it difficult to adjust our point of view to any policy other than that of the Madison Square Theater, with which we had formerly long been connected. He decided that, inasmuch as the Lyceum Theater had produced dramatic comedy,

the Lyceum should take its place as the home of society drama, and the theater should be known for the artistic production of plays, rather than a theater for celebrated stars. I am happy to say that most of the players found fame in a few seasons.

During the early days of my association with Mr. Frohman at the Lyceum Theater, much of my time was occupied with my duties in connection with Franklin Sargent's Dramatic School. Mr. Sargent

(To the right)
Mrs. Cora Brown Potter.



Story

Belasco

read to me scenes from "Richard III," "Julius Caesar," and "Romeo and Juliet." His reading was distinct, his interpretations spirited. A flash of genius ran through the fiber of the boy; there was strength and impressiveness in his delivery. He was thoroughly exhausted when he had finished, and I was in a quandary. "Surely I can't lengthen his leg," I thought; "yet he wants to play juvenile leads; he wants to play Romeo!" I saw at once that Robert Taber was not fitted to be a pantaloon actor, a parlor figure, for there was a flourish and breadth to his style of delivery that dedicated him to the costume play.

He must have seen the perplexity in my face, for he said: "Mr. Belasco, I can raise twenty thousand dollars, which you can have if you will help me. You have assisted stammerers!" I couldn't tell him that a limp was a different matter. Nevertheless, I resolved to see what I could do for him. "I'll not take a cent of your money," I said, "but if you will do as I tell you, we'll see what can be done." He agreed and there followed a regular campaign against a limp.

It was my idea to eliminate the defect through exercises. He worked faithfully. He walked, he lay on his back, practicing stretching exercises; he studied the balancing of his body, throwing the weight so that his short leg could be brought down slowly to the floor, without any perceptible stooping of the shoulders. I had a shoe made, with a deep inner sole, to take the place of the unsightly shoe he wore when he first called upon me. After a year of daily work, when he was ready to enter the school of acting, his limp was so slight that it was barely perceptible! When he became leading man for Julia Marlowe, whom he afterwards married, who could have detected his deformity? His is a most remarkable instance, and I have often recalled it. For it is an

Blanche Walsh, and (below) Grace Henderson. Blanche Walsh was one of my pupils at Sargent's Dramatic School, an institution refuting the statement that the school of acting is not a benefit in preparing for the stage. Grace Henderson, who was in the cast for "The Wife," was married to one of the best friends I ever had; she herself once supported Modjeska in an adaptation of Balzac's "Les Chouans."



(Below)
Blanche
Walsh.



(In the oval) "Young"
Edward H. Sothen and Belle
Archer in "The Highest Bidder," with
which they attained instantaneous success.

example of what ambition and perseverance can accomplish, but few artists would be willing to practice the self-denial and go through such rigorous training.

The pupils of the Sargent School entered with great enthusiasm into the preparations for our school productions, and we had many notable successes. I believe I am safe in saying that one of these, the "Electra" of Sophocles, was the most remarkable exhibition of amateur art ever seen in this country. It was so accurate, so scholarly, so classical in every respect, that we were invited to present it before the students of Harvard University, as an illustration of the beauty and strength of ancient dramatic literature. The faculty and students were enthusiastic in its praise; and we felt highly honored that such distinction had been conferred upon us. I understood then that it was the first time in the history of Harvard that an amateur company had been transferred from another city. Another notable representation given by our students was Molière's "Les Precieuses Ridicules." They played with the true Gallic spirit and such artistry that few pro-

(Continued on page 319)

PHOTO
FROM THE
ALBERT DAVIS
COLLECTION

The

Enemy

SYNOPSIS: Good old Billy! he likes his drink and likes it often—says he can take care of himself. He must; because he is the architect for the Pannard sky-scraper, the foundation work of which is sliding. Bow-Wow knows why—so Billy takes him home to sober up. Tommy proposes to Geraldine Benning—she is thinking of Billy and says, no. Off he goes to the club, and with Billy

makes a night of it. When Tommy drops out, Billy finishes the escapade alone and angers Geraldine, though she forgives him later. Then Billy learns that Bow-Wow is Harrison Stuart, the architectural genius, who had suddenly disappeared from view. Billy scours the city until he finds Stuart's wife and daughter Tavy living in poverty. Billy and Tavy become engaged. One night Billy gets drunk and calls on Tavy and her mother—who breaks off the engagement. Both Geraldine and Tommy, the one insincerely, the other sincerely, try to bring them together again, and fail. But Tavy and Billy accidentally find each other again—Billy takes her to his home, where they come face to face with her father.



Geraldine was waiting for Billy. She was dressed in something light and fluffy, and suggestive somehow of a garden full of marguerites.

FATHER and daughter! What transports they knew in this hour of their reunion! They were so lost in the wonder of being together, after their fifteen years of separation, that they did not notice when Billy tip-toed from the room; and they were still so lost in their joy that they scarcely noticed when, a half hour later, Billy returned to the room. They were sitting on the leather couch near the window. The eyes of Tavy were still moist with tears, and upon Harrison Stuart, one long sick of heart hunger, there had come a great peace from the mere presence of his beautiful daughter, whose warm little hand he now stroked and patted and fondled.

They were both so in their welcome of Billy, when they became aware of him. Tavy made room for him on the couch beside her, and with one hand in his and one in her father's she was a very happy little Tavy indeed.

They were rather quiet for a trio to whom had come so much that was new and wonderful, when suddenly, out of a clear sky, as it were, came the question of why Billy and Tavy had come here so opportunely.

"I'm not quite sure," guessed Billy, while Tavy smiled at him continually. "I think we meant to run off or something. You see, Tavy and I

have not seen each other for two weeks, and we accidentally met in the park this morning. Of course, we didn't see how we were ever going to be separated again, so we came up here to talk it over."

"I understand." Tavy's father was very grave and thoughtful. "I feel certain that, after you had talked it over, you would have decided for Tavy to go home to her mother."

They seemed to be doubtful of that. Neither of them answered for a while, and Billy moved a little closer to Tavy.

"Well, I don't know," Billy frankly admitted. "I don't believe we intended to do that."

"You see, Daddy—" She stopped, and laughed in sheer delight. It was so strange to use that word, and yet so good! "You see, Daddy, Billy is never going to—to forget himself any more; but Mummy wouldn't believe it for a long, long time; but if Billy and I were just to be married, then, by and by when Billy had turned out all right, Mummy would be very glad that we—had done it."

She was so ingenuous about it, so certain that she was right, so charming in her sureness that anyone could see this simple logic, that Harrison Stuart knitted his brows in concern.

"So you would have been married," he pondered, and thought it over a long, long time. "No, Tavy, it wouldn't do. I know, if Billy doesn't, just what danger there is in that. Billy thinks he is cured, and I hope that he is, but he has not yet passed through his fire of temptation. He must conquer his enemy before he marries my little Tavy."

"But I could help him."

"Not that! Not that!" There was the harshness of sudden fear in his voice. "Tavy." He hesitated. "Has your mother told you my history?"

She sat motionless, and the color slowly ran up into her cheeks. She felt almost guilty in the knowledge which she had of her father. She was ashamed, not alone for him, but ashamed that she knew. The long, curving lashes came down

over her eyes, and the hand which lay in Harrison Stuart's clasped his own, in intimate fondness.

"She has, then." He surmised it from her downcast eyes, from her confusion, from her silence, and, for a moment, he bowed his head. This was a humiliation which hurt more than all his other hurts!

"Only just now, Daddy." She edged closer to him, and drew Billy with her. "It was not until the night Billy—went away," and this time it was Billy's turn for self-abasement. Of the three, Tavy alone, clear-eyed, clear-souled Tavy, had no cause for self-reproach, and yet she was as ashamed as they, and this added the more to their bitter guilt.

"Then you know that, in one case at least, marrying a man to reform him was a

failure." He spoke quickly, as he grappled with the problem which confronted them. He put hurt pride away from him. "Billy believes in himself, and you believe in Billy, but your father and mother are going to insist that Billy must prove his strength before, not after, he has taken your happiness in his hands." Both Billy and Tavy were silent and somber-eyed, but there was a certain squaring of Billy's mouth which indicated some strong resolution in him. "I'm going to propose a plan," Tavy's father went on. "I have yet some time before I can announce myself as Harrison Stuart. I must be sure that there can be no further stain attached to that name before I take it to my wife."

"Why, Daddy!" Tavy turned to him in astonishment. "You talk as though you were going to stay here! I wouldn't go home to Mummy without you! Oh, she'll be so happy, Daddy!" and, reaching up, she pressed her warm face against his cold one, and patted his other cheek.

"Not yet, Tavy, dear. Why, only to-day I would have fallen, had not God sent you to me just in time. I dare not go to Jean so long as this danger threatens me. Every day I fight this battle, and, until I win, your mother must not know that I am alive. I must have your promise for that. You see why, don't you?"

A pressure of the hand was his only answer. Tavy's eyes were swimming with tears. Poor Mummy, poor Mummy! and poor Daddy! And poor Billy! And poor Tavy!

"I shall win, however." There was the ring of confidence in his voice. "You must go home, Tavy, and Billy must fight out his battle, side by side with me. Then when we are perfectly sure of ourselves, we will come to you, side by side. How about it, Billy?"

The two men looked at each other for a moment, and then they shook hands, across Tavy, and she was a very, very happy little girl, for one with so many tears in her eyes.

"It will be the first real secret I ever had from Mummy," she wondered. "I don't know how I shall ever be able to keep it!"

By George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by A.B. Wenzell

"You will have more," and now there was exultation in his tone. "I have you, Tavy," and that is a joy I had not dared to hope for until the end of my trial. You must arrange for clandestine meetings with Billy and me, and we'll buy a beautiful house for Mummy, and spend the time in between in fitting it up, so that we may take her home like a royal princess when the happiest day of my life arrives."

Tavy clapped her hands at that, and laughed like a child. It was such a glorious trick to play on Mummy, such a delightful secret to hug to one's breast!

"It's dreadfully late," and she looked reproachfully at the clock on the mantel. "I have to start home in a hurry, or Mummy will be worried. I don't suppose we could spare time to drive out right now past some of the places where we might want to buy the house."

"I don't suppose we could," her father laughed. "If Mummy is worried about you, I think I had better give you up immediately."

He did not, however. He kept her there for many fleeting minutes, and it was a very difficult parting, indeed. Billy wanted to take her to the corner near the enchanted apartments, but she would not let him. Instead she had her father and Billy both escort her to the stage, and, as far as she could see through the crowded traffic, she looked back out of the window and watched them standing on the curb, side by side, the old man and the young, at the threshold of their mutual battle.

What a mixture of emotions was the sparkling and bubbling and worried and dubious Tavy who hesitated at the door of the enchanted pink and gray parlor. Her eyes were dancing, her cheeks were aglow, the imps peeped cautiously from her glossy curls, and there was a little pucker in her brow. She had to keep the wonderful secret of a new-found daddy and of the beautiful cottage for the royal princess, and she had, also, to reinstate Billy, so no wonder she was all a-jumble.

"Where have you been, Tavy?—you're late," asked her mother, the traces of her anxiety still upon her.

"With Billy," the frank reply came promptly, but in a rather doubtful voice.

There was a startled look in Jean Stuart's face and then, without reply, she turned and walked into the bay window, where she stood and looked down at the river, in deep trouble.

She had known that this moment must come, and she had her answer ready, but it was a difficult one to speak. The arms of her daughter stole softly about her.

"Mummy, dear."

"Goodness only knows what's in the punch," says Geraldine. Billy tastes it again, "Rather refreshing, though." He empties his glass, and, for just an instant, there is a flash in Geraldine's eye.

The voice was low and pleading. "Billy must come back. I know that he will never drink too much again. It isn't fair to judge him by your experience. It isn't fair not to give him a second chance. Please, Mummy; I love Billy so."

Jean Stuart took her daughter in her arms, laid her hand upon the glossy curls, and drew her head upon her shoulder, as if by that she could surround this child of hers from the sorrow which had been her own. Yes, she knew love, and just what appalling self-sacrifice it could mean, and it was because Tavy loved Billy so that her mother was strengthened in her determination.

"It is against my wishes for Billy to come here or for you to meet him," she said, reflecting curiously that her voice was harsh and dry.

Tavy straightened and stifled the pleading which sprang to her lips as she saw the sternly set features of her mother, and she walked sadly away. Jean Stuart stood still, looking down again at the endless sweep of the river, her heart heavy within her. A sob aroused her, and she turned. Tavy had found the picture of Billy, but, as she caught the pitying gaze of her mother, she clasped the picture to her and went into her own room.

It was a long, long time before Jean Stuart followed. In the dainty little delft and white room, she found Tavy kneeling by the bedside, the picture



Geraldine had no need to turn and watch Billy. She could tell all about him by the look on Tavy's face! Those delicately tinted oval cheeks had turned as white as the poor little chiffon frock. Tavy's eyes widened with terror, and she stood as rigid as if she had been frozen into a beautiful statue. Billy was drunk!

convinced and somewhat reluctant Mummy Stuart will not cool your delirium, as, with such a Tavy by your side, you turn in at the paradise which is Woodbriar. You go down some rude steps, which twist and turn amid great swaying trees, and you come upon a little rustic house, the broad porches of which overhang a little rockbound lake.

The water is deep and clear and blue, and the steep dark hills which confine it are upside down in its pellucid depths, so that the tops of the trees and the blue of the sky meet in the water; and you may look far, far down into that bewitched mirror and read a happy future—if you have a Tavy by your side.

That was the future Billy read, from their rustic table on the porch where a sort of glorified waiter took his order and went away and you forgot about him for a long, long time, so that he was not bothersome, and you could pay more attention to the Tavy by your side.

Of course the swathing duster was thrown off, and the gauzy veil lifted, and even Mrs. Stuart's wrap was laid aside by some necromancy. Oh, yes, Billy had done it himself, with a smile and a

bow and a pleasant word, but he forgot about it in a moment after, forgot about it in the wonder of Tavy's luminous big eyes, blue now, like a troubled sky.

This was Billy's first outing with Tavy and Tavy's mother, his first meeting in fact, since that wonderful time, three days before, when he found

Tavy in the little park and caught her in his arms, and Billy, for all his happiness, was very grave and thoughtful, too, for he realized that he was merely allowed to call, not really desired; that is by one of the ladies. He felt keenly that he must be on his good behavior, so he automatically remembered, now and then, to smile at Mummy Stuart and speak a pleasant word; but this was difficult. He was very fond of Mummy Stuart; but he had been separated from Tavy for so very long; and love is selfish, as it must always be, and mothers have lived their lives; and the world is for the young!

Was there ever such a place as Woodbriar,

where the wild flowers tangle in the grass, and a choir of birds sing unceasingly; where soft breezes come to ruffle the surface of the glassy little lake, and whisper wonderful secrets in the swaying branches of where all the is nectar and when one is has a Tavy What was sparkled and and danced, thousand colors, on little

the trees; and food and drink a Billy and by his side? that which glittered, with a flashing Tavy's hand? The ring! It was placed



before her, and the head of black curls pillowed upon her arm. The shoulders were trembling with "Tavy's" tears.


Had she been harsh? Had Tommy Tinkle been right when he said that her judgment was warped? She did not know. She only saw that this child whom she had carried in her arms, blood of her blood and flesh of her flesh, was in deep sorrow, and suddenly, with the tears at last springing into her own dry eyes, and with a tugging at her heart strings which she could not resist, she bent over her daughter in a flood of ten-

"Tavy, dear," and her hand again sought the curly head; "Billy may have his second chance."

W hen you are in a place as Woodbriar, to reach Woodbriar, you ride on the wings of love, along fairy streets and elfin roads and magic forests, over hills of ecstatic joy and through glades of endless bliss, that is, you do if you are a little and have a Tavy by your side, all wrapped in a delicious motor-bonnet, and protected by a driver who is half-cannibal, and full of love, and who will gladly give his throat and plow his life for you. From the presence of a partially

there in the enchanted pink and gray parlor, just before the start for Woodbriar, but on the distinct understanding that it was the symbol of Billy's strength and that when Billy's strength should vanish, the ring should vanish, too, never to return. Such an easy condition that, by which to place a ring of such glorious significance on the finger of such a marvelous girl as Tavy; and now here was the ring, happy, too, it seemed, catching the blue of the sky and the green of the leaves and the red of the charming motor-bonnet and the gold of the sun, and all the other countless tints and shades from far and near, and sparkling them in all directions, as if it were a fountain of sparks.

(Continued on page 328)



Let Us Have Peace

By James J. Montague

OVER a quiet ocean,
Thrilling its farthest shore,
Echoes the cry of a mother
Who kneels by the son she bore.
Loud is the noise of battle
Over the blackened hill,
But there he lies by the roadway,
Pallid, and cold, and still.

What though he dies for glory?
What though his humble name
Shall stand with a thousand others
On war's grim roll of fame?
The light in his eyes has faded,
The flush on his cheek has fled;
Her world is turned to ashes;
The boy that she loved is dead.

Killed for a king's ambition,
Sent to an alien land
To fight for a royal hatred
He could not understand.
For this a mother bore him
For this was her love and pain,
This silent form by the roadway
On the red and riven plain.

And here in a happier country
Mothers with babes in arms
Shrink at the tales of glory
Won 'mid a war's alarms—
And pray that a pitying Heaven
May bid the blood-feuds cease,
Heeding the cry of the mothers
Who plead for their sons, and peace!

When a Man's Lucky

and a sympathetic listener and, while not highly respected, was popular. But he was unlucky. For whatever he did undertake seemed to go wrong. If he found a pocket-book and returned it to its owner he received no reward. If he determined to keep it he was sure to find it empty. This was not because he was either good or bad; it was merely because he was unlucky. Luck, you know, has nothing whatever

fore and hated to do it now, but Lubarsky would hear of nothing else and, in the end, the mortgage was executed, and Karin received his fifty dollars.

There came now the day on which the mortgage was due. Early in the morning Karin presented himself at Lubarsky's office and asked for a month's extension of time, but Lubarsky shook his head.

"Not one day," he replied. "You have until midnight to-night, and if I don't get the money then I'll have a man there for the furniture."

"Ain't you got a heart?" asked Karin.

"Not in business," said Lubarsky. "Besides somebody told me you were thinking of moving to Philadelphia."

"As I hope to die, Mr. Lubarsky," fervently began Karin, when a clerk suddenly called Lubarsky to the rear of his office. Karin remained seated at the desk. His eyes happened to fall upon a note written upon pink paper in a feminine hand that lay under a heap of letters; upon the portion that protruded he could see the signature, "Your loving Olga." Leaning forward in a sudden fit of coughing he abstracted the note and thrust it into his pocket.

"Mr. Lubarsky," he said, when the money-lender returned, "I give you my word I was only writing to Philadelphia to find out how business is over there. I wouldn't leave New York while I owed you money."

"You can leave whenever you like," said Lubarsky, "but the furniture stays here until I get my money. Good-day! I'll be around at twelve o'clock to-night."

Karin left with a grin upon his face. The infatuation of Lubarsky, who was a married man, with Olga Sanrefsky, the Russian dancer whose pictures adorned most of the shops of the East Side, had, for several weeks, been the subject of considerable

Karin took Lapidowitz to his apartment and there, making the schnorrer lay his hand upon a copy of the Talmud, he swore him to everlasting secrecy.

to do with people's characters. A lucky misanthrope who happens to see a child splash into his private pond and pulls him out because he doesn't want to have his fishes annoyed is called a benefactor and a hero. Whereas a kind-hearted man who will not let boys play ball on his lawn because a \$5000 vase has been smashed by one of them, is called a grouch. Even reputation is often a matter of luck.

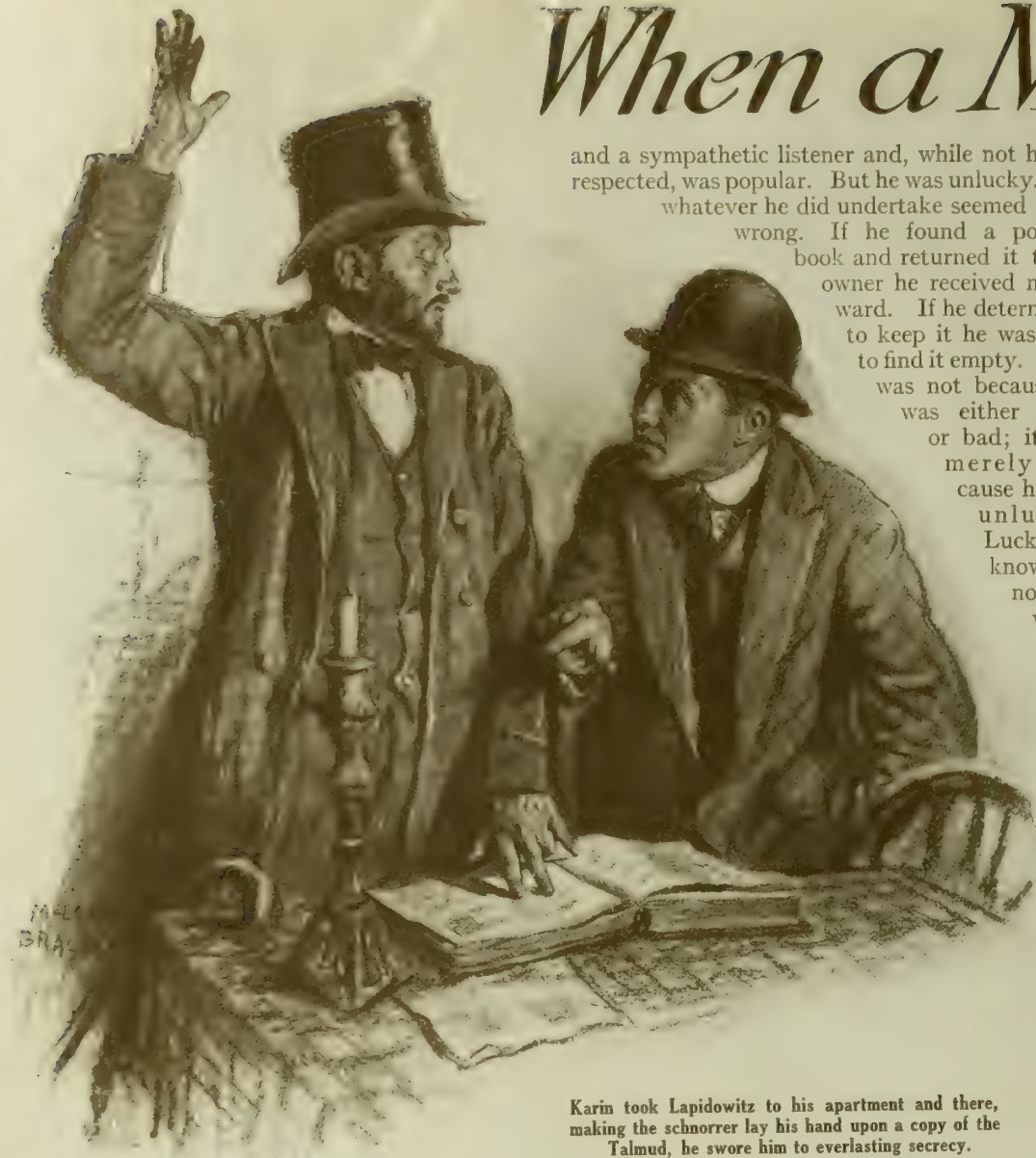
Meyer Karin—well, there's no use in discussing Meyer Karin's luck. He had a vindictive disposition—as bad a piece of luck as a man can have—and possessed neither the intelligence of Lubarsky nor the geniality of Lapidowitz. He lived alone and was under the delusion that everyone hated him, in return for which he cordially hated the entire world. He had saved considerable money at his trade of jeweler, and yet no one ever could learn where he kept it. One day he had come to Lubarsky to borrow fifty dollars.

"All my money is tied up," he said, "but I promise I pay you back in a month."

"What security have you got?" asked Lubarsky. Karin shook his head.

"You got furniture in your rooms, ain't it?" asked the money-lender. "I'll lend you the money on a chattel mortgage." Karin hesitated and expostulated. He had never mortgaged his furniture be-

As they played Lapidowitz's countenance grew darker and darker, until Lubarsky suddenly reached out for his money, and Lapidowitz threw his cards upon the table, cursing his bad luck.



THE more one speculates upon the subject of luck the less one knows about it. Mathematicians can figure the laws of chance and of probability to a nicety, and can tell you that if a coin falls "heads" a certain number of times in succession there are just so and so many chances to one that, next time, it will fall "tails." A lucky man who knows nothing whatsoever of these rules will always win, whereas an unlucky mathematician will always lose. Philosophers, as a rule, recognize the existence of luck but have very little to say about it. They know better than to commit themselves. The poets often refer to it but do not speculate very profoundly upon the theme. Poets, as a rule, are not lucky; else, they wouldn't be poets.

So, you see, there is rather a dearth of satisfactory information upon this subject in case anyone were inclined to make a careful study of it. All that is positively known is that sometimes we meet with a happy and unexpected combination of circumstances which we call good luck and that, at other times, we meet with a disastrous and equally unexpected combination of circumstances which we call hard luck, without ever knowing how long either will continue, or what we have done to merit it, or what can be done to prolong or to avert it. Strangely enough it is only the unlucky who are sufficiently interested in the matter to reflect upon it. The lucky are content with their lot without analyzing it.

Lubarsky, who had made considerable money out of real estate, coal, ice, furniture, chattel mortgages, and ginocle, had few friends; he was neither good, or sympathetic, and selfish. But he was rich. If he chose to go into a coal deal the winter was sure to be cold. If he decided to go into the ice business, the summer was sure to be hot.

Lapidowitz, who was a schnorrer and had never been able to save a penny, was usually about town, begging money from his friends to the point of importunity and his persistent refusal to pay back any of the money that was lent to him, but he was a great success in conversation,

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

Olga Sanfresky, the Russian dancer, whose pictures adorned most of the shop-windows of the East Side, had, for several weeks, been the subject of considerable whispered gossip because of the infatuation with her of Lubarsky, who was a married man.

whispered gossip. Karin, who, as was said before, was vindictive, felt that with the pilfered letter in his possession he could afford to grin. Not that he imagined Lubarsky would release him from his debt—he knew that Lubarsky would prefer everlasting disgrace rather than relinquish a claim to fifty dollars and interest—but he saw an opportunity of precipitating a crash about the money-lender's ear that appealed to every fiber of his being. On his way home he came face to face with Lapidowitz.

"Wait a minute," he said. For a long time he stood gazing into the schnorrer's countenance as if he were wondering how far he could trust him.

"Do you want to make ten dollars?" he said. Lapidowitz's eyes gleamed. He had been trying for several hours to borrow three dollars; ten, at this moment, seemed beyond the dreams of avarice. Karin did not even wait for an answer.

"Come with me," he said. He took Lapidowitz to his apartment and there, making the schnorrer lay his hand upon a copy of the Talmud, he swore him to everlasting secrecy.

"Now," he said, "here are three dollars. Go out and hire a wagon for the afternoon and then come back."

When Lapidowitz returned he found Karin busily occupied in dismantling his apartment.

"I'll help you carry the bed and the table down-stairs," said Karin. "You take them to any store above Houston Street and sell them. Get the best price you can and a receipt for the furniture. Then come back."

When Lapidowitz returned he handed Karin ten dollars.

"That ain't much," said Karin scrutinizing the receipt, "but I guess it's all right. Now we'll carry down the carpet, the bureau, and the chairs, and you take them to some other second-hand store. Don't go to the same place."

The second wagon-load went for fourteen dollars. Three trips more did Lapidowitz make and, when he returned from the last, Karin's apartment was bare. Karin handed him ten dollars and gave him a letter.

"Take this to Mr. Lubarsky's house and give it to Mrs. Lubarsky. It's a private letter what I don't want her husband to know about. If she ain't home keep it until to-morrow and go again. Now remember you made an oath not to tell anybody. Good-by and good luck."

Chuckling to himself over his great shrewdness Karin went to a little Hungarian café and, hearing a customer order a glass of slivovitz,

ordered one for himself. There, also, you see the operation of luck. Had the customer not ordered slivovitz Karin would never have thought of it and would probably have treated himself to something more harmless, for slivovitz is a powerful drink which affects various drinkers in various ways, and Karin was not accustomed to drinking. He soon found himself brooding over his grievance against Lubarsky. He had told the money-lender a plausible story about being too hard up to pay the fifty dollars, and Lubarsky had doubted his word. He in-

tended to go to Philadelphia, but that was none of Lubarsky's business; Lubarsky had no right to disbelieve him. Why is it that if we tell a lie—which, of course, heaven forbid!—we feel more outraged if we are not believed than if we were telling the truth?

gave fifty dollars to a man who will meet you by the stand in Rutgers Park at eleven o'clock to-night. Your friend, Karin."

And then he ordered another slivovitz. Lapidowitz, meanwhile, had rung the doorbell of Lubarsky's home and had learned that Mrs. Lubarsky was out. He then went to Milken's Café and ate his dinner. With the ten dollars in his pocket he felt at peace with all the world and eager for an evening's entertainment. He offered to play Milken a game of billiards.

"I'm too busy," said the proprietor. "We got a big wedding in the hall up-stairs, and I got to get everything ready. They're coming in an hour."

Lapidowitz took off his shiny frock coat, hung it upon the rack and practiced billiards by himself for a couple of hours. And then Lubarsky, yawning and looking bored, entered the café.

"Hello, Mr. Lubarsky," cried Lapidowitz, good-naturedly. "Have a game of billiards?"

"I don't play," said Lubarsky. "I only play pinochle."

"All right," said the schnorrer. "I'll play you a game of pinochle."

"But you never have any money," said Lubarsky, grinning.

"Huh!" exclaimed the schnorrer, holding a ten dollar bill under Lubarsky's nose. "Ain't this good enough for you?"

The money-lender laughed.

"All right," he said. "I'll play you. Anything to kill time."

He was about to take off his coat when a boy entered and handed him a note. Lubarsky looked at it, frowned and asked: "What is it?"

(Continued on page 318)



"You play a good game, Lapidowitz, but your luck is bad," said Lubarsky.

M. LEONE BRACKER

A Far Country

to convey the impression of absolute callousness. My mother's death saddened me. She was very gentle and very, very beautiful in her old age.

She had accepted the world as she found it, subscribed to its prevailing orthodoxies, prejudices, and decrees, whereas my subscription to these had ever been an unwilling one. My life had been the unceasing effort of the romanticist to create his own environment, to mold the world as he would have it.

The ideal happiness was always just ahead.

My mother, although I did not realize all this then, belonged to an era with which I had no sympathy.

I have described that first Christmas in our new house when, under the influence of certain memories and emotions, I made the attempt to

draw nearer to my wife and children, to find in the necessity of their existence and their relationship to me a happiness hitherto not understood or achieved. The effort, of course, was abortive. That gyroscopic Self within me was not so easily to be turned aside from its pursuit, although the very object of that pursuit were elusive!

I wanted liberty; I wanted freedom. I wanted

them as much at forty as I had at fourteen. And yet I was forever being thwarted.

During the last few years, especially, our commercial romantic struggle had been encountering new and unexpected resistance. There were signs, for those who could read, of a rising popular storm—an irrational one, according to our view of it.

During the first five years of the new century the political atmosphere—the calm of which is of such vital importance to financial operations—had changed, had become increasingly irritating. It seemed as though the people of the nation had entered into a senseless determination to kill prosperity. Mr. Watling, when I saw him in Washington, was inclined to be pessimistic. Political affairs showed a tendency to fall out of that safe and sane control which had made our country the wealthiest in the world.

In the first place, in regard to the Presidency of the United States, a cog had unwittingly been slipped. It had always been recognized—as I have said—by responsible financial personages that the impulse of the majority of Americans

SYNOPSIS: Here we have the story of a man in the making, a typical American, a buccaneer with an ideal, cheating society, right and left. We read of Hugh Paret, of the society that tried to make him and the women who knew him too well. His schooldays came and went; Hugh didn't study; his father was disappointed; Hugh has his first quarrel with Nancy when she is outspoken about it. At her challenge he studies day and night and enters college where, among many others, he meets Herman Krebs. Then his graduation, his father's death, his first position with Watling, biggest lawyer in the city—and Hugh's career is on. Swiftly he learns every trick in the lawyer's trade. Hugh forgets Nancy—until she announces her engagement to another man. But politics and business seem to have

could not be trusted, that these—who had inherited illusions of freedom—must be governed firmly, yet with delicacy. Unknown to them, their presidents must be chosen for them, precisely as Mr. Watling had been chosen for the people of our State, and the popular enthusiasm manufactured later. I would not be understood, here, as subscribing to that old-fashioned brand of democracy which places absolute faith in majorities, which does not contemplate the protection of minorities. I am merely stating contemporary views and facts. We who belonged to the group which by the right of ability controlled the destinies of our country believed that it was not expedient to permit the rest of the population to choose their executive. There were informal meetings in New York, in Washington where candidates were discussed. Not that such and such a man was chosen; it was a process of elimination. Usually the affair had gone smoothly. For instance, a while before a benevolent capitalist of the middle west, an intimate of Adolf Scherer, had become obsessed with the idea that a friend of his was the safest and sanest man for the head of the nation. He had convinced his fellow capitalists of this, whereupon he had gone ahead to spend his energy and his money freely to secure the nomination and election of this very esteemed gentleman.

The Republican National Committee, the Republican National Convention were allowed to squabble to their hearts' content as to whether Smith, Jones, or Brown should be nominated, but it was clearly understood that if Robinson or White were chosen there would be no corporation campaign funds.

This applied also to the Democratic party, on the rare occasions when it seemed to have an opportunity of winning.

All this had been comprehended by the initiated.

Now, however, by an incalculable blunder, there had got into the White House a President who was inclined to ignore advice, who appealed over the heads of the "advisers" to the populace; a most uncomfortable and unreasonable person whose favorite pastime seemed to be a destructive one, for he went about tilting at the industrial structures which had been so painfully wrought, and in frequent blasts of presidential messages enunciated new and heretical doctrines. He attacked the railroads, encouraged the brazen treason of labor unions, inspired an army of "muckrakers" to fill the magazines with the wildest and most violent of language. State legislatures were emboldened to pass mischievous and restrictive laws, and much of my time was occupied in inducing, by various means, our courts to declare these unconstitutional.

How we sighed for a business man or a lawyer in the White House! The country had gone mad. The stock market trembled. The cry of "corporation control" resounded everywhere, and in some states demagogues arose to inaugurate "reform campaigns," in an abortive attempt to "clean up politics." Down with the bosses, who were the tools of the corporations!



Biddy caught sight of me as I was about to tiptoe away. "Oh, father," she said, "do come and listen! Mother's been reading a story and it's so exciting."

I FIND, in relating those parts of my experience which seemed most important when I lived them, that I have neglected to tell of my mother's illness. It may seem to some somewhat that I have not so much as mentioned my mother since my marriage, but the truth is that she had long ceased to be much of a factor in my life. She died two years before we moved to Grant Avenue, having spent the rest of her days to the house in which I had been born, and she lived in my children. Mother's death, so far from being a tragedy,

that in Munich I had the spectacle of one whose affliction were those touchingly natural and normal. After were not so, and it is my business to record them as they were. I do not mean

By Winston Churchill

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

crowded love out of his life. It is while he is stumping the state to send Watling to the Senate that he meets Maude Hutchins. They are married, and set out on a honeymoon through Europe. But Hugh's restless yearning to get back to work drives them home where he plunges into money-making, which is disturbed only by the upcropping of Krebs, who believes in the people's rights. Maude, too, refuses to become worldly and grows away from him. In Nancy alone does Hugh find the real comradeship. His intimacy with her becomes stronger as the months pass in spite of momentary rushes of feeling towards Maude on such occasions as their moving into their new mansion and the memorable Christmas morning that follows, when he surprises his wife with a valuable pendant.

In the meantime we had had a little flurry in our own city. Through one of those inadvertencies which will happen in the best of political organizations, a Mr. Edgar Greenhalge had got elected to the School Board. He was a middle-aged, bald-headed citizen, a connection of the Hollister family, who had made a certain fortune in wholesale drugs. Some of us, afterwards, had good reason to think that Perry Blackwood—with more astuteness than he had been given credit for—was responsible for Mr. Greenhalge's candidacy. At any rate, he was not a man to oppose, and in his previous life had given no hint that he might become a trouble-maker. He was elected.

Nothing happened for several months. Mr. Greenhalge was geniality itself. But one day on which I had occasion to interview Mr. Jason on a little matter of handing over to the Railroad a piece of land belonging to the city which was known as Billings' Bowl, he inferred that Mr. Greenhalge might prove a disturber of that profound peace with which the city administration had for many years been blessed.

"Who the hell is he?" was Mr. Jason's question.

It appeared that Mr. G.'s private life had been investigated, with disappointingly barren results. He was, seemingly, an anomalous being in our Nietzschean age, an honest man. He had never sold any drugs to the city. He was not a church member. Nor could it be learned that he had ever wandered into those byways of the town where Mr. Jason might easily have got trace of him. If he had any vices, he kept them locked up in a safe-deposit box which could not be "located." He had a way of conveying disturbing facts—when he wished to convey them—under cover of the most amusing stories.

Mr. Jason was not a man to get panicky. Greenhalge could be handled all right, only—what

was there in it for Greenhalge?—a nut difficult for Mr. Jason to crack. The two other members of the School Board were solid.

Here again the wisest of men was proved to err. Mr. Jason had not counted upon Mr. Greenhalge's powers of persuasion. He made—heaven knows how!—what in religious terms

would have been called a conversion in the case of another member of the board, a hitherto staunch old reprobate by the name of Muller, an ex-saloon keeper in comfortable circumstances to whom the idea of public office had appealed.

Mr. Greenhalge, having got wind of certain transactions which interested him extremely, brought them in his good-natured way to the knowledge of Mr. Gregory, the district attorney, suggesting that he investigate. Mr.

Gregory smiled. He undertook, as delicately as possible, to convey to Mr. Greenhalge the ways of the world, and of the political world in particular, wherein, it seemed, everyone was a good fellow.

Mr. Greenhalge was evidently a good fellow, and didn't want to make trouble over little things. No, Mr. Greenhalge didn't want to make trouble; he appreciated a comfortable life as much as Mr. Gregory. He told the district attorney a funny story which might or might not have had an application to the affair, that he had been happy to make Gregory's acquaintance.

On his departure the district attorney's countenance changed. He severely rebuked a subordinate for some trivial mistake, and walked as rapidly as he could carry his considerable weight to Monahan's saloon. . . .



Howard Chandler Christy

"I suppose I ought to be proud to know you," Nancy sighed, thinking no doubt of my wife.
"That's exactly what I've been trying to impress on you all these years," I declared.

One of the things Mr. Gregory had pointed out incidentally was that Mr. Greenhalge's evidence was vague, and that a grand jury wanted facts, which might be difficult to obtain. Now Mr. Greenhalge thought over the suggestion, and the result was that he sent for a rather obscure member of the bar named Krebs, and requested that he undertake an investigation. When, in the course of a month or two, this had been accomplished, Mr. Greenhalge again visited the district attorney and asked if he had further considered the matter. Mr. Gregory repeated his homilies, whereupon he was handed a hundred or so typewritten pages of evidence.

It was a dramatic moment.

Mr. Gregory resorted to pleading. He was sure that Mr. Greenhalge didn't want to be disagreeable. It was true and unfortunate that such things were so, but they would be amended; he promised all his influence to amend them. The public conscience was being aroused. Now how much better for the party, for the reputation, the fair name of the city if these things could be corrected quietly, and nobody indicted or tried. Between sensible and humane men, wasn't that the obvious way? After the election, suit could be brought to recover the money.

Mr. Greenhalge appeared to be one of those hopeless individuals without a spark of party loyalty. He merely continued to smile, and to suggest that the district attorney prosecute. Mr. Gregory temporized, and presently left the city on a vacation.

A day or two after his second visit to the district attorney's office Mr. Greenhalge had a call from the city auditor and the purchasing agent. They talked about their families. It was very painful. It was also intimated to Mr. Greenhalge, by others who accosted him, that he was just the man for mayor. He smiled, and modestly belittled his qualifications. . . .

Suddenly, one fine morning, a part of the evidence Mr. Krebs had gathered appeared in the columns of the "Mail and State," a new and enterprising newspaper for which the growth and prosperity of our city were responsible. They were the sort of "revelations" which stirred to amazement and wrath the innocent citizens of nearly every city in our country, teachers compelled to pay certain sums for their appointments, janitors levied upon, and prices which took the breath away paid for supplies. The specifications for contracts were so worded that reasonable bids under them were impossible. I've forgotten what the city was paying a certain firm, the Ellery & Gates Company, for school pencils. With true American humor, we saw the funny side; and a cartoonist represented a scholar sharpening one with the caption, "No, it is not gold, but Ellery & Gates' work."

Here I must refer to a little of my own history. Not only did Mr. Jason and his associates find the situation awkward and unpleasant, a reversal of institutions established by time-honored usage, but—in Leonard Dickinson's language—the thing was a nuisance. It threatened the integrity of Mr. Jason's machine, which gentlemen of the financial world found so well constructed. We had a conference—several conferences—at the Boyne Club, and by the direction of Mr. Jason, Mr. Scherer, and I decided that the bookish officials were being persecuted and ousted thereby in the very best of manner. "The worst best of manner," really, as this reviewer, Mr. Hays, says. But it was then



"Nancy," I said, "I only know that I want you above everything else in the world." She gave

wisser by Mr. Dickinson, by Mr. Gorse, by Mr. Scherer, and, incidentally, by Mr. Paret himself, that he should not appear in court, that he should be the *deus ex machina* in the case; and an aspiring young attorney, Daniel Arbutnot, was chosen for chief counsel.

I can recall, as I write, the indignation we all felt against these troublemakers who undertook wantonly to kick over the bucket of fish which we had been at such pains to gather together, and my own righteous indignation. Never had I thrown myself with more zeal into a case. Coming, as it did, at the end of a score of annoying interferences with the smooth working of a

machine into the construction of which had gone the best brains of the nation, it could only be regarded as a captious sabotage. What did they expect to accomplish? An "honest" city government? Every experienced man of affairs knew that to be impossible. In the first place, "honest" men were stupid; and the conduct of a great city, in order that the streams of business might flow smoothly, required a "business" administration, the continuous direction—unchanged by whimsical elected partisans—of a genius who organized the city on a plan which harmonized, not with a code of ethics, but with the conduct of commercial affairs. Our pervading philosophy of



a low cry and fled through the curtains of the doorway. I stood looking about me dazed.

enlightened self-interest was based not on ethics, but on the supposition that human nature was so constituted that a man never undertook any enterprise unless there was the chance to "get something out of it." Thus Mr. Jason was inevitable.

Capital came to the assistance of Mr. Jason. A fund was raised by Leonard Dickinson, and I was given *carte blanche* to defend the miserable city auditor and purchasing agent, both of whom were stout men, and were rapidly losing weight.

Our first care was to create delay in the trial of the case in order to give the public excitement a chance to die down. For the public is a child, unable to fix its attention for long on one object,

continually demanding the distraction which our newspapers make it their business to supply. Fortunately, a murder was committed in one of our suburbs, creating a mystery which filled the "extras" for some weeks, and this was opportunely followed by the embezzlement of a considerable sum by the cashier of one of our state banks. Public interest was divided between baseball and the tracking of this criminal to New Zealand.

Our resentment was directed, not so much against Commissioner Greenhalge as against Krebs. It is curious how keen is the instinct of men like Grierson, Dickinson, Tallant, and

Scherer for the really dangerous opponent. Who the deuce was this man Krebs? Well, I could supply them with some information: they doubtless recalled the Galligan case; and Miller Gorse, who forgot nothing, also remembered his dramatic opposition in the legislature to House Bill 709. He had continued to be the obscure legal champion of "oppressed" labor, but how he had managed to keep body and soul together I knew not.

I had met him occasionally, in court corridors or on the street, and he had seemed taller, more cadaverous, more stooping than ever. When I was not too preoccupied, I had pitied him; I avoided him when possible, for he still retained that queer power to make me uncomfortable: although I refused to admit it to myself, I was, when I encountered him, vaguely aware that I should have valued his good opinion, and this was irritating. As a man of the world, as a good fellow, of course I hid this, and exchanged the time of day. His large, deep-set blue eyes had a way of looking down at me searchingly, not unkindly, but the effect was disquieting. And when I left him I was usually in that peculiar mood in which one is inclined to talk aloud to one's self and exclaim "Oh pshaw!"

One thing was clear, that Krebs had done a remarkably good job in collecting Mr. Greenhalge's evidence. How the erring city officials were to escape in the face of it became to us a matter of grave concern. Of course Krebs' "record" was looked up; Judd Jason took care of that. And once more I had considerable difficulty in convincing my associates that it were useless to attempt to "approach" him.

I made up my mind that I would exert every ounce of my energy, use every bit of skill I had learned in my corporation practice to beat him, now that he had cropped up again, and lay across my path once more. Of course he could not appear in the case; the district attorney's office would have, by a very pretty irony, to prosecute. Gregory was a mediocre lawyer and had to be lifted out of a state of funk. I did his work for him and, with the influence of the Railroad and Dickinson and Scherer behind me, chose the judge before whom the case was to be tried—and talked it over with the judge. His name was Notting, and he understood perfectly what was required of him, and that he was for the moment the chief bulwark on which depended the logical interests of capital and sane government for their defence. Also his reelection was at stake.

Besides, it was indicated to the newspapers which showed a desire to keep up the public interest in the affair that their advertising matter might decrease. Mr. Sherrill's great department store, for instance, did not approve of this sort of agitation. This was after Mr. Dickinson had talked with Mr. Sherrill. It was hinted that

certain stationers, booksellers, and other business men had got "cold feet," as Mr. Jason put it. The prospect of bankruptcy had suddenly loomed ahead of them—and the Corn National bank held certain paper. . . .

In short, when the case did come to trial, it "blew up" as one of our ward leaders dynamically expressed it.

But it must be confessed that in my heart I was not especially proud of the fact, though it had been necessary, and was therefore justified. Though, too, there was no question but it had increased my importance and prestige among those whose good will was of value. When the life of a

system is threatened, it does not do to be too squeamish. After all, mine had been only the directing hand. The unpleasant work had been done by others. And I had a sense of being bolstered up and supported by the gratitude of my "clients."

It was a triumph I did not confide to Maude.

One exceptionally hot day in October I had occasion to go over to the Boyne Iron Works, to get certain information at first hand from the superintendent of one of the mills. Having finished my business and left the works, I entered an empty South Side open car standing at the terminal. Just before it started another passenger got in. It was Krebs.

The sight of him gave me a little shock. I had always made it a point, as I have said, to dodge him when I could, but now there was no possibility of doing so. He came down the aisle of the car, and took the seat in front of me. I had learned long since the lesson of being genial.

"Well," I said, "how are you?"

He turned with a start. He had not seen me, and his mind evidently had been preoccupied. But he smiled. It was this smile of his which I invariably found disconcerting, and which—it is hardly too much to say—I secretly dreaded. It was characteristic of Krebs alone; it was not a meaningless, conventional smile, in those strange eyes of his rather than on the worn face; expressive of a kindness and good will which did not represent an ignorant optimism concerning my character and attitude towards him. That was just it. It poured out upon me in spite of these, and paradoxically implied a full knowledge of them.

"Why, Paret?"

He put his big, heavy hand across the back of the seat. I took it. "Come and sit here," I said very genially.

He took the vacant seat beside me.

"Do you ever go back to Cambridge in these days?" I asked, for the sake of conversation.

"Not since I graduated from newspaper work in Boston. That must be over twenty years ago. By the way, our old landlady died this

"Do you mean—?" "Griddle Day?" I asked about the old landlady. I had forgotten her name, but I remembered a story I told I told before we open works, when Krebs had paid us a visit, came back to me. "You've kept in touch with her?" I asked in surprise.

"Well," said Krebs, "she was one of the few people I met in Cambridge. I had a letter from her daughter last week. She's time very well, and is an excellent business woman."

"I wish I could be a business-

"And you,—you never married, did you?" I inquired, somewhat irrelevantly.

He shook his head, and laughed. The gesture had, somehow, the effect of drawing attention to his clothes, the creased alpaca coat and the well-worn necktie. Not that he was bidding for sympathy. Yet I found it something of a luxury to pity him, a justification of my own career. A little effort was required to keep reinforced my sense of superiority. A queer sort of twentieth century Don Quixote, I thought, whom I had unhorsed at every tilt. And yet he always picked himself up with the air of a victor. He didn't seem to know when he was beaten.

"Isn't it fairly definite?"
"Fairly, if my notions are taken in general as the antithesis of what you fellows believe."
"The abolition of property, for instance."
"The abolition of too much property."

"What do you mean by 'too much'?"

"When it becomes embarrassing, when a man becomes a slave to it, when it drives and molds him. When, instead of fulfilling a human need, it becomes an inhuman master."

"But who is going to decree how much property a man should have?"
"Nobody—everybody. It will gradually tend to work itself out as we become more sensible and better educated, and understand more clearly what is good for us."

It was an argument that heated me—heated me the more because he remained calm and good natured. I retorted with the stock, common sense phrase,

"If we had a division to-morrow, within a few years or so the most efficient would contrive to get the bulk of it back in their hands."

"That's so," he admitted.

"But we're not going to have a division to-morrow."

"Thank God!" I exclaimed.

He regarded me quizzically. "The 'efficient' will have to die or be educated first. That will take time."

"Educated!" I exclaimed.

"Paret, have you ever read any serious books on what you call socialism?" he asked.

I threw out an impatient negative. But I was going on to protest that I was not ignorant of the doctrine.

"Oh, what you call socialism is merely what you believe to be the more or less crude and utopian propaganda of an obscure political party. That isn't socialism. Nor is the anomalistic attempt which the Christian Socialists make to unite modern socialistic philosophy with Christian orthodoxy, socialism."

"What is socialism, then?" I demanded, somewhat defiantly.

"Let's call it education, science," he said smilingly, "economics and government based on human needs and a rational view of religion. It has been taught in German universities, and it will be taught in ours whenever we shall succeed in inducing your friends by one means or another

(Continued on page 307)



Presently Miss Allsop came in to take Biddy away to bed. As I watched Biddy follow the governess out of the room she turned. There was wistfulness in her voice. "Father, if you would only read oftener," she cried.

The conversation was ragged, more difficult than I usually found intercourse. It was annoying that he was at ease—he, who was a nonentity in the community—while I had to feign nonchalance. When I lost *amour propre* I lost what had taken a lifetime to gain and sustain.

What was his life? What were his beliefs? A sudden curiosity took hold of me.

"Do you live down here, in this part of the city?" I said.

No, he boarded in Fowler Street. I knew it as in a district given over to the small houses of workingmen. A certain militancy began to possess me, a desire to "smoke him out."

"I suppose you are still a socialist," I remarked.

"I suppose I am," he admitted, and added, humorously, "at any rate, that is as near as you can get to it."

The Song of Songs

The Play of the Month

LOVE is a preposterous and fascinating necessity. And when Edward Sheldon, taking a scarlet leaf more or less from the erotic novel of the "laboratorial" Sudermann, turns it into a pastime wherein the odds are continually against a woman-child, we have a play—which some call preposterous and others, again, fascinating. We belong to the lost tribe of the others, again.

You see, one day Richard Laird almost ran over Lily Kardos in his motor-car, and when he is able to find her again she is an errand girl in an Atlantic City boardwalk bazaar.

It appears they have both been on a search.

Dicky—And what do you know about love?

Lily—Everything—my father told me.

Dicky—Your father!

Lily—Yes (from behind the counter she brings some sheets of music, "The Song of Songs"). Look at this.

Dicky—Music?

Lily—Yes. My father wrote it. It's all about love—'s called "The Song o' Songs."

Dicky—And you keep it under the counter?

Lily—I always think my boardin'-house might burn down. (he laughs) Well, it might! An' if I lost the Song of Songs, I—I think I'd die!

Dicky—Can you sing it?

Lily—Not very well. (she sings)

"I sought him whom my soul loved,

But I found him not.

I called him,

But he gave me no answer;

The watchman that went about the city found me,

They smote, they wounded me,

The keepers of the walls took away my veil."

Dicky—Why, that's really very beautiful!

Lily—My father gave it to me for a present the night he ran away to Greece. He looked at me in a funny sort of way, and then he set me on his knee an' told me—

Dicky—Well?

Lily—About a sweetheart that he used to have in Greece. An' how he left her an' went out into the world to find the Song of Songs.

Dicky—And did he?

Lily—No.

Sometimes he

thought he heard

it through the

smoke of guns or

in the last words

of his friends on

the battlefield.

Sometimes he thought he

heard it in the clapping of

the people when he'd played

Beethoven. After a while

he got a letter from Greece.

His sweetheart was dead.

And then he knew the one

place he could hear that

Song was in her heart. But

she was dead, you see. So

he just smiled an' said to

himself, "You silly man!

How was it you never real-

ized that love was the Song

of Songs?"

Dicky—Lily—

Lily—An' he put this in

my hands, an' he made me

promise to watch an' wait

for love; to pray an' hope

an' search the world till I

found it.

But into Love's Edenic

bazaar comes the dissolute

Senator Calkins, who him-

self has an eye upon Lily.

She has refused to have

anything to do with the

Senator, but Dicky mis-

understands, and gets out.

The Senator says he is going

to marry Lily—and he does,

taking her to his home.

This is not a happy cir-

cumstance, for in his house-

hold Anna Merkle soon

finds wrong in the continued

intimacy of Lily and Dicky. Again Lily is innocent: she has merely been trying to reform Dicky, who went to pieces after losing her to the Senator. Miss Merkle thinks she has discovered the arrangements for a clandestine meeting between Lily and Dicky, and tells the Senator so.

Calkins—How do you know he is coming to see her to-night when I am away! She may have told him not to in her note.

Anna Merkle—(with a harsh laugh) You think so! Listen to that! (Lily is singing in the next room. The Senator twists his hands in sudden agony) Do you know what makes her sing? It's love—it's joy—

Calkins—Keep still. You hate that girl because I married her! You do, you miserable worn-out, cast-off beggar! You've trumped all this up just because you're jealous.

Anna Merkle—Jealous? After living twelve years in this—this house of shame.

Calkins—Then why have you come to me and tried to ruin that child?

Anna Merkle (putting her face close to his, pouring forth the accumulated poison of years) That child?—D'you think I, care about that little shop-girl? You fool, it's you! I'm after you! I'm after the man who took my life and smashed it into pieces! Look at me as I stand here, Dan'l. You made me!

Irene Fenwick as little Lily Kardos. Uncle Phin Bennett (Thomas A. Wise)—Don't you know if Steve once sees you again, it's to hell with good-by. Lily—Then—then tell him I'll love him forever and ever—and—and I guess that's all.



You turned me into this degraded, filthy thing—but oh! here's my chance to get even with you—I knew it would come some time if I could only hold on long enough and now it has! It's right here! I've got it—I've got it—
(Calkins catches Lily by the arm) Shut your mouth, or I'll—

Anna Merkle—You can't frighten me!

Calkins—*(still holding her)* I'm going to find out the truth. I'll go in town and dine at Sherry's and be back here by—twelve! If he's not here—

Well—

Calkins *(grinning horribly)* By Heaven, Anna, I think I'll kill you!

Anna Merkle—*(with a choking little laugh)* Then I'm quite safe!

Calkins—You— *(the door to the bedroom opens)*

Anna Merkle—Ssh! *(looking around to the door)* Let go my arms! She's coming! *(he releases her and turns away, fighting for self-control)*

The Senator leaves for the city. With the coming of midnight Dicky appears, finding Lily alone. She has sent a note telling him not to come—but he has not received it.

Lily—Sh! *(goes to the door and locks it)* What do you mean by climbing up and breaking in my window at this time of night? Have I ever done or said the least little thing to make you think I'd stand for it?

Dicky—Oh, Lily, listen to me just for a half a second.

I won't listen, and you must never come to see me again! My husband's forbidden me to have anything more to do with you. He said he wouldn't let anybody with your reputation hang around his wife. So there, now!

Dicky—*(suddenly serious)* Oh, Lily, I have been such a fool—such a miserable fool!

Dicky—You remember Atlantic City? It was all in my hands then—I could have had you for the asking, and then Calkins came in and my beastly pride got the better of me! I said to myself, "If she can mess around with Calkins, she's not

thought," so I

left you flat. And what's

Y—

just can't live with

Lily—*(calling to him)* All right—I'm coming. *(she moves towards the door, but reels suddenly and almost falls)* No, I can't do it.

Dicky—*(smoking)* Don't be frightened, dear. I won't let him hurt you. *(the pounding continues)*

Calkins' voice *(outside, hoarse with passion)* Hurry! Lily, if you don't open this door I'll break it down.

Lily—*(calling)*

Yes,

Daniel

—yes

—I'm

com-

ing—

I'm

coming

—I'm—

(she is at the door)

Dicky—Go ahead. *(she turns the key. The door is flung open, and the Senator bursts into the room)*

Dicky is

told to get

out of the

house with the

faithless wife.

Lily—Oh, I can't

I can't! *(to Cal-*

kins) Daniel,

ye gotta be-

lieve me!

Lily—Did I surprise your uncle? Steve *(Ernest Glendinning)*—Yes, but he said his specialty was widows, and he wouldn't charge me anything to look you over.

room.) Well, Senator, got anything to say to me? *(for a moment they look at each other)*

Calkins—You're smiling, aren't you?

It's a good joke on the old man. Serves him right—eh? Well, let me tell you, young fellow, the time will come when she'll do the same to you. She's a strumpet, and she'll go the strumpet's way. It's your turn next, damn you! Wait and see.

Dicky—*(imperturbably)* That all?

Calkins—*(heavily)* That's all. *(Lily enters from her bedroom with wraps on, she goes to Calkins)*

Lily—*(kneeling before Calkins)* Oh, Daniel, my whole life is in your hands! What are you going to do with it? I don't want to be bad, but if you make me go with him I will be—I can't help it—and you'll have it on your conscience always.

Calkins—Get out!

Lily—Remember I'm only seventeen. There're all those years ahead of me—don't do it—for your own sake, don't do it! Just believe me—let me stay here with you! Oh, Daniel, won't you please let me be good! *(Calkins stands and looks away from her and does not answer. Lily turns to Dicky—he leads her out of the room)*

Later we find Lily and Dicky living in New York City. She has come on in education as well as freedom; she seems to have a regular court of suitors and lovers—among them a poetic young law student, Stephen Bennett.

He asks to see her alone—he has something important to ask her.

Lily—Are you sure it isn't something that's going to make us both

unhappy, Mr. Bennett? Are you?

Steve—I can't help that.

Lily—Yes, you can. Just leave things as they are. They can't be very sweet just as they are.

from Fenwick, the searcher for "The Song of Songs"

Steve—They don't seem—sweet to me.

Lily—I'm sorry.

Steve—(bursting out) Do you know, ever since I met you that day in the Park—four weeks ago on Tuesday—you've been sort of floating away from me? Oh, of course, you're dear and kind—you've let me come here and read and talk to you—

Steve—(raising his head and speaking in a strangled voice) Who is he?

Lily—(slowly goes to mantel and takes down Dicky's picture and gives it to Steve) There!

Steve—Richard Laird! Oh, my God!

Lily—I am sorry I had to tell you this—it hasn't been easy work. I think all that's left now is to thank you for the hours we've had together. The thought of them will always be very precious to me. (her voice trembles) And now I—I—I believe I'll say good-by.

Steve—Lily, Lily, will you marry me?

Lily—Marry?

Steve—Yes, do you think I care about what's happened to you? What I care about is you. And in spite of everything don't you suppose I can see you're fine and brave and good? Don't you suppose in these four weeks I've looked way down into the depths of you and heard your white soul beating against the bars?

Lily—(staring at him and backing away) You think I'm good?

Steve—I don't think—I know. That's why I want to marry you.

Lily—Oh, Stephen, I can't.

Steve—Why not?

Lily—I've spent my whole life hunting for love. All my mistakes—they've never made me lose my faith. I felt so sure I'd find it. And then I met you, darling. But even in my happiness I couldn't welcome you and take you to my heart. I used to clench my hands and shut my

(Continued
on page
316)

you've listened
like an angel to
all my pre-
posterous
hopes and
dreams and
things. But
each time I left
this room I
felt I knew
you a little
less than
I did

Dicky (Cyril Keightley)—Oh, Lily darling! Lily—How dare you call me darling! What do you mean by coming here after what I wrote you, and breaking in my window this time of night!

when I came in. And now—why you're like a star—so clear and beautiful and far away. And I'm just a silly child reaching out his hand trying to drag it from the sky—but I don't care—I can't stand it any longer—Lily, haven't you guessed, haven't you seen? I love you—I love you.

Lily—(covering her face) Oh, what a coward I am. I saw this coming and I could have stopped it—but I didn't. I just let it go on. (wringing her hands)

Steve—Lily, what is it?

Lily—(almost crying) And I wanted this afternoon to be so perfect. Something you'd always remember. And when you'd said good night and gone I meant to tell the butler that from now on I was never to be at home when you called.

Steve—What!

Lily—(passionately turning to him) Stephen, I wanted it to be the end. The end! Do you understand?

Steve—(dully, after a pause) You don't love me I'm sorry—(he turns to go)

Lily—(with a sob) My darling boy! It's because I love you so much

Steve—(with a cry) Lily, Lily. Do you mean it?

Lily—Wait! That's why I wanted to end our friendship—before anything happened to cloud or change it. Then you wouldn't have any memories of me that weren't lovely. Then you never would have known.

Steve—Known what?

Lily—Stephen—I may as well call you Stephen while I can—

Steve—My darling!

Lily—(holding up her hand) Please. (brief pause) You know I'm—I'm a divorced woman.

Steve—Yes.

Lily—But what you don't know is that my husband divorced me—on account of a man.

Steve—(whispering) What?

Lily—(quickly) Oh, I was innocent then, Stephen; I can say that for myself and I know you'll believe me, but my husband, he wouldn't believe me. But—but afterwards—remember I was young, I had nobody to go to—no friends, no relatives, nothing. Nothing except this man. (with a groan Steve buries his face in his hands) He was very kind to me. Oh, he was infinitely kind. He promised to make up to me everything, so far as such things can be made up, and he kept his word.

Dorothy
Donnelly,
who is play-
ing the part of
the vindictive
Anna Merkle.
(In the center)

Uncle Phin Bennett

—Sometimes when you get tired o' darnin' Steve's socks while he reads Gibbon's Rome to you, you just up and send a wire to me—saying "Am on way to make poor unky-unky visit"—see! Lily—Oh, you're so funny!

Back to Maura Lambert went Kestner's thoughts—back to her at that last moment when he let her escape.



7

the
Fate had
but Fate had
should fight.

ment, waited the enemy he had followed so far and hunted so long. Somewhere within the walls of that waterfront warehouse, perhaps not ten paces from him, waited Paul Lambert, the leader and the last active member of the Lambert gang of counterfeiters.

Fate had indeed pitted them there, but Fate had not ordained that they should fight. For something had made Lambert suspicious. He had grown as silent

Once, as Kestner thought this over, the chill of the night air brought a tickle to his nostrils, and he had to put a finger over his upper lip, pressing it tight against his teeth, to stop the sneeze which threatened to shake his body and fling an explosion of sound across the darkness.

Lambert, his pursuer acknowledged, might be even closer to him than he imagined. The counterfeiter might be within a dozen feet of him. He might be even closer. Kestner might reach out a hand and suddenly find his waiting enemy within touch. Nothing could be certain, in that engulfing darkness. All Kestner knew was that the other man was there, between the same imprisoning walls as himself, waiting, watching, motionless, confronting him with a stoic campaign of inactivity, an ordeal of suspended action.

nate apprehensions. He had grown reconciled to the tedium of prolonged concealment.

But with Kestner it was different. As an officer of constituted authority he had been taught to move promptly and to act decisively. He had always been the aggressor, the pursuer. His nerves were the nerves of the beagle. He had always run with the hounds. He had never been schooled in this rabbit-like trick of skulking motionless in protective shadows. He hated the dark. And it was beginning to tell on him.

He wondered how much longer it would have to last. The quietness seemed to manacle him, limb by limb. He had never dreamed that silence could become such a torture. He knew that sound would spell peril, and yet he prayed for sound in some form or another. He knew that somewhere in the neighborhood, lonely as it was along that South Brooklyn waterfront, there must be companionable little noises, the whisper of the tide running between the piles under the wharf, far-off ferry-engines churning from the Battery to Stater Island, steel shovels clanging deep in the stoke-holes of rusty freighters lying at their slips. Across that distant cobweb of steel known as Brooklyn Bridge, he remembered, electric trains were roaring and surface cars were clattering. Above that huddled island of unrest, beyond the Bridge again, where even midnight could not fix the seal of silence, must swarm a multitudinous crowd of noises, like bees above a hive. But none of these came to that locked and shuttered wharfshed along a lonely and sleep-wrapped waterfront, where Lambert and the man who sought him were prisoners.

Kestner fell to wondering how many hours they had been shut in there together, and how much longer the darkness would last. He had no means of judging the time. He dramatized the coming of morning, picturing to himself the first faint inkling of the first faint glimmer of gray. He could imagine the anxiety with which that vague glimmer would be watched, the tenseness with which he and his enemy would peer at each other through the slowly lifting translucent veil, the breathlessness with which the first actual light would be welcomed, the suddenness with which the inevitable encounter would then begin.

That encounter, he knew, was bound to take place. Lambert, after that night, could never get away. Lambert, indeed, could have no immediate wish to get away. That counterfeiter, without scratcher or breaker or colleague left, would never think of fleeing from New York and leaving behind him those three millions in banknotes, still sealed in their oil-tins so artfully weighted with sand and cork-dust. And those oil-tins could not be opened and moved without Kestner's knowledge.

No, Lambert was there, breathing the same heavy odor of baled Morocco leather and spices and tropical fruits, shot through with the homelier ammoniacal smell from the planking where countless draught-horses had stood. He was there on the lonely fringe of the great city from which he had fled; and he was there, waiting, watching, knowing that the time for finalities could not long be delayed.

But the wait seemed an endless one.

Kestner found relief in studiously rehearsing in his own mind each step that had led up to the present situation. He recalled Lambert's flight from the room in the shooting-gallery building, the talk with Burke the gun-runner, the latter's promise to get him and his three million in counterfeit aboard the *Laminian* and in three days be off for South America.

He remembered Burke's suggestion as to Whitey McKensic, the water-front junkie and river-pirate ready for anything from "milking" coffee-bags in transit on their lighters to stealing coal from the Canarsie barges. This same Whitey was to pick up two or three of his wharf-rat friends. He was given money to hire a boat and also to purchase an inch auger of the best tempered steel. Then when the tide was right

feiteers by Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by Armand Both

Whitey was to slip in under the Saltus Pier, with motor muffled and his lights quenched. Then was to take his auger and with that comparatively noiseless tool he was to cut out a square of flooring big enough to admit a man's body. Through that hole they were to carry off Lambert and his illicit paper, leaving him aboard the *Lambert* before daylight crept over the Lower Bay. But Romano and his three Federal confederates had been tipped off as to Whitey's intentions. They were to shadow that gang of wharf-rats and the right moment intercept them and hold them, awaiting Kestner's instructions. And Romano could be depended on.

Romano had to be depended on, for just before the ponderous doors of the Saltus Wharf shed swung shut for the night a "gay cat" acting as Lambert had appeared with the forged order from the Saltus offices in Bowling Green. There had been a dispute between this "gay cat" and the pick-headed watchman, ending in an angry visit to the telephone in the little pier-office. The watchman had triumphed and the "gay cat" had promptly taken his departure. Yet the maneuver had proved successful, for in the meantime Lambert himself had slipped quietly into the wharf-shed and secreted himself in its shadowy recesses. Three minutes later a trucking team had lumbered in over the worn planking. From the truck itself a piano-crate—duly labeled and consigned for foreign parts—had been promptly dumped beside a pile of lemon-crates from Sicily. There had been some words between the watchman and the truck-driver, the former announcing his intention of not waiting all night before locking up. So the team had turned about and lumbered out again, and the great doors had swung shut.

But during that tumult of sound a strange thing had taken place. In the darkness of the wharf-shed the cover of that piano-crate had apparently taken on life, had quietly and silently opened, as though it were a huge bivalve. And from that mouth-like orifice, inch by inch and with infinite precaution, a human figure had sidled out. Then, having cautiously replaced the cover, this figure had slipped back into the deeper shadows between the pungent tiers of crated lemons.

It had had its discomforts, that hurried journey in a cramped piano-crate, for all its eighteen inches of excelsior padding. But Kestner had not given that feature of the plan much thought. For he had been satisfied with the knowledge that he and Lambert were to be locked together in that silent warehouse, and could remain there without interruption.

KESTNER still waited. But he moved a little, to relieve the ache in his knees. As before, he did so with the utmost care and deliberation, straightening his

legs almost imperceptibly, moving his stockinged feet out experimentally, tentatively, interrogatively, so there might be no betraying creak of the knee-joint. His shoes he had long since removed. And in the heavy planking under him, luckily, there was little chance of a floor squeak.

He moved slowly and softly, yet it was laborious enough to bring a sweat to his straining body. Then he sat tailor-wise, leaning slightly forward, listening again.

Out of the infinite stillness a small trouble had insinuated itself on his consciousness. At first he thought it was the sound of his own labor-ed inhalations. Then he attributed it to the blood-pressure in his head. Yet the next second he was leaning further forward and listening more intently.

On his over-sensitized aural nerves that small trouble still impressed itself. He could neither explain nor define it. Then a running and ramifying thrill of apprehension swept through his still-

fened body. He rolled slowly and cautiously over on one hip, and as slowly lowered his torso until the side of his head was flat against the planking on which he had been sitting. He lay there for a second or two, with his ear pressed flat against the heavy boards. Then he raised his head, listened, and snaked his body slowly forward, stopping again to press an ear against the planking before continuing that silent and erratic advance.

He was nosing about one particular plank, by this time, like a French hound in quest of its underground truffles, moving



Lambert had closed in on Kestner, with the fury of a cave-man cornered in his cave. He had resolved to make that ultimate struggle a struggle of fang and nail and fist.

back and forth, and listening, and again and again quietly cupping his ear against the rough wood.

He could now hear the sound quite distinctly, a continuous muffled rasp, as faint as the slide of a blacksnake over dead leaves. He kept passing the tips of his fingers delicately along the surface of the plank over which he leaned, questioningly, as though the oak were inscribed with the raised lettering of an alphabet for the blind and he were intent on spelling out some answer to the enigma.

He was rewarded by the sudden small sound of splintering wood, no louder than the crack of a strained match-stalk. Moving forward a few inches, he again fell to fingering the floor-surface. For the second time an involuntary thrill sped through his body. His hand had fallen on the revolving sharp steel-point of an auger boring up through the wharf-floor. He knew then, in a flash, that his plans had gone

astray, that Whitey McKensic and his men had in some manner evaded Romano, that they were there with their boat, and that in less than half an hour's time they would have a passage-way cut up through the floor planking and would be in touch with Lambert.

Kestner thought quickly. He was not afraid of those newcomers. He could, in a way, handle them one by one as they came up through the floor. But that could not be done silently. That would betray his position. It would give an advantage to his enemy. And Kestner's one fear now was that Lambert might get away, that something might intervene between the fugitive and his capture. And it was too late to waste energy on interlopers, and too late to be sidetracked from his one end in life.

Kestner's first move was as odd as it was prompt. He whipped out his revolver, feeling with his left hand along the plank-face for that ever-turning point of steel. When he had found it he caught his firearm by the barrel and the grip, holding it horizontally and pressing heavily down on the point where the auger was emerging from the pierced wood. He held the hardened metal of the stock firmly against the cutting edge of that revolving auger, knowing that a few turns would blunt the edge beyond repair. But he made sure of his job; he wanted that bit so that it could never again eat its way through four inches of oak.

Then he sat back, trying to place his position in the wharf-shed. He guardedly felt the seams of the floor, reviewed each movement he had made during his last advance, and concluded he had progressed some twenty or thirty feet towards the waterfront end of the pier. At the other end, he knew, stood the small office-room with the telephone. And Kestner felt that his best chance lay in getting to that telephone and calling for help.

But it would have to be a soundless journey, and a laborious one. It would have its dangers, yet they would have to be faced. There was a grave mis-step to be corrected. And the sooner that call went out, Kestner knew, the safer he

He seemed on his journey, patiently listening, above all things no sound must be made. He knew that at the moment he might come into sudden collision with the watching and waiting. He would not forget that any unexpected contact with a bale of merchandise or a pile of boxes or a miscellaneous heap of paper or any of the many things that lay about. A mere bone creak might spoil his plan. A garment

Kestner went forward, inch by inch, in the

He went forward, inch by inch, in the

rial and muffling. A snow-flake fell no more softly than did those stockinged feet. Each foot-fall seemed an experiment of vital importance, each forward shift of the body became an adventure fraught with the direst peril. Yet he continued to advance, step by caressing step, veering his course about an occasional obstacle, sounding for

night's work. For that door was locked, he found as he let his fingers caress the huge knob and turn it with incalculable slowness so that no click of the latch might betray his movements. And to open it meant much delicate work with the "spider" and the five "skeletons" which he always carried, the same as he carried his watch and his cigar-case.

That new task would have to be noiseless, and to render it so meant

much nursing of naked metal counts less cautious movements of the fingers, slow and tentative prying and turnings of delicately insinuated steel flanges, careful withdrawals and stowing away of unneeded metallic objects which must never be allowed to clink together.

But he conquered the lock, in time. Then, with equally studious precaution, he slowly slipped inside and closed the door after him. Then the explorations began anew.

He found himself in a small fire-proofed chamber, as bald as a tomb and quite as dark. He could even touch the metal roof, and set in its center

found one electric-light bulb. But this he could

not use, much as he wanted to. For the emptiness of that little iron-clad room was a puzzle to him. Then he realized that it must have been equipped as a strong-box, a treasure-vault, for holding valuables in transit.

But he had little time to give it thought. His task was still to reach the telephone. He remembered that he had lost time, when time might be precious. He stood studying the matter out. Then he concluded the pier-office must be somewhere close beside this treasure-room. So he emerged again into the more open space of the high-arched pier-shed, listening and staring through the blackness to make sure the light was not coming to put an end to all his plans.

But the velvety blackness was still unbroken, and again he had to exercise the greatest care as he groped on along the wall, feeling and padding about for the office door.

He came to that door, at last, and let a finger light as thistle-down caress and explore the knob. Then he permitted his entire hand slowly to encompass it, slowly turn it, and with steady but guarded pressure determine whether or not it was locked.

To his joy he found it was not.

He swung the door inward, inch by inch. He was breathing only with the upper area of his lungs as he waited, to make sure there would be no squeak or whine of rusty hinges. It was with equal precaution and slowness that he closed the door again. Then he felt his way inward, circling about until he came to the edge of a desk, and exploring it with questioning fingers.

He found the cloth-covered telephone wires and traced them up to the transmitter stand. With the most scrupulous care he took up that trans-



In the darkness of the wharf-shed the cover of that pianocrate had apparently taken on life, had quietly and silently opened as though it were a huge bivalve. And from that mouth-like orifice, inch by inch and with infinite precaution, a human figure had sidled out.

his channel, shying away from each danger spot as a careful pilot shies away from a shoal buoy.

When he came to the empty piano-crate he felt like a swimmer who had reached an island of deliverance. That gave him something on which to base a new reckoning of his position. It brought him assurance, as the voice of an old friend might, and permitted him to breathe more freely. So far all had been well. And every foot that he covered meant a further guarantee of safety.

He began his journey again, astonished by the apparent length of the pier, wondering how wrong he might also be in his reckoning of time, arguing with himself that an hour or two of mental agony might easily prolong itself into what seemed a whole night. He had heard of such cases.

Perhaps, after all, it was little past midnight, and in his torturing anxiety he had translated minutes into hours, just as during that stealthy advance towards the pier-end he had accepted his travels as something which should have carried him into mid-ocean, as something which seemed to have no beginning and no end. But he kept on, steadily, determinedly, unceasingly.

He kept on until his extended finger came in contact with the sheet-iron covering of a side-wall. He felt run steadily along the wall until he had groped his way to what seemed the door he wanted. Then came the hardest part of his

mitter and lifted it to the floor. Then he silenced the call-bell with his pocket handkerchief, tying it about the clapper to make all sound impossible. Then he stood in thought, for a moment or two, before groping his way back to the office wall. There his busy fingers again took up their exploration work, as he circled the room and stopped meditatively when he came to an overcoat hanging on a hook beside a paper-littered cabinet-top. It was a heavy overcoat, apparently of pilot-cloth, and it was lined with rabbit-skin sadly worn at the edges and rent in the seams.

Kestner possessed himself of that overcoat. Then he lowered himself to the floor, sinking first on one knee and then on the other, slowly, so there should be no shadow of a concussion-sound or bone-creak. Then he leaned forward, with his finger-tips on the floor-boards, letting his body descend inch by inch until his face was close to the wharf-planks and his outstretched hands were within touch of the transmitter-stand.

He first lifted this stand until it was directly in front of him, close to his face. Then he slowly drew the heavy pilot-cloth coat up over his body until it covered both the transmitter and his head. He draped it cautiously about him, as a camera-man covers his instrument, making sure no vent was left. Then he slowly lifted the receiver from its hook, placed it to his ear, and with his lips almost touching the diaphragm of the transmitter whispered his number to Central. From that little tented corner of blackness he was able to call for Wilsnach and help. For Central had heard and given him his connection.

"Wilsnach!" he whispered into the tiny cave of metal against his lip.

There came a faltering and somewhat puzzled "Hello?" in response to his whisper.

"Wilsnach, do you hear me?"

"Hello?" repeated the answering voice.

"Don't you hear me?"

"No! Speak up!"

"This is Kestner," continued the whisper from under the muffling pilot-cloth coat. At last the man at the far end of the line appeared to comprehend the situation.

"Kestner, is it you? Yes—yes—go on!"

"I want help, and I want it quick!"

As never before there flashed home to the whispering man the miracle of the telephone, the renewed mystery of a human voice being projected along its tenuous nervous system of countless wires. He suddenly reawakened to the magic of thus bringing a far-distant voice winging along its rivulet of metal, of guarding and conserving and directing that voice through all the beleaguering uproars of a great city and leading it safely home to his own waiting ear.

"Where are you?"

"On the Saltus Pier in South Brooklyn. I can't talk. I'm shut in here with Lambert. His friends are cutting their way into the other end of the pier."

"I understand."

"Get here quick!"

That was all Kestner

needed to say. The ever dependable Wilsnach, he knew, would be away from that telephone before the musty-smelling pilot-cloth coat could be thrown aside from his own head.

KESTNER, as he emerged from that unlighted pier-office into the cavernous gloom of the equally unlighted warehouse, knew there was no time to be wasted. He felt the need for prompt action. Yet he was still undecided as to what line this action should follow and as to what form it could take.

There was one danger-zone, however, of which he could be sure. That was the spot where Whitey McKensic had attempted to bore his way up through the wharf-planking. Whitey might possess resources unknown to Kestner, and the sooner that spot was investigated the better. Daylight, Kestner felt convinced, could not be far off.

He allowed no impatience of mind, however, to interfere with his earlier demand for caution. He groped his blind way back along the warehouse as stealthily and as silently as he had first advanced from its depths. Once more his outstretched fingers became antennæ. Still again his fastidiously exploring stockinged feet became tentacles, feeling ahead of the ever-shrinking body that followed them.

Then his advance came to a stop.

Suddenly one of the tentacles drew back, as natural in its reaction as the recoil of an insect's feeler, for it had come in contact with something unexpected, something unexplained. Kestner, chilling a little through his moist body at the discovery, slowly lowered himself and explored the unknown object.

There, directly in his path, he found a pair of shoes. He examined them thoughtfully, uppers and sole, as a blind man might. And he knew they were not his own. Close beside them, a moment later, he found a discarded coat. He felt it over, carefully, slipping a silent finger into its pockets, burying his nose in its folds, and sniffing at it as a hound might. Even before he held it up and made sure of its dimensions, of its length of body and width of shoulder, he knew the coat belonged to Lambert.

He knew then that his enemy was still there; and it was fair to assume he was not asleep. That enemy, in fact, was as prepared for emergency as was his pursuer. He stood as ready for silent retreat or advance as did Kestner himself.

The man with the antennæ-like fingers stood erect, peering about the blackness that engulfed him. He seemed to sniff danger in the air, as an animal up-wind sniffs pursuit. Instinctively he reached down to make sure that his revolver was in place. Then he buttoned his coat, and once more stooping forward like a track-runner, moved guardedly on. He began to breathe more freely, digesting his discovery, adjusting himself to the newer condition of things. But he kept warning himself to be cautious, to feel his way carefully, to let no betraying sound announce the secret of his advance.

Then all thought stopped, with the quickness of a lightning flash. His next movement was unvolitioned and spasmodic. It was a movement of sharp recoil. Had his outstretched fingers sud-

denly touched a red-hot plate of metal he could not have moved more quickly.

But it was nothing like a plate of metal; that something which he had touched. It was a human hand, like his own. His groping fingers had momentarily become involved with another set of fingers, outstretched like his own. Those distended antennæ had locked together loath-somely, as the feelers of submarine monsters might, had clutched and had suddenly withdrawn, each cluster telegraphing to the brain behind them the imminence of danger, the need for action.

That action, on Kestner's part, became one of uncouth acrobatics. It sent him leaping and side-stepping backwards, in a series of jerks as quick and uncoordinated as the leaps of a beheaded pullet. Then he stood for a second, silent, poised and motionless, bayoneted with a tingle of horripilated nerves.

He seemed to know what was coming. He saw the quick stab of flame at the same moment that the high-roofed building reverberated with the thunder of the revolver-shot. Lambert was using his gun. He was forcing the issue by suddenly raking the silence about him. And he was keeping on the move as he fired, charging from side to side, craftily changing his position after each flash.

Kestner crouched there, watching those flashes, all but deafened by the echoing tumult after so many hours of silence. He wanted Lambert, and he wanted him at any cost. That was the one vague overtone to all consciousness. Yet his first definite thought was as to the absurdity of standing there passive. The second lucid impression to enter his mind was a self-warning about seeking shelter. Quarters were too close for firing such as that, with bullets ricocheting and whistling about him and the smell of powder-smoke stinging in his nostrils. It was a fusillade from a running and ever-shifting adversary, from now one point and now another, taking on the menace of a general attack. It seemed more like the assault of a small army.

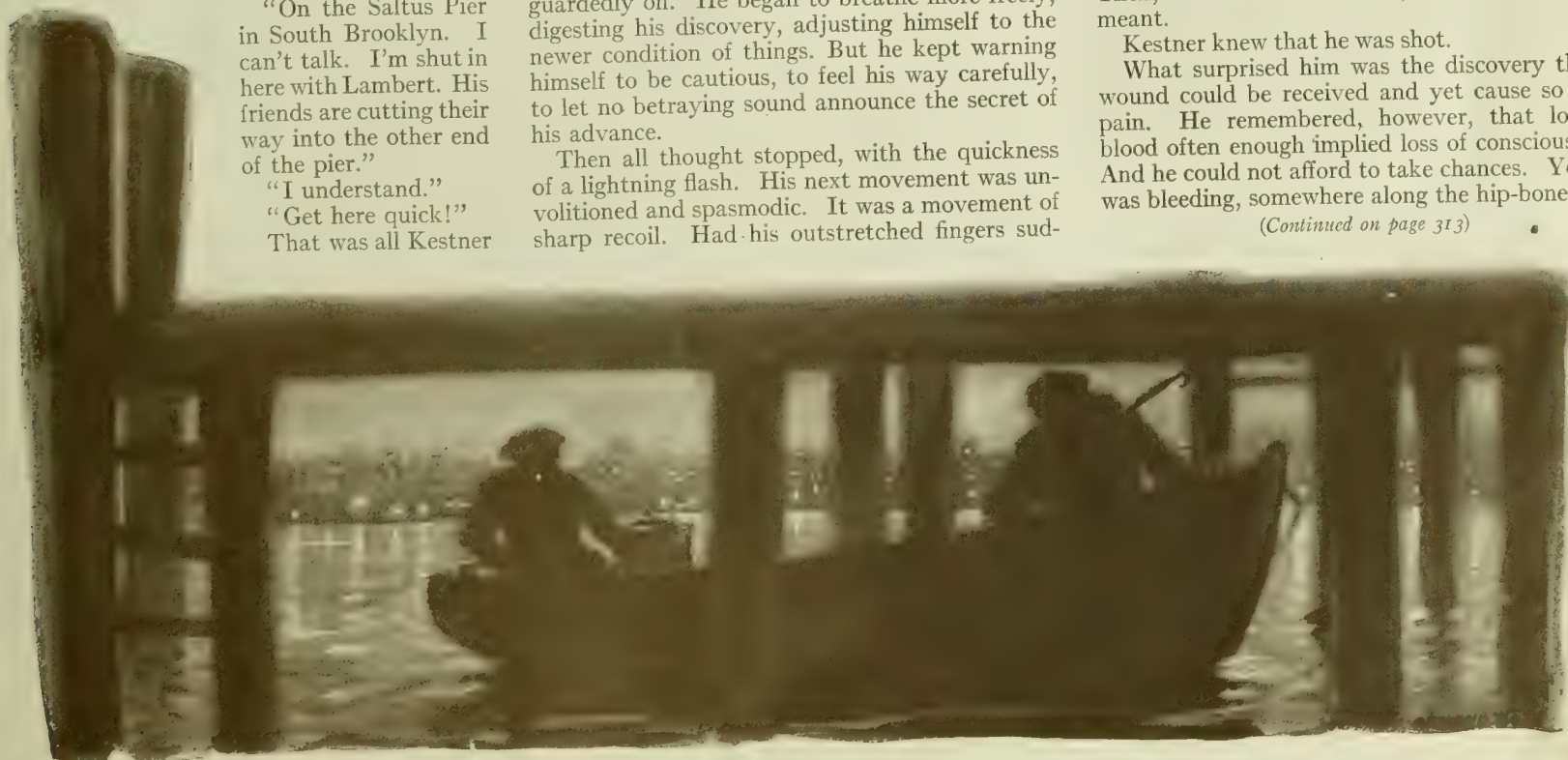
Yet Kestner was still untouched by any thought of personal fear. What he felt was more relief at sudden sound and movement. It still puzzled him a little that this sound could be so tumultuous and the movement so frenzied. He even wondered, for a moment, if he were not being confronted by more than one enemy, if Lambert's confederates had not indeed joined him in that running attack.

Then a greater wonder possessed him, for he found himself wheeling half about and groping in the air with his hands, like a skater struggling to recover his balance. He felt a sting of pain somewhere below the waist. He could not tell where, beyond the fact that the sting had merged into a feeling not unlike a burn and was on the left side. Then, with a sense of shock, he realized what it meant.

Kestner knew that he was shot.

What surprised him was the discovery that a wound could be received and yet cause so little pain. He remembered, however, that loss of blood often enough implied loss of consciousness. And he could not afford to take chances. Yes, he was bleeding, somewhere along the hip-bone. He

(Continued on page 313)



"Mr. Dooley" on

By F. P. Dunne



ar-re ye'er plans f'r to-morra's battle.' 'Ah, he does, does he?' Well, tell him to get up arly an' buy a copy iv th' pa-aper,' he says.

"Whin this riot in Europe started I looked for'ard to manny a pleasant avnin' settin' in an aisychair in front iv th' fire readin' about th' horrors iv th' day. I saw our bravest an' fairest journalists go out, an' th' next I heerd iv thim they were doin' time in a Fr-rinch jail. I waved good-by to manny corryspndints as they wint forth to war mounted on fiery chargers an' followed be their Hindoo servants an' camels an' dhromedaries,

"I wanted to be a war corryspndint," said Mr. Dooley, "an' I wud've been wan if I cud write a line without dislocatin' me shouldher."



Th' pro-fissor slams over th' cerebellum anny cheap ornithologist that has been sowin' mines.

"T H' time was," said Mr. Dooley, "be-fure war became a kind iv a private poker game between gin'rails with all th' wurruld puttin' up th' money f'r thim, whin I wanted to be a war corryspndint, an' I wud've been wan if I cud write a line without dislocatin' me shouldher. Annybody cud be a gr-reat gin'ral who had a head as round as a baseball an' was in such dhread iv th' inimy that he always thried to get in th' first punch. But it took a higher kind iv intilligence, d'ye mind, to set ca'mly amidst flyin' shot an' bustin' scrapnel an' write to th' folks at home: 'It was here that Gin'ral Grant made th' same blundher that proved so costly to Napolyon at Austherlitz, an' fr'm th' same cause, to wit, lack iv military expeeryence. Instead iv attemptin' a demi-lune, or annyhow an escalade, which wud've throwed th' left flank in echelon an' compelled Gin'ral McGuffey's cav'ry to deploy on th' right center, thus foorcin' th' right end to fall back on th' right tackle an' throw th' quarter back acrost th' line iv communication, cuttin' off th' fife an' dhrum corps fr'm th' rest iv th' band, so that th' music wud be goin' in two directions at wanst, an' th' inimy wud get lost iv comp'ntin' an' th'ir deliverin' a counter-charge, th' incompetint ol' Amalook attempted th' ol'-fashioned coop iv shootin' an' stabbin' th' foe, with what result ivrybody knows. Our army is in full rethreat toward th' South, an' th' inimy is advancin' in th' same direction to meet us. I spoke to Grant whin he come to me quarters to-day avnin'. 'Grant,' quoth ye'er corryspndint, 'if ye'd used th' demi-lune to-day I'd been a different story.' 'I wud've been a different story,' quoth I. He snatched somethin' that sounded like demi-lunytick, an' thim ast me what I was in. I told him th' whole d'ale iv a military maneuver known as th' demi-john. 'Th' demi-john,' said Grant, 'is that he is livin'.' He didn't thimast me at a wurruld bodin'."

In thim days, Himmie, 'bout an' around thing f'r to be a general, an' an' th' d'ale is a wurruld bodin' that, p'haps, whin th' general is in th' front, he is in th' back. 'Well, an' whin ye see th' general, p'haps, what is th' point iv th' war? The point is to know what

carryin' cookstoves, jam, tea, maps, Frinch-made-aisy books, potted ham, cameras, volumes iv pothry, autygraft albums, rapid-fire guns, scimitars, letthers iv introduction, corkscrews, poker chips, vanity boxes, an' all th' other nicissities iv th' rough life iv camp. Some iv thim have come home to write about their harrowin' expeeryences thryin' to cash a letter iv credit in London. Others are still at the front iv th' American bar in Paris gettin' official information about th' Roo-bians in England fr'm th' on'y waiter in all France who has not yet been shot as a spy.

"Ye see, Himmie, it appear that th' gin'rails were jealous iv th' reports an' small blame to thim. To carry on a war with wan iv these janiuses lookin' on was like th' pitcher iv a prairie ball team thryin' to wurruk with Christy Matherson standin' on th' sideline. It made him s'arous. It was no pleasant thing to have a young fellow peekin' around in th' camp recordin' th' kicks iv th' bould

private again his canned corn beef, chalkin' up th' number iv times th' gin'ral was seen goin' to th' cupboard, an' jottin' down all his fumbles. They made up their minds that in th' scoor iv this war there'll be no error colyumn. Ivry gin'ral is now his own special corryspndint, like Hogan's friend, Joolyus Cayzar. Joolyus Cayzar wasn't as copyous a writer as Gin'ral Joffer. Whin he wanted th' boys back in Rome to know he'd busted th' inimy he tillygraphed: 'I come,' he says, 'I see thim an,' he says, 'I licked thim.' 'Veeny,' he says, 'veedy,' he says, 'veecy,' he says. In after years he was sorry he'd put in two wurruds too manny. Maybe th' time will come whin Gin'ral Joffer will be ashamed he's been so garrulous. Ye'd think he was paid be th' colyumn th' way he's been floodin' th' pa-apers with wild outbursts like this dispatch in to-day's pa-aper: 'On our left there is absolutely nawthin' to report. On th' river Wyser we advanced wan millimeter. On th' Moose all is ca'm. Th' day was onivntful in th' forest iv Argonne, excipt f'r th' squrls in th' trees, who hopped around a good dale. A dull an' rather tiresome day was spint be th' ar-rmy near Arras. In th' coorse iv th' languid afthernoon, monotonous in th' extreme, we gained between wan half an' four-fifths iv a millimeter, but just how much I cannot say as I didn't have a tapeline with me. Th' list iv casualties follows be freight.'

"I don't see why he shudden't write: 'Still here' an' lave it go at that. It must be puzzlin' to a Fr-rinch lady, maybe, whose husband has gone to th' war, to read that absolutely nawthin' iv th' laste importance has happened an' thim to bump into th' good man's name in th' list iv those that has perished, presoom'bly iv ongwee. I niver see such a hard war to read about. Th' minnyit I find meself gettin'



The Literature of the War

Illustrated by F. Strothmann

congress I said to meself, here is wan iv nature's noblest products. But since I suppose ye have taken th' side iv ye'er barb'rous counthry in

stampin' on th' on'y refined nation in th' wurruled, with all re-

inthrested in a despatch I stop readin' it because I know it ain't so. Th' histhry iv this war will have to be wrote be th' censor if he can remember what he cut out.

"I don't blame th' gin'ral. If I was wan iv thim divvle th' fut wud I let any corryspondint come with th' ar-rmy, if I cud help meself. Not that I'd care about thim tippin' me hand to th' inimy. All the great shtateegists is like ol' von Molky. They niver know what they're goin' to do till just before they do it. No sinsible man wud believe a gin'ral if he told him his plan iv battle. It wud be too simple. In a gin'ral way, Hinnissy, it is to find out th' inimy's softest spot. That'll be th' spot he's guardin' th' most. Thin thry an' make him change his guard be jabbin' him somewheres else. I wudden't care what he told me about plans in advance if I cud edit what he wrote about thim afther I'd carrid thim out. If I shtarted a shtateegic rethreat I wudden't want some young fellow writin' home: 'Gin'ral Dooley has just passed me on th' broad highway, runnin' like a rabbit. He was pale with fright an' had lost his hat,' an' maybe printin' a pitcher iv me with both feet off th' ground, labeled 'Gin'ral Dooley in action.' No, sir, I'd write up th' exploit in a way that wud be fair to meself. 'Chicago: Th' inimy has appeared in gr-reat force but I have dhriven him back with tur-rble loss. Keokuk, Ioway: Findin' me position on-tinable f'r military raisons, I ordered an' led in person a shtateegic rethreat. Th' brilliyant manoeover was accomplished in good order. I arrived here this mornin', breezin' in under wraps, with me staff a poor second an' th' rank an' file a bad third. Time 2:35½. Omaha, Neebrasky: F'r th' purpose iv lurin' th' inimy away from his groceries, I continued me shtateegic retreat, which was conducted be me in th' most mastherly fashion, if I do say so. Th' goin' was heavy, but

th' time was fast. Th' inimy off bad, tired in th' sthretch an' niver got up. San Francisco: Owin' to my bein' a poor sailor I have found it nicissary to make a stand at this p'int an' demand an armistice. It was arranged on terms hon'r-



Manny war correspondints wint forth to war followed be their Hindoo servants an' camels, carryin' cook-stoves, jam, rapid-fire guns, corkscrews, poker chips, vanity boxes, an' all th' other nicissities iv th' rough life iv camp.

able to both sides. I turn over to th' inimy me side arms, card-case, flask, boots, purse, watch an' chain, pocket comb, an' th' governmint iv th' counthry. He gives me back me hat. I will now return to th' bosom iv a grateful fatherland to collect me pinsion."

"We'll niver know what happened till th' war is over, an' thin we won't know. But ye can get a gin'ral idee if ye have a key to th' dispatches. I'm thinkin' iv gettin' wan out. 'Shtateegic rethreat—Runnin' away. Fallin' back—A shtateegic rethreat iv less thin ten miles whin th' inimy is out iv breath. Onivintful day—Nawthin' good to repoort. Successful reconny-sance—onsuccessful attack. Chat about th' flyin' masheens—Bad news about th' ar-rmy. Inimy's mines—Our mines or inimy's torpedoes. Black savages—Th' inimy's Mohammedan throops. Spy—Waiter or barber. Dumdum bullets—Inimy's ammy-nition. Envelopin' movement—Gettin' too far fr'm th' rest iv th' ar-rmy an' havin' to sprint back. Athrocities—Th' inimy's way iv makin' war. Prisoners' stories iv starvation an' mutiny among th' inimy—Politeness iv a guest."

"Be th' look iv things th' fiercest fightin' has not been on th' battle field, but amongst th' noncombatants. If th' armies felt as sore at each other as th' colledge pro-fissors, th' clergy, an' th' potes, th' war wud be over in a month. Th' sojers wud throw away their guns an' bite each other. It's shtrange that while Gin'ral Joffer an' Gin'ral von Kluck ar-re passin' chunks iv ir'n an' lead at each other in th' politest way in th' wurruled an' without a thrace iv hathred, a pro-fissor in Munich writes to a pro-fissor in Oxford: 'Whin I heerd ye read ye'er pa-aper on stalkin' th' butterfly at our last

spect f'r ye'er attainments, an' as scientific men shud, Herr Pro-fissor, stand aloof fr'm th' sordid thing called pathritism, I must say with due respect I don't think ye iver had th' nerve to face a butterfly, an' if I was near ye I'd like to give ye a good kick in th' slats, ye skate, ye.' To which th' pro-fissor of Oxford replies: 'Up to th' outbreak iv th' prisint utterly onnicissary war, foored upon a peaceful nation be th' intrigues iv such low scuts as ye'erself, I had th' highest respect f'r th' larnin' iv ye'er counthry an' ye'erself. I remimber th' thrill I felt whin I heerd ye'er lecture on th' "Home habits iv th' Duck," an' recall th' delicious afthernoon spint undher th' thrall iv ye'er iloqueunce, I can on'y be tolerant an' say ye lie, an ye know ye lie. As f'r ye'er impty bombastical threats, I pass thim by. I will merely reemark that I am a Briton, an' in definse ive me coun-thry's honor I will slam over th' cerebellum with me thrusty butterfly net, anny cheap ornithologist that has been sowin' mines in th' North Sea, is a well-known spy, an' is at this moment carryin' th' toes iv Belgian childher in his coat pocket."

"As f'r what th' clargy iv th' varyous coun-thries has been sayin' at each other, I don't dare to repeat it. I might be overheard be th' polis. But th' potes has been th' boys. Whin I r-read th' bulletins fr'm Berlin about th' onivintful matinees in th' western theayter, an' thin think iv what I have suffered from th' pothry iv th' war I feel like stoppin' me contrihutions to th' relief fund. Why shud I be sindin' clothes to th' men in th' threnches? Be rights they ought to be sindin' me ear-muffs. I am safe fr'm th' sixteen-inch howitzers, but th' man in th' threnches is safe fr'm th' pothry iv th' war. An' he has th' best iv it. Whin war was declared, without givin' a wurruled iv warnin' th' potes tur-rned loose on onarmed civilyans, women, childher, Red Cross nurses an' ambylance bearers, a deadly fire iv a kind iv pothry that is conthry to th' laws iv civilyzed warfare an' in vi'lation iv th' Geneva convintion. Some iv these pomes has been examined whin they fell without explodin' an' found to contain lines that will give th' victim a perpetchool toothache. I meself, though separated be thousands iv miles fr'm th' battlefield, have found meself exposed to a merciless bombardment fr'm concealed bathries iv English an' native potes, an' I've been pickin' fragments iv broken rhymes out iv me

(Continued on page 322)



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"There's a Reason" for
Grape=Nuts

wrestling in it. I could not recognize Nancy. The woman I saw was transformed, tortured, yet uplifted—somehow incandescent. She was not Nancy, but I beheld in her the woman I loved, had always loved more than my life itself, and had never seen before.

"I can't think," I said. "I can only feel. And I can't express what I feel, Nancy. It's mixed—it's dim, and yet it's bright and shining. It's you."

She shook her head. "You've always seized what you wanted, and now at last you want me."

"I always wanted you," I interrupted.

"You've always seized what you wanted," she went on steadily, "and everything has faded—evaporated. Other men, friends of yours, friends of mine, Leonard, Dickinson, for instance, or the gentleman you have just seen in New York, are fairly well contented with their achievements and acquisitions. Do you know why? I've often told you. It's because you were born with that awkward thing called an ideal, and you can't get rid of it. It curdles everything. In spite of your success, it has made a mess of your life—and mine. If one has an ideal, one should have principles, in order to be reasonably happy. You and I, my dear, are typical of the modern world—we haven't any principles."

"I had no idea you had thought so much," I exclaimed.

"Oh, I've thought, but I haven't got anywhere. I want you to get me somewhere. I have nobody but you, Hugh. I want you to be yourself."

"But what do you mean?" I cried, exasperated, and yet so powerfully moved that my voice trembled. "Do you want me to give up everything—my practice? Will that bring me any nearer to you?"

"I don't know what I want," answered Nancy, wearily. "I'm sick of the life I'm leading. But I'm trying to face the situation, Hugh—or rather to get you to face it. I'm trying to get you to see that we can't drift, that we are facing a fact. We haven't any—compass. The church can't help us. We aren't like some people I could mention in New York who have got divorces—we can't live on the plane—you and I. Not together. Put it this way: should we get what we want? Let that be our morality."

"I only know that I want you above everything else in the world," I said, seizing her wrists.

She gave a low cry. Suddenly she had risen, and with an effort tore herself from my grasp and fled through the curtains of the doorway. I got to my feet and stood looking about me, dazed.

I yearned for Nancy with a longing of soul and body which is terrible for me to recall. Except when I was driving at my work, and even then, I could think of nothing but that I wanted her, and that at last she seemed within my reach. Her strange objections, her questions troubled me, to be sure: I did not recognize Nancy in them. I had struck an unexpected resistance at the very hour of victory. Well, women were thus: and they had a way, too, at such crises, of resolving themselves—as it were—into a new and hitherto undreamed-of combination of elements. The amazing thing was that Nancy had changed for me as completely as though she were now a different woman. The very lineaments of her features seemed to have altered. She was no longer, since that scene I have recorded, the Nancy of girlhood, nor was she the Nancy of society. She had developed into a woman I had not known or imagined, a woman of doubt, with a harrowed soul.

It is almost futile to attempt to write of the complexity of my life and feelings during the months which followed. Nancy obsessed me. I saw her constantly, and always there was in her that strange resistance which she had so unexpectedly revealed. She had, in some mysterious way, contrived to put that resistance into me. For there were moments when I might have overcome it in her, when I might have taken her in my arms; afterwards, I wondered why I had not done so. I was conscious of no restraints which might be called moral. It was simply that there was an essence in our relationship which her attitude expressed, an essence which I would not destroy.

At moments, however, when I was tired, the actual difficulties of the situation loomed up. There was Maude: there were the children. A consistent and logical "master of life" would have divorced Maude: would have gone to her and said: "You do not satisfy me. I have found another woman with

whom I can reach those levels and taste, those joys which are the crown and fulfillment of existence, and to which every human being is entitled. I have not satisfied you, so let us separate. Perhaps you, too, will find the right person. Our marriage has been a terrible mistake."

I could not do it.

Then one morning as I was pondering over these things in my office, there jumped into my memory, oddly enough, what the old carpenter, Willis, had said to me when I was a boy. "If you ever want another man's wife, Hugh, Gawd help him!" I had not thought of him for years.

It seemed incredible that Maude should not know of my love for Nancy, but she gave no sign. Often, as I looked at her, I wished she would. I can think of no more expressive sentence in regard to her than the trite one that she pursued the even tenor of her ways; and I found the very perfection of her wifehood exasperating. Our relationship would, I thought, have been more endurable if we had quarreled. And yet we had grown as far apart, in that big house, as though we had been separated by tiers of states. I lived in my apartments, she in hers. She consulted me about dinner-parties and invitations; for, since we had moved to Grant Avenue, we entertained and went out more than before. Maude had conformed to my way of life.

I had, however, no longer the feeling that I had crushed her individuality. Outwardly she had conformed to the mold; but I had been made aware that inwardly a person had developed. It had not been a spontaneous development, but one in resistance to pressure; and was probably all the stronger for that reason. My mind being occupied, I did not reflect upon it much.

At Christmas-time, this year, Maude took the children and spent the holidays with her father. . . .

I began to realize, vaguely, that it was the children who constituted the chief problem in my present predicament. And yet it was only occasionally that a twinge reminded me of this. Did I love them? And was this love, if it existed, in conflict with my infatuation for Nancy? Both should have been harmony, and yet the harmonies clashed; both were sacred, and yet made discord which at times wracked me. My love for Nancy was the projection of a childhood ideal. . . .

There were days and weeks when I did not think of the children, scarcely saw them. And then some little incident would happen to give me an unexpected wrench and plunge me into unhappiness. One wet, snowy evening I came home from a long talk with Nancy which had left us both wrought up, and I had entered the library before I heard voices. Maude was seated under the lamp at the end of the big room reading from "Don Quixote." Matthew and Biddy were at her feet, and Moreton, less attentive, at a little distance was taking apart a mechanical toy. I would have tiptoed out, but Biddy caught sight of me.

"It's father!" she cried, getting up and flying to me. "Oh, father, do come and listen! The story's so exciting, isn't it, Matthew?"

I looked down into the boy's eyes. They were shining with an expression that suddenly pierced my heart with a poignant memory of myself. Matthew was far away among the mountains and castles of Spain.

"Matthew," exclaimed Biddy, "why did he want to go fighting with all those people?"

"Because he was dotty," supplied Moreton, who had an interesting habit of picking up slang.

"It wasn't at all," cried Matthew, indignantly, interrupting Maude's rebuke of his brother.

"What was it, then?" Moreton demanded.

"You wouldn't understand if I told you," Matthew was retorting, when Maude put her hand on his lips.

"I think that's enough for to-night," she said, as she closed the book. "There are lessons to do—and father wants to read his newspaper in quiet."

There was an immediate protest from Biddy.

"Just a little more, mother! Can't we go into the schoolroom? We shan't disturb father there."

"I'll read to them—a few minutes," I said.

As I took the volume from her and sat down Maude shot at me a swift look of surprise. Even Matthew glanced at me curiously; and in his glance I had, as it were, a sudden revelation of the boy's perplexity

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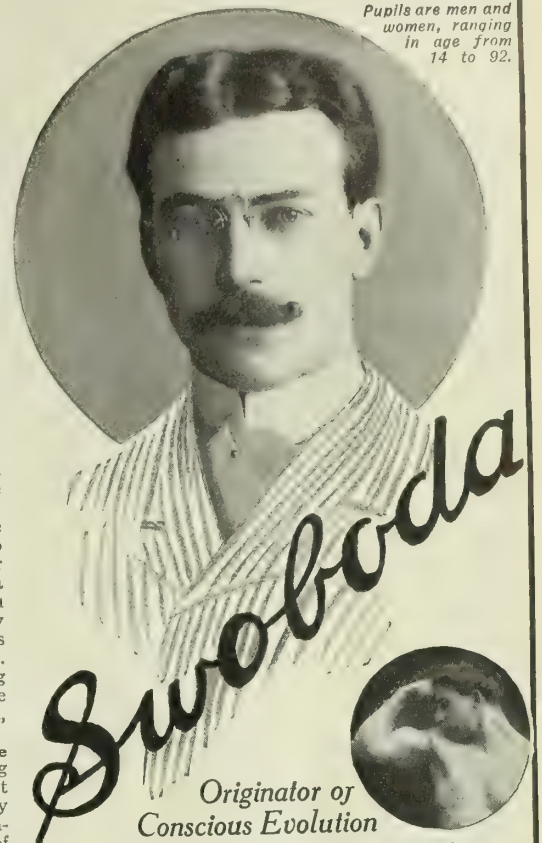
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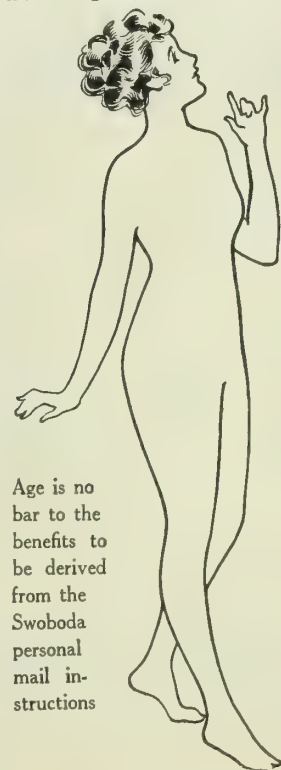
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concerning me. He was twelve, rather tall for his age, and the delicate modeling of his face resembled my father's, after whom he was named. He had begun to think. What did he think of me?

Biddy clapped her hands, and began to dance across the carpet.

"Father's going to read to us, father's going to read to us!" she cried, finally clambering up on my knee and snuggling against me.

"Where is the place?" I asked.

But Maude had left the room. She had gone swiftly and silently.

"I'll find it," said Moreton. . . .

I began to read, but I scarcely knew what I was reading. My fingers tightened over Biddy's little knee. A sudden, intense love had welled up within me for these children; and I was amazed that this perspective in which I now saw them had not been given me before. Why could not this very thing which I was now doing have happened every evening?

Presently Miss Allsop, the governess, came in. She had been sent by Maude. There was wistfulness in Biddy's voice as I kissed her good night.

"Father, if you would only read oftener!" she said.

They were unusual children, not troublesome, individual, intelligent, affectionate. Maude had brought them up well. As I watched them follow Miss Allsop out of the room, it seemed amazing that I had not appreciated them, that I had not been able to taste the joys of their companionship.

Maude and I were alone that night. At moments I looked at her across the table. She did not seem much to have aged; her complexion was as fresh, apparently, as the day when I had first walked with her in the garden at Elkington; her hair the same wonderful color. Perhaps she had grown a little stouter. There could be no doubt about the fact that her chin was firmer, and that certain lines had come into her face indicative of what is called character. Beneath her pliability she was now all firmness. The pliability had become a mockery. I hated her for this, without defining it as I now have done. I read in her attitude that I had been very carefully weighed and found wanting.

As we sat in the library after the somewhat formal, perfunctory dinner, I ventured to ask her why she had gone away when I had offered to read.

"I couldn't bear it, Hugh," she answered.

"Why?" I asked, intending to justify myself.

She got up abruptly and left me. I did not follow her. In my heart I understood why. But I wondered how much she knew. Was it because she felt that I had long ceased to love her, because I was wrapped up in business affairs of which she did not approve? Or had she guessed my infatuation for Nancy?

I believe that this was the most miserable moment I had ever experienced in life, a moment of a profound sense of failure, of being lost. And that self-esteem which scarcely ever deserted me had ebbed. Of what use now was the success I had achieved? the money I had laid by?

I had somehow been convicted of a lack of moral values. These I had failed to achieve. Maude was unhappy, and yet she had them.

What were moral values? That terrible modern question assailed me once more as I sat staring into the useless fire. My nature was not Maude's, and never could be. Strangest of anomalies! In that hour I sat there, despite the antagonism and resentment I felt against my wife, I knew pity and yearning for her, for her through the children—our children. But all the while, persistent and unrelaxed, crying out for fruition was my love for Nancy. The sure knowledge that it would conquer, rent me. And yet—I repeated to myself—that was fine and sacred, too. I could not, I would not give it up. Salvation—whatever the word had come to mean—development lay that way. . . .

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The Counterfeiters

(Continued from page 305)

could feel it. His trouser's-leg was wet and warm. It might be more serious than he imagined. And he had to be sure of his case. Whatever happened, Lambert was not to get away. So quietly and deliberately Kestner reached down for his revolver and began to fire, falling back and dodging from quarter to quarter as he shot.

Yet he shot deliberately, always aiming low, with nothing to guide him but that ever-shifting ruby flame-jet arrowing for the moment out of the blackness. Then, as he strained forward, he heard the sound he had been hoping for, the telltale snap of a trigger on an empty cartridge-chamber.

He raised his automatic and fired again, still aiming low, calculating the source and central point of that one guiding sound.

Then he stopped short, dropping his hand to his side, for a quick gasp of pain had come to his ears, followed by a low and half-moaning cry of "Oh, my God!" Then came the sound of a body falling and threshing for a moment against the flooring. Then the silence was unbroken.

Kestner felt in his pocket for a match, made sure of the dipped end, and struck it. Just what happened after that Kestner never quite knew.

His enemy had fainted and snatched at a pretence of being shot. Under cover of that feint he had gathered himself together and waited for the first sign of Kestner's position. Then he had leaped for him out of the darkness. He had closed in on him, with the antediluvian fury of a cave-man cornered in his cave. He had resolved to make that ultimate struggle a struggle of fang and nail and fist. And now they were on the wharf-floor, locked arm in arm.

Lambert was the bulkier man of the two. Kestner remembered, and in some ways much the stronger man. But Kestner had the advantage of youth. He also remembered that most efficacious experiment of thumb-pressure on the nose, that torturing pressure, on the thin and membranous bones, which could so promptly break a waist hold, not only by engendering a pain that soon became unendurable but also by compressing an air-passage that was essential to life. He felt for Lambert's nose, placed his thumb, locked his fingers, and applied the pressure.

He knew, as he did so, that it was then merely a matter of time. Lambert fought with fresh fire, knowing that clutch had to be broken, and broken soon. But Kestner hung on like a leech. The great body under him lurched and tossed and heaved.

Not once did Kestner loosen his clutch. Not once did he give up. Not once did he relieve that cruel pressure. It was a fight to a finish; and this was the finish.

KESTNER was not sure of his man until he felt the stiffened body relax and the arms fall away.

Kestner knew the need for caution, for making assurance doubly sure. He half-led and half-dragged his captive along the dark length of the wharf, feeling his way as he went. When he came to the little iron-clad storage-room, he opened the door and thrust Lambert inside.

"And that's the end," he murmured to himself. He relocked the door with his skeleton-key. This took him some time, for he was a little dizzy and his hands were numb and his fingers shaking. But the triumph faded out of his heart, for his thoughts at that inapposite moment went back to Maura Lambert. . . .

He groped weakly about. When he came to an open crate of olive-oil tins he sat down. He concluded it would be best to rest there for a moment or two, for he felt light-headed, impressed with the idea that the oak-flooring under him was gently but perceptibly oscillating, heaving back and forth with wave-like regularity. He

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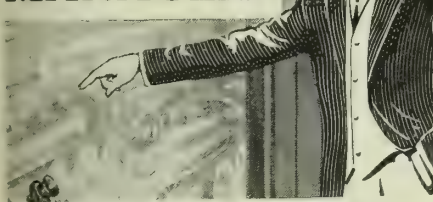
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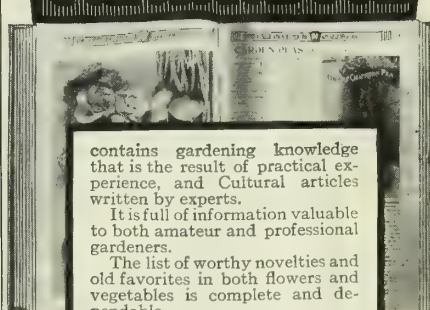
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laughed a little as he leaned forward and turned one of the olive-oil tins over and over in his hands. Then he was dimly conscious of the doors at the wharf-end being swung open, of hurrying figures with lanterns, of the lightening grayness of the world beyond the wide maw of the door, of the call of voices through the cavernous gloom of the wharf-shed itself.

"Are you all right now?" Wilsnach was asking as he handed a pocket-flask back to a second stooping figure beside him.

"I'm all right," was Kestner's slowly articulated answer, after blinking for a moment or two up into the face of the ever dependable Wilsnach. He stared about him for another moment or two. Then he remembered.

"I've got Lambert," he quietly announced.

He turned himself about, so that he faced the end of the pier, where the lights were clustering round the locked door of the storage-room. Some one, he finally comprehended, was pounding on that door with a piece of timber. Kestner started dizzily but determinedly to his feet.

"Get those men away," was his jealous command. "I don't want any interference with my prisoner."

"You've got him in there?" demanded the incredulous Wilsnach.

"I've got him there," said Kestner as he leaned forward and began to pull on the pair of shoes which Wilsnach had dropped beside him.

Wilsnach, however, did not wait for his colleague. He pulled a pair of nippers from his pocket as he ran. And he ran straight for the storage-room.

Kestner scrambled to his feet, stiff and sore. Yet he was running by the time he reached the pier-end and the lanterns that moved in and out through the small storage-room door, like fire-flies in and out of a cave-mouth. He fell against those silent figures, pushing them promptly aside. When he reached the narrow doorway itself he found Wilsnach blocking his advance. The nippers were still in his hand. He looked at them foolishly, as though he dreaded meeting Kestner's eye.

"I want that man," proclaimed the Secret Agent.

Wilsnach looked at him almost pityingly. "He's gone," he quietly announced.

"Gone?" echoed the other.

"He's there! But you can't get him!"

"I've got to get him!"

The look of pity went out of Wilsnach's face. He seemed to lose patience at the other man's unlooked for heaviness of mind. But he began to push Kestner back from the doorway, step by step.

"What good's he to you," was his almost angry demand, "when he's dead?"

"He can't be," he protested. "He couldn't do it!"

"He has done it!"

"But there was no way."

"There was a light-bulb in the roof. He unscrewed that bulb and broke it."

"Cut his throat with it," amplified a watchman in a bottle-green overcoat.

Kestner leaned heavily against the side-wall covered with sheet-iron.

"Then we've lost him!" he acknowledged.

(In April—On Maura's Trail with Kestner.)

The Sunbonnets

(Continued from page 282)

"And I want my apples," from Sallie Katherine.

The children drifted away and sat down. "Well, I know what I'm going to do," Lucy whispered determinedly; "I'm going out to old Aunt Hannah's and get my apples my own self."

Nobody heeded the two little blue sunbonnets that went slipping around the corner. Lucy led the way and cautiously kept hid from little aunty.

Presently they struck out boldly, along the middle of the street, dodging and running whenever some meddlesome woman pounced out of a cave to drag them in. The fringe opened up, and grew louder. Meddlesome women quit venturing out of their caves—they only shouted and made frantic gestures as the Sunbonnets went bobbing past. Once the children stopped, there was such a curious whistling sound above their heads; leaves and twigs hovered down upon them. "Isn't this



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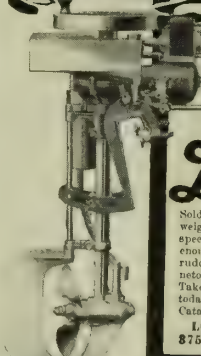
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fun?" said Lucy. Breathless they came to where the road plunged down a hill into a narrow gorge. They crawled under a fence and scurried through a devastated orchard. Lucy's bonnet hung to the middle of her back, and Sallie's dragged by a string. "Now," Lucy cried triumphantly; "that's Aunt Hannah's house; come on, old slowpoke."

THE children had been missing for an hour. From different directions Marion and Uncle Abe rushed back to their cave, each hoping that the other had brought in the two little Sunbonnets.

"Run, Abe, run to Hazlitt's Pond; they may be playing in the water."

"Ain't gwine to budge a step onless you stays here; dese shells is bustin' mighty rapid an' reg'lar."

A moment later a horse trotted up, a riderless horse, Rodney's horse, with empty saddle and bridle swinging loose. In dumb misery she watched the famished creature devouring the mulberry leaves. For a moment she leaned against the hillside, and scarcely breathed. A shout startled her, a shout from Abe. Rodney Bezar came running with Sallie Katherine upon his shoulder, an excited, jubilant child holding an apple in each hand. Lucy darted ahead, "Look, little aunty, look! I've got two apples."

Marion dragged them into the cave and washed their smudgy little faces, while Rodney told briefly that he had caught the children at the apple tree; "Now listen Marion, quick. The city is going to surrender—steady, little girl, steady! You must not tell a soul, not even Mrs. Lanier. The General has warned me that I could get away, and not be surrendered with the others."

"But can you get away?" her eyes shone in the darkness.

"Get away? Of course. I know every bear trail through that swamp. Good-by. Good-by, little Sunbonnets," Rodney rushed in, kissed the children and hurried out of the cave. Rodney had come; Rodney was gone.

MARION dreaded that gray dawn of silence which Rodney had foretold, and smiled when she waked, for the cannonading went on unabated. The city had not surrendered. But at ten o'clock a death-like tranquillity settled upon their eastern lines. People huddled in the streets and whispers could be heard—whispers distinctly heard by those who for weeks had vainly shouted at each other. Hours stood stock-still, smothered in gloom—except for two chattering Sunbonnets—bending over four green apples that ripened in the sun; "Mamma, we can make our pie to-morrow, can't we?"

"Yes, my dears." When night came that heart-sick mother tucked them on their pallet, and little Sallie Katherine murmured as she went to sleep, "To-morrow is going to be the bestest, bestest day."

On that to-morrow no shrieking shells disturbed them; two little blue sunbonnets persistently meddled with old Abe at the oven. Across the street a group of starved Confederates sat on the sidewalk, listless, dispirited men, resting their backs against a wall.

Mrs. Lanier withdrew into her cave. "Marion, please watch the children; I cannot endure to see those Yankees come marching in, and taunting our men."

Marion bravely took her post beside the cave; her slender figure grew rigid as death at sight of the first blue uniform, a bristly-bearded man who bent over the oven and spoke gruffly to Uncle Abe, "What yer got, old man?"

Abe tried to shove him away, but the straggler lifted the oven-lid, smelled the children's pie, and took the oven with him.

"Put dat down! Dat pie belongs to dese chillun."

The man jeered, moved a few steps down the street, then dropped the oven and sat it on the edge of the gutter to let it cool. Marion stiffened, her cheeks burned; she disdained to open her lips. Two pairs of very misty eyes followed their plunderer; they shed no tears, but two little pairs of lips quivered mightily.

The tap-tap-tap of a drum sounded along Cherry Street. Rank upon rank, line upon line—company, regiment, brigade—regular and resistless the blue machine moved on. There was not a cheer, nor a taunt flung at the no less silent men in gray who watched them pass.

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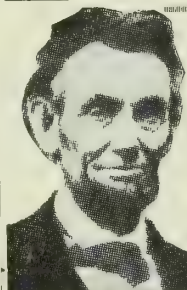
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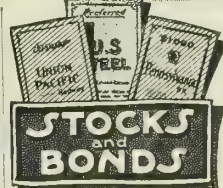


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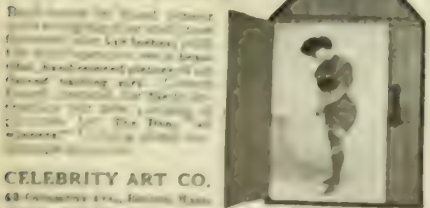
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rambled aimlessly in Marion's direction—strong, well-fed men. How she hated them. She couldn't look upon it, but turned again to those marching thousands on Cherry Street.

A squad broke off; an independent little machine separated from the big one. Their young lieutenant moved with definite purpose toward the Catholic steeple. Then he saw the blue sunbonnets, and stepped forward: "Are you Miss Lucy Lanier?"

"What make you want to know dat?" Uncle Abe thrust himself in front of the children.

The lieutenant answered, quite loud enough for Marion to hear, "Major Acuff directed me to find two little girls in blue sunbonnets, who live in a cave opposite the Catholic church. One of them is Miss Lucy Lanier. Is that your name, little girl?"

"Yes, sir, I am Lucy," the child came out trustfully, looked up at him, and he knew that something was wrong.

"What's the matter, little girl? Are you afraid of the soldiers?"

"Naw, suh; dat chile ain't skeered o' nothin'; one o' dem ole Yankees done robbed her; she ain't gwine to hab nothin' to do wid none of 'em."

"Robbed her? Who robbed her?"

"Dar's de very feller—settin' in dat gutter; he stole dese chilluns' apple pie, an' deir ma's oven—"

The lieutenant looked ugly, turned to his squad, and pointed, "Arrest that man. Put that oven back. Take him to the provost marshal. Jenkins, bring up the wagon! Major Acuff directed me to leave a— a few little things for the children; where shall my man stack them?"

Marion faced him, a pale, thin girl, in coarse dress of unbleached domestic, sunbonnet, and home-made shoes. "The children thank Major Acuff; but they are in need of nothing."

Abe glued his eyes to that competent wagon—as fat as the Yankee soldiers—barrels of flour, hams, canned goods, coffee.

"But I must empty this wagon quick; I can't throw the stuff away; I'm going to leave it. Here, men, stack it against the hill." He took out a sack of apples. "Miss Lucy, Major Acuff sent these to pay for what those bad old Yankees knocked off your tree."

"Oh, goody! goody! thank you, sir."

"Where's mine?" demanded Sallie Katherine.

"Half for you and half for Miss Lucy."

Sallie Katherine dropped flat on the ground and began transferring apples to her sunbonnet.

Lucy darted into the cave; Marion led her out again. Sallie sprang up, with sunbonnet full of apples. Lucy caught her arm: "Keep out o' there, goosey; don't you see mamma, kneeling down, talking to God about papa."

Song of Songs

(Continued from page 301)

teeth and pray—"Dear God! Give me strength. Hold me back. Don't let me hurt him for I know I will!" And after a while I made a wonderful discovery. Love never comes till we forget ourselves. That's the secret of the Song of Songs.

Steve—Lily! Dearest! I'll love you forever. I want you to marry me. Will you? Lily—(stands swaying unable to say anything. He takes her in his arms) Oh, Stephen!

Steve—(kissing her passionately) And now, Lily, I want you to leave this house—and everything connected with it. From now on I want to take care of you myself.

Lily—(timidly) But—there's Dicky.

Steve—(winning) Please—I I can't stand even hearing you saying his name.

Lily—But I've got to tell him.

At first Dicky rises in wrath and despair, but after all he admits a precedent when Steve asks: Now that I am here—what have you to say to me?

Dicky—I think I used those exact words to the late Senator Calkins in a rather amusingly similar situation. (he laughs) Good Lord!

But Stephen's uncle, Phineas K. Bennett, disapproves of the fiancée. He invites the engaged couple to dinner that night, and over the cold tails tries to prove something to Steve.

Lily and Uncle Phin make many cocktails and drink to each other. Lily becomes hopelessly drunk.

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Bennett—(to Steve, pointing at her) Look at her, Steve! Don't you see now what she's doing? Boy, ain't it plain? That's the woman you wanted to marry? That's the woman you wanted to go through life with! That's the woman you wanted to give your children for a mother.

Steve—(like a lost soul) Lily—Lily—
Lily—Who's that?
Steve—It's I—it's Stephen—for God's sake, Lily—

Lily—It's I—it's Stephen—(she seizes the cloth with both hands, drags everything to the floor with a crash) Zip! Bing!
Steve can stand it no longer and leaves them.

The next morning finds Lily back in her bed in Richard Laird's establishment, whither she had been brought the night before after her wild debauch. Uncle Phin comes to visit her.

Lily—There's only one thing I want to know about last night. Did you—did you do it on purpose? (he does not answer) You did? (he nods) Oh, how could you?

Bennett—(very tenderly) Well, dearie, I guess it was because I love him, too.

Lily—(smothered) How does he bear it?
Bennett—(gravely) He's all broke up.

Lily—(wistfully) Hasn't he—any mercy?
Bennett—He'd be at your feet in a minute if you said the word. (holding her back as she tries to rise) You're not going?

Lily—(struggling) But he wants me—he's waiting for me—
Bennett—If you're the brave kid I took you for, you'll let him wait.

Lily—(imploring) Oh, Uncle Phin, just to say good-by—
Bennett—Don't you know that if he once sees you, it's to hell with Good-by?

Lily—(crumpling up in his arms as she accepts the inevitable) Then—then tell him I'll love him forever and ever—and I want him to be happy always—and—I guess—that's all—(he kisses her on the hand, turns, and goes without a word. She waits till the door is shut, then very quietly leaves her bed, takes the bottle of strychnine tablets from where she left it on the desk, opens it. As she does so her eyes fall upon her old leather music-roll. She picks it up and stands fingering it, thinking. Then she slowly carries it across to the fireplace. She drops on her knees, unbuckles the roll and takes out the manuscript. Very calmly and deliberately, sheet by sheet, she lays it on the fire. The blaze lights up her face. When the last sheet is gone and the flames have sunk again, she rises, crosses to her desk and again picks up the little bottle of strychnine. She opens it, pours the contents into her hand and takes the half-emptied glass of water from the dressing-table. She shuts her eyes and raises the poison to her mouth. Then she flinches. Her hand falls. She sets her teeth and tries again. Again her courage fails her. Whispering) I can't—I can't (she drops into the big chair, putting the tablets and the glass on the dressing-table, and buries her face in her arms. Just here comes a tap at the door. She doesn't move. The door opens and Dicky enters. He comes up softly until he stands behind her chair. He is torn with pity. He starts once to take her in his arms, but stops just in time. At last when he has himself under control, he speaks gaily and tenderly in the old familiar way)

Dicky—My dear—(she does not move nor answer) It's I—it's Dicky—(a pause) Aren't you going to speak to him?

Lily—(with an effort) I suppose you want to know why I've come back?
Dicky—(hastily) No, I don't. I don't want to know anything.

Lily—Well, I may as well tell you. (deliberately) I got drunk last night. (a pause) Dicky—You mean—he—?

Lily—Yes. It's all over.

Dicky—Darling, I'm so sorry for you—but—oh, what's the use? You know I'm glad, too. I've got you back again—
Lily—I'm no good, Dicky. I'm not fit to live and I haven't got the nerve to die.

Dicky—(almost drunkenly) Dear heart, I love you so—
Lily—And I've made you suffer such a lot. Somehow I never realized it till now.

Dicky—Dearest?

Lily—(simply) I'll never hurt you like that again.

Dicky—Oh, what does it matter about me? You're the one who's been through hell, but it's over. And from now on things are going to be so different. We're going to settle down and be just dull, respectable, and happy. Of course we'll get married—(smiling) But that's easy—we'll do it to-morrow and start off on the *Mauretania*, Tuesday, for our honeymoon. And d'you know where we're going to spend it? In Greece! We'll motor to Marseilles, jump on the yacht—and at last you'll see Cerigo.

Lily—(to herself) Just like papa.
Dicky—How'd you mean, dear?

Lily—(rousing herself) I'll go with you to Greece—of course, it'll be charming, but, dear—we mustn't marry. I'm afraid people'd say I was a very dangerous woman.

Dicky—(with tender gaiety) Well, you are. But then, they know I'm a very brave man.
Lily—(as he starts to protest) Oh, I'm pretty now, I know that. But it's mainly eyes and hair and being young—the sort of looks that go off as you get older. And I'll get older soon.

Dicky—(silencing her) Ssh! (a little pause. When he begins to speak it is rather slowly. But as he continues, his feelings master him at the end and he is profoundly moved) When I picked you up in the street, six years ago—it was eyes and hair and being young. But it was something more that brought me to Atlantic City, and it grew and grew. And it got so strong I thought I'd break away and marry another woman—but when I came to kiss her it wasn't her mouth, it was yours. And I followed you to the Senator's home. I tried to get you, and after a while—well, I did. I thought that would end it. But it's gone on all these years, stronger and stronger—I've felt sometimes as if I were drowning—(with a shudder) Oh, I mustn't tell you. (more calmly) But there's one thing I've grown to know, and that is—I can't escape. It'll always be this way. Always. I used to believe that everything stopped when people died, but I don't any more. This—this thing in me can't stop. It'll go on forever—unless that God of yours has a little pity sometimes—and lets it rest. (there is a silence. She slowly raised her head. Her eyes are fixed on something far away. Very softly as if from a great distance is heard "The Song of Songs") Lily! Lily! What are you looking at? Where are you? Come back to me. I'm right here—I want you—want your love, and you're going to give it to me, aren't you? (breaks down) A little—that's all—I don't ask much—a little, just a little—for pity's sake—oh, Lily—Lily. (he buries his face in her lap and begins to sob. Half unconsciously she strokes his hair. But her eyes are still fixed on the face of the dream she lived for, and that she found and lost)

Lily—At least, dear, I've made you hear the "Song of Songs."



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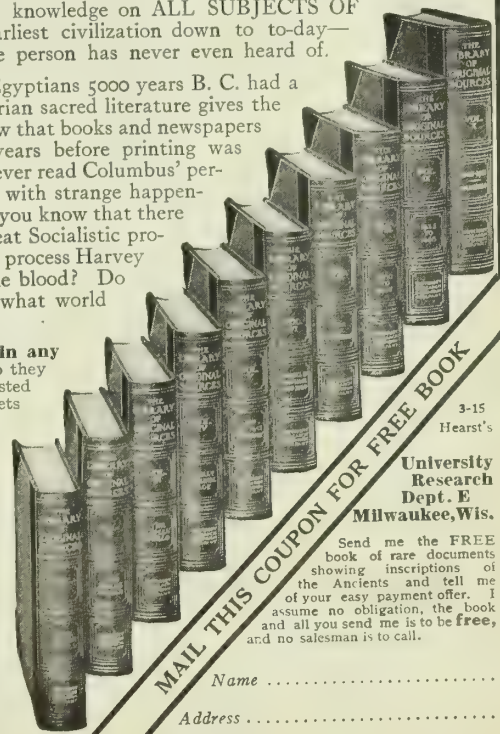
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Making a Criminal

(Continued from page 279)

"Your man is the tool, and you are the breeding machine that furnishes other tools."

The family, the children coming each year, stay in the slums, live and die there, and there from good, hard-working men and women, are bred the criminals, the gun men, the cocaine fiends; all the various victims of poverty, dirt, darkness, and starvation.

THIS child to-day might have a chance. In a year he will have none.

Badly fed, his brain will not develop, his skull will not grow, his bones will be weak and stunted.

See him as he passes from the dark, sunless room of his birth into his nursery, the gutter. He can walk, and the older sister, the poor little mother, welcomes him to the

gutter, to the seat on the curbstone, beside the filth from the houses, the opening into the sewer, the mud, and the dust of the streets.

Trucks roll by; one might save this child the life ahead, but that does not happen.

Disease seizes upon him, not disease that kills mercifully, but disease of the city gutter, of bad air, of weak lungs, of filth.

Three days after the child is born, the mother is at work. And she works until the day of the next child's birth. She cannot care for, or wash her children. They grow up in filth.

Their bodies are dirty in infancy, and the filth of the city settles upon their minds long before they are old enough to dream of any difference between right and wrong.

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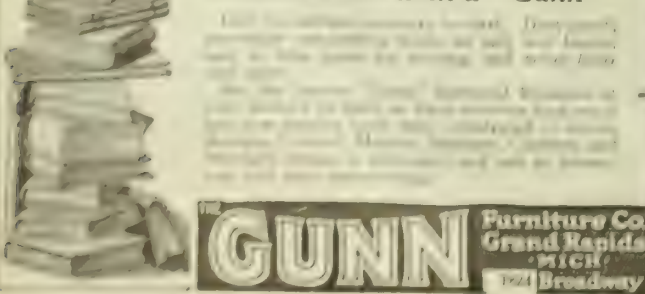
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The father and mother see the children growing up, "So different from what we were." They see puny bodies, white faces, and they can do nothing. They and their children belong to the machine, and the machine lives there where they live, and the work and the money are there.

SO your criminal, whose birthplace and nursery you see, gets his start, victim of poverty.

There are men well paid, making laws for the owner of the machine that owns this father.

When A Man's Lucky

(Continued from page 293)

"A man said I should give it to you. He said it was important business and no answer."

"Business," said Lubarsky, thrusting the note into his pocket, "is over for to-day. Now I play pinochle. Tell the man I'll read the letter to-morrow." Then, after hanging up his coat and rolling up his shirt-sleeves—"Come on, Lapidowitz," said he, "and lay your ten dollars on the table."

They played for an hour. Garfinkel, the druggist, came in and watched the game. He saw Lapidowitz's countenance grow darker and darker, and Lubarsky's grow more and more amused. Then, suddenly, Lubarsky reached out for Lapidowitz's money.

"You play a good game, Lapidowitz," he said, "but your luck is bad."

Lapidowitz threw his cards upon the table, cursing his bad luck.

"Come on, Garfinkel," said Lubarsky. "Sit down and I'll play you a game."

For a while Lapidowitz stood watching them. Then he leaned over and whispered in Lubarsky's ear: "I'm broke. Can you lend me eight dollars until to-morrow?"

Lubarsky did not even look up. He merely shook his head.

At the farther end of the café was a flight of stairs that ascended to the rear of the big hall above and Lapidowitz, after a while, became aware that waiters were carrying trays laden with sandwiches and salads up-stairs.

"Whose wedding is it?" he asked Milken.

"Rabinowitz's niece," answered the proprietor. "All the swells are up-stairs."

In his penniless condition a gathering of the rich men of the East Side was too great a temptation for Lapidowitz. There would surely be someone there who would lend him ten dollars. He went up the rear stairs and came face to face with a waiter who was guarding the entrance.

"I only want to look in," said Lapidowitz.

"But you're in your shirt," protested the waiter. "Nobody can get in without a coat."

Lapidowitz ran down the stairs, took a coat from the rack and returned to entreat the waiter to let him stand inside the door-way for a few moments.

After some coaxing the waiter permitted him to enter the room and to stand in the nearest corner.

Discovering, suddenly, that the way to the refreshment table was clear, Lapidowitz strode across the hall and examined the repast. Suddenly Rabinowitz, the provider of gastronomic splendor, caught a glimpse of him and a moment later the schnorrer, who was stretching out his hand toward one of the chickens, felt himself seized firmly by the coat collar and impelled with great rapidity toward the front door, down the stairs, and out upon the sidewalk.

As he rose from the sidewalk and began to brush the dust from his coat he suddenly became aware that the garment was not his own. He examined it closely. He fumbled in the inside pocket and drew out a note. It was Karin's message to Lubarsky. Lapidowitz read this three or four times and then, slowly, a grin overspread his face.

"The old blind!" he murmured.

"Now I got my chance. I'll get the fifty dollars and send him forty and say I took

There are laws to protect the merchant and the industry, with laws to put the father in jail at the earliest moment—but no men are working and no laws are made to protect him or save him while he sits might be protected, and saved.

Of such children there are tens of thousands, and sanctimonious civilization, cold-hearted government, and frozen, worthless religion join in Heine's words: "Praying that God will preserve thee, beautiful, pure, and good."

As well throw a rose into the sewer and pray that God will preserve it, beautiful, pure, and clean.

Two chapters in the life of an innocent child and of the future criminal you have here, the birthplace and the nursery. Other chapters will be put before you during the following months. In a few pictures you will see exactly how this creature badly born, travels the road from that tenement-house bed to the prison that you have built to receive him.

out the ten what he won from me. I'm sure he didn't play fair!"

He went to Rutgers Park and walked around the band-stand. The place was absolutely deserted and, even with the electric lights overhead, was dark as pitch in the shadows. Thinking he might be early he seated himself upon a bench.

But no one came to tell him anything. In fact, he did not see a human being nor did he hear a single sound. But with a swift and sudden concussion it seemed to him that a planet had dropped from the sky, had crashed down upon his head, and left him, smothering, in a squishy darkness. He tried to cry out, but the effort almost suffocated him. Raising his hands to his head he felt a huge, soft object, which after a few tugs, he was able to raise. It was an aged pumpkin. He wiped the mushy substance from his eyes and looked around him but there was no one in sight.

Just about this time Lubarsky, having won all of Garfinkel's money, rose and took a coat from the rack, put it on and, finding it rather tight under the sleeves, examined it carefully. "Somebody walked off with my coat," he said, "and left his behind."

Lubarsky thrust his hand into the pocket and drew out a letter addressed to Mrs. Lubarsky. His eyes opened wide.

He tore open the envelope and found within it a letter on pink paper addressed to himself and undersigned, "Your loving Olga." He read the letter twice, then he looked at the back of it, then he looked at both sides of the envelope and then, with an expression of utter mystification upon his face, he looked at Garfinkel.

"I don't understand it," he said. He sank into a seat, still clad in Lapidowitz's coat, and kept turning the letter over and over in his hands. And then, hearing foot steps, he looked up and beheld Karin with a traveling-bag in his hand.

"How about the money?" he asked, frowning. "It's nearly twelve o'clock."

Karin's face had turned white and then red.

"Come! The fifty dollars! Never mind about the interest. Do I get my money?"

Karin's mouth had now opened wide and remained open as if his jaws were locked.

He drew a roll of bills from his pocket and counted out fifty. These he handed to Lubarsky. His eyes then fell upon the pink sheet that the money-lender held in his hand, and his brow suddenly became suffused with perspiration. Without a word he turned and hurried out of the room.

Just then Milken approached with a frock-coat over his arm.

"A boy brought it," he said. "Lapidowitz took it by mistake and sent it back. I guess you got his, Mr. Lubarsky."

Lubarsky carefully went through the pockets of the coat. All that he found was the note that had been handed to him earlier in the evening but which he had not read before. He read it through.

"Yes, it's my coat," he said. And, turning to Garfinkel. "I guess I made a mistake about Karin. He ain't a crook at all. He intended to pay me the money anyway."

"Nobody could do you out of money," said Garfinkel. "You're too lucky!"

"It ain't luck," said Lubarsky. He was still toying with the pink letter. "It's making good chattel mortgages."

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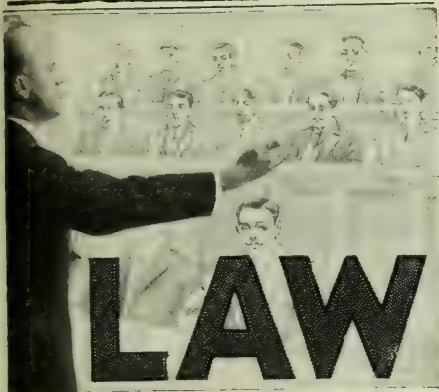
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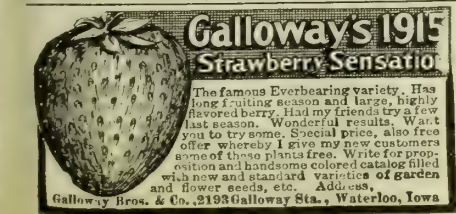
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MyLife'sStory

(Continued from page 287)

professional companies could have excelled them.

When Helen Dauvray managed the Lyceum, Edward H. Sothern began his career there. Charles Frohman had noticed this young man of promise and, at the time Daniel Frohman took over the Lyceum, "C. F." had arranged with Miss Dauvray to take Mr. Sothern. When Mr. Sothern's contract was accordingly transferred, we found ourselves confronted with the dilemma of having no play for him. As a last resort, Mr. Frohman suggested that a trunk of manuscripts, which Mr. Sothern had inherited from his father, might yield an idea. There is no telling how much money in advance royalties was represented in that nest of old manuscripts! Among them we found a play by Madison Morton, called "Trade." It was old-fashioned and out of date, but we were in desperate straits and decided to whip it into shape. Mr. Frohman gave the script to me with instructions to do what I could with it but to be sure to do something. I began the work of rewriting at once, remodeling and refashioning it to suit the personality of "young" Sothern, as he was then called.

Mr. Sothern's marked characteristics helped me in rewriting and recasting the scenes of the play. At Mr. Frohman's suggestion, we called it "The Highest Bidder." I slipped "Sothernisms" in the dialog and wrote in the famous "stile" scene. It is always dangerous to predict the fate of a comedy, for, after weeks of rehearsal, the laughing values are lost. In order to really know anything at all about a comedy, one must see it played before an audience. It often happens that very funny lines are unnoticed when the piece is actually presented, and "straight" lines, not written for comedy, get the most laughs. The people invited to the dress rehearsals of "The Highest Bidder" were unresponsive and very dubious of the success of the play. After they had thoroughly dampened the ardor of our actors and made them nervous and discouraged, we cleared out the theater and had a rehearsal to ourselves. How the situations and lines brightened when they were actually tested in the warm presence of a responsive audience! The "psychology of the crowd" was pleasantly demonstrated to us that evening. The lines and situations proved bright and witty, and "young" Sothern was an instantaneous success.

"The Highest Bidder" filled a preliminary season at the close of a theatrical year, and gave Mr. Frohman time to plan for the actual opening of the Lyceum by the theater stock company. The cast of "The Highest Bidder," a famous one, included the names of W. J. LeMoine, Rowland Buckstone, Herbert Archer, W. C. Bellows, J. W. Pigott, and Belle Archer—and a new name to New York theatergoers—W. A. Faversham, a recruit from an amateur club with which I had been connected.

Later, when Charles Frohman and I selected the Empire Theater Company, Mr. Faversham was chosen for a rôle in my play, "The Younger Son," an adaptation of a German play called "Schlimme Saat." While the play was not a success, Faversham so impressed Charles Frohman that he shared public honors with Henry Miller and, in the course of time, succeeded Mr. Miller as leading man at the Empire.

To return to the history of the Lyceum: With Mr. Frohman in full charge of the theater, the task was now to find a suitable play for the opening.

We were unable to find a suitable play, and at last Mr. Frohman suggested that I write one. "You know what's wanted to bring a strong stock company together," he said, "and I know you will agree that we do not want to repeat the policy of the Madison Square Theater, with its domestic drama. I depend upon you." I didn't care for the responsibility, but I was helpless. Here I was, entrusted with Mr. Frohman's and the theater's fate! The turn of the tide was to be in my hands! I was staggered and, as I was casting about trying to see my way out of the difficulty, Mr. DeMille entered the office. An act of Providence must have led him to that door, for I had no story for the play. Mr. Froh-

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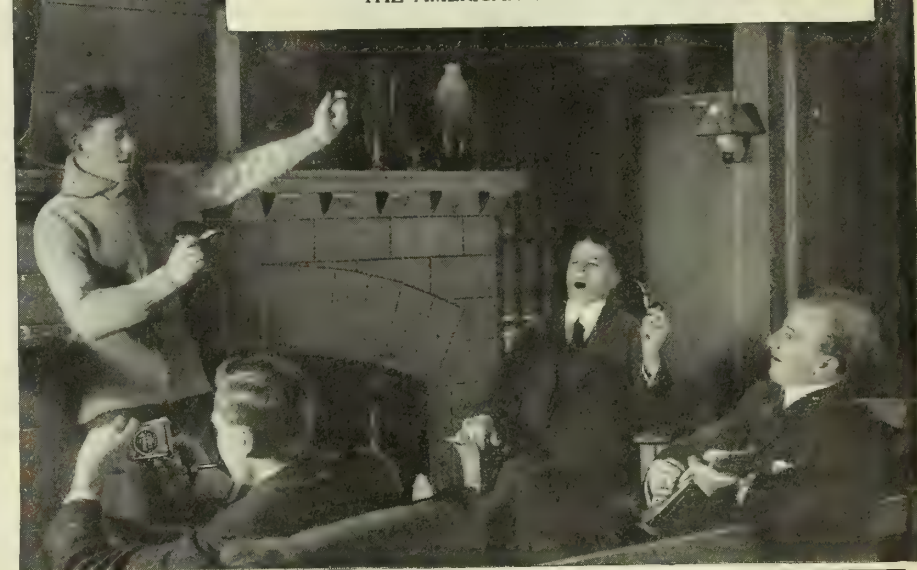
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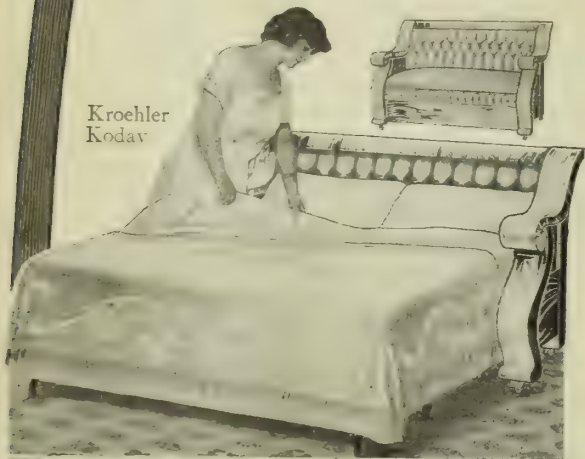
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man was inspired to say: "Why don't you two boys write that play together?" And that's how our collaboration began.

I planned with Mr. DeMille to devote all our time to the writing of the play. During the months that followed we were creating our plot. We worked under the restriction of being obliged to prepare a "vehicle" for a large stock company which was not yet engaged. That was no easy task for us. Then, to add to our nervousness, Mr. Frohman told us that he would like to have an idea of the types of the characters, so that he might engage his players before the other managers had signed for the coming season. Thus the planning of the play was done in an atmosphere of great tension. At last, after many plots were cast aside, I hit upon an idea. In my varied experience as dramatist and stage manager, I had produced many so-called society plays in which the wife was either guilty of unfaithfulness or had committed an indiscretion. In the "big" scene it was the conventional thing for the husband to enter the room at midnight, and say to the woman: "Of course, after all that has happened, I must get a divorce." Then he threw legal documents on the desk, and said: "Here are the deeds to the house. All necessary provisions have been made for you and the child. But for the sake of society, etc., etc., we will continue to dwell under the same roof for a while."

"Let us have a common-sense husband," I proposed to DeMille. "After the husband's discovery, let him treat his wife in a perfectly sane, human way. Let him say: 'You need me. Turn to me, for your protection!'" I had treated a similar situation in a play which ran in opposition to Bronson Howard's "The Banker's Daughter" at Baldwin's Theater in San Francisco.

Mr. DeMille agreed with me that we should use the idea of this husband as the basis of our Lyceum drama. I knew my ground for I had gained my knowledge through experience. And, as we were to see, that incident saved "The Wife" in its hour of need. It has kept the play alive all these years and made it one of our most popular stock pieces. Before DeMille and I began the play, we had virtually written our third act, jotting down notes and flashes of dialog. Then we went to Mr. Frohman with our idea, and in that conference, the Lyceum Theater Company was born. In fact, it came into being before the play, and DeMille and I found ourselves obliged to create characters to fit the personalities of the players Mr. Frohman had engaged. We could not say: "Here is our heroine. Find an actress to suit her"—for Georgia Cayvan was to be the leading lady, whatever the play might be, and it was for us to see that she had a womanly woman's part.

Like the Arabs, DeMille and I folded our tents and silently stole away to his country home at Echo Lake, where his family was spending the summer. In the early part of May, we began our race against time; night and day found us turning out experimental pages of dialog. Every week we came to the city for a few hours, to see how the scenes for the play were progressing—for that was another condition imposed upon us—to decide upon the location of our acts before they were written. In those days, audiences would not have been content with repetitions of scenes such as we now employ.

With what eagerness did Mr. Frohman await our visits to the city and listen to the new scenes. Towards the latter part of August, we had completed a five-act drama, which we handed in with the understanding that it might be cut, revised and rewritten. We told Mr. Frohman that if it did not come up to expectations, there was time for him to look elsewhere for a play.

It must have been after the reading of the third act that Mr. Frohman's office door opened and he rushed out crying: "By Jove, it's fine, it's splendid!" DeMille and I didn't stop. We hurried to the station and were off to Echo Lake for our vacation. I could not get the play out of my head, however. There were changes to be made, and I was alert for any possible improvement. The next morning, which was Sunday, DeMille and I went grouse hunting. We stole silently through the woods, with guns cocked, watching for game. Suddenly something occurred to me to put into the play and I shouted it to DeMille. "For goodness sake," he retorted, "let's forget it." "But Henry," I explained, moving toward him. As I did so, I stum-



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bled, and bing! The gun discharged its contents so close to his ear that he was on the brink of being a dead man. After that, he made me walk in front and Mrs. DeMille always breathed a sigh of relief when she saw us both return from our hunting jaunts.

What a wonderful comrade was Henry DeMille, what an ideal friend and collaborator!

At first we called our plot, "The Marriage Tie," but we changed the title to "The Wife." At that time there was no way of protecting titles. We liked "The Wife" because it was simple. In fact, one of the reasons we liked to work together was that we had each a very simple form of expression. "Show me a man's adjectives," I have always said, "and I'll tell you what sort of man he is."

The manuscript went through the usual course of revision and the opening night approached—November 1, 1887. It was a brilliant cast, as the program will show. Grace Henderson, who was in the cast, was the wife of one of the best friends I ever had—David Henderson, the critic and producer of extravaganzas. He will ever be held in warm affection. Miss Henderson had supported Modjeska in a production of Paul Potter's adaptation of Balzac's "Les Chouans," at the Union Square Theater.

Our play did not find favor at once, as we had expected it would. Of course the stockholders blamed the piece, but we felt that it would take time to attract people over to Fourth Avenue. Mr. Frohman had faith in the play, and DeMille and I had unshakable confidence, although we saw that the piece needed weeding out; in other words, it required drawing together. Doubt, ever contagious, began to spread, and when it entered the room of the board of directors, Mr. Brentgood, the proprietor of Carter's Little Liver Pills, and Mr. Stickney, rose up in the meeting and ordered "The Wife" off the boards. Shall I ever forget the morning after, when Mr. Frohman told me to put "Featherbrain" into

rehearsal? "I've engaged Minnie Maddern and Odette Tyler for the new play," he said. I was staggered, for there was no denying that the third act of the "The Wife," was worth a fortune to a manager. DeMille had been a school-teacher before the Madison Square days, and in the writing of this play he thought he saw his release from financial anxiety. After the tenth night, his dreams vanished into thin air. "It's back to school-teaching for me," he announced. I decided within myself that "Featherbrain" should not supersede "The Wife," and I limped in my preparations. I halted wherever I could, and the rehearsals of "Featherbrain" were slow affairs. All the time, DeMille and I pored here and altered there on the manuscript of "The Wife," driving our cast before us.

It seemed to us that for every word we cut from "The Wife" we gained a person in the orchestra. Business began to pick up. By Christmas eve we were turning people away from the box-office. "Featherbrain" was not made ready on schedule time, though it was given many months later at the Madison Square. Our play ran the better part of a year, and we triumphed over the directors when we paid the \$50,000 indebtedness left by the Mackaye management—an amount owing to the Tiffany Studios. This is my first confession of the halting of "Featherbrain." It comes at a late day and is another illustration of the old adage that "murder will out."

On June 16th, 1888, "The Wife" had its 239th performance, and the Lyceum Theater Company had become an absolute fixture. Its success was thoroughly established. To our great satisfaction Mr. Frohman turned to Mr. DeMille and me again. "What shall we do about the Sothern contract?" he asked. The result of his question was that DeMille and I turned once more to Echo Lake and worked on "Lord Chumley," the play that did so much to spread the fame of Mr. Sothern.

Eggs of the Silver Moon

(Continued from page 285)

cigaretts, a soft afternoon in June, the hum of bees, and the distant barking of the seals, seeming to reiterate exultantly their fearless preference for the ladies—all these were delicately blending to inspire in me a sentiment bashfully corroborating the avowal of the seals.

There was an unaccustomed and sportive lightness to my step when I rose to meet Mildred, where she came loitering along the shadow-dappled path.

She seemed surprised to see me. She thought it rather late to sit down, but she seated herself. I talked to her enthusiastically about anthropology.

Warmed to the heart by her eager and sympathetic interest in the noble science so precious, so dear to me, I took her little hand to soothe and quiet her.

So intense her interest had been that she seemed a little tired. I decided to give adequate material support to her spinal process. It seemed to rest and soothe her. I don't remember that she said anything except: "Mr. Smith!"

After a while—quite a while—some little time in point of accurate fact—she detected the sound of approaching footsteps.

I remember that she was seated at the opposite end of the bench, rather feverishly occupied with her hat and her hair, when young Jones came hastily along the path, caught sight of us, halted, turned violently red—being a shy young man—but instead of taking himself off, he seemed to recover from a momentary paralysis.

"Mr. Smith!" he said sharply. "Professor Boomly has disappeared; there's a pool of blood on his desk; his coat, hat, and waistcoat are lying on the floor, the room is a wreck, and Dr. Quint is in there tearing up the carpet and behaving like a madman. We think he suddenly went insane and murdered Professor Boomly."

Preoccupied, and confused by the shock of this terrible news, I looked at Jones and at Mildred; and they were staring rather oddly at each other.

I said, "If this affair turns out to be as ghastly as it seems to promise, we'll have to call in a detective. I'll go back immediately."

"Why, not take me, also?" asked Mildred Case, quietly.

"What?" I asked, looking at her.

"Why not, Mr. Smith? I was once a private detective."

Surprised at the suggestion, I hesitated. As for young Jones, he looked at her steadily in that odd, chilling manner, which finally annoyed me. There was no need of him being snobbish because this very lovely and intelligent young girl happened to be a waitress at the Rolling-Stone Inn.

"Come," I said unsteadily, again a prey to terrifying emotions; "let us go to the Administration Building and learn how matters stand."

We were soon entering the Administration Building, almost running; and as soon as we came to the closed door of Dr. Quint's room, I could hear a commotion inside.

I rapped on the door. No notice taken. I rapped and knocked and called in a low, distinct voice.

Suddenly I recollected I had a general pass-key on my ring which unlocked any door in the building. I nodded to Jones and to Mildred to stand aside, then, gently fitting the key, I suddenly pushed out the key which remained on the inside, turned the lock, and flung open the door.

A terrible sight presented itself; Dr. Quint, hair on end, both mustaches pulled out, shirt, cuffs, and white waistcoat smeared with blood, knelt amid the general wreckage on the floor, in the act of ripping up the carpet.

"Doctor!" I cried in a trembling voice. "What have you done to Professor Boomly?"

He paused in his carpet ripping and looked around at us with a terrifying laugh.

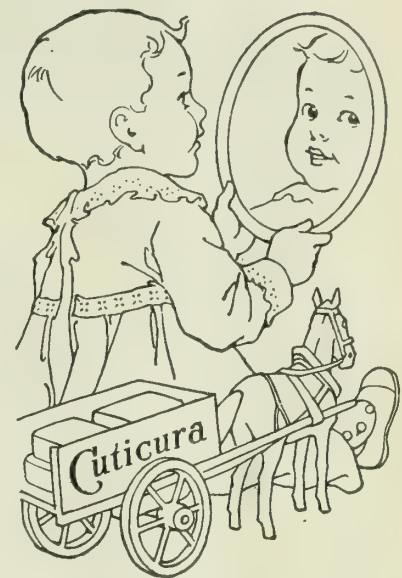
"I've settled him!" he said. "If you don't want to get all over dust you'd better keep out."

Such cold-blooded calmness infuriated me. I sprang at Quint, seized him, and shouted to Jones to tie his hands behind him with the blood-soaked handkerchief which lay on the floor.

"What's this!" cried Quint, struggling to get off the chair whither I had pushed him; but with my handkerchief we tied his ankles to the rung of the chair, heedless of his attempts to kick us, and sprang back out of range.

"Now," I said, "what have you done

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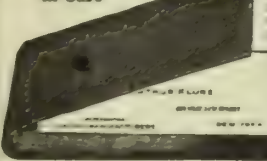
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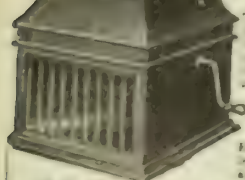


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with the poor victim of your fury? Where is he? Where is all that remains of Professor Boomly?"

"Boomly? I don't know where he is. How the devil should I know?"

A light touch on my arm interrupted me, and, a trifle irritated, as any man might be when checked in the full flow of eloquence, I turned to find Mildred at my elbow.

"Let me talk to him," she said in a quiet voice. "Perhaps I may not irritate him as you seem to."

"Very well," I said. "Jones and I are here as witnesses." And I folded my arms in an attitude not, perhaps, unpicturesque.

"Dr. Quint," said Mildred in her soft, agreeable voice, and actually smiling slightly at the self-confessed murderer, "is it really true that you are guilty of shedding the blood of Professor Boomly?"

"It is," said Quint, coolly.

She seemed rather taken aback at that; but presently recovered her equanimity.

"Why?" she asked gently.

"I'll tell you. He wanted the Carnegie medal, and he knew it would be given to me if I could incubate and hatch my batch of Silver Moon butterflies' eggs. He realized well enough that his Heliconian eggs were not as valuable as my Silver Moon eggs. So first he sneaked in here and put an ichneumon fly in my breeding cage. And next he stole the Silver Moon eggs and left in their place some common *Plexippus* eggs, thinking that because they were very similar I would not notice the substitution.

"I did notice it! I charged him with that cataclysmic outrage. He laughed. We came into personal collision. He chased me into my room." Quint glared at me for a moment. Then he jerked his head toward Mildred. "As soon as he went to luncheon—Boomly, I mean—I climbed over that transom and dropped into this room. I had been hunting for ten minutes before I found my Silver Moon eggs hidden under the carpet. So I pocketed them, climbed back over the transom, and went to my room."

He paused dramatically, staring from one to another of us.

"Boomly was there!" he said slowly.

"Where?" asked Mildred with a shudder.

"In my room. He had picked the lock. I told him to get out! He went. I shouted after him that I had recovered the Silver Moon eggs and that I should certainly be awarded the Carnegie medal.

"Then that monster in human form laughed a horrible laugh, avowing himself guilty of a crime still more hideous than the theft of the Silver Moon eggs! Do you know what he had done?"

"W-what?" faltered Mildred.

"He had stolen from cold storage and had concealed the leaves of the Bimba bush, brought from Singapore to feed the Silver Moon caterpillars! That's what Boomly had done! And my Silver Moon eggs had already begun to hatch!!! And my caterpillars would starve!!!!"

Mildred went to the infuriated entomologist and laid a firm hand on his shoulder. "Listen," she said, "how do you know that Professor Boomly had not concealed these Bimba leaves on his own person?"

Quint ceased his contortions and gaped at her. "I never thought of that," he said. "What have you done with him?" she asked, very pale.

"I tell you, I don't know."

"You must know what you did with him," she insisted.

"My caterpillars are starving," he began again. "I haven't anything else they'll eat. They feed only on the Bimba leaf. They won't eat anything else. It's a well-known fact that they won't. Why, in Johore where they came from, they'll travel miles over the ground to find a Bimba bush."

"What!" exclaimed Mildred.

"Certainly—miles! They'd starve sooner than eat anything except Bimba leaves. If there's a bush within twenty miles they'll find it."

"Wait," said Mildred quietly. "Where are these starving caterpillars?"

"In a glass jar in my pocket here! What the devil are you doing!" For the girl had dexterously slipped the slim glass jar from his coat pocket and was holding it up to the light.

Inside it were several dozen tiny, dark caterpillars, some resting disconsolately on the sides of the glass, some hungrily traveling over the bottom in pitiful and hopeless quest of nourishment.

Headed off the shout and threats of Dr. Quint, the girl calmly uncorked the jar,

took on her slender forefinger a single little caterpillar, replaced the cork, and, kneeling down, gently disengaged the caterpillar. It dropped upon the floor, remained motionless for a moment, then, turning, began to travel rapidly toward the doorway behind us.

"Now," she said, "if poor Professor Boomly really has concealed these Bimba leaves upon his own person, this little caterpillar, according to Dr. Quint, is certain to find those leaves."

Overcome with excitement and admiration for this intelligent and unusually beautiful girl, I seized her hands and congratulated her.

"Murder," said I to the miserable Quint "will out! This infant caterpillar shall lead us to that dark and secret spot where you had hoped to conceal the horrid evidence of your guilt. Three things have undone you—a caterpillar replete with mysterious instinct, a humble bunch of Bimba leaves, and the marvelous intelligence of this young and lovely girl. Madman, your hour has struck!"

He looked at me in a dazed sort of way, as though astonishment had left him unable to articulate. But I had become tired of his violence and his shouts and yells, so I asked Jones for his handkerchief, and, before Quint knew what I was up to I had tied it over his mouth.

He became a brilliant purple, but all he could utter was a furious humming, buzzing noise.

And when Jones had opened the door, the little caterpillar, followed by Mildred and myself, continued to hustle along as though he knew quite well where he was going.

Down the hallway he went in undulating haste, past my door, we three following in silent excitement as we discovered that, parallel to the caterpillar's course ran a gruesome trail of blood drops.

And when the little creature turned and made straight for the door of Professor Farrago, our revered chief, the excitement among us was terrific.

Instantly the caterpillar crossed the threshold, wriggling forward at top speed. We followed, peering fearfully around us. Nobody was visible.

Could Quint have dragged his victim here? By Heaven, he had! For the caterpillar was traveling straight under the lounge upon which Professor Farrago was accustomed to repose after luncheon, and, dropping on one knee, I saw a fat foot partly protruding from under the shirred edges of the fringed drapery.

"He's there!" I whispered, in an awed voice to the others. "Courage, Miss Case! Try not to faint!"

Jones turned and looked at her with that same odd expression; then he went over to where she stood and coolly passed one arm around her waist. "Try not to faint, Mildred," he said. "It might muss your hair."

It was a strange thing to say, but I had no time then to analyze it, for I had seized the fat foot which partly protruded from under the sofa, clad in a low-cut congress gaiter and a white sock.

And then I nearly fainted, for instead of the dreadful, inert resistance of lifeless clay, the foot wriggled and tried to kick at me.

"Help!" came a thin but muffled voice. "Help! Help, in the name of Heaven!"

"Boomly!" I cried, scarcely believing my ears.

"Professor Boomly!" cried Mildred excitedly. "Have you any Bimba leaves concealed about your person?"

"Yes, I have," he said sulkily. There came a hitch of the fat foot, a heavy scuffling sound, fat panting, and then, skittering out across the floor came a flat, sealed parcel.

"There you are," he said; "now, let me alone until that fiend has gone home."

"He won't attack you again," I said.

"Come out."

But Professor Boomly flatly declined to stir.

I looked at the parcel, it was marked: "Bimba leaves, Johore."

With a sigh of unutterable relief, I picked up the ravenous little caterpillar, placed him on the packet, and turned to go. And didn't.

For what I caught a glimpse of, just outside the door in the hallway, was Jones kissing Mildred Case. And being shyly indemnified for his trouble with a gentle return in kind. Both her arms were around her waist; both her hands rested upon his shoulders; and, as I looked—but let it pass!—let it pass!

Deliberately I fished in my pocket, found my packet of cigarettes, lighted one.

Tobacco laetificat cor hominis!

Another Chambers story next month—better than ever.

Heart of the Sunset

(Continued from page 278)

predilections of a vicious ancestry. They're bad rams, most of 'em!"

"There aren't many," said Paloma. "Dave tells me the whole Force has been cut down to sixteen."

"That's plenty," her father averred.

Dave Law's duties as a Ranger rested lightly upon him; his instructions were vague, and he had a leisurely method of "working up" his evidence. Since he knew that Blaze possessed a thorough knowledge of this section and its people, it was partly business which had brought him to the Jones' home this afternoon.

After a time the Ranger said casually, "Tell me something about Tad Lewis."

Blaze looked up quickly. "What d'you want to know?"

"Anything. Everything."

"Tad owns a right nice ranch between here and Las Palmas," Blaze said cautiously.

Paloma broke out impatiently. "Why don't you say what you think? Then to Dave: 'Tad Lewis is a bad neighbor, and always has been. There's a ford on his place and we think he knows more about 'wet' cattle than he cares to tell.'"

"It's a good place to cross stock, at low water," her father agreed, "and Lewis' land runs back from the Rio Grande in its old Spanish form. It's a natural outlet for those brush-country ranchos. But I haven't anything against Tad, except a natural dislike. He stands well with some of our best people, so I'm probably wrong. I usually am."

"You can't call Ed Austin one of our best people," sharply objected Paloma. "They claim that arms are being smuggled across to the rebels, Dave, and if it's true, Ed Austin—"

"Now, Paloma," her father remonstrated mildly. "The Regulars and the River Guards watched Lewis's ranch till the embargo was lifted, and they never saw anything."

"I believe Austin is a strong rebel sympathizer," Law ventured.

"Sure! And him and the Lewis outfit are amigos. If you go pirootin' around Tad's place, you're more'n apt to make yourself unpopular, Dave. I'd grieve some to see you in a wooden kimono. Tad's too well fixed to steal cattle, and if he runs arms it's because of his sympathy for those noble, dark-skinned patriots we hear so much about in Washington. Tad's a 'galvanized Gringo' himself—married a Mexican, you know."

When meal time drew near, both Jones and his daughter urged their guest to stay and dine with them, and Dave was glad to accept.

"After supper I'm going to show you our town," Blaze declared. "It's the finest city in South Texas, and growing like a weed. All we need is good farmers. Those we've got are mostly back-to-nature students who leaped a drug counter expectin' to 'light in the lap of luxury. In the last outfit we sold there wasn't three men that knew which end of a mule to put the collar on. But they'll learn. Nature's with 'em, and so am I. God supplies 'em with all the fresh air and sunshine they need, and when they want anything else they come to Old Blaze. Ain't that right, Paloma?"

"Yes, father."

Paloma Jones had developed wonderfully since Dave Law had last seen her. She had grown into a most wholesome and attractive young woman, with an unusually capable manner, and an honest, humorous pair of brown eyes. During dinner she did her part with a grace that made watching her a pleasure, and the Ranger found it a great treat to sit at her table after his strenuous scouting days in the mesquite.

When after supper, Blaze had hitched a pair of driving mules to his buckboard, preparatory to showing his guest the glories of Jonesville, Dave said, "Paloma's getting mighty pretty."

"She's as pretty as a blue-bonnet flower," her father agreed. "And she runs me around something scandalous. I ain't got the freedom of a *peon*." Blaze sighed and shook his shaggy head. "You know me, Dave, I never used to be scared of nobody. Well, it's different now. She rides me with a Spanish bit, and my soul

ain't my own." With a sudden lightening of his gloom, he added: "Say, you're going to stay right here with us as long as you're in town; I want you to see how I cringe."

In spite of Blaze's plaintive tone it was patent that he was inordinately proud of Paloma and well content with his serfdom.

Jonesville proved to be a typical Texas town of the modern variety, and altogether different to the pictured frontier village. There were no one-storied square-fronts; no rows of saloons with well-gnawed hitching rails in front; no rioting cowboys. On the contrary, the larger buildings were of artificial stone, the sidewalks of concrete, and the store-fronts of plate glass. Arc lights shed a bluish-white glare over the wide street-crossings, and all in all the effect was much like that of a prosperous, orderly, northern farming town.

Everywhere he went, Jones was hailed by friends, for everybody seemed to know him and wanted to shake his hand.

"Some town, and some body of men, eh?" he inquired finally, and Dave agreed.

"Yes. She's got a grand frame-work, Blaze. She'll be most as big as Fort Worth when you fatten her up."

Jones waved his buggy-whip in a wide circle that took in the miles of level prairie on all sides. "We've got the whole blamed State to grow in."

Old Blaze then suggested that they round out their riotous evening with a game of pool.

Law boasted a liberal education, but he was no match for the father of Jonesville, who wielded a cue with a dexterity born of years of devotion to the game. In consequence, Blaze's enjoyment was in a fair way to languish, when the proprietor of the Elite Billiard Parlor came in from supper to say, "Mr. Jones, there's a real good pool player in town, and he wants to meet you."

Blaze uttered a triumphant cry. "Get him, quick! Send the band to bring him. Boys, if this pilgrim is good enough to stretch me out we'll marry him off and settle him down."

"No chance, Uncle Blaze; he's the most married person in town," someone volunteered. "His wife is the new dressmaker—and she's got a mustache." For some reason this remark excited general mirth.

"That's too bad. I never saw but one woman with a mustache, and she licked me, good. If he's yoked up to that kind of a lady, I allow his nerves will be wrecked before he gets here. I hope to God he ain't entirely done for." Blaze ran the last three balls from a well-nigh impossible position, then racked up the whole fifteen with trembling eagerness and eyed the door expectantly. He was wiping his spectacles when the proprietor returned with a slim, sawn man, whom he introduced as Mr. Strange.

"Welcome to our city!" Blaze cried with a flourish of his glasses. "Get a prod, Mr. Strange, and bust 'em, while I clean my wind-shields. These fellow townsmen of mine handle a cue like it was an ox-gad."

Mr. Strange selected a cue, studied the pyramid for an instant, then called the three ball for the upper left hand corner, and pocketed it, following which he ran the remaining fourteen. Blaze watched this procedure near-sightedly, and when the table was bare, he thumped his cue loudly upon the floor. He beamed upon his opponent; he appeared ready to embrace him.

"Bueno! There's art, science, and natural aptitude! Fly at 'em again, Mr. Strange, and take your fill." He finished polishing his spectacles, and readjusted them. "I aim to make you so comfortable in Jonesville that—" Blaze paused, he started, and a peculiar expression crept over his face.

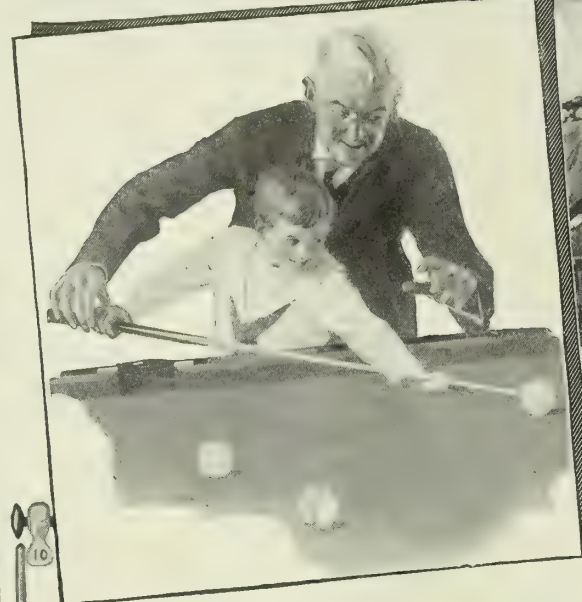
Now there were chapters in the life of Blaze Jones that had never been fully written, and it occurred to Dave that such a one had been suddenly reopened; therefore, he prepared himself for some kind of an outburst. But Blaze appeared to be numbed; he even jumped nervously when Mr. Strange missed a shot and advised him that his chance had come.

As water escapes from a leaky pail so had Jones' fondness for pool oozed away, and with it had gone his accustomed skill. He

"The stock ain't fed yet, Hiram!"



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shot blindly and much to the general surprise missed an easy attempt.

"Can't expect to get 'em all," comfortingly observed Mr. Strange, as he executed a combination that netted him two balls and broke the bunch. The succeeding frames went much the same, and finally Blaze put up his cue, mumbling: "I'm sort of sick."

"That's tough!" the victor exclaimed regretfully. "But I'll tell you what we'll do: we'll take a little look into the future."

"What d'you mean?"

"Simply this: Nature has favored me with second sight and the ability to read fortunes. Now let us take this little deck of playing cards—" The monologist, suiting the action to the word, conjured a deck of cards from somewhere, and extended them to Blaze. "Select one; any one—"

"Hell!" snorted Jones.

"You are a skeptic! Very well! I convince nobody against his will. But wait! You have a strong face. Stand where you are." Extracting from another pocket a tiny pair of scissors and a sheet of carbon paper, Mr. Strange, with the undivided attention of the audience upon him, began to cut Blaze's silhouette. He was extraordinarily adept, and despite his subject's restlessness he completed the likeness in a few moments, then fixing it upon a plain white cardboard, he presented it with a flourish.

Blaze accepted the thing and plunged for the open air.

"WHAT ails you?" Law inquired as he and Blaze rolled away in the buckboard.

"Serves me right for leaving my six-shooter at home," panted the rancher. "Well, I might have known they'd find me, some day."

"They? Who?"

"That *hombre* and his wife—the woman with the mustache. They swore they'd get me, and it looks like they will, for I darsen't raise my hand to protect myself."

"Really! Is it that bad?"

"It's a vile story, Dave, and I never expected to tell anybody; but it's bound to come out on me now, so you better hear my side. Last summer I attended a convention at Galveston, and one hot day I decided to take a swim, so I hired a suit of tights and a room to cache my six-shooter in. It was foolish proceedings for a man my age, but the beach was black with people, and I wasn't altogether myself. You see, we'd had an open poker game running in my room for three days, and I hadn't got any sleep. I was plumb feverish, and needed a dip. Well, I'm no water-dog, Dave; I can't swim no better than a tarrapin with its legs cut off, but I sloshed around some in the surf, and then I took a walk to drean off and see the sights.

"Well, in the course of my promenade, I came to a couple of fellers settin' half-buried in the sand, and just as I was passing, one of them got up—sort of on all fours and—er—facing away from me, *sabe?* That's where the trouble hatched. I reached out, and with nothing but good will in my heart, I—sort of pinched this party—sort of on the hip, or thereabouts. I didn't mean a thing by it, Dave. I just walked on, smiling, till something run into me from behind. When I got up and squared around, there was that man we just left cutting diodes out of black paper.

"What d'you mean by pinching my wife?" he says, and he was ra'r'in' mad.

"Your wife?" I stammers, and with that he climbs me. Sure enough, the man I'd pinched was a long, ga'nt woman with a little black mustache, and here she came!

"We started in right there. I never saw such a poisonous person as that woman. She was coiled, her head was up, and her rattles agoing, and so I finally lit out. But I'm sort of fat, and they over-ran me. They bayed me against the sea-wall, and all I had the heart to do was to hold 'em off some more. Soon as I got my wind I shook 'em off a second time and run."

There was a protracted silence; then Law controlled his voice sufficiently to say, "It's fortunate that man didn't recognize you to-night."

"Maybe he did. Anyhow, his wife is the new dressmaker Paloma's hired. I ain't got a chance, Dave. That story will ruin me in the community."

The next morning at breakfast Paloma announced: "Father, you must help Dave hunt down those cattle thieves."

"Ain't that sort of a big order?"

"Perhaps, but you're the very man to do it. Ricardo Guzman is the only person



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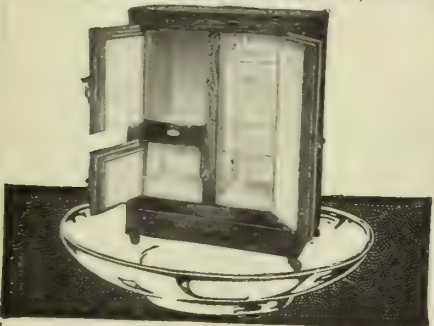
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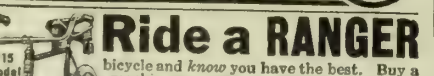
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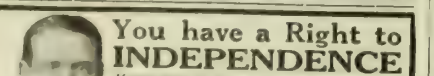
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who knows the Lewis gang as well as you do."

Jones shook his head doubtfully. "Don Ricardo has been working up his own private feud with that outfit. If I was the kind that went looking for a fight, I wouldn't have paid freight on myself from the Panhandle down here. I could have got one right at home, any morning before breakfast."

"Ricardo Guzman is something of a black-sheep, himself," Law spoke up.

"Pshaw! He's all right. I reckon he has changed a few brands in his time, but so has everybody else. Why, that's how 'Old Ed' Austin got his start. If a cowman tells you he never stole anything, he's either a dam' good liar or a dam' bad roper. But Ricardo's going straight enough, now."

"He has lost his share of stock," Paloma explained, "and he'll work with you if father asks him. You go along with Dave—"

"I'm too busy," Blaze demurred, "and I ain't feeling good. I had bad dreams all night."

"I don't want you around here this morning. That new dressmaker is coming."

Jones rose abruptly from the table. "I reckon my business can wait. Hustle up, Dave." A few moments later, as they were saddling their horses, he lamented, "What did I tell you? Here I go, on the dodge from a dressmaker. I s'pose I've got to live like a road-agent now, till something happens."

Don Ricardo Guzman was an American, but he spoke no English. An accident of birth had made him a citizen of the United States—his father having owned a ranch which lay north, instead of south, of the Rio Grande. Inasmuch as the property had fallen to Ricardo, his sons, too, were Yankees in the eyes of the law. But in all other respects Don Ricardo and his family differed not at all from the many Guzmans who lived across the border. The Guzman ranch comprised a goodly number of acres, and since live stock multiplied rapidly, its owner had in some sort prospered. On the bank of a *resaca*—a former bed of the Rio Grande—stood the house, an adobe structure, square, white, and unprotected from the sun by shrub or tree. Behind it were some brush corrals and a few scattered mud jacks, in which lived the help.

Ricardo had just risen from a *siesta* when his two visitors rode up, and he made them welcome with the best he had. There followed a complimentary exchange of greetings and the usual flow of small talk. Ricardo had suffered a severe toothache—the same abominable affliction that had lost Porfirio Diaz an empire. It had been a dry Spring, but praise God, the water still held in the *resaca*—his two sons were branding calves in one of the outer pastures—there had been a very good calf-crop, indeed. Blaze recounted his own doings; Law told of Ranger activities along the lower border. In the cool of the afternoon Ricardo rode with his visitors, and then, cordial relations being now established, he began to divulge information of value to Law.

Yes, he had endured many depredations from thieves. It was shameful, but doubtless God willed that a certain amount of stealing should go on in the world. The evil-doers were certainly favored by nature, in this locality, for the great expanse of brush country to the north and east offered almost perfect security, and the river, to the south, gave immunity from pursuit or prosecution. The beeves were driven north, into the wilderness, but the horses went to Mexico, where the war had created a market for them. The Federals had plenty of money to buy mounts.

Whom did Don Ricardo suspect?

The old man was non-committal.

"Just the same I'll bet he'd sleep better if the Lewis outfit was cleaned up," Dave ventured, and Blaze agreed.

Guzman caught his enemy's name and nodded.

"Ah! That *sin verguenza*! He sells arms to the Candelistas and horses to the Potosistas. Perhaps he steals my calves, who knows?"

"Senor Lewis doesn't need to steal. He has money," Jones argued.

"True! But who is so rich that he would not be richer? Lewis employs men who are poor, and he himself is above nothing. I too, am a friend of the rebels; Panchito, the Liberator, was a saint, and I give money to the patriots who fight for his memory. But I do not aid the tyrant Potosi with my other hand. Yes, and who is richer, for instance, than Senor Eduardo Austin?"

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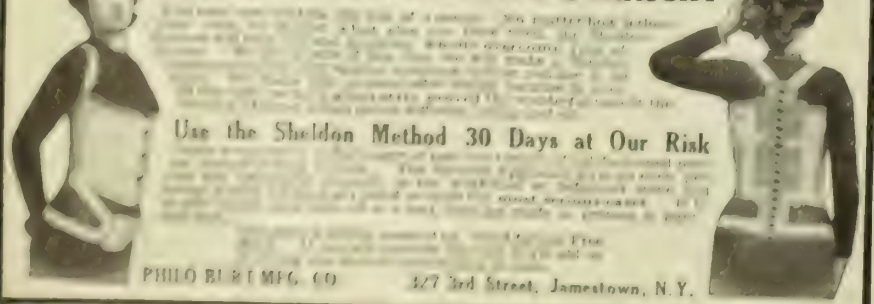
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"You surely don't accuse him of double-dealing with the rebels?" Blaze inquired curiously.

"I don't know. He is a friend of Tad Lewis, and there are strange stories afloat." Just what these stories were, however, Ricardo would not say, feeling perhaps that he had already said too much.

The three men spent that evening together, and in the morning Blaze rode home, leaving the Ranger behind for the time being as Guzman's guest.

Dave put in the next two days riding the pastures, familiarizing himself with the country, and talking with the few men he met. About all he discovered, however, was the fact that the Guzman range not only adjoined some of Lewis' leased land, but also was bounded for several miles by the Las Palmas fence.

It was pleasant to spend the days among the shy brush-cattle, with Bessie Belle for company. The mare seemed to enjoy the excursions as much as her owner. Her eyes and ears were ever alert; she tossed her head and snorted when a deer broke cover or a jack-rabbit scuttled out of her path; she showed a friendly interest in the awkward calves which stood and eyed her with such amazement and then galloped stiffly off with tails high arched.

Law had many times undertaken to break Bessie Bell of that habit of flinging her head high at sudden sounds, but she was nervous and inquisitive and this was the one thing upon which she maintained a feminine obstinacy.

On the second evening the Ranger rode home through a drizzle that had materialized after a long, threatening afternoon and now promised to become a real rain. Ricardo met him at the door to say, "You bring good fortune with you, señor, for the land is thirsty. To-morrow, if this rain holds, we shall ride together—you, Pedro and I. Those *cabróns* do their stealing when they leave no tracks."

Raoul, the younger son, volunteered to go in place of his father, but Ricardo would not hear of it.

"Am I so old that I must lie abed?" he cried. "No! We three shall ride the fences, and if we encounter a cut wire—*Diablo!* We shall have a story to tell, eh?"

The sky was leaden, the rain still fell in the morning, when Dave and his two companions set out. Until noon they rode, their slickers dripping, their horses steaming; then they ate an uncomfortable lunch under the thickest hackberry tree they could find, after which they resumed their patrol. Ricardo's tongue at length ran down under this discomfort, and the three riders sat their saddles silently, swaying to the tireless fox-trot of their horses, their eyes engaged in a watchful scrutiny.

At last Pedro, who was ahead, reined in and pointed; the other saw where the barbed wire strands of the fence they had been following were clipped. A number of horse and calf tracks led through the opening, and after an examination Ricardo announced: "There are two men. They have come and gone, with the calves tied neck and neck."

"That is Las Palmas, isn't it?" Law indicated the pasture into which the trail led. Father and son answered: "Sí, señor."

For a time the Ranger lounged sideways in his saddle, studying the country before him. The land was open and comparatively flat; it was broken by tiny clumps of mesquite and low sprawling beds of cactus. Perhaps a half mile away, however, began a long, narrow patch of woods, with the tops of occasional oaks showing, and this ran parallel with the fence for a considerable distance.

"They took them in yonder, to brand," he said, straightening himself. "Maybe we'll be in time."

Side by side the three rode off Guzman's land, following the tracks to the nearest point of woods; there Law stopped to give his directions:

"Pedro, you ride down this side; Ricardo, you skirt the outside. I shall keep to the middle. Walk your horses, for I shall go slowly." He slipped his carbine from its scabbard, the others did the same.

But Dave's plan did not commend itself to Ricardo; the old man's face puckered into an expression of doubt, and removing his hat he ran a hand over his wiry, short-cropped white hair.

"Señor," he protested, "I know something about these men, and they will not wait to learn that you are an officer. Perhaps I had better ride with you."

But Law declined the well-meant offer,

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supper-room, and in a moment more, Tavy is in the center of a crowd again. They know each other, these friends of Billy's and Tommy's and Geraldine's, but Tavy is a stranger, and exceptionally beautiful, an clever in a different little way, and the girl who is going to marry Billy; so they are a very nice to her. There is no formal supper at the party, for the dance is too important. There are just tables spread with everything in the world, and you walk in and help yourself, and a cast-iron butler, aided by a porcelain second butler, pours wine and ladies punch and serves ices and replenishes things in general, and it is very wonderful wide-eyed Tavy, who neither tries to act as if she were used to all these magnificent things nor betrays any undue unfamiliarity for Tavy has one gift from her mother which is far more precious than any jewel, and cannot be bought with gold, and is an open sesame in any company: breeding. Geraldine Benning takes particular note of this quality, and again there is that little flash of a glimmer in her eye.

"Get me some punch, Billy. I'm dreadfully thirsty to-night!" Geraldine. It is their dance, but she has preferred to sit out. She is nibbling at a peppermint wafer and she has given him one. He has it crunched in his mouth now.

"All right, Sis," and he starts away. "I think I saw a pitcher of it on the table-ourette behind the palms." Geraldine draws this lazily.

They are in the alcove leading off from the conservatory, a cozy little, dimly-lighted corner, with a thick rug on the floor and easy tête-à-tête chairs. Billy brings in the tray with the tall pitcher and some glasses, and pours for her. He pours for himself.

"This beverage is almost like a drink. I'll have to tell Three-B to serve a peppermint wafer with each glass," and Geraldine watches him curiously as he drinks it.

"Tavy is a pretty dancer. As soon as she is more familiar with the new steps, we'll take her up to one of Mrs. Wilton's affairs."

Billy does not notice the slight in that remark, but he does notice that Tavy has been mentioned, and that is enough for him, quite sufficient to chain his attention for any length of time; so they chat comfortably away, and Billy pours out more of the punch from the tall pitcher from behind the palms, and drinks it. With the third glass he smacks his lips, and considers.

"By George, I believe there's the flavor of whisky in this stuff! I haven't tasted it for a month, but I could tell a drop of it in the ocean, I think. It leaves a peculiar taste on the tongue."

Geraldine veils her eyes, lest that glitter be seen.

"There couldn't be much of it," she draws, as nonchalantly as if it were of no consequence. "Father's dance punch is too harmless to be interesting."

"Whisky in it just the same." Billy laughs and drains his glass, and accepts the peppermint wafer which Geraldine hands him. The peppermint cannot altogether disguise the flavor which is in this pitcher of very special punch, but it can disguise the quantity.

By and by, Geraldine discovers that it is time for her dance with Miriam Hasselton's recently acquired husband, and she would not miss that dance for worlds. She particularly dislikes Miriam. So she strolls out of the alcove, with her arm in Billy's, and holding it rather closely. There is something quite soothing in the touch of Geraldine. She leads the way over to the den, where Jack Greeves and two or three others of the married men, who would rather talk shop than dance, are filling the room with blue smoke, and she leaves Billy there on deposit. There is a decanter of whisky on the table and glasses, and Jack Greeves is pouring himself a drink.

"Have a little nip, Billy?"

The taste is on his tongue, and one won't hurt. Besides, he has not promised he will never touch whiskey. He is safe, too, because Tavy is with him. He has only sworn never to get drunk; and the taste is on his tongue!

The library is the favorite lounging-place for those who do not dance every number. B. B. Benning holds sway in here, during the latter half of the evening, and he is very much taken with Billy's Tavy. She sits out a dance in the library with a tall fore-headed young man, who has overdone a sprained ankle, and quite a little crowd of them gather. Three B. Benning makes room for Tavy on the bench beside him. He loves youth and laughter better than he loves old wine; and Tavy represents all three, considering the wine to be the wine

life. They are discussing a weighty subject: boxing.

"They never come back," declares pompous old Joseph Gandish, whose chest puffs so far that he has to stoop to look on. "It's true of all the champions, and all the sports."

"Nobody ever comes back," says Three-Benning, dropping his cigaret in an ash tray. He has noted that the smoke follows Tavy.

You said those very words one night at uptown supper dance we gave," Mrs. Benning reminds him. "We were talking about some funny drunkard whom Billy Lane caught from the Bowery to his apartments."

"Oh yes!" Mrs. Mortissant, who is even older now than when she was Miriam Hasson. "Do you remember the atrocious caricature Tommy Tinkle drew of him; a far-eyed, awful creature, peering through a tangle of matted hair and beard? His name was Bow-Wow."

Tommy Tinkle came loafing in on the scene, and, startled, he catches the dawning look of horror on Tavy's face.

"Whatever became of him, Tommy?" the heavy voice of Joseph Gandish. "Nothing good, I'll be bound."

"Bow-wow? Oh yes." Tommy laughs, one discovering a joke after an effort at merriment. "You were quite right, Gandish. He set fire to his bed, and Burke put him out, and he's never been seen nor heard from since." He did not look at Tavy as he spoke, but he could hear an almost inaudible drawing in of the breath.

Tavy rose presently, very quietly and conspicuously.

"I haven't been on the veranda, Tommy. I must be pretty out there," and, as they stepped into the fresh night air, Tommy feels her hand tremble on his arm. She says nothing, but there is a trace of pallor on her cheeks, and her bosom flutters now and then, and when the music starts and they come back to the ballroom, he is sure that the look in her eyes, as she leaves him for her dancing partner, is a look of gratitude.

"Bow-Wow! What a dreadful name for a human being to have borne, even a poor unkind from the Bowery, who set fire to his bed, and was turned out, and was never heard of any more! Tavy wanted Billy. He wanted him all through that dance, and the next and the next, for somehow there came just the faintest, far-off hint of sadness into this happiest night of her life. Bow-Wow! She could not get the name out of her mind.

She missed Billy very much during these first few dances. He was not even on the floor for her to look at, and, when she was worried, he was so comforting, with his strong, clean-cut features, and his clear eyes full of understanding. It was a silly custom to make people dance with everybody, when they would so much rather dance with just one. Especially after a person became tired, it was so good to have a firm arm to be supported upon, and one the embrace of which could be courted rather than ignored. However, at last the program was nearly done, and the very next dance would be Billy's! She smiled, and her eyes brightened, as she thought of that.

It was Geraldine who joined her just before the last dance, and, quite naturally, Tavy asked her if she had seen Billy.

"Not for ages," replied the cheerful voice of Geraldine. "I'm sending out a call for the last dance, though, and we'll have everybody from their hidden corners," and, laughing, she went away. She was back in a minute or two, however, and searched for her dear friend Tavy immediately.

She was with her in the ballroom, amid quite a little group of Tavy's new friends and admirers, when the hide-aways began to stroll in, and she was standing right in front of Tavy almost, when Billy came.

She had no need to turn and watch Billy. She could tell all about him from the look on Tavy's face! Those delicately tinted oval cheeks had turned as white as the poor little chiffon frock, the same one she had worn the night Billy was late for the theater engagement. Tavy's eyes widened with terror, and she stood as rigid as if she had been frozen into a beautiful snow-white statue! The glitter in Geraldine's eyes was thoroughly unveiled now, as, noting the death-like silence and the shocked faces, she turned to survey Billy. His hair was rumpled down over his forehead, on his lips was a foolish grin, while out of his swaying body and his puffed face his familiar demon leered its red leer and snarled its red snarl. Billy was drunk!

(Chester's best story is continued in April.)



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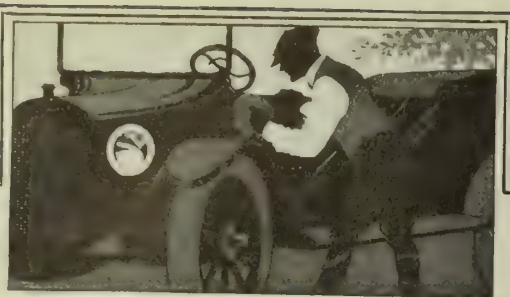
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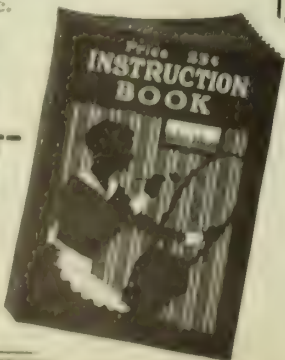
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The Hollow Ship

(Continued from page 273)

be. But you will believe me when I tell you that it has been a new experience."

"I know that."

"If I hadn't fortified myself with a drug, I couldn't have walked out of the hotel. I have been on familiar and even literary terms with a bartender."

"You'll never know how grateful I am," replied Mrs. Manning.

"Probably not. Few people ever go the limit in showing gratitude. And—what were we saying?"

"We were speaking of the gratitude of a mother to the man who has, perhaps, saved her son's life."

The great specialist looked into her face with a kind of dazed despair. Then he sat down very quickly in the nearest chair, gripped the arms very tight, and appeared to be struggling for self-mastery. But gradually he had to give that up. His features relaxed into a baffled mischievous grin, and he began to giggle.

"It was gray while it lasted," he said, "simply gray."

Mrs. Manning laughed till the tears came, laughed till her guest was genuinely huffed and offended.

"Who are you," he said reproachfully, "to stan' all the day idle besigh hollow ships?"

Cedric and Cecil were driving round and round Central Park, in a taxi-cab, in the dusk, in lilac-time. Their arms were wound round and round each other.

Cedric had not had a drink for a year.

(A new Gouverneur Morris novel—his biggest yet, begins in Hearst's shortly—watch for it.)

Even when he had found out the trick that had been played upon him, the old devil him had only lifted up its head, pricked its ears, and flopped down and died a natural death.

"No, dear," Cedric was saying, "you got to hand it to mother, because she succeeded in the end. She tried every method she could think of. The first one was the most foolish; the second was less so, and finally, the very last not only succeeded, but was as good as a play. You say I didn't understand me? Did I understand her? Did I even try? No; but she tried and tried, and kept praying for light and wisdom, until light and wisdom came. See her progress through the sheer force of loving me from folly to glory. Oh, my dear, if a mother is given any kind of a run at her money, she's pretty sure to make good in the end! As for my mother, I give her mark of ten!"

"And me, made slightly jealous of praises of maternal ancestor, what do you give me? Do I get a mark of ten—on goose-egg?"

"For loving me," said Cedric, "a great goose-egg. But in addition, I herewith give you the anaconda hug, the boa-constrictor clasp, the opening of my letters, the money in my bank, the keys to my heart—sure-faith till death—but let me express myself more concisely."

And she gave a little contented sigh, and Cedric drew her very close to him, and proceeded, without the use of words, to give his thoughts ecstatic expression.

"Mr. Dooley" on the Literature of the War

(Continued from page 307)

old head iver since. Th' German pothry is heavier an' more onwieldy, an' can be on'y fired fr'm specially conshtruchted concrete foundations. It was wan iv these pomes that destroyed th' libery at Louvain. Th' Fr-rinch potes have disappointed expictations because most iv th' potes ar-re in th' trenches, but th' Rooshyan pothry has been extremely deadly.

"Ye can find it in th' paper marked 'Pethrograd, semi-offical'."

"Th' idee iv th' potes is to encourage young fellows to enlist in th' ar-rmy an' become a casualty in an onivntful day at th' front. Ye can see a atheleet settin' at a football game readin' a pome like this an' throwin' up his job to march to th' field iv glory."

"Appeal to th' Lower Classes to fight fr' their nation's honor."

"Who, at this hour of Britain's need,

Can give a thought to self?

What degin'rate son iv Alfred's seed

Can have an eye on pelf?

'Lowbrowed an' smelly as ye ar-re,

A savage an' a lout,

Than neighbor, betther sojer far;

Enlist, go on, get out!

(Copyright 1915. All rights reserved. In-fringemints will be prosecuted. Publications wishin' to reprint these stirrin' pathriotic lines will write to pote's banker, enclosin' certified check.)

"An' all th' time this bloodthirsty business is goin' on, th' sojers are in th' trenches a few feet fr'm each other an' not cross at all. It's like what ye see at a prize fight. Th' two burlies in th' ring ar-re good-natured an' friendly, smilin' an' shakin' hands an' thin thryin' to destroy each other in th' most business-like way in th' wurld. But at th' ringside ye'll see a lot iv lads with pale, yellow faces, an' long hair an' a cigaret cough, fellows, mind ye, that cudden't punch a hole through a pound iv lard or wan iv Willum Jennings Bryan's lectures; an' they're hollerin': 'Kill him,' 'Murder him.' They're th' potes, th' on'y difference bein' that th' potes demand pay fr'en

couragin' manslaughter. I will say this iv th' potes, that they ain't lackin' in nerve. It takes some courage to blow ye'er little tin whistle in th' shreet when th' cannon are roarin' near by.

"An' there in th' trenches, or ye might say ditches, ar-re th' sojers, far remove fr'm th' shriekin' lithrachoor, happy an' content. They're not angry with each other. If they were they wudden't be able to shoot straight. It wud be foolish fr' him to call each other th' names that an English bishop will fire at a German bishop. They have to live an' die as neighbors. Th' pa-apers say th' trenches ar-re on'y a few feet apart. They talk to each other th' way ye an' I might talk, leanin' on th' backyard fence. They thrade tobaccy, dhrink, an' news-papers. Whin they wake up it's: 'Gooten morgen, Fritz.' 'Bong joor, Gaston. How did ye sleep?' 'Pretty fair. Wan iv ye'er bathtries dropped a sixteen-inch shell into our little dugout, an' it didn't bust an' I used it fr' a pillow. How's it with ye?' 'I got bad news fr'm home. Th' wife writes me that me little girl has got th' mumps.' 'Ye don't tell me so. Dear me, dear me. It's too bad. Throubles niver come single, do they? That was th' little girl ye tol' me about that recited so fine. Well, there's wan thing about it, it ain't seeryous in kids, but ye'd betther not go home till it's over. It's very ketchin' an' dangerous to grown-up people. Look out, there! Don't poke ye'er head so high or I'll have to shoot ye.' 'Go on, ye cudden't hit my head if it was as big as th' crown prince's. If ye have a pinch iv tobaccy, wud ye kindly poke it over on th' end iv ye'er baynit?' 'Say, Loocy, have ye found out what this war is all about anyhow?' 'Faith, Haas, I give it up long ago. All I know is that th' on'y difference between a sojer an' a ditch-digger is that a ditch-digger goes home atther he's dug th' ditch, an' a sojer digs th' ditch an' thin lives in it.' An' so they go on gassin' till th' order comes to kill each other."

"I shudden't think a pote cud write th' kind iv stuff ye've read to me," said Mr. Hennessy.

"I don't think wan wud," said Mr. Dooley.

(Mr. Dooley again next month—the April issue on the stands March 20th.)

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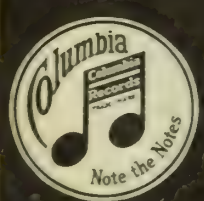


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An Old Man at Fifty A Young Man at Seventy

The Remarkable Story of Sanford Bennett, a
San Francisco Business Man, Who Has
Solved the Problem of Prolonging
Youth

By CARL EASTON WILLIAMS

THERE is no longer any occasion to go hunting for the Spring of Eternal Youth. What Ponce de Leon failed to discover in his world-famous mission, ages ago, has been brought to light right here in staid, prosaic America, by Sanford Bennett, a San Francisco business man. He can prove it too, right in his own person.

At 50 he was partially bald. To-day he has a thick head of hair, although it is white. At 50 his eyes were weak. To-day they are as strong as when he was a child. At 50 he was a worn-out, broken-down, decrepit old man. To-day he is in perfect health, a good deal of an athlete and as young as the average man of 35.

All this he has accomplished by some very simple and gentle exercises which he practices for about ten minutes before arising in the morning. Yes, the exercises are taken in bed, peculiar as this may seem.

As Mr. Bennett explains, his case was not one of preserving good health, but one of rejuvenating a weak middle-aged body into a



Sanford
Bennett
— at 50



Sanford
Bennett
at 72

robust old one, and he says what he has accomplished, anyone can accomplish by the application of the same methods, and so it would seem. All of which puts the Dr. Osler theory to shame.

I haven't room in this article to go into a lengthy description of Mr. Bennett's methods for the restoration of youth and the prevention of old age. All of this he tells himself in a book which he has written, entitled "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention." This book is a complete history of himself and his experiences, and contains complete instructions for those who wish to put his health and youth-building methods to their own use. It is a wonderful book. It is a book that every man and woman who is desirous of remaining young after passing the fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth, and as Mr. Bennett firmly believes, the one hundredth milestone of life, should read.

For the purpose of spreading broadcast the methods of promoting health and longevity developed by Mr. Bennett an interesting eight-page booklet which is, in effect, a summary of his system, has been prepared by the publishers of Mr. Bennett's interesting book—the Physical Culture Publishing Company, 4104 Flatiron Building, New York City.

This booklet they will send free to anyone sufficiently interested to write for it.

The grandest thing in the world is Youth, and it is one of the really great hardships of life that "its beauteous morn" should pass so swiftly and give place to old age.

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—Adv.

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Tomato



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE SUPERIOR CLASS

The superior class is a
burden borne by the people who work.

By Elbert Hubbard
Drawing by
Charles A. Winter

THE term "superior class," was coined by the people who belong to it.

The use of violence to form a self-appointed superior class is the one thing that has made this world a place of the skull.

This superior class has ever been a menace, and always a curse to itself and others. Its distinguishing feature is to exclude. It is ossified selfishness, or caste, as opposed to sympathy, love, and enlightened self-interest.

It has its rise often in humility, coming in the name of liberty, and by bestowing a benefit gets a grip on things; then the second generation consumes but ceases to produce.

The country that has the largest army and the greatest number of the superior class is nearest death.

The superior class is a burden borne by the people who work. No nation ever survived it, none ever can.

This volunteer superior class has always thought that good is to be gained by refusing to labor, by wearing costly and peculiar clothing, by being carried in a palanquin, by being waited on by servants, by eating and drinking at midnight, by attaining a culture that is beyond the reach of most, through owning things that only a few can enjoy. These are the ambitions of the self-styled superior class.

The superior class lives by its wits, or on the surplus earned by slaves, or men who are dead. You are dead yourself when you live on the labor of dead men—you are so near drowning that you clutch society and pull it under with you.

To exclude is to be excluded. When the superior class shuts out the poor and so-called ignorant, it is deprived of all the spiritual benefit the lowly have to give.

Caste is a Chinese wall that shuts people in, as well as out.

If you can make people kind, not merely respectable, the problem of the ages will be solved.

This bogus legal tender of gentility, which is the chief asset of the superior class, can never be done away with through violence and revolution. This has been tried again and again. Revolution is a surgical operation that ever leaves the roots of the cancer untouched.

The remedy is a new method of education which will teach men to be, not seem—that will give pupils diplomas on what they can do, not on what they can memorize.

The millennium will come in this way: First—Men will decline to affiliate with a social club that offers a reward for blind credulity.

Second—Men will refuse to enlist as soldiers for any other reason than to protect from an immediate invasion threatening their homes.

Third—Parents will refuse to send their children to any school, college, or university where the curriculum does not provide that at least one-half of the school day shall be spent in productive work.

Consolation

Illustrated by

free and take the broken fragments of my life elsewhere—!" And he laughed angrily again. He had hated the faces of the people in the Court. He was sick of their looks of contempt and disapproval—and he had not been able to stand up and shout: "The woman is a liar and a snake, and there is not a word of truth in one of her allegations." Her saint's face would have convinced any British jury of her pure innocence; and freedom and disgrace are better than—hell!

and crushed but quietly sleeping, a shelter to the calm-faced peasants who cultivate the olives and the sweet flowers for the great scent markets of Grasse.

A man—tall and lean, and a little bent—looked over the loggia's wall; his face was worn, and deep sardonic lines marked his mouth. His steel-blue eyes were sunken and fierce, and contained no sign of resignation. Just sheltered from the sun, which poured in in broad shafts, an easel stood, and upon it an unfinished sketch. It was a strong, broadly treated sketch of the beautiful scene, and ought to have pleased the man who created it—but he glanced towards it now with contemptuous discontent, and his eyes wandered to the old sofa against the back of the loggia, where lay his felt hat and a stick. He picked these up, and went on into a great room. Heavy beams crossed and supported its tall ceiling, dark and stained, like the whitewash between them, with age. Two of the discolored walls had coarse and very dilapidated tapestry hung upon them. The third was left bare, with some rather fine bits of Louis XIV paneling leaning against it.

The bed was old and carved, with no curtains hanging from its splendid dome. Rough matting covered part of the floor, and here and there a fine chair more or less decayed looked like an oasis in the vast space. There was another easel, and more sketches, and one extremely shabby, large English armchair close to the colossal open chimney-piece, where ashes showed that a fire sometimes blazed. A whole bundle of silken stuffs littered the top of a commode; and on a table, and indeed all along one side of the room on the floor, were hundreds and hundreds of books. The place somehow wore a melancholy and deserted air, in spite of the sun which poured from the one window undarkened by the loggia. Through a low door, in the far corner, might be seen what was evidently a poorly appointed dressing-closet. In the armchair by the fireplace slumbered Cerberus, an Airedale. And this dog, and this old room, were all that now meant anything to Gilbert Andover in the way of home or friends.

"GOOD afternoon to you, Jeannette,"

and "Welcome to Monsieur," was heard in the ground-floor chamber, and

Gilbert Andover pulled a rough seat to the bed and sat down for a moment on his way out. The ground floor was but two stories beneath his apartment, on the street side, and there Jeannette lived her life of continuous repose—for a fall the winter before had injured her back, and kept her prisoner between the coarse linen sheets. But what will you? Fate is fate—and things would be worse if there were no Therèse to come in from next door and clean the room and bring food—all for two francs a week! And when one is fortunate enough to have had a rich uncle who left one *cinq cents francs de rente* (twenty pounds in every year. Grand Dieu!) one would be a niggard to grudge a paltry hundred of them for real comfort. What would Monsieur?—Monsieur who was so generous as to let her live rent-free after he had bought the house. And then the bon Dieu was always so kind and considerate. Why, but yesterday, a rare tourist had passed and given a pair of spectacles to Jeannette (not thrust upon her by charity, be it understood! but presented *gentiment, avec politesse*), and now she had the delight of reading the life of St. Antoine de Padoue—but in all lights! even the crepuscular—and full easily when the lamp was lit. What could she ask more? Her back?—Yes, the pain was there, of course; but what will you? That was *pas grande chose*—at seventy-four; and with an appetite! but an appetite which could devour two eggs on Sundays with relish!

Gilbert Andover commenced to paint rapidly, and all the talent which he had ever possessed seemed to guide his brush. He was exalted, and he began to lay on color which grew into a portrait of the woman's very soul.

AND so the whole devil's show is over, and I am a free man—and Lottie is a free woman." Gilbert Andover laughed bitterly to himself. "She can turn down her saint's eyes and her meek mouth, and carry on her iniquities as often as she pleases—until the next man she marries is made the victim again, and she starts once more afresh.

"Lottie always had a passion for matrimony," he mused on. "One would have thought anything else would have done as well for her tastes—but no, a wedding-ring must always be the price the poor wretch pays."

Gilbert Andover would not have let her divorce him, only that he was so glad to be free. It is the peculiar quality of some women to make a man so glad to get that he is free, as was this man of thirty-five, and no doubt Jack Desmond before him, to be dragged up and disgraced sooner than admit another moment in the role of husband to one of these. The afternoon when Gilbert Andover left the Divorce Court, he remembered how, only four years before, he had wanted to guarantee immortality in his room in Dury Street by the name of Jack's wife, and hoped to wear his name alone. Lottie was always so thoughtful.

Jack was a fool—I am a fool, and no doubt the new man will be a fool too! But Lottie, for better to let her have her way—and let me go

Well, that night he would close this chapter in his life and start off somewhere to a foreign land, and there heal him of his grievous hurt.

THE afternoon sun was blazing on the tall houses above the ramparts of St. Paul du Var. A glory of orange and lemon trees in full fruit and bloom seemed to concentrate old Sol's rays in their bulbs of gold; some fluttering rags of washing hung from one window to another on a rope; and far below in the street, from the dark courtyard of the school, children's voices, in glad release from discipline, floated upward. Ancient stains on moldering whitewash mellowed the rough walls of the tall houses; and high up on the fourth floor of one of them, a loggia fronted more than half its length. The view was exquisitely beautiful from there, all over the valley, with its olive groves, and patches of cork and cypress—and if one looked far enough, one could see a gleam of the glittering sea.

A strange, old, deserted, fortified town perched as an eagle's nest above the world, proud of its departed glories—glories of Saracenic days, and a firm resistance to those robbers; glories of its fortifications under François I against Savoy; and final glory of the great Vauban and his pointed bastions. Two thousand five hundred lookouts were its true boast, in those far-off days! And more than one old hotel, crowned with noble blazons. Oh! yes—St. Paul du Var had been a day, and lumber now, not wretched

By Elinor Glyn

G. Patrick Nelson

"Incorrigible optimist!" said Gilbert Andover, and strode into the street.

"Would Monsieur leave the door open," cried Jeannette. "It could happen that one will pass and talk. Oh! the goodness of the bon Dieu!"

Gilbert Andover took his steps through the narrow, deserted *ruelles*—high-closed fifteenth and seventeenth century houses hiding the sun and giving a cool mysterious shadowiness to the ways. There were few smells—for, after all, who was there to create them? Few drains; few whiffs of garlic; few people!

Something was unusually ruffling the spirit of Gilbert Andover. Yesterday, he had been in to Nice. Yes, taken the diligence to Antibes, and so by train third-class—just to buy a few paints, and bargain with that Jew dealer in the back alley for the small commode; and what devilish misfortune should bring him the undesired sight of Lottie, his late wife, with her new husband on their way to Monte Carlo. Could not a man avoid seeing ghosts even if he kept to back alleys and went third-class? Heavens! if the bon Dieu turned his eye upon Jeannette He certainly averted it from him! Some kind of a joy had filled him, though, for a moment. The new husband's face was strained—strained after only three months of her; and his was losing the look, he hoped, after nearly a year's freedom. But the whole thing brought back disgust—and pain. They had not seen him; he had pulled his weatherbeaten felt hat over his eyes and crouched in his seat in the train. But he had had time to observe the pair. Why did they get in at Antibes?—but of what matter? Lottie's face was more saintly than

Padoue, placing some little money in his box, a woman was standing, with a small, lame child.

She was faded and pathetic and about thirty—her clothes were genteel and well-worn—and her eyes were tired and sad.

Gilbert Andover disliked women, and no wonder. He said cynically to himself, "What can she be invoking St. Antoine for?—a creature like that!"

He now knew he had come in there to get the impression of the exact look of the altar carving, to compare

ever; and he had heard her voice whine in some reproach for want of attention, and he had seen the new poor devil nervously rush forward to obey the call.

He thought of these things as he tramped along. Why should he be going to the church now? He did not know or ask himself. He knew every atom of it, from its florid gilding to its mean glass—but he strode in, nevertheless—and it was not empty! There by the figure of St. Antoine de

As she stood there Helen was making up her mind—because she could drift in peace no more. For she had learned the story of Gilbert Andover's life.



it in date with a pillar he had seen at the Jew's at Nice; and so he resented the woman's being so near. He passed her rather brusquely, and she timidly drew aside. Then he turned and said, "Oh, I beg your pardon," for the little girl had stumbled; he had inadvertently shaken her crutch.

One can love children even if one hates women; and Gilbert Andover remembered very well his own son—born of Lottie in their first year, and whose coming she had so bitterly resented, and whose going into shadowland she had watched with so much complacency.

"Oh! I am so awfully sorry," he blurted out. "I would not have hurt you for the world."

"I am not hurt," the tiny creature said in English, with an accent, "the *béquille* often falls."

The mother looked at him with her sad, frightened eyes, and drew the little one away. The action hurt Gilbert Andover, and caused him to speak to her, which he would not otherwise have done.

"It is a fairly old church, madame," he remarked, "though of not much interest. These twisted columns above the altar are curious, perhaps."

"We did not come to see those things," the woman answered gently. "We came to pray to St. Antoine; we have lost something of much value to us."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; it is Mamma's blue brooch, and it has made her cry," the child said.

"That is too bad. Did you lose it here at St. Paul du Var? The people are very honest; you may get it again." Gilbert Andover wondered why it should matter to him at all!

"I only missed it here," the woman's voice was singularly sweet. "But it may have been in Nice. We have come to this Inn beyond the gates only to-day—the air is good, it is so high."

A very small hand slipped itself into the man's strong, firm one, and the child looked up into his cynical face.

"You will help Mamma to find our brooch, will you not, Monsieur?" she pleaded. "Mamma is so sad."

"I'd like to awfully—but I wonder where we ought to begin?"

"Hush, Helen," the woman exclaimed. "We must not trouble this gentleman. Come, we will go back and search again in the Inn."

"I will show you a short cut—if you will let me carry the little one down the steep stairs," the man actually proposed, and they left the church together.

The woman seemed nervous, and did not speak, but when they got outside into the sunlight, Gilbert Andover's artist soul was soothed by her slender gracefulness. She was so far from being beautiful, and so near to being rare. There was a distinction about her, a fleeting charm of sorts. She looked gentle and good. This frightened him most of all. Angel faces hid the natures of fiends, he very well knew!

He picked up the little Helen when they came to an arched and somber doorway—her frail body weighed a mere nothing, for all her six or

seven years. She clung into the gloom and Gilbert Andover felt the little arms tighten 'round his neck—and it gave him a queer thrill.

"These strange passages are very convenient," he told them. "You save a whole winding grade of streets, and are out in the sunlight again in a minute or two."

"There are no other passages like these about," the woman murmured. "It would indeed appear to be quite of the dead."

"They look like passages," said the Bon Dieu, "but they are not. You will see them through the town. The town is full of them, but there are not more than five hundred of them. They are not like these, but they are very convenient. You can buy a whole passage for a few francs. If you are not a native of the town, you will find it very convenient."

"A place to shelter in, far from the noise of men." She said it with a sigh, hardly aloud, and he looked at her quickly as they emerged into the lighter street. It was not the thing to say to a stranger; it savored of the dramatic, and reminded him of cryptic utterances of Lottie's in the early days when she was honest Jack Desmond's misunderstood angel wife, and he, Gilbert Andover, a hapless fly struggling in a spider's web.

But the woman's face was pale and quite unconscious, as she moved by his side carrying the small crutch.

"It is not too steep here; my child can walk now, thank you, sir," she announced, but the little girl's hold again tightened 'round his neck.



"Indeed, Mamma, I am very well where I am," she informed her mother. "I can see far more of the sky."

The woman's tired face colored a little—it was almost a blush, and made her look girlish—but she said firmly, "Helen, you are trespassing upon the kindness of a stranger. Let us thank Monsieur, and not detain him, for now I see the way," and she held out her arms to take the child.

"She is not the least heavy; I would like to carry her back to the Inn. There are still some steep bits, as you see by the gate."

"You are too good."

The nervous embarrassment appeared in her manner again; there was something hunted and *chétive* in her regard, too, which moved Gilbert Andover uncomfortably. She looked so like a lady—even a lady once of the great world—she should not show this humbled mien.

She ventured some timid remarks about the old buildings, and he told her rather gruffly the history of the place, and soon they emerged beyond the gateway and passed the ruined roofless chapel on its perch, its center a mass of tender white flags in perfect bloom.

"The prayers of the long-gone worshipper," the woman whispered—"perhaps unanswered in their lives, but living flowers now! Good-day to you, Monsieur, and thank you for having carried my child."

Gilbert Andover knew he was dismissed; they were arriving at the Inn door, beyond the precincts of the town. But nevertheless: "Won't you search again for your brooch, Madame?" he suggested, "and if it is not there, then I might be able to help you by communicating with the pillars at Nice."

Gilbert Andover disliked women, and no wonder. He said cynically to himself: "What can she be invoking St. Antoine for?—a creature like that!"

quilt and then fallen to the floor during our absence!"

She held in her hand an ancient brooch of blue enamel surrounded by small pearls, the intrinsic value of which could not have been twenty pounds.

"Then all is well," and Gilbert Andover smiled, and when this happened it was as though the sun came from behind a cloud. The little lame child held out her hand to him and pattered forward on her crutches.

"Come and carry me another day," she begged. "I will be very good—and then I seem so near the sky."

He bent his tall head and took the tiny fingers and kissed them like a courtier of old: "I will be most pleased to do so—and now good-by."

"Good-by—and thank you," the mother said, and turned within the door.

THE violet crop was over—narcissus were taking their place. April was there, and Jeannette was receiving a visitor who often came to sit by her bed—a small visitor, a stranger to the town, but one who spoke French without any accent and seemed to understand every word that Jeannette said! The bon Dieu was often the subject of their conversation, and His goodness was admitted to be a subject upon which one could not enlarge too much. For was not the ankle of Jeannette's visitor growing stronger every day? and even hopes were held out that at some not far distant time, she would be able

The woman had no aplomb. She looked almost suspicious and frightened. Consideration had evidently not often come her way.

"It is too kind of you to trouble," and then she hurriedly entered the Inn, holding the little girl's hand.

Gilbert Andover walked up and down before the small café. He had not the least idea why he was showing this interest in strangers. Could it be because he was glad to speak English again after nearly a year?

Presently a shriek of joy rent the air in a child's shrill treble.

It seemed possible that the brooch was found.

A moment or two later, both figures appeared at the Inn door, and a gladness filled the woman's face.

"Indeed, St. Antoine has aided us," she cried, a little breathlessly, "and I gave but a few sous! See, it was there by the foot of the bed; it had caught in the

black brows still complemented eyes of exquisite shape and softest jet, and traces of a seductive mouth and molded cheek remained to fill in the picture.

But these things brought trouble to women, as the bon Dieu and the curé very well knew, and there were pages

—when he passed that way. Was she painting, or what?

Helen played at the door, and he constantly found her telling stories to the flowers which grew beneath the clump of olive trees near.

"See, I have brought you this to show you, Monsieur; since you too are a great artist," one morning the child said. "It is Mamma's work—and she has given it to me for my birthday. I was seven years old on the Friday of last week!"

She drew from a carefully folded silk handkerchief a little miniature of a cherub's face—a silly, chocolate-box lid, impossibly beautiful child, painted in a feeble, pretty way.

"Is it not most beautiful? One of the real angels of le bon Dieu, as Monsieur can very well see!"

Gilbert Andover admired it duly. So it was upon this wretched trash the woman spent her days. Stuff which would eventually adorn some cheap celluloid or bone powder-boxes, masquerading as ivory, he supposed. The pay for such things must be very low.

An unpleasant twinge of concern came over him. What a life for a lady! a grind even here under God's beautiful sun, amidst the flowers. He knew nothing whatever about the pair—

mother and child—except that they were both called Helen, and that O'Gorman was their surname.

This chance information he had gathered from the little girl's prattle. He had asked no questions, and indeed there was no one else to have asked them of.

Now and then a tourist came from Nice or Cannes, to see the strange, old walled town; but it was before the days of many motors, and these descents were rare.

He, Gilbert Andover, had been greatly occupied with his big picture of the country looking northeast, where the grim and clear-cut mountains clove the sky in sharp points—snow-capped, the far ones, and luminous with opal tints. He painted from morning to mid-afternoon every day.

Little Helen sometimes found him there. She had grown accustomed to being out alone, and would patter along on her crutch right from the gate, 'round the ramparts, to where his easel stood, and then would sit as quiet as a mouse somewhere near, with an English story-book.

Gilbert Andover spoke to her now and then. She knew a great deal about fairies, and something of French and English history. She was elfish and intelligent, with a pathetic gaiety glancing from her large eyes.

If he had not been quite so determined to remain aloof from all the world of humanity, he would have liked to have grown real friends.

On the days when the sky was gray, he made sketches of the winding streets and archways, solitary and silent between the closed, deserted houses, and too narrow and precipitous for any vehicle to disturb him—had there even been such a thing in St. Paul du Var!

It was when engaged thus one late afternoon that the woman and the little girl came upon him, and did not pass by with a "good evening" as was their wont. Indeed, they stopped and he rose from his camp-stool and raised his straw hat. The woman's tired, sad face looked full of embarrassment as she spoke.

"I—I'm going to ask you a favor, Monsieur—

(Continued on page 394)

As Gilbert Andover looked, there by the figure of St. Antoine de Padoue, placing some little money in his box, a tired-looking woman was standing, with a small lame child.

to move it without her crutch! Why could not there be miracles now as of old? The curé of the church assured them that nothing was impossible.

Ripe oranges lived in a box under the far window which looked out over the valley—seemingly at a great height, although only two stories above the foundations, but the descent down to the ramparts was so precipitous, and from there again steeper still to the valley. So that, even as the loggia of Gilbert Andover, this window seemed perched above the world.

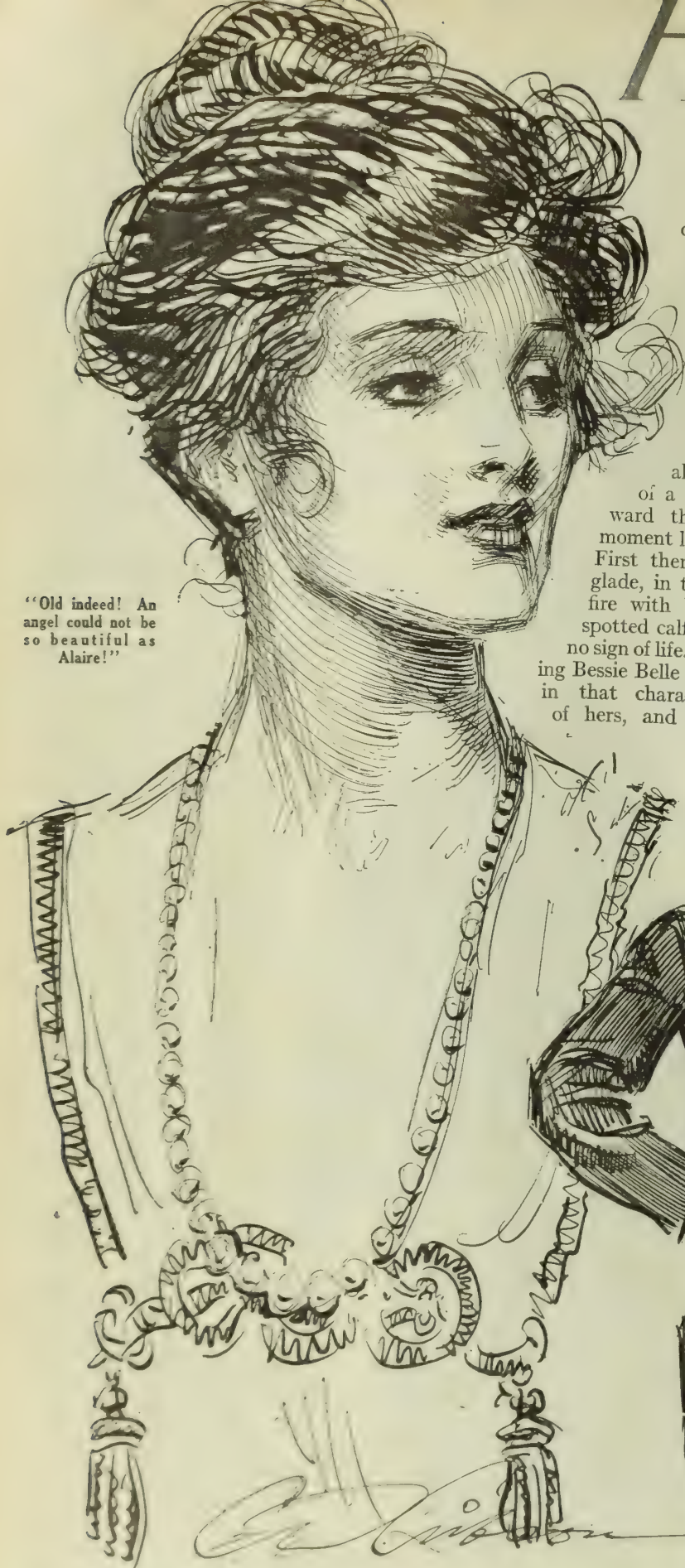
It was little Helen's delight to be told, as a secret, as she was preparing to say good-by to her hostess, that if she could lift the lid she would find golden treasure within! And every day she acted the same surprise, but required no acting to express her joy. Jeannette had not many things to talk about nowadays—but of long ago, there was much to be discussed! Her wedding at Nice—yes, if you please, a wedding with carriages, and the bridegroom in gala evening dress, a starched and frilled shirtfront; and many other fine things, and that rich uncle who had treated them all to champagne. To be sure, it was over fifty years ago, but Jeannette remembered very well its sparkling taste, and how happy she had felt after drinking a glass of it!

Any one could see that Jeannette had been a beauty, her strongly marked and perfectly arched

in Jeannette's distant past which contained many tears. But of such forbidding misfortunes one did not speak to Helen.

Gilbert Andover very often looked in on his way out and exchanged a few words. He had become quite friendly with the little lame child in the past two weeks, but with the mother he had made no progress; and indeed had not tried to do so. She answered when she was spoken to; she steadily kept out of his way, and the frightened, weary look never left her eyes. She was always so busy, too; he could see her bending over some work at the open upstairs window of the Inn every time—and the times were often

Heart of the Illustrated by



"Old indeed! An angel could not be so beautiful as Alaire!"

came to a place where the brush was low, and there, rising through the tree-tops beyond, they saw a wavering plume of blue smoke.

The Ranger rode into sight of the branding fire with his Winchester across his saddle-horn and his thumb upon the hammer; what followed came with almost the blinding suddenness of a lightning-crash, though afterward the events of that crowded moment lingered as a clear-cut memory. First there was the picture of a sandy glade, in the center of which burned a fire with branding-irons in it; and a spotted calf tied to a tree, but otherwise no sign of life. Then without warning Bessie Belle threw up her head in that characteristic trick of hers, and simul-

SYNOPSIS: Alone through a Texan waste, sun-baked, waterless, down near the Mexican border, plodded a woman, on and on: her every step a torture. Somewhere beyond the shimmering horizon lay a water-hole. She must reach it or die of thirst. This woman was Alaire Austin, called the "Lone Star" because of her beauty. Just as the night closes in, she staggers to the water-hole, and into the arms of a stranger, David Law, a ranger, waiting there to capture a Mexican murderer. Those two, Alaire and Law, spend the night together in the open. On the evening of the morrow she hides while Law captures two Mexicans. One is

not conscious of having willed it to do so—and even as he pressed the trigger he beheld a jet of smoke spurt from the muzzle aimed at him. With the kick of his carbine he felt Bessie Belle give way—it seemed to Dave that he shot while she was sinking. The next instant, his feet, still in the stirrups, were on the ground, and his horse lay between them, motionless. That nervous fling of her head had saved Dave's life, for the rustler's bullet had shattered her skull in its flight, and she lay prone, with scarcely a muscular twitch, so sudden had been her end. The breath slowly from her

escaped lungs; it was as if she heaved a lingering sigh, one leg contracted and then relaxed.

Law faced Ed and ground out fiercely: "I'm not used to kitchen hand-outs. I reckon I can chew my bridle reins if I get too hungry."



ONWARD through the dense foliage the two friends, the Ranger and his horse, moved. Now and then they stopped to listen but the rain was heavy enough to drown all other noises. Encountering fresh tracks lately, Dave turned from his saddle and studied them. What he saw caused him to push forward with no intention of stealth.

He had gone perhaps half a mile when Bessie Belle raised her head, and he noted that her nostrils were working nervously. A few yards farther on, Law sensed that he could detect the smell of a sweat horse. Almost without a signal from him the mare halted in her tracks, and he had noticed himself. Still farther along they

taneously Dave saw a figure rise out of the grass at his left, with rifle leveled. The Ranger remembered afterwards the odd foreshortening of the weapon and the crooked twist of the face behind it. With the first jerk of his horse's head his own gun had leaped to his shoulder—he was

Sunset by Rex Beach

Charles Dana Gibson

Panfilo Sanchez, a ranch hand of Alaire's. Law releases him at her request, but the man tries to steal his horse, and Law shoots him though he does not tell her. Arriving home, Alaire and her husband, young "Ed," quarrel over her lonely night with Law in the desert. Then Alaire sets out with two servants to go down to La Feria, her ranch in the war zone of Mexico, where the revolutionists have confiscated her stock. On the way she meets General Longorio, who falls in love with her and gives her a military guard when she leaves him. Meanwhile Law with two Mexican-Americans is riding out upon the fresh trail of two cattle-thieves.

For a moment the Ranger was dazed. He stood staring down at his pet; then the truth engulfed him. He realized that he had ridden her to her death, and at the thought he became like a woman bereft of her child, like a lover who had seen his sweetheart slain.

A shout—it was a hoarse, inarticulate cry; a swift, maddened scrutiny that searched the sodden scene of the ambush; then he was down beside the mare calling her name heart-brokenly, his arms around her neck, his face against her warm, wet, velvet hide.

Law knew that two men had entered the thicket, and therefore one still remained to be reckoned with, but he gave no thought to that. Nor did he rise to look after the grotesquely huddled figure that had been a cattle thief only a moment before—both he and his assailant had been too close to miss. From the corner of his eye he could see a pair of boot soles staring at him out of the grass, and they told him there was no need for investigation. Near the body he heard a calf stirring, but he let it struggle.

Bessie Belle's bright eyes were glazing, she did not hear her lover's voice. Her muzzle, softer than any satin, was loose, her lips would never twitch with that clumsy quivering caress which pleased her master so. One front hoof, washed as clean as agate, was awkwardly bent under her, the other had plowed a furrow in the soft earth as she sank, and against this leg her head lay tipped.

Don Ricardo and his son burst out of the brush from opposite directions almost at the same moment, to find the Ranger with his

face buried in his horse's mane, The Mexicans pulled up.

"Caramba! What is this?" The old man flung himself from the saddle and came running. "You are injured?" Pedro, too, bent over the officer, his brown face pale with apprehension.

"Mother of God!" breathed the latter. "It was a wild thing to do, to ride alone—"

"I'm all right," Law said, rising stiffly, whereupon both Mexicans voiced their relief.

"The Saints be praised!" exclaimed Don Ricardo. "Sil! What happened? There was a shot! Did you see nothing?"

Law jerked his head in the direction of the fallen man at his back, and Pedro uttered a loud cry.

"Look!" Father and son ran through the grass, then recoiled and broke into a jargon of oaths and exclamations.

Law followed them with his eyes. "Is he dead?" he inquired coldly.

"God! Yes."

"Right in the mouth! The *cabrón* was in hell before he realized it."

"See! It is as we thought, Pedro; one of Lewis' men! Tse! Tse! Tse! What a sight!"

"Who is he?" queried the officer.



Alaire found it necessary to comfort Dolores for she had given herself up to thoughts of God and melancholy praises of her husband's virtues.

"Pino Garza, one of the worst!" chimed the two Guzmans.

Ricardo was dancing in his excitement. "I told you that Lewis knew something. The other one got past me, but he rode like the devil, and I cannot shoot like this."

"Wait!" exclaimed Pedro. "This is beyond my understanding. I heard but one shot, from here, then after an instant my father's gun. And yet here is a dead horse and a dead man."

"This fellow and I fired at about the same instant," Dave explained, but even when he had related the history of the encounter his companions could scarcely believe that such quick shooting was possible.

It was difficult to secure a connected story from Ricardo, but he finally made it plain that at the first report the other thief had fled, exposing himself only long enough for the old man to take a quick shot in his direction. Ricardo had missed and the miscreant was doubtless well away by this time. He had ridden a sorrel horse, that was all Ricardo could remember.

Law looked only briefly at the gruesome results of his marksmanship, then he turned back to the body of his beloved mare. Ricardo noticed at length that he was crying; as the Ranger knelt beside the dead thoroughbred, the old Mexican whispered to his son, "*Valgame Dios! This is a strange fellow. He weeps like a woman. He must have loved that horse as a man loves his wife. Who can understand these Gringos?*" After a time he approached cautiously and inquired, "What shall we do with this *hombre, señor?*" Pedro has found his horse."

Law roused himself. With his own hands he gently removed Bessie Belle's saddle, bridle and blanket, then he gave his orders.

"I'll take your horse, Ricardo, and you take—that fellow's. Get a wagon and move him to Jonesville."

"And you?"

"I'm going to follow that man on the sorrel."

The dead man's saddle was left beside the body; then when the exchange of mounts had been effected and all was ready, Law made a request that amazed both father and son.

"If I'm not back by morning, I want you to bury my mare." His voice broke, he turned away his face. "Bury her deep, Ricardo, so—the coyotes can't dig her up; right here where she fell. I'll be back to see that it's done properly, understand?"

"*Bueno!* I understand perfectly. She was a pretty horse. She was your—*bonita*, eh? Well, you have a big heart, *señor*, as a brave man should have. Everything shall be done as you wish; I give you my hand on it." Ricardo reached down and gripped Law's palm. "We will name our pasture for her, too, because it is plain you loved her dearly. So, then, until tomorrow."

Law watched his two friends ride away, then he wiped his Winchester and saw to his cinch. This done he raised Bessie Belle's head and kissed the hip that had so often explored his palm for sugar. With a miserable ache in his throat he mounted and rode off to pick up the trail of the man on the sorrel pony.

Fortunately this was not difficult, for the tracks of a running horse are plain in soft ground. Finding where his quarry had broken cover Law set out to a trap.

The fellow had ridden in a wide semicircle at first, then finding he was not pursued he had ridden more and in consequence the sign became more difficult to follow. They seemed to head in the direction of Las Palmas, which Dave knew must be forty or fifty miles away, and when they continued to maintain this course the Ranger became doubly alarmed. Could it be possible that that man would have the audacity to ride to the Austin headquarters? If so, his identification promised to become easy, for a Mexican on a sorrel horse was more than likely to be observed. Perhaps he thought himself smart and counted upon the ignorance of some friend or acquaintance among the Las Palmas ranch herd to conceal himself. But instead of

unreasonable, particularly inasmuch as he could have no suspicion that it was a Ranger who was on his trail.

Dave lost the hoof-prints for a time, but picked them up again at the pasture gate a few miles farther on, and was able to trace them far enough to assure himself that his quarry was indeed headed for the Austin house and had no intention of swinging southward towards the Lewis headquarters.

By this time the rain had done its work and to follow the tracks became a matter of guesswork. Night was coming on also, and Dave realized that at this rate darkness would find him far from his goal. Therefore he risked his own interpretation of the rider's intent and pushed on without pausing to search out the trail, step by step. At the second gate the signs indicated that his man was little more than an hour ahead of him.

The prospect of again seeing the ruddy-haired mistress of Las Palmas stirred Law more deeply than he cared to admit. Alaire Austin had been seldom out of his thoughts, since their first meeting, for after the fashion of men cut off from human society, he was subject to insistent fancies. Dave had many times lived over those incidents at the water-hole, and for the life of him he could not credit the common stories of Alaire's coldness. To him, at least, she had appeared very human, and after they had once become acquainted, she had been unaffected and friendly.

Since that meeting, Dave had picked up considerable information about the object of his interest, and although much of this was palpably false, it had served to make her a still more romantic figure in his eyes. Alaire now seemed to be a sort of super-woman, and the fact that she was his friend, that something deep within her had answered to him, afforded him a keen satisfaction, the greater perhaps because of his surprise that it could be so. Nevertheless, he was uncomfortably aware that she had a husband. Not only so, but the sharp contrast in their positions was disagreeable to contemplate; she was unbelievably rich, and a person of influence in the country, while he had nothing except his health, his saddle, and his horse.

With a desperate pang Law realized that he had no horse.



Bessie Belle, his best beloved, lay cold and wet, back yonder in the weeping mesquite. He found several cubes of sugar in his pocket and with an oath flung them from him. Don Ricardo's horse seemed stiff-gaited and stubborn.

Dave remembered how Mrs. Austin had admired the mare. No doubt she would grieve at the fate that had befallen her, and that would give them something to talk about. His

own escape would interest her, too, and — Law realized, not without some natural gratification, that he would appear to her as a sort of hero.

The mist and an early dusk prevented him from seeing Las Palmas itself until he was well in among the irrigated fields. A few moments later when he rode up to the outbuildings he encountered a middle-aged Mexican who proved to be Benito Gonzalez, the range boss.

Dave made himself known, and Benito answered his questions with apparent honesty. No, he had seen nothing of a sorrel horse or a strange rider, but he had just come in himself. Doubtless they could learn more from Juan, the horse-wrangler, who was somewhere about.

Juan was finally found, but he proved strangely recalcitrant. At first he knew nothing, though after some questioning he admitted the possibility that he had seen a horse of the description given, but was not sure.

Longoria by no means shared Alaire's disappointment. On the contrary, he came and assured her they were making splendid progress.

More pressure brought forth the reluctant admission that the possibility was almost a certainty.

"What horse was it?" Benito inquired, but the lad was noncommittal. Probably it belonged to some stranger. Juan could not recollect just where or when he had seen the pony, and he was certain he had not laid eyes upon the owner.

"Devil take the boy! He's half-witted," Benito growled.

But Dave changed his tactics. "Oigal!" he said sternly. "Do you want to go to jail?" Juan had no such desire. "Then tell the truth. Was the horse branded?"

"Yes."

"With what brand?"

Juan had not noticed.

"With the 'K. T.' perhaps?" That was the Lewis brand.

"Perhaps!"

"Where is it now?"

Juan insolently declared that he didn't know and didn't care.

"Oh, you don't, eh?" Law reached for the boy and shook him until he yelled. "You will make a nice little prisoner, Juanito, and we shall find a way to make you speak."

Gonzalez was inclined to resent such high-handed treatment of his underling, but respect for the Rangers was deep-rooted, and Juan's behavior was inexplicable.

At last the horse-boy confessed. He had seen both horse and rider but knew neither. Mr. Austin and the stranger had arrived together, and the latter had gone on. That was the truth.

"Bueno!" Law released his prisoner, who slunk away rubbing his shoulder. "Now Benito, we will find Mr. Austin."

A voice answered from the dusk: "He won't take much finding," and Ed Austin himself emerged from the stable door. "Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"You are Mr. Austin, I reckon?"

"I am. What d'you mean by abusing my help?" The master of Las Palmas approached so near that his threatening scowl was visible. "I don't allow strangers to prowl around my premises."

Amazed at this hostile greeting, Law explained in a word the reason for his presence.

"I don't know anything about your man. What d'you want him for and who are you?"

Dave introduced himself. "I want him for stealing Guzman's calves. I trailed him from where he and his partner cut into your south pasture."

Benito stirred and muttered an oath, but Austin was unmoved. "I reckon you must be a bad trailer," he laughed. "We've got no thieves here. What makes you think Guzman lost any calves?"

Dave's temper, never too well-controlled at best, began to rise. He could not imagine why a person of Ed Austin's standing should behave in this extraordinary manner, unless perhaps he was drunk.

"Well, I saw the calves, and I left the fellow that was branding them with a wet saddle-blanket over his face."

"Eh? What's that?" Austin started, and Gonzalez uttered a smothered exclamation. "You killed him? He's dead?"

"Dead enough to skin. I caught him with his irons in the fire and the calves necked up in your pasture. Now I want his *compañero*."

"I—hope you don't think we know anything about him," Ed protested.

"Where's that man on the sorrel horse?"

Austin turned away with a shrug.

"You rode in with him," Dave persisted.

Ed wheeled quickly. "How do you know I did?"

"Your boy saw you."

The ranchman's voice was harsh as he said: "Look here my friend, you're on the wrong track. The fellow I was with had nothing to do with this affair. Would you know your man? Did you get a look at him?"

"No. But I reckon Don Ricardo could tell his horse."

"Humph!" Austin grunted disagreeably. "So just for that you come prowling around, threatening my help, eh? Trying to frame up a case, maybe? Well, it don't go. I was out with one of Tad Lewis' men."

"What was his name?" Dave managed to inquire.

"Urbina. He had a sorrel under him, but there are thousands of sorrel horses."

"What time did you meet him?"

"I met him at noon and—I've been with him ever since. So you see you're wrong. I presume your man doubled back, and is laughing at you."

Law's first bewilderment had given place to a black rage; for the moment he was in danger of disregarding the reason for "Young Ed's" incivility and giving free rein to his passion, but he checked himself in time.

"Would you mind telling me what you and this Urbina were doing?" he inquired harshly.

Austin laughed mockingly. "That's my business," said he.

Dave moistened his lips. He hitched his shoulders nervously. He was astonished at his own self-control, though the certainty that Austin was drunk helped him to steady himself. Nevertheless, he dared not trust himself to speak.

Construing this silence as an acknowledgment of defeat, Ed turned to go. Some tardy sense of duty, however, prompted him to fling back carelessly, "I suppose you've come a good ways. If you're hungry, Benito will show you the way to the kitchen." Then he walked away into the darkness, followed by the shocked gaze of his range boss.

Benito roused himself from his amazement to say warmly, "*Si, compadre*. You will enjoy a cup of hot coffee."

But Law ground out fiercely, "I'm not used to kitchen handouts. I reckon I can chew my bridle reins if I get too hungry." Walking to his horse he vaulted into the saddle.

Benito laid a hand upon his thigh and apologized. "Senor Ed is a strange man. He is often like this, lately. You understand me? Will you come to my house for supper?"

"Thank you, but I think I'll ride on to Tad Lewis' and see Urbina."

At this the Mexican shook his head as if apprehensive of the result, but he said nothing more.

Law hesitated as he was about to spur out of the yard. "By the way," he ventured, "you needn't mention this to Mrs. Austin."

"She is not here," Gonzalez told him. "She has gone to La Feria to see about her affairs. She would not permit of this occurrence if she were at home. She is a very fine lady."

"Yes. Good night, Benito."

"Good night, *señor*."

When the Ranger had gone Gonzalez walked slowly towards his house with his head bowed thoughtfully.

"It is very strange," he muttered. "How could Don Eduardo have met this *cabron* at noon when, with my own eyes, I saw him ride away from Las Palmas at three o'clock in the afternoon? It is very strange."

ON his way to the Lewis ranch Dave Law had a struggle with himself. He had earned a reputation as a man of violent temper, and the time was not long past when a fraction of the insult Ed Austin had offered him would have provoked a vigorous counterblast. The fact that on this occasion he had managed to restrain himself argued an increase of self-control that especially gratified him, because his natural tendency to "fly off the handle" had led more than once to regrettable results. In fact it was only since he had assumed the duties of a peace officer that he had made a serious effort at self-government. A ranger's work calls for patience and forbearance, and Dave had begun to realize the perils of his temperament. Normally he was a level-headed, conservative fellow, but when angered a thousand devils sprang up in him, and he became capable of the wildest excess.



This instability, indeed, had been largely to blame for his aimless roaming. Deep inside himself he knew that it was nothing but his headstrong temper which had brought on all his misfortunes and left him, well along in his thirties, a wanderer, with nothing he could call his own. As with most men of his turbulent disposition, fits of fury were usually followed by keen revulsions of feeling. In Dave these paroxysms had frequently been succeeded by such a sense of shame as to drive him from the scene of his actions, and in the course of his roving he had acquired an ample store of regrets—bitter food for thought during the silent hours when he sat over his camp-fire or rode alone through the mesquite. His hatreds were keen and relentless; his passions wild, and yet, so far as he knew, they had never led him to commit a mean or a downright evil deed. He had killed men, to be sure, but never, he was thankful to say, in one of his moments of frenzy.

The killing of men in the fierce exultation of battle, the slaying of a criminal by an officer under stress of duty, even the taking of life under severe personal provocation, were acts that did not put one beyond the pale. Such ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~washed off~~. But there were stains of a different kind. . . .

Dave ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~glad~~ ^{glad} that he had swallowed "Young Ed's" incivility, not only for his own sake but for the sake of Alaire.

After all, he argued, it was barely possible that Ed had spoken the truth. There *were* many sorrel horses; the evidence of those rain-washed hoof-prints was far from conclusive; even the fact that Urbina belonged to the Tad Lewis outfit was no more than a suspicious circumstance. And yet, earnestly as he strove to convince himself of these possibilities, the ~~facts~~ ^{facts} could not down the conviction that the rancher had lied, and that he himself was on the right track.

It was late when he arrived at his destination, but ~~Lewis~~ ^{Lewis} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~home~~ ^{home} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~tried~~ ^{tried} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~best~~ ^{best} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~awaken~~ ^{awaken} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~owner~~ ^{owner}. When Tad at last appeared, clad in undershirt and trousers, he greeted the stranger with a limited Winchester, but when Dave had made known his identity, he invited him in, though with surly reluctance.

Lewis was a sandy-headed man of about forty, with colorless brows and a mean, shifty eye. ~~From~~ ^{From} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~features~~ ^{features} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~talk~~ ^{talk} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~by~~ ^{by} ~~himself~~ ^{himself} ~~acquired~~ ^{acquired} ~~a~~ ^a ~~good~~ ^{good} ~~property~~ ^{property}.



Ricardo approached cautiously and inquired, "What shall we do with the dead *hombre*, *senor*!" Pedro has found his horse."

—and a bad reputation. Just how or why he had prospered was a mystery which his neighbors never tired of discussing.

Tad, it seemed, resented any interruption of his rest, and showed the fact plainly.

Yes. He employed a fellow named Urbina. What was wanted of him?

Law explained briefly.

"Why, he's one of my best men," laughed the rancher. "He wouldn't steal nothing."

"Well, I had to shoot another good man of yours," Dave said quietly.

Lewis fell back a step. "Which one? Who?" he inquired quickly.

"Pino Garza." Dave told of the meeting at the branding fire, and its outcome. He was aware, meanwhile, that Lewis' family were listening, for behind a half-open bedroom door he could hear an excited whispering.

"Killed him the first shot, eh?" Tad was dumfounded. "Now I never thought Pino

was that bad. But you never can tell about these Greasers, can you? They'll all steal if they get a chance. I let Pino go, 'bout a week back, but he's been hangin' around, aimin' to visit some of his relatives up in the brush country. It was probably one of them, old Guzman saw. Anyhow it couldn't of been Adolfo; he was over to Las Palmas all the afternoon."

"Did you send him there?"

"Sure. Ed Austin can tell you."

"Where is Urbina now?"

"I reckon he's asleep somewhere. We'll dig him up and talk to him, if you say so."

"Good."

Tad's willingness to cooperate with the officer, now that he understood the situation, was in marked contrast to the behavior of Austin. In fact his offer to help was almost too willingly given to suit Dave, who expected him to protest at being dragged out on such a night. No protest came, however; Lewis slipped into his boots and slicker, explaining meanwhile: "I'm sure sorry this play came up for I don't want folks to think I got a gang of thieves workin' for me."

But Adolfo Urbina was nowhere to be found. No one had seen him since about seven o'clock, nor could it be discovered where he was spending the night. Dave remembered that it had been about seven when he left Las Palmas, and ascer-

tained, indirectly, that Tad had a telephone. On his way from Austin's, Law had stopped at a rancho for a bite to eat, but he could forgive himself for the delay if, as he surmised, Urbina had been warned by wire of his coming.

"That's too bad, ain't it?" Lewis said. "But he'll be around again in the morning, and I'll get him for you. You leave it to me."

There was plainly nothing to do but accept this offer, since it could avail nothing to wait here for Urbina's return. Unless the fellow gave himself up, he probably could not be found, now that the alarm was given, without a considerable search—in view of which Dave finally remounted his borrowed horse and rode away in the direction of Jonesville.

It was after daylight when he dismounted stiffly at Blaze's gate. He was wet to the skin and bespattered with mud; he had been almost constantly in the saddle for twenty-four hours,

(Continued on page 386)

Making a Criminal

By
A. Brisbane

Drawings by
Mary Ellen Sigsbee

The manufactured products of "Civilization" include the criminal

IN the last issue of this magazine you saw the criminal's birthplace and nursery. His birthplace was the one room in a tenement, near the sweatshop machines to which the bodies of his father and mother are fastened year in and year out.

The day of the criminal's birth is the mother's holiday. She stays at home on that day.

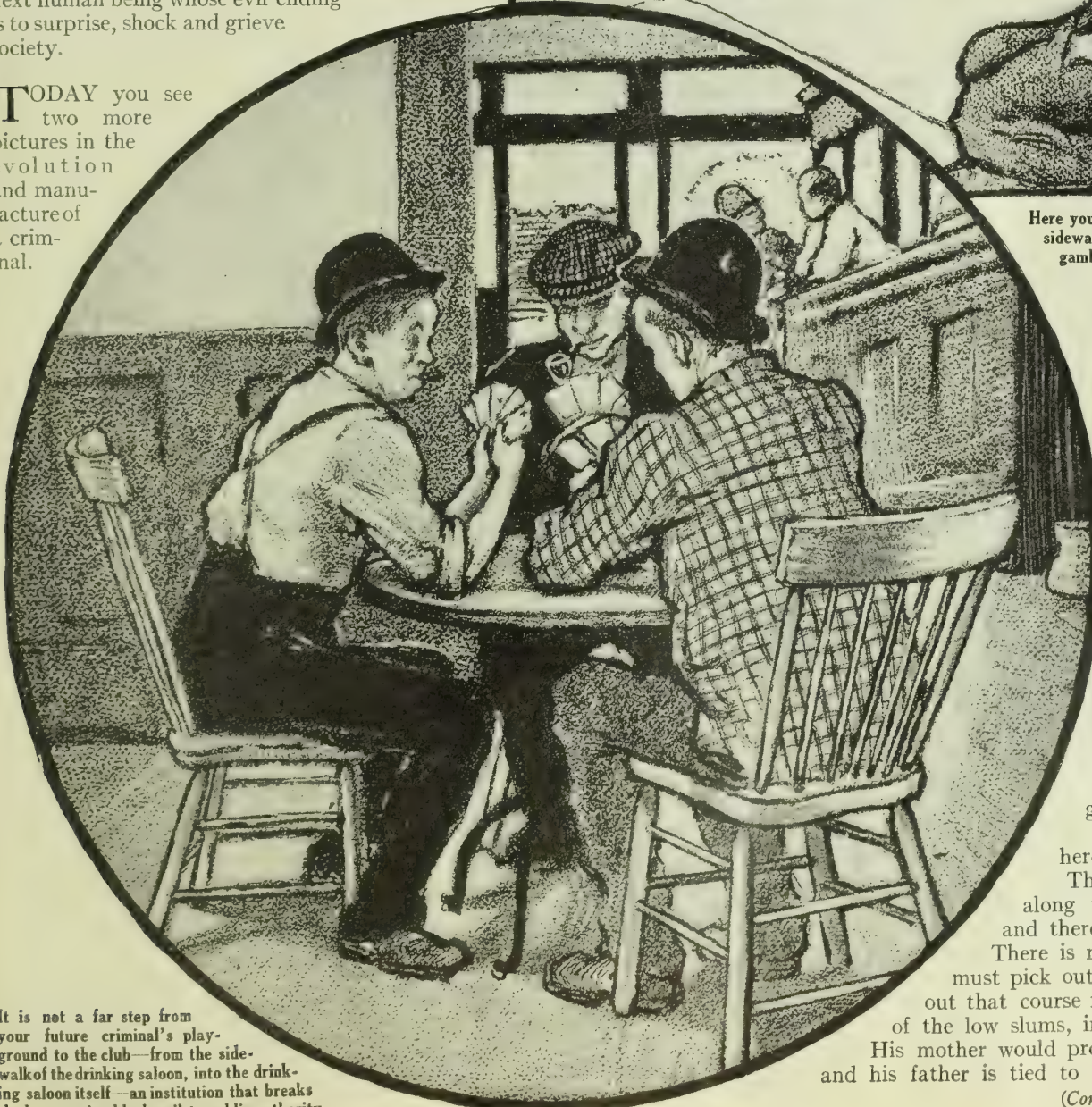
The next day she works about the house, making clothes for the new-born American, and worrying because she must neglect the brothers and sisters, still little children.

As soon as possible she goes back to the machine. There she manufactures with the feverish energy that electric-driven power demands, the clothing that respectability wears, at the same time manufacturing within her body the next human being whose evil ending is to surprise, shock and grieve society.

TODAY you see two more pictures in the evolution and manufacture of a criminal.



Here you see the future criminal's playground—it is part of the sidewalk and all of the gutter. The pennies begged or stolen are gambled here, and that is "the play" of this playground.



It is not a far step from your future criminal's playground to the club—from the sidewalk of the drinking saloon, into the drinking saloon itself—an institution that breaks the law, paying blackmail to public authority.

You see the criminal's playground here, and his "club."

The playground is part of the sidewalk and all of the gutter.

Contrast the child in this playground with yourself as a child. Or, in your imagination, put your child where civilization has put this unfortunate creature.

What game could you play, what game could your child play in THIS playground?

The child, marked out for a hopeless life and a criminal end, must do what he can.

He cannot run freely; the trucks would crush him.

He must not throw a ball, or play healthy games; the police would arrest him.

In his childhood he must find his amusement in vice, or in some form of gambling.

The pennies begged or stolen are gambled here, and that is "the play" of this playground.

There are on the playground older boys, farther along the criminal road, more learned in vice, and there is no protection, no guidance.

There is no encouragement, no training. The child must pick out his own course in life, and he must pick out that course in the filth of the gutter, in the moral filth of the low slums, in which this country has put him.

His mother would protect him, but she is tied to her machine, and his father is tied to his, and between them with difficulty they

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A Far Country

I alighted, and stood on the platform as the train pulled out. The children crowded to the windows, but Maude did not appear.



WHAT hindered me, that winter, from taking the path of development, of happiness, then; from going to Maude and telling her frankly of my love for Nancy? It was partly Nancy—who feared we should not get happiness. And yet—and yet I knew that the matter in the last appeal rested with me; that I could have cut the knot at any time. Nancy would have yielded. I venture to affirm that, in her secret heart, it was what she wanted. And she had thrown the burden of the solution on me.

I saw her constantly, and our meetings were full of the stress natural to an unsolved situation. . . .

Something held me back, and it was not morality. There was no order in my soul; none of that confidence of the conqueror which hitherto had sustained me. Had I been consistent, true to the strong man's philosophy, I should have taken the strong man's way. I had not hesitated in law and business; it was weak, it was ridiculous to hesitate where a great love was concerned. I think I began to perceive, though dimly, that the thread of the fabric of life was woven of will; and that this thread, this will, should be all of one piece, and the fabric were rotten.

There were two kinds of strength of will, two species of personality. Napoleon typified one, Abraham Lincoln the other. Life must choose between self-sacrifice and its opposite; one must have the will to demand everything, to absorb everything, to dominate and override conflicting wills, or the will to renounce and sacrifice one's self. To hesitate between the two was to be lost. There was the great banker whose personality had possessed me. The great man of that type, which a world of self-interest worshipped, might indeed know pity and sentiment, but not for an instant, without the weakening of his fiber, could he allow these to dominate him. That would be to weaken his personality by introducing into its structure a foreign element.

Yet, in the same way, which I had some pity and sentiment here the deciding factor which

made me hesitate, though I was not fully aware of this. I was in no mood to analyze. And in the conflict of emotions my soul had become as water. My desire for Nancy was intense, for she represented the fruition of my life—a fruition from which, hitherto, I had been balked. She was the logical and feminine crown of it. She incarnated it. Without her I could not enjoy the harvest.

Maude stood in the way. There were times—I confess it, because it is true—there were times when my desire was so fierce that I comprehended, for the first time in my life, the soul of the murderer. Little, innocent habits and mannerisms of hers became unbearable. . . .

All the while sentiments which had no place in my philosophy crept in to cloud my horizon, to make me realize that I should never have the courage to tell her the truth, to dismiss her from my side as having been weighed in the balance and found wanting. In the rôle of a "master of life" I was failing at the critical moment. Why? I repeat, not for moral reasons. It was indeed because I shrank from the spectacle of the suffering it would cause Maude—the suffering it would cause the children. But the crucial point is this: what I really shrank from was the reflection of this suffering on me. I could not bear to contemplate it because I knew it would make me unhappy.

The price was too great to pay.

Always, since my childhood, I had broken through the crust of circumstance when it had hardened around me. I had never waited, never trusted providence to bring to me on a platter the objects of my desires; I had gone out and got them. Yet I was a true romanticist, in that the universe appeared to me a function of myself. That universe, merely as a spectacle, without a Hugh Paret at its center, would have lacked interest.

I had believed that the softening, paralyzing poison of sentiment had been squeezed out of my soul.

It is odd that the unhappiness of that winter

should seem even greater in the retrospect. And as I look back upon it I wonder that I stood as well as I did a life in which personal relationships were abnormal and awry.

To be sure, I was away from home a great deal; in Washington, and in New York on the coal roads' case. And I tried to fling, as formerly, all my energy into this affair; to realize what this recognition by the great banker meant to me, professionally.

But somehow, though I worked as I had never worked before, the old zest was lacking. I would not admit this to myself.

I am attempting again to deal with shades of emotion which are elusive. Before this there had been moments when I had felt stirring within me a self which the triumphs of my chosen profession had failed to satisfy. But such moments had been ephemeral. Now I was aware of a gnawing, of a more persistent dissatisfaction.

To tell the truth, that old yearning I had known as a boy, and again at Harvard under Alonzo Cheyne, was repossessing me. I wanted to write. To write—I know not what. I felt again that there was something within me crying out for expression, something I could not define, something which would take direction and form if only I might have the leisure to go away and give it the chance. I might transform the necessity of my unhappiness, and out of the lack of unity which I vaguely felt, paradoxically obtain unity and satisfaction!

I found a certain vent for this, when away from home, in my letters to Nancy; and sometimes they surprised and startled her. I felt the impelling gift of expression; my sentences came sweepingly, in clear English; I scribbled in Pullman cars, and in hotels at night—heaven knows what. I had no nucleus of thought. . . . I desired books, books which would have in them an essence to satisfy my craving; books which I might read, and re-read to Nancy. I wandered in my leisure moments into the great New York bookstores, where the stupendous rows of modern volumes filled me with perplexity and dismay. And on one of these occasions I was suddenly struck by the humor and absurdity of our system of education. A graduate of Harvard, supposedly, was an educated man. And here was I, with the whole realm of modern thought a mystery to me! I had not the slightest clue as to what was best in it, what vital. In that forest of books I was lost. I believed—or almost believed—that the rare herb I sought somewhere existed among them, but where? Who was to tell me?

Some great thinker or thinkers must exist who would fire my soul, give me a hint of reality, set my feet upon a path, if only I might find them.

I came across what seemed to me an extraordi-

By Winston Churchill

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

SYNOPSIS: Here we have the story of a man in the making, a typical American, a buccaneer with an ideal, cheating society, right and left. We read of Hugh Paret, of the society that tried to make him and the women who knew him too well. His school days came and went; Hugh didn't study; his father was disappointed; Hugh has his first quarrel with Nancy when she is outspoken about it. At her challenge he studies day and night and enters college where, among

many others, he meets Herman Krebs. Then his graduation, his father's death, his first position with Watling, biggest lawyer in the city—and Hugh's career is on. Hugh forgets Nancy—until she announces her engagement to another man. But politics and business seem to have crowded love out of his life. It is while he is stumping the state to send Watling to the Senate that he meets Maude Hutchins. They are married, and set out on a honeymoon, through

Europe. But Hugh's restless yearning to get back to work drives them home to his money-making. But Maude refuses to become worldly and grows away from him. In Nancy alone does Hugh find the real comradeship. His intimacy with her becomes stronger as the months pass. Hugh is used to getting everything he wants, says Nancy, and now he wants her. As for Maude, she says nothing about the infatuation, but she won't let him manage her children's education.

nary number of books on religion. I wanted no religion which would deny me Nancy.

These craving moods came upon me with greater frequency. At times I longed to get away from conferences and court rooms. Suppose we did win the coal roads' case! What was the good of it all! For all their remarkable ability and astuteness, Grolier and the other celebrated New York lawyers with whom I was now associated lost their flavor for me, while I had nothing but contempt for the second-rate brains which the government employed to prosecute.

As I write I recall an incident of that winter, in February, I think. I passed Perry Blackwood in Boyne Street, and he nodded to me and went on. Precisely the same thing had happened to me many times; and yet this time, for some unfathomed reason, I began to feel uncomfortable. Nay, more than uncomfortable.

For some years, as I have remarked, Perry had ceased coming to our house; and when I did encounter him, although we spoke, his manner would have told me quite plainly—had I cared to analyze it—that he had lost his liking and even his respect for me.

This attitude had troubled me little, since Perry had come to be regarded by the "solid" men of the community as a crank. He had gradually withdrawn himself from his former friends, and his present associates were the Toms, Dicks, and Harrys, the nondescript, dissatisfied crowd who called themselves "reform leaders."

Now, all at once, his coolness disturbed me. I could not banish it from my mind. Had I not done him an injury, after all? I repudiated the notion, yet it persisted. The particular "injury" which I had in mind I have not mentioned; it had to do with the Boyne Street railroad, now merged into a corporation that owned and controlled all the street railroads of the city, and of which Mr. Scherer, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Tallant, and Mr. Grierson, and incidentally Mr. Hugh Paret, through fees and holdings, had reaped large sums of money.

The constitution of that corporation had been one of my professional triumphs. In vain had the reformers and demagogues beat their wings against it. It was law-proof.

As I have before observed, the Blackwood family had a great deal of the Boyne Street stock and securities, and they had always regarded the road as theirs. They took a pride in it, and eventually Perry had succeeded his father, carrying on the old gentleman's conservative management.

The day came, as shrewdly predicted, away from Perry.

simple one, and with the docened self-interest, piracy and war the philosophy. Whispers

Ralph Hambleton had when it was taken The process was a quite in harmony trine of enlight- which gives to dignity of a started in the Boyne Club that the property

It was with a feeling that was almost of exhilaration that I ate my breakfast that morning after my family had started for Europe. Maude was right: painful though the separation had been, she had taken the only sensible and logical course.



was not worth anything like what it was quoted; and such whispers are apt to spread. Frightened stockholders began to come into the Corn National and other banks; Mr. Dickinson and other money-wise gentlemen shook their heads; they would not actually venture to say what the property was worth, but they were not buying it; they pointed out that the Blackwood management had not kept abreast of the times.

At this period, too, letters began to appear in Mr. Tallant's newspaper from public spirited citizens complaining of the Boyne Street service. The cars were old; there were not enough of them to take care of the increased traffic. These letters were followed up by editorials. Alarmed holders of the securities, in whose vaults they had lain since time immemorial, began to sell.

Down tumbled the fruit. And yet no one could be detected shaking the tree!

One day I encountered Perry in the club. His face was white.

"Your friends are doing this, Hugh," he said.

"Doing what?" I demanded.

"Oh, I won't argue with you—undermining

the reputation of a company which is as sound, and sounder than any in this city. A company which has tried its best to be honest and square. I don't mind telling you, either, that blackmail is a respectable practice compared to the trickeries of your associates."

"Aren't you a little excited, Perry?" I asked, lighting a cigarette.

He sat staring at me, breathing hard.

"Do you mean to say that you don't know anything about this slanderous campaign to ruin our road and buy it in cheap, and make it a part of a corporation gambling scheme to swindle the public?"

I had no pity, then. Curiously enough, no qualms. The Blackwood interests had made a good deal of trouble, first and last, and I was rather amused than otherwise, though

I disliked scenes. I don't remember what I said; something to the effect that his language was extravagant. Controlling himself with a palpable effort, he got up and walked off.

He left me, to be sure, in a somewhat disagreeable state of mind. But that soon wore away.

It was the end of my personal relationship with Perry Blackwood. And he alienated Tom Peters. . .

It is extraordinary that I did not feel it more at the time, that the years

of association since childhood did not count for more. But so it was. I was very busy, making war, commercial war, and in war the men have no right to hold that which they cannot maintain by shrewdness and force. Perry was weak. According to the doctrine of enlightened self-interest he had no right to his railroad.

He was not only weak, but he was obstinate. I informed Leonard Dickinson of the state of mind my friend was in, and he was given a chance, which he spurned. One of our younger financiers went to him and remonstrated with him; pointed out that by cutting up and making a row he was only hurting business, and being a traitor to his own friends. They had nothing against him, quite the contrary. And if he were only reasonable he might come into the new corporation on the same terms with the others.

All that Murphree—such was the young financier's name—all that Murphree got for his pains was to be ordered out of the office by Perry, who declared that he was being bribed to desert the other stockholders.

"He utterly failed to see the point of view," Murphree reported in some astonishment to Dickinson.

"What else did he say?" Mr. Dickinson asked. Murphree hesitated.

"Well—what?" the banker insisted.

"He wasn't quite himself," said Murphree, who was a comparative newcomer in the city, and had a respect for the Blackwood name. "He said that that was the custom of thieves; when they were discovered, they offered to divide. . . . He swore that he would get justice in the courts."

"You know why I
want to leave you,
Maudie—because
in the first place,
you don't suit me.
You're not the slightest
use to your life. I
haven't known a finer
thing since. You ought
never to have married
me. I am not your wife in
any real sense of the word
and I cannot tell you

—John Galsworthy



Mr. Dickinson smiled. "Telephone Paret to stop in here on his way to lunch," he said. . . .

Well, it is needless to say there was no justice in the courts for Perry's sort. The courts themselves were conducted on the principle of enlightened self-interest. And the estimable justice before whom the case was tried threw Perry's evidence out.

old situation, he did not take a new one, but was devoting his time, I understood, to the various "organizations" in which his interest had become centered. . . .

Now I was suddenly and unexpectedly sorry for him. Certain memories of our former intimacy, buried for years, rose up within me unbidden. Might it not be just possible that I had lost, in Perry's friendship, in Tom's friendship, something which was more valuable than that which I had gained?

I was dimly conscious that something else disturbed me; something more than the suggestion that the time might come when I should regret the loss of friend-

about the political corruption and the vice which gradually had crept upon us.

Ralph Hambleton, who happened to be bored that evening, went to the meeting, sat in the gallery, and derived a good deal of cynical enjoyment out of it. He dropped into my office the next morning.

"Well, Hughey, they're after you," he said with a grin.

"After me?" I exclaimed. "Why not include yourself?"

He sat down and stretched his long legs and his long arms, and smiled as he gaped. "Oh, they'll never get me," he said. And I knew, as I gazed at him, that they never would. He was all of a piece. The Ralph Hambleton of adolescence would be the Ralph Hambleton of old age.

Not that I was nervous. But I was anxious to know if my name had been mentioned.

"What sort of things did they say?" I asked.

"Haven't you read the 'Pilot' and the 'Examiner'?"

"I just glanced over them. Did they call names?"

"Call names! I should say they did. They got drunk on it. Worked themselves up like dervishes. They didn't cuss you personally. That'll come later, of course. Judd Jason got the heaviest shot, but they said he couldn't exist a minute if it wasn't for the 'respectable' crowd—capitalists, financiers, millionaires and their legal tools. Fact is, they spoke a good deal of truth, first and last, in their damn-fool kind of way."

"Truth!" I exclaimed irritably.

Ralph laughed. He was evidently enjoying himself. "Is any of it news to you, Parry, old boy?"

"It's an outrage."

"I think it's damned funny," said Ralph. "We haven't had such a circus for years. Never had. Of course I shouldn't like to see you go behind bars, Hughey. Not that."

"You never were able to look at anything seriously," I retorted.

"What's serious about it?"

he demanded. "Good Lord, do you fellows expect to go on forever lifting off the swag, skimming the cream off everything without having somebody squeal sometime?"

"You've skimmed as much cream as anybody else."

"You've skimmed the cream, Hughey—you and Dickinson and Scherer and Grierson and the rest. I've only filled my jug. Well, these fellows are going to have a regular roof-raising campaign. They're going to take the lid off of everything. They're going to dump out that red light district that some of our friends are so fond of."

"Dump it where?" I asked curiously.

"Oh," answered Ralph, "they didn't say. Out into the country, anywhere."

"But that is damned foolishness," I declared.

"Didn't say it wasn't," Ralph admitted.

"They talked a lot of that, too, incidentally. They're going to close the saloons and dance halls—going to make this city sadder than heaven."

"They intend to make a campaign?"

"Campaign isn't the word for what they intend to do. According to them, when they get through, it'll be all over but the inquest. Cheer up, Hughey."

"Perry Blackwood's behind it, of course," I remarked, suddenly recalling the look on Perry's face.

"I guess you rang the bell that time," said Ralph. "He didn't say anything, just sat in the corner of the stage and looked fierce. But he's

"I can't see why you want to leave me," I said at last, though with a full sense of the inadequacy of the remark, and a suspicion of its hypocrisy.

Thus Perry, through his obstinacy and inability to adapt himself to new conditions, had gradually lost both caste and

money. He resigned from the Boyne Club, and it was said that his character had changed; that he had become morose and irritable. He and his wife, Lucia, had gathered around themselves from the four corners of the city a great social circle of professors, reformers, musicians, artists, and writers; second-rate people, dissatisfied with a world which refused to recognize them—with more aspiration than talent. He still possessed a certain income. Deprived of his

pression in Perry's eyes I had never seen before, or at least never noticed; a certain militancy, an intimation that he and what he represented, in spite of continued defeat, might yet be triumphant.

I laughed at my qualms. Nancy had told me, the day before, that I was overworking. . . .

A month later there broke out in our city a disease from which many other cities of the country had recently been suffering. Our local name for it was a Citizens' Union. The symptoms first appeared in Kingdom Hall, where a "mass meeting" had been called of all residents who had the true welfare and good name of their city at heart, who felt that something radical should be done

ships.

For a long time the cause of this uneasiness evaded me. I stopped short on a corner. At length

I had it; an ex-



got together a great aggregation of hair-tearing talent—I'll say that much. There were moments when you could have dropped an apple into the mouths of every man and woman in that audience. Greenhalge told about the school board and the city crooks, and said if it hadn't been for the lawyers and the money of certain rich men, the treasurer and purchasing agent would be doing time."

"Who else was there? Anybody you ever heard of?"

"Sure thing. Your cousin Robert Breck, and that son-in-law of his—what's his name? In the audience, of course. And some other representatives of our oldest families. Alec Pound."

"That scapegrace."

"He's got six children, now, they say. They put him on the resolution committee. Howland Ogilvy was there. He'd be classed as respectably conservative. And one of the Ewans. I could name a few others, if you pressed me. That brother of Fowndes; looks like an up-state minister. And Miller Gorse's sister, Mrs. Datchet, who never, I believe, approved of Miller. Quite a genteel gathering, I give you my word. And all astonished and mad as hell when the speaking was over. Mrs. Datchet said she had been living in a den of iniquity and vice, and didn't know it."

"I'll tell you one thing, Hughey, there was one fellow who spoke who looked as if he had just come in from Hoboken by freight. That fellow Krebs, you know him; was in your class. Got the school board evidence for them—you know."

"Yes," I said, almost inaudibly.

"Well, I'm inclined to think you want to look out for him. I know a thing or two about humans, you'll have to admit. And if I'm not mistaken he's got more sense than all the rest of 'em put together. I had an idea he was one of those sentimental Johnnies, all for the under dog just because he is the under dog. Well, I had a surprise, all right. He got up toward the end. Queer looking Dick, isn't he?—looks as if he'd never been completely unfolded. You know what I mean. Nice face, though—after you got used to it—ugly, but intelligent and kind."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"Well, he didn't play for popularity a little bit. He didn't crack up the American people, call them the seat of all wisdom. He gave 'em hell, in a nice way; didn't rant. Smiled as he spoke. He said they deserved all they got, and more too, that they'd have to learn to see straight and think straight before they could be got going in the right direction. What they needed was a philosophy, a philosophy which would supplement the original American idea which had attracted the earlier and more enlightened emigrants. He seemed to realize that this was over their heads, and didn't dwell on it. He said that we were all shot through, from the lowest to the highest, with intellectual and commercial dishonesty, that the capitalist and country storekeeper and the Italian fruit-vendor were all of a piece."

"What we needed was clear thinking. The only efficiency we recognized now was that which was a function of making money—more money than the other fellow. And so long as this was the undercurrent in our minds we couldn't expect our city government to be run on any other system. In the same way, John Jones was one of the most efficient men in the city ever produced. It wasn't so much a question of honesty as of a point of view. If we wanted an efficient government we must be prepared to give him something for it. We wanted our cake, and we wanted to eat it too."

"He went into that matter of cleaning out the red-light district. Here was an example of mud-sucking. Brewster in three resolutions were logical by product of our civilization, just as natural as a corner of marble. If the townmill were the standard to the world, the brick was stained by what goes. Suppose all the cities in the country looked like this resolution. That wouldn't make the problem."

"He looked up to me, and that he could be

good in a campaign by the Citizens' Union—that it might arouse people and make them think a little about their own sins and negligences. But they mustn't expect the millennium right away."

"How did they take it?" I inquired. I had become so absorbed in the account that I had forgotten for the moment my irritation and uneasiness.

"Better than I expected," answered Ralph. "You see, the fellow has a sort of assurance about him, an air of knowing what he's talking about, and apparently he doesn't give a continental whether he's popular or not. Besides, Greenhalge had cracked him up to the skies for the work he'd done for the school board."

"You talk as if he'd converted you," I said.

Ralph laughed as he rose and stretched himself again. "Hughey, you ought to know me well enough to grasp the fact that I'm the intelligent spectator, for whom the show is staged. But I thought it might interest you, since you'll have to go on the stump and refute it all. That'll be a nice job. So long."

And he departed.

It were idle to say that I was annoyed. My state of mind was even more complicated, and I found it difficult to do the work in front of me.

I have more than once referred to Ralph Ham-

bleton as Mephistopheles. He was as old as the ages. . . .

Of course I knew that he had been baiting me, his scent for the weaknesses of his friends being absolutely fiendish. I was angry because he had succeeded; because he knew he had succeeded. In spite of my attempts to throw them off, I had premonitions that the philosophy of power and wealth on which I had so blithely embarked, and on the rising crest of which I had just arrived, was about to crash.

"Perry and Lucia sent these roses," Maude informed me. They had remained her friends.

nearing the beaches. Already, to my inflamed imagination, that crest was beginning to break into foam.

I went over to the club to lunch. Dickinson was there, and Scherer, who was spending a few months in the city; and Gene Hollister and Berringer, our big broker, and Grierson. The talk fell on the Citizens' Union. They'd tried that

(Continued on page 388)



My Life's Story

By David Belasco

THE Lyceum Theater was now established with a season of financial success behind it. Mr. Frohman was, however, unable to find a play for Mr. E. H. Sothorn, and in hopes that DeMille and I would solve the problem of the opening of his house, he gave us a commission to write a comedy. In the meantime, I became interested in the career of Miss Lillian Spencer, unknown to New York, but a very talented actress excelling in emotional parts. She asked me to adapt Belot's "Article 47" for her—a play which Mr. Daly had already adapted for Clara Morris. I called my version "The Creole."

As soon as this adaptation was finished, DeMille and I decided to go to Echo Lake to begin work on Sothorn's play. The Echo Lake house was old and most difficult to heat in winter, but Mrs. DeMille did her best to make us comfortable. Our contract called for an original comedy with a strong character part; thus we were barred from any hope of adaptation. To write for any one person, especially for a young man playing eccentric comedy, is not an easy matter. We were confronted in the very beginning by the one great question:

what character would best fit the actor? At this time, we considered the character of greater importance than the story. We sat up night after night, pacing to and fro and racking our brains. Frohman and Sothorn were also greatly worried. The latter had no suggestions to make, and there were no more of his father's trunks to be ransacked for old plays.

For a month we talked over Sothorn's play without a single idea. At this time, pistol cigaret-holders came into fashion. I bought one in the village to amuse the DeMille children, but forgot to take it out of my hip pocket. The next day as DeMille and I were out walking in the snow, I leaned against a tree, drew the toy pistol from my pocket, and called out: "Stand and deliver" and in a flash the foolish situation gave us the first idea for what was afterwards called "Chumley." We used this serio-comic situation in our second act, where Chumley holds a real thief at bay with his cigaret-case.

We decided on the spot to make our hero a young English lord. At this period of the American drama, the young English lord was invariably an ass. I might write a history of the evolution of the play, as Poe

wrote an essay on the process of his imagination in "The Raven." We decided that certain *Dundreary* traits would be excellent in such a character. Then came the question of a name, and we decided to select a simple sounding name, spelled in elaborate English fashion. "Cholmondeley" was the name settled upon, abbreviated to "Chumley."

PHOTOS FROM
THE ALBERT
DAVIS COL-
LECTION



A scene from a revival of "Chumley"—especially interesting because in the cast was Maude Adams—here standing at Lord Chumley's (Sothorn's) right.



David Belasco, and Edward H. Sothorn—Belasco's task in writing "Chumley" was to exploit Sothorn, the comedian of romance and hidden power and charm.

"Chumley" was young, diffident and had many youthful eccentricities; in fact, Chumley had many characteristics of Sothorn himself at that time.

I was asked to coach a little lady who was anxious to become a member of the Lyceum Theater Company. This was Mary Nevins.

At first we thought of calling the play "Not Such a Fool as He Looks," but the piece soon outgrew the title.

Putting the plot together was an easy matter we had only to get a series of eccentric situations, with love scenes and bright lines. Our real task was to exploit a comedian, and as I understood Sothorn—the romance, hidden power, and charm of him—it was not long before we had a fairly interesting scenario, which we took to Mr. Daniel Frohman, who was well pleased with our first efforts. I went over the situation carefully with Sothorn, who seemed satisfied. Encouraged by their praise, we returned to Echo Lake to begin polishing the play. In a few days we had our cast of characters ready.

During the last few months of the run of "The Wife," Mr. Frohman asked me to coach a little lady who was anxious to become a member of the Lyceum Theater Company. This was Mary Nevins, later the wife of Dr. Bull, but at this time just divorced from James G. Blaine, Jr. She was a person of great prominence and popularity and beauty. I worked with her many months, and when I left

town to collaborate with DeMille, she decided to take a much needed rest. Hearing that I was in New York again for a few days, she came to the city to see me, clad in the lightest of summer

dress, and on the rain storm. As a severe at-
matism. Her
tragedy
fired her
with a
strong de-
termina-
tion to
forget
her trou-
bles—
to get
through
her no-
vitiante
period

way home was caught in a heavy
a result she was taken ill, with
tack of rheu-
domestic

PHOTOS FROM THE
ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION



In our first
scenario for "The Charity Ball"
we faced a dilemma, for we found that
the love story concerned Miss Henderson (center)
and Nelson Wheatcroft (right) and not our principals,
Miss Cayvan (left) and Herbert Kelcey (center).

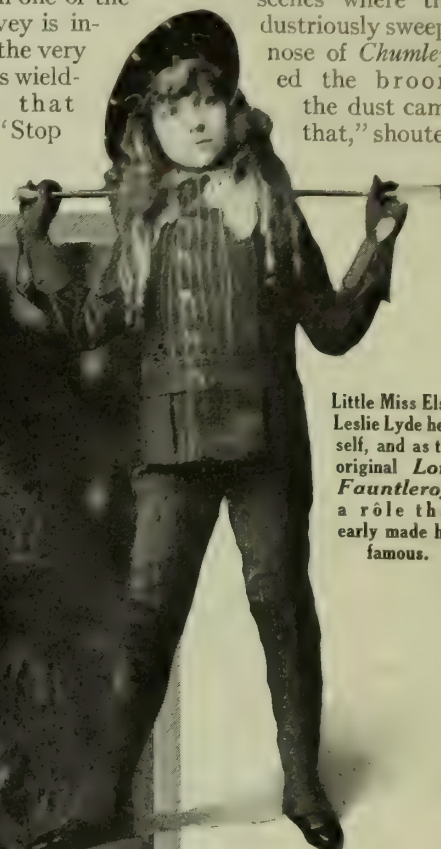
as soon as possible, and secure a
regular professional engagement.
But her attack of rheumatism
practically ended her stage am-
bitions. I am not quite certain
that this sorrowful ending to
what might have been a
brilliant theatrical career
occurred during the time
of the "Chumley" evo-
lution, but I do know that
"Chumley" put a stop, for
the time being, to my coach-
ing. As DeMille and I were
polishing away with light
hearts, feeling that we had
done our work well, we re-
ceived a hasty telegram from Mr.
Frohman telling us to come to New
York immediately. We found that
Sothern was disappointed in his part
—in fact, he didn't like the character at
all. Poor DeMille almost collapsed. "But
the character's Sothern," I said. "Every
look, gesture, and exclamation fit him
like a glove." The rehearsals were
upon us, and we didn't

Of course it was
the old story, the
story of the actor
who, after a long
career, had been
cast in a new
role. The
elder Sothern denied
this. He said that
he had handed him the few lines
of "Dundreary"; Stoddard
replied, "I am a comedian,"
which made Richard H. Stoddard
laugh. I then said to
him, "I went through a rain
storm, and I was taken ill, with
tack of rheumatism, and I was
caught in a heavy rain storm."

Odette Tyler, two of whose portraits we have
seen, was in the cast of "Featherbrain,"
which I had held up till May, 1889, for the
value of our earlier play, "The Wife."

the part. As we had no other manuscript at hand,
Sothern decided to make the best of it, and I must
say he went to the first rehearsal in a very amiable
frame of mind. With his usual care and attention
to detail, he spent six weeks in conscientious study
of the part, and those six weeks were difficult
weeks for us, as constant changes were neces-
sary, and I was striving to have the play perfect
as I felt that his future would be largely influ-
enced by it. We utilized much business which
cropped up accidentally at rehearsals. For in-
stance, in one of the scenes where the
little slavey is in-
ing under the very
Miss Hawkins wield-
so vigorously that
up in swirls. "Stop

scenes where the
dustriously sweep-
nose of Chumley,
ed the broom
the dust came
that," shouted



Little Miss Elsie
Leslie Lyde her-
self, and as the
original Lord
Fauntleroy,
a rôle that
early made her
famous.

Mr. Sothern, sneez-
ing and coughing
from the effects of
the dust. Miss Haw-
kins paid no atten-
tion, but went on
about her work.
"Stop it, I say," he
reiterated, but with-
out effect. The quar-
rel was so absurd
that I thought it a
good bit of business
and made it a part
of the play. The

"stop it" became the plaintive "Don't do that," in the dialog.
"Chumley" opened on August 21, 1888, with an excellent
cast including Sothern, Buckstone, Belle Archer, Etta Haw-
kins, Kate Patterson, and others.

The "silly ass" part to which Mr. Sothern objected, became
his drawing card. Like John T. Raymond, who, in "Col.
Sellers" said "there's millions in it" only three times, so
Sothern, after his first entrance, and after stuttering for
about six lines, ceased his stuttering and for the best part
of the act talked as though he had no impediment—depend-
ing upon the art of suggestion. When the troops are sup-
posed to return from India, Chumley looks out of the win-
dow of his room as though seeing them. Sothern's speech
conveyed the passing of the men, and the unexpected
appearance of an officer, who was supposed to be dead.
That "bit" marked Sothern as a great actor. There was
much sentiment of association in the younger Sothern's
success in the play of which I was part author. For
had I not played *W'interbottom* to his father's *Dundreary*?
Had I not, during my poorest days, written "gags"
for the part of *Dundreary* in the hope that I might
earn a much-needed dollar? Supposing our play had not
succeeded, would Sothern's future have been the same?
Successful—yes; but would he have followed the same line?
It was a winding road through eccentric comedy to romantic
drama, then to the Shakespearean revivals. Had we not
drawn a figure so exactly suited to his artistic temperament,
he might have had "Comedian" stamped upon him forever.

(Continued on page 393)

In the Bosom of his Family

by
Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by
M. Leone Bracker

There was a man who had two sons
And these two sons were brothers,
Bohunkus was the name of one;
Josephus was the other's.
—Old Song.

IF you substitute the names of Abel and Sam for Bohunkus and Josephus you visualize instantly the situation with which this tale begins. Abel Calman and Sam Calman were brothers—a purely accidental relationship, over which, to the vast regret of each, they had no control. They disliked each other heartily, and when they met they invariably quarreled.

"If Sam wasn't my brother," Abel frequently remarked, "I'd say he was the meanest loafer what ever lived." And—

"I got to remember that Abel's my brother," was Sam's verdict, "so the less said about him the better."

It would be manifestly improper if, after setting forth this lamentable state of affairs, we were to proceed without deploring it. It is a writer's duty to uphold all those adages that we used to write, over and over again, in the copy-books of our youth. It is indeed wicked for brothers not to love each other. Be they married or single, be their wives friends or mortal enemies, be there a legacy in dispute or, even, be they partners in a business which one of them has run into bankruptcy, brothers should always be fond of each other. What says Robert Browning in the *Cyclopedia of Quotations*?

I think, am sure, a brother's
love exceeds
All the world's loves in its
unworldliness!

Having fulfilled our duty in upholding the world's standard of morality we must confess that we never blamed either Abel or Sam. The best trait that either

pos-
sessed
was that he
had the de-
cency to dislike
the other. Abel
was selfish, nar-
row-minded, pe-
nurious, pig-headed,
and married to a woman whose
father had made money in the
clothing business. Sam was exactly the
same with but one exception: his wife's father
had made his money in the shoe business. Physi-
cally, however, they had hardly a trait in com-
mon; Abel was short of stature and fat,
and wore a long brown beard, while
Sam was tall and slender, of fair
complexion, and had a heavy
blond mustache.

Lapidowitz, the schnorrer,
was sitting in Milken's
coffee-house, one after-
noon, wondering how
he could raise five
dollars, when
Abel Calman
entered.

"Has my
brother
come
yet?"
asked
Abel.

"No,
Mister
Calman,"
said La-
pidowitz.

"He don't
come here
often."

"He told me
he'd be here at
four o'clock," said
Abel. "It's quarter
past four now."

"Then he's sure to
come," said Lapidowitz
soothingly. "Because
he's a fine gentleman.

Your father was a fine
gentleman, too. I knew him
in Russia. I was wondering,
Mister Calman, if, maybe,
you'd lend me five dollars. You
get them back in a week with
interest."

She was a woman whose
father had made money in
the clothing business.

Abel seated
himself at an ad-



Lapidowitz took
Wilansky's three
dollars.

joining table with his back turned toward Lapidowitz and paid no further attention to him. Lapidowitz was about to renew his request—this time for three dollars—when the door opened and the tall figure of Sam Calman entered the room.

"Hello, Mister Sam," cried Lapidowitz genially. "You're just the man I wanted to see."

Sam stared at him and, without a word of response, seated himself opposite his brother. Lapidowitz rose and approached their table. "Gentlemen," he began suavely, "seeing both of you together—"

"Go away!" said Sam, waving his hand. And, turning to his brother,

"Well," he said, "what d'ye want? Why did you send for me?"

Lapidowitz, nowise abashed, withdrew to his table and sat down with his hand behind his ear to listen to their conversation. When they had finished was time enough to lay his proposition before them.

"I got a letter from Uncle Moishe Popkin from Kief," said Abel.

"So did I," said Sam.

"He says he's coming over here to live with us."

"That's what he wrote me. But I tell you one thing: he ain't going to live with me."

Abel frowned and scratched his head. "Why I wanted to speak to you was because I thought, maybe, you'd written to him and give him encouragement."

"Me?" cried Sam, pointing his finger to his breast. "D'ye think I'm crazy? He's old. He ain't got a cent. He's as bad as that feller Lapidowitz over there—always schnorrin'. What d'ye think I'd encourage him for? You must be meshugga."

"Well," said Abel, "one thing I make a bet on. He ain't going to live with me."

"Somebody's got to take care of him," said Sam. "You used to be his favorite when you was a little boy."

"Nix," said Abel promptly. "That don't go. He always said he liked you better. You ought to care for him."

Sam rose and started for the door. "It's just like you," he retorted. "Always trying to do somebody."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Sam," cried Lapidowitz. But Sam stalked from the place, slamming the door behind him.



M. LEONE
BRACKER

"Something's got to be done!" said Sam emphatically. "What's the matter now? D'ye want me to take Uncle Moishe all the time?" asked Abel.

"Mister Calman," began Lapidowitz, "if you'll listen to me for one minute—" But Abel, apparently oblivious to Lapidowitz's presence, rose and followed his brother out of the coffee-house.

"A fine pair of brothers!" exclaimed Lapidowitz bitterly. "May they both choke when they eat!"

Uncle Moishe Popkin must have left Russia within twenty-four hours after writing his letter, for the very next day he appeared at Sam Calman's residence. The Sam Calmans lived on the top floor of a tenement on Delancey Street which Mrs. Calman's father had given them for a wedding present. They had chosen the top floor because it brought the smallest rent and, by occupying it themselves, they lost the smallest amount of revenue.

Uncle Moishe entered the apartment without knocking. You must not imagine from this that it is customary in Russia to enter a strange room without knocking. Uncle Moishe was merely taking no chances. Sam Calman sprang from his seat, aghast, and stared at the newcomer. Uncle Moishe was truly very old and looked very seedy, and while his eyes twinkled merrily and his countenance indicated a cheerful disposition, his general appearance indicated the typical schnorrer of the Russian ghetto. He seemed, however, to be strong and lively for his age, and the odor of cooking that emanated from the Calmans' kitchen made his mouth water.

"Dear, dear nephew!" he cried in a voice so loud that the neighbors must have heard it. "I am so glad to see you again. Where shall I sleep?"

"Where shall I sleep?" asked Abel.

"Where shall I sleep?" asked Abel. "Where shall I sleep?" asked Abel. "Where shall I sleep?" asked Abel.

"Where shall I sleep?" asked Abel. "Where shall I sleep?" asked Abel. "Where shall I sleep?" asked Abel.

"Where shall I sleep?" asked Abel. "Where shall I sleep?" asked Abel. "Where shall I sleep?" asked Abel.

"Where shall I sleep?" asked Abel. "Where shall I sleep?" asked Abel. "Where shall I sleep?" asked Abel.

Sam savagely. "Everybody in the house can hear you!"

"Why not?" roared Uncle Moishe. "I'm so proud to see my sister's own son. Besides I don't hear extra well. Do I really talk loud? Is Abel coming around to-night? Does he live near here? Maybe I'll stay a week with you, then a week with him, and then with you again. My, what a trip we had! Is supper soon ready?"

The object of asterisks is to indicate a hiatus which is a species of literary vacuum. In nature, as we all know, there are no vacuums. Psychology, on the other hand, is full of vacuums.



"Dear, dear nephew!" Uncle Moishe cried in a voice so loud that the neighbors must have heard it. "I am so glad to see you again. Where shall I sleep?"

During the week that followed the arrival of Uncle Moishe nothing could describe the state of Sam Calman's feelings one-half so well as a hiatus. The commingling of rage at being imposed upon, of fear that his uncle's keep would cost him money, of hatred of his brother for not sharing the expense, of desire to throw his uncle out of the house, of dread of his neighbors' opinions and—underlying it all—a trace of that appeal of blood which, after all, sets even our most undesirable relatives apart from the mass of mankind—this conglomerated state of mind cannot possibly be described in words. And there's where the hiatus comes in.

When, a week later, Uncle Moishe moved with his baggage to Abel's domicile, this state of feeling was transferred from Sam to Abel. Only Abel felt a trifle worse. It seemed to him that as long as Uncle Moishe had taken the initiative and had saddled himself upon Sam first, Sam should have kept him. Both Sam and Abel tried to induce Uncle Moishe to look for work, but Uncle Moishe claimed that he was too old to work and wanted only to end his days in peace.

"A man what's too old to work," said Sam, "is too old to smoke a pipe all day long. Tobacco costs money."

Uncle Moishe only shrugged his shoulders. "If you don't want to give me tobacco," said he, "don't do it. All the neighbors in the house are good to me. They will give me

"So it's understood," Rombach said to Uncle Moishe as he read from a paper, "that at the end of a year I buy those Russian bonds at par value. But," he went on, "I don't understand why you don't want your nephews to know that you have any money."



tobacco." Sam kept him in tobacco.

It was in the very beginning of the third week. Uncle Moishe had returned to Sam's home with a severe cold.

"Abel keeps his place so hot," he explained, "and I'm used to fresh air."

The next morning he arose so hoarse that he could not use his voice. Sam felt greatly relieved. Uncle Moishe insisted, however, upon taking his daily walk, saying that he could not live without fresh air. Within an hour after he left the house four men carried him back. He had slipped upon a banana peel and had sprained a tendon. Sam sent for a physician who, after bandaging the ankle, said that it would probably heal within a week and advised that Uncle Moishe be kept in the open air.

"You can get a wheel-chair and have someone take him out," he said. "He ought not try to walk for a few days."

"Ain't it better to stay in bed?" asked Sam. The physician shook his head.

"He's accustomed to being outdoors, and the air will do him more good than anything else. He'd probably get sick if you kept him in bed."

A few hours later Sam wheeled a dilapidated-looking rolling chair to Abel's store, left it upon the sidewalk and entered the place.

"Something's got to be done!" he said emphatically.

"What's the matter now? D'ye want me to take Uncle all the time?" asked Abel. Sam explained what had happened.

"And nothing but a wheel-chair would do for the old schnorrer," he went on. "So what could I do but get a wheel-chair? If I don't the doctor will tell everybody."

"Why didn't you get a second-hand one?" suggested Abel. "They don't cost much."

"D'ye think I'm crazy?" asked Sam. "Sure I got a second-hand one. But it cost five dollars, and what I want to know is who's going to pay for it? And who's going to wheel him around all day? I ain't got any time. And money's scarce. I got notes to pay."

"D'ye think I'm going to wheel him around?" retorted Abel. "I'm taking stock now, and I'm busy. And you ain't the only one what's got notes to pay."

They wrangled over it for nearly an hour and finally agreed that each was to pay half the expense of Uncle Moishe's illness.

"I guess Lapidowitz will be glad to wheel him

around," suggested Abel. "He ought to do it for a quarter a day. One schnorrer wheeling another around!"

Sam wheeled the chair to Milken's coffee-house and laid the proposition before Lapidowitz.

"Twenty-five cents a day I give you," he said. "Not a cent more. Take it or leave it."

"How many days?" asked Lapidowitz.

"Oh, maybe four or five days, I guess. He ain't very bad."

Lapidowitz shook his head.

"Five dollars for the whole job," he said. "I got to have five dollars. And I got to be paid in advance. Maybe you can get Mister Vanderbilt to do it cheaper."

As a matter of fact more asterisks ought to be inserted here. Sam felt another hiatus coming over him. He grew red in the face as he tried to select the proper series of words from the torrent of epithets that rushed through his mind, but, realizing the futility of it, turned and walked from the place. Lapidowitz called after him:

"Four dollars!" Sam went out into the street, slamming the door behind him, and walked off, wheeling his second-hand chair. Lapidowitz opened the door and thrust his head out.

"Three dollars!" he cried. Sam paused, pondered for a moment and returned to the coffee-house. Ten minutes later Lapidowitz, with two dollars and a half in his pocket and a desire to strangle Sam Calman in his heart, carried Uncle Moishe down the stairs and deposited him in the wheel-chair.

"That nephew of yours," he said, "is the biggest loafer and miser in New York."

Uncle Moishe pointed to his throat to indicate that he could not use his voice but smiled so pleasantly and nodded his head so enthusiastically that Lapidowitz knew he echoed the sentiment.

"The only man I know," continued Lapidowitz, as he wheeled the chair along, "who's worse than he is, is his brother Abel."

Uncle Moishe squirmed around in his chair, beamed upon Lapidowitz and held out his hand. Then, both grinning, they shook hands upon this sentiment.

What now happened can only be attributed to fate. Whether you believe in the doctrine of predestination or the doctrine of free will you

must at least admit that fate has a grand sense of humor because, otherwise, there are so many things about our very existence on this earth that

you couldn't account for. Just as Lapidowitz was wheeling his charge around a corner Wilansky, the pedlar, espied him. Had Lapidowitz not stopped to shake hands with Uncle Moishe or had he walked just a tiny bit faster Wilansky would not have seen him. As it was:

"Hey, there, Lapidowitz!" cried Wilansky, whipping his horse into a gallop. "Wait a minute! I want to talk to you."

Lapidowitz propped the wheel-chair against a lamp-post and approached the pedlar's wagon.

"Dye want to make three dollars?" asked Wilansky. Lapidowitz smiled.

"Sure I do. What must I do? Money in advance?" Wilansky sprang from his seat.

"Look here. I got a chance to do some business if I can get down-town in half an hour. D'ye want to take my wagon and deliver the vegetables? They're all marked with the names and here's a list of addresses. When you get through you can take the wagon back to the store and leave it there. My wife'll take care of it."

Lapidowitz looked at the list of addresses. They seemed to cover quite a stretch of territory, but Wilansky had already taken three dollars from his pocket and was holding them under Lapidowitz's nose.

"Quick, now!" said the pedlar. "I ain't got much time." Lapidowitz nodded, took the money, and began to look over the bundles of vegetables in the wagon. He then climbed upon the wagon and was about to drive off when he remembered Uncle Moishe. He had forgotten him entirely. He climbed down again and approached the old man.

"Look here," he said. "I got a chance to make a little money if I take that wagon around the neighborhood. I ain't going far. Do you mind if I leave you somewhere until I come back?"

Uncle Moishe burst into a violent gurgle of inarticulate sounds which Lapidowitz interpreted into an emphatic protest against being left anywhere. Lapidowitz scratched his head. There was not enough room in the body of the wagon for both Uncle Moishe and the wheel-chair, and, besides, if he packed them in they would probably crush the vegetables.

It occurred to him to push the chair along the middle of the street with one hand and lead the horse with the other. This, however, seemed impracticable as there was too much traffic in

(Continued on page 382)

The Enemy



Geraldine glared defiantly, but the color was receding from her cheeks. "I don't understand you. I did nothing 'o Billy!"

FOR a moment Tavy stood, weak, faint, sick; yet, without a tremor, she walked straight through that circle of staring eyes, and took the arm of the man she had promised to marry. "We're going home, Billy," she said, and, though her voice was calm and low, it was strangely without flexibility.

Billy looked down at her with his foolish smile, and patted the icy hand which lay on his arm.

"All right, Tavy." His tongue was thick, but he was entirely willing. He was perfectly agreeable to anything Tavy wanted; dear little Tavy. Most wonderful girl in the world! "Good-night all," he mumbled over his shoulder, and he stumbled slightly as he turned, stumbled and swayed; and into Tavy's body he carried the same sway, and it was as if she, too, were drunk; for no man and no woman who have made themselves one man among such their share of the sins of the other. So it was that Tavy finished the gayest night of his life, and quitted the ballroom floor of her first real party, leaving behind her half a touched, staring, pale-faced crowd.

From D. H. Lawrence, *Women in Love*, and Geraldine followed closely to the door.

"We won't be far from home with him," said Tommy to Geraldine as they emerged.

"Certainly not!" Geraldine was firm. "We'll see the old home in half an hour."

Tavy, smiling, led her with a sharp

jerk. "Good. I'll take Billy to the club."

"Take him to the devil! Any place so the beast gets out of my house! And he can't come back; ever! Tell him that when he wakes up."

Geraldine had passed them, and overtook Tavy and Billy just ahead in the hall. She slipped her arm through Tavy's on the other side from Billy. "I can't tell you how sorry I am," she sympathized. "You mustn't attempt to go with Billy. We'll keep him for the night, and we'll take you home."

Tavy turned to her with cold eyes. "I'm going with Billy," was all she said, and the tone was so quiet in its despair that it must have melted a heart of ice; but there is no ice in the heart of a jealous woman. There is only fire, that burns and destroys.

Billy became conscious that a third party was with them. Oh! Geraldine.

"Great punch, Sis," he told her, with a clumsy laugh. "Whisky in it, though. Tell a drop of it in the ocean. Taste on the tongue, you know. Say Benning," he looked back. He felt sure he had heard Benning's voice, but Three-B. was gone for his hat and coat. Only Tommy was there, close behind them; good old Tommy. "Hello Tommy! Going to quit you early. Little girl's tired," and again he patted the icy hand which clung to him.

"That's right, Billy," soothed Tommy, and, setting Geraldine aside with a brusqueness which made her stare, he led Billy and Tavy to the little anteroom just off the vestibule.

"Wait just a minute, please. I'm going home with you."

"Thank you, Tommy." Her mind was in a whirl. She was glad to be alone for a few moments. She had many things to decide. Billy followed her into the anteroom. He turned, as if to take her in his arms, but she shuddered and walked away to the window, and Billy, feeling something uncompromisingly stiff about her, sat down. He was tired anyhow.

Tommy, still in the doorway, noted the drowsy eyes of Billy with satisfaction, then he returned to Geraldine.

"Come with me. I want to talk with you." It was an order, the first order Tommy Tinkle had ever given to a woman.

Geraldine stared at him in astonishment, and then her eyes flashed with resentment. She lowered them as she met his steady gaze. There was contempt in it. A group of guests came down the hall with Mrs. Benning, but without gayety. The party was ending most uncomfortably. Geraldine walked with Tommy through the conservatory and into the cozy alcove. He wheeled abruptly to her.

"Now what have you done?"

She glared at him defiantly, but the color was receding from her cheeks.

"I don't understand you."

"Yes, you do!" His tone was fiercely tense. "You spiked Billy's punch! There was no whisky in that I drank. Why did you do it?"

"This is an outrage!" Geraldine's eyes now were blazing straight into his. She held them there without deviation, but her cheeks were pale. "I will not listen to such insult!"

"You will!" He stepped to the tall pitcher which still stood on the tabourette, and picked up one of the used glasses and smelled it. "There's whisky in this, and you were in here with Billy. I see you. I've told you more than once, since

SYNOPSIS: Good old Billy! he likes his drink and likes it often—says he can take care of himself. He must; because he is the architect for the Pannard skyscraper, the foundation work of which is sliding. Bow-Wow knows why—so Billy takes him home to sober up. Tommy proposes to Geraldine Benning—she is thinking of Billy and says, no. Off he goes to the club, and with Billy makes a night of it. When Tommy drops out, Billy finishes the escapade alone and angers Geraldine, though she forgives him later. Then Billy learns that Bow-Wow is Harrison Stuart, the architectural genius, who had suddenly disappeared from view. Billy scours the city until he finds Stuart's wife

Billy started to take hold of himself, that if he got a taste of whisky he was gone. Why did you do this?"

"Do you realize what you're saying to me! Do you know that—"

"Don't lie!" The tone of Tommy rose in such hot anger that it startled her into silence. "If you utter another word of denial, I'll send for your father and show him this punch!" and he reached for the push button.

"Tommy!" At last, in that frantically frightened cry, he had a confession, and she realized it as well as he. She sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"I'll tell you why you did it! You knew that if Billy ever got drunk again it would break his engagement with Miss Stuart, permanently. It's the rottenest thing I ever heard of! A Bow-Wow thief has no worse morals. Sit still, I tell you; you're going to listen, not talk." This was Tommy Tinkle! good old Tommy, who had fetched and carried, and sat up and barked, and jumped through hoops, for years. "Why did you do this? Because you loved Billy? No! I thought maybe you did at first; so I wiped myself out. If I could make you and Billy happy I'd have some pay for what I had lost, for I loved you myself. I loved you all my life; but it didn't make any difference to you; nothing did. You only made up your mind to have Billy because you didn't want to lose one of the dangles on your bracelet. You hated this girl because Billy raved about her beauty, and forgot to mention yours. You hated her because Billy loved her, and you wanted Billy to love you, as you wanted me to love you. The thought that love should have any return never entered into your cramped and starved little heart. So, just to please your contemptible vanity, you were perfectly willing to wreck the entire future happiness of two fine young people, spoil their entire lives! Take down your hands. Look at me. Look up, I say!"

Geraldine was astounded to find herself obeying. It was the first time in all her experience that anyone had given her crisp and decisive commands. She was dazed that a stronger will than her own had taken control of her.

"Tommy, I—"

"I'm not through yet. You've reached the end of your rottenness. Come on!"

He helped her up. She was so bewildered that she could not make up her mind whether to be docile or rebel; but she went with him.

"We're going to do what we can to square Billy with Tavy," he explained, as he led the way out.

"How?" Her voice was meek and humble. She felt that she should be resentful to Tommy, but somehow she could not manage it. She had had her first whipping, and the hurt was a relief.

"We're going to explain to Tavy right now that you spiked Billy's punch," and without allowing any time for a refusal of this drastic plan, he hurried her straight into the little anteroom.

On the threshold he stopped abruptly just as Geraldine's father, coated and hatted came down the hall.

The room was empty!

By George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by A.B. Wenzell

and daughter Tavy living in poverty. Billy and Tavy become engaged. One night Billy gets drunk and calls on Tavy and her mother—who breaks off the engagement. Both Geraldine and Tommy, the one insincerely, the other sincerely, try to bring them together again, and fail. But Tavy and Billy accidentally find each other again—Billy takes her to his home, where she sees her father for the first time after all the years. With jealousy in her heart, Geraldine plots to destroy Tavy's happiness. At her party she tricks Billy into drinking punch secretly prepared with whisky. At the end of the evening she brings Billy and Tavy face to face in the presence of everybody. Billy is drunk.

"BENNING'S?"

The voice of Mrs. Stuart was very pleasant. She did not want to be a bother, so she concealed the worry which was beginning to grow on her.

"Yes, ma'am." A sleepy voice at the other end of the wire!

"Has Mr. Lane left?" She was apologetic. Tavy must be having a delightful time to be so late, but really one couldn't help worrying. It was because Tavy had never attended a regular party before, she supposed. She was not used to being alone. "Mr. Lane has gone home, ma'am. The party broke up two hours ago. Everybody's gone."

"Thank you." Mrs. Stuart could scarcely pronounce the words, and when she had hung up the receiver, she went to the window and opened it, with an instinctive need for cooling air.

Two hours ago! It was scarcely more than a forty minute ride out to the Benning's. There had been an accident! She was sure of it. That had been Tavy's first certainty that night when Billy was late for the theater. It is every woman's first certainty.

Well, what could she do about it? Sit. Wait! Nothing else, not another thing which she could do; so she sat, and waited, and the dark river which had flowed for countless ages, past the spot where she brooded out into the night, flowed on and on, its surface streaked with snake-like swirls of oily black and snake-like swirls of shimmering light. It was maddeningly monotonous, the river, as it carried its inexhaustible flood of water endlessly down to the ocean. Even the spectral lights hung high on mast tops were monotonous as they rode slowly down with the stream. The ticking of the little Dresden clock on the gray mantelpiece was monotonous, but none of these things were so monotonous as just waiting, while anything and everything might be happening out there in the dark world.

She was well-nigh frantic at four o'clock, but at that hour the elevator clicked, and she was at the door! She did not know how she had arrived there. She had not seemed to walk nor run; she must have flown. Not Tavy, tired, but flushed and wide-eyed, and full of the happiness of her

triumph. Not Billy, tall and smiling, and proud that he had taken away so precious a charge and returned that charge in safety. Tommy Tinkle and Geraldine Benning!

"Where's Tavy?" Mrs. Stuart's voice had a shrill break in it.

"I guess we beat them home," grinned Tommy, endeavoring to reproduce as nearly as possible his every-day whimsicality. "These engaged couples are always slow drivers."

"There hasn't been an accident?" She was not quite mollified by Tommy's assumption of flippancy, for there was something in the face of Geraldine which prompted fear.

"Not to Tavy." Tommy's tone was still reasoning. "Billy had a slight accident."

She knew! Knew the whole bitter truth. "Where's Tavy?" The ashes had come back to her face, to her voice, to her eyes.

"With Billy." No sham now in Tommy. "She slipped away with him, to take care of him I think. We've been hunting them for two hours, rather aimlessly. Mr. Benning is down in the car, asleep. I've formed a theory. Tavy is driving about some place with Billy until," Tommy paused for a word, "until he feels better."

Mrs. Stuart motioned them to chairs, but she did not sit down.

"He was drunk again!" Nothing can express the bitter contempt she laid upon that word.

"Is there any way to find them?"

"Only by luck," Tommy told her. "There's one way, but we can't use it; the police."

I've telephoned to every place with which Billy might be in communication; but no one's heard of him."

"Mrs. Stuart walked up and down the floor, her nails clenched into her palms. Her face was so colorless that her very hair seemed to be turning gray."

"It is perhaps for the best," she finally decided, extracting what crumb of comfort she could out of that. "It would have happened sooner or later anyhow, and now it is over."

Tommy turned sharply to Geraldine. "Shall I tell her, or will you?"

"Tell me what?" She stopped abruptly,

"Geraldine, you spiked Billy's punch!" accused Tommy. "It's the rottenest thing I ever heard of. And just to please your contemptible vanity! Not because you loved him!"



and fastened her gaze not upon Tommy, but upon Geraldine. The girl started to cry, and in Mrs. Stuart's eyes there began the dawning of a glow.

"Out with it, Geraldine," sternly commanded Tommy.

Then the whole miserable confession, between sobs and tears and pleas for forgiveness; and, as Geraldine proceeded, the glow in the eyes of Jean Stuart burst into flame.

"And you did this to my Tavy!" she cried. "You, who have everything, did this to my Tavy, who has never harmed any living creature!" She stood quivering with anger, and there rose in her, for the first time in her gentle life, a tigerish lust to kill.

Tommy Tinkle, who could see through words and faces, and even thoughts, raised Geraldine from her chair and led her outside, in her Egyptian costume, and came back to Mrs. Stuart for a moment.

"Would you rather I'd remain here with you, or shall I go out again and see if I can find them?" "Bring me Tavy!" she begged. "I want her!"

The black river flowed on and on past the windows, its current streaked with monotonous snake-like swirls of oily black and shimmering white. The little Dresden clock ticked monotonously away, snipping off its tiny bits of time and tossing them back into eternity. The stars paled from their long vigil of the night, and still Jean Stuart did everything that she could do; she waited!

Was there no way that she could reach out through the night, and take her daughter by the hand and draw her home? Was there no way that she could see through the intervening walls and rest her eyes upon everything she had in the world? Was there no way in which she could cast a thought upon the insensate air, and glean knowledge in return? Was there no quarter to which she could turn for help, for news, for even the sound of a human voice? She could wait no longer! She must take part in something active! If she were only to go down on the drive and over into the next street to look, she would feel that she was doing—

been the lot of women since the dawning of time, to wait!

She was thankful, as she stood in the bay, that she had not succumbed to her insane impulse to leave the room; for it occurred to her, for the first time, that at any moment Tavy might telephone. She realized now, that, all the evening through, since she had found that Tavy had left the Benning house, her ears had been strained for the first sound of that bell. She had not recognized it.

Suddenly she held up her handkerchief and looked at it. She had been tearing it to shreds without knowing it. She must do something, or she would go mad! The telephone; that was her only connection with humanity. With sudden decision, she went to it and called up Billy's number.

It was not the voice of Burke who answered. She knew his broad accents, for she had talked with him two or three times when she had sent trifling little messages for Tavy. It was an older voice, but it was an eager and alert one, with no sleep in it; Mr. Doe, no doubt, Billy's partner. She had heard something of him.

"Yes, this is Mr. Lane's."

"Has he come home?"

"Not yet, madam."

"Oh." It was a sigh of disappointment, a confession of inadequacy, an appeal. "Thank you."

That was all, and Harrison Stuart leaned against the wall, trembling. He had heard her voice! Jean's voice! He knew it as well as if he had talked with her but yesterday, for her life had not known the terrific changes of his. He paced the floor. Jean! She was alone up there, worried, sick, frantic with anxiety, with desperate misgivings for the safety of her daughter; and his! As he had waited, since a reasonable hour for Billy's arrival at home, so she had waited. As her frantic imagination had devised one frightening picture after another, so his imagination had been at work with its apprehensions. Scarcely two miles apart, they had shared the same solicitude, the same heartache, the same anguish through all the dreary, lagging minutes of that long night; and she had no one to comfort her. Jean! He had heard her voice, her dear voice!

Dawn. The swirls of oily black on the surface of the never-ceasing river have begun to merge in the swirls of shimmering white, and now a luminous grayness begins to obliterate them both. The stars in the sky are paling fast. In the west, one low-lying cloud, by some magic of reflection, catches the tinge of dull pink, and the lights on the Drive, and the lights in the little enchanted parlor, have turned a sickly yellow. Over the earth there comes that chill which is the shudder of the uni-

(Continued on page 384)

something, no matter how little, toward the ending of this intolerable suspense. What real task might a drunken man take into his mind, who after tonight might be not present, into what desperate surroundings might he not take Tavy? Her hand was on the door-knob, with a frantic impulse to push out, she knew not where, and stop, what compelling danger there might be, but a new thought stayed her hand. Suppose Tavy should come home and not find her there? No, she must watch the endless sweep of the street, and combine herself to that dreary task which had

"What should she do with him?" Tavy studied Billy in dull silence. Her repugnance to him had passed, but she had no illusions, now, about her love being able to hold Billy safe against his big and only enemy. But she had given her love, and it could not be recalled. Oh, Billy, Billy!





The Light

By James J. Montague

OVER smoke-hung field and flood,
 Loud the cannon roar;
 Faint with fury, blind with blood
 Reel the hosts of war.
 Terrorized by flame and sword
 Countryside and town,
 While the children of the Lord
 Strike each other down!

Strike, not knowing whom they slay,
 Slay, not caring why;
 Bartering their souls away
 For a battle cry;
 Fashioning machines of death
 Fair fleets to overthrow,
 To fell a city at a breath,
 Or lay a legion low.

Lord, send a light that they may see
 The murder that they do!
 Such hideous things could never be
 If men but only knew!
 Teach them, with understanding eyes,
 To see the face of Peace
 Above them, in Thy radiant skies,
 And their red rage shall cease!

It is thus, as you see Miss Elsie Ferguson here, studying her part, with her little mascot to give the cues, that you realize the completeness of her charm.

Outcast

A WOMAN starts something, and a man finishes it with marriage, just to show that the love that gives and not the love that takes is boss around Geoffrey's apartment, in "Outcast," a play by Hubert Henry Davies. It is credibly reported of this play that Geoffrey's mistress, Miriam, fell in love and found her soul. It seems nearer to the truth to say that Miriam's soul was all right all along, but that Geoffrey's was asleep with the opiate of a very ordinary though romantic grief over being jilted by his sweetheart. For, Miriam was making the best of the life that, came her way, and Geoffrey the worst—until she gave her comradeship which became love and demanded that

she has a mother and a husband and so has hardly any individual soul to win or to lose. She makes a perfectly worthy member of human society anywhere or at any time.

When the play opens it is midnight—during the day Valentine has been married, and Geoffrey is very miserable; two of his friends, young men, arrive and make a hopeless effort to cheer him up; in jest one of them shouts out of the window to a streetwalker below and invites her up. She comes, Miriam. Her wit and good fellowship surprises them—the more because she is down on her luck, without a thing in the world save her bedraggled clothes and a few cents. The two friends go. Geoffrey asks her to stay awhile and talk to him. She soon understands, and tries to help him out of his dejection.

Miriam—The only way to be happy—it seems to me—is just not to expect anything from anybody. Then, when somebody does you a kindness—like *you've done me*—it comes as a lovely surprise. But you don't get down to that kind of happiness till you've had all the pride kicked out of you and lost most all your fine feelings. (Geoffrey turns to face her. She continues simply) I was as nice a girl as you could wish to meet once, modest and quiet and obliging. They could have made what they liked of me. That was my trouble. They made *this* of me.

Geoffrey—Have you ever tried to give it up—this kind of life?

Miriam—(rises suddenly; her tone instantly changing to one of suspicion and resentment) Now look here! If you're going to try and save me, I shall clear out—now—this minute. Even if I wanted to be reformed it wouldn't be no use. It's been tried. And what was the end of it? As soon as I turned respectable and took to honest work—I was found out. Then I was a fraud—not fit to associate with the others, I was turned away—put back to where I came from—only I was worse off than before because of the time I'd lost; it's no use, I tell you, I must go on. (she moves away to the hearth)

Geoffrey—I don't see that *you* need reforming much more than the rest of the world. What about girls who marry men they loathe in order to live in luxury—and then don't keep to their bargains? Half of them take lovers on the sly. I don't think you're worse than they are.

Miriam—(reassured) That's all right, then. Now we understand each other. (crossing to the table) May I help myself to one of your cigarettes?

Geoffrey—Yes, of course. (Miriam takes a cigaret from the box and lights it; then sits in the armchair, curling herself up comfortably as she speaks)

Miriam—You must tell me when you want me to get out. Otherwise I'm liable to outstay my welcome. It's so dry and warm in here.

Geoffrey—You needn't be in a hurry. I'm not tired; I was fast asleep all evening.

Miriam—That's a funny time to go to sleep.

Geoffrey—I took something.

Miriam—Drugs?

Geoffrey—Yes.

Miriam—That's bad. I could see there was something of that sort the matter with you. Have you been at it long?

Geoffrey—The last few weeks.

Miriam—(very kindly and very earnestly) Since your trouble began—eh? You've been hard hit about something or other, so you thought you'd take to drugs, I suppose, and whisky to make you forget. Don't you do it, it's a shame to see a

he face his responsibilities. The sentimentalist and the wise cynic have always found such love's demanding annoying. In the play it is painful, too, for the sweetheart, Valentine, who threw Geoffrey over to marry a rich man—but then

Miriam—Mightn't it be the woman in me that wants to settle down and marry—the woman I considered for so long—stagnating—trying to live still, waiting to come out and show herself? Couldn't it be that? Love works such wonders. I long to be something better—to be of some use in the world—to take my place among the helpful ones. But people won't have me. I can't even help to raise the poor and the fallen because of what I am, a man's mistress. There's no true woman's life to be lived outside of marriage.

The Play of the Month

young fellow like you beginning such habits as those—a gentleman too, with everything just as it should be—your nice flat and your nice friends and all. Break away from it now, old man—before it gets a hold on you; you won't be able to stop it by-and-by. You'll go down and down till you get like the drunken brutes who come after me. You mustn't be one of the no-goods. It's the respectable folks who make the world go round. We're only a drag. (she pauses, but as Geoffrey makes no response she says apologetically) I beg your pardon for talking like that to you, you must think I've got a nerve. I don't suppose you want advice from anyone; specially not from me. (rises. Puts on her hat)

Geoffrey—(rising) Wait a minute. (going towards his bedroom-door as he says) I've left all my money on my dressing table. (he is at the door before she calls him back)

Miriam—Psst! Here! (he turns to her. She comes towards him) Don't you give me anything. (opening her bag to show him the money inside) Your friend gave me these—that's plenty for the present. (closing her bag) I can go back and pay my rent now and sleep in my own bed to-night. If you wouldn't mind not giving me anything yourself, it would make me feel as if I'd been your pal—if you wouldn't mind. (she crosses to the sideboard, lays her bag on it, then arranges her hat in front of the looking glass behind the sideboard, "fixing" herself with great care. When she has finished she picks up her bag and in a cheery and matter-of-fact tone says to Geoffrey) So long and many thanks and good luck. (goes toward the door. She has opened the inner door and is just going out when Geoffrey calls her back)

Geoffrey—Come back. (she stops, and turns to him) I can't let you go like this—down the street and out of sight—after you've done me such a good turn.

Geoffrey establishes Miriam in an apartment of her own. Three months later we see the wonderful change that has been effected in Geoffrey: his grief is gone; he has put new life into his work; he is on the road to prosperity. One day Valentine, already disillusioned in her marriage for money, calls on Geoffrey. He says he wishes she hadn't come; rails at her for coming to see if he had gone to the dogs on her account. At this point Miriam makes a surprise visit. When Valentine goes Miriam asks why she, a married woman, had made this visit. Geoffrey refuses to discuss Valentine and asks the same silence of Miriam.

Miriam—(resentfully) She's a lady—she is—and I'm not a lady, so it don't matter if she walks out as soon as I come in, passes me by as if I was—dirt. You don't defend me—only her. I've seen it before—this freemasonry that there is among ladies and gentlemen to stand by each other and protect themselves. (dejectedly, as she sits down upon the arm of her chair) I'm not in on that.

Geoffrey—(very kindly) Never mind. Come along. Cheer up. I'm sorry, but you know how it is. She was my first love. You can't get away from the memory of things you've grown up with. I knew her so well for so many years. The first time I saw her she was a girl of sixteen with her hair down her back. She came to

Miriam (betrayed into seriousness by the young men)—Love doesn't kill, but hunger does. My man quit me to marry a rich old woman. I was left to starve.

Miriam—Watch me walk into the Savoy.



Midnight in Geoffrey's apartment where his friends have gathered to cheer him up. Geoffrey—Charles Cherry.

Miriam, chance visitor from the streets—Elsie Ferguson.

Tony—T. Woodall Birde. Hugh—Warburton Gamble.

stay with us for her summer holidays. After that I used to go a lot to their house in London. We were always seeing each other and writing—then we were engaged—and then—you know what happened. She has no use for me now—and it gives me no pleasure to see her now. It's all over and done with. I've left it behind me, but meeting her again this afternoon stirred everything up, and I still can't bear to hear anyone say anything against her—so you won't—ever—will you? (he holds out his hand to her to make friends again. She takes his hand) I know you won't. (he is going to move away after that, is about to withdraw his hand, when she draws it impulsively towards

Geoffrey—So do we.

Miriam—I know, but I mean—she goes where he goes.

Geoffrey—Well—?

Miriam—No. I don't go where you go. When we go out together it's to some little out-of-the-way joint where your friends won't see us. I'm not expecting you can take me with you everywhere—but I wish you didn't feel you must hide me. (Geoffrey is embarrassed by hearing the truth put into words. She continues appealingly) I've been

at such pains to make myself fit to be seen with you. Isn't my language much better? Don't you notice it? And my clothes! Did you ever see anything more quiet and lady-like than this? So chic—too? Then I study the papers to know what's going on in the world—and I read books, not only novels—history and books of travel and lives. All so as I won't disgrace you by appearing too ignorant—(tentatively) in case you should ever want to show me off. (she watches him hopefully, but as he does not notice her but seems absorbed in his own thoughts, her hope turns to disappointment; she is very resigned as she says) Of course if you think it's best to keep me dark, it's all right. Whatever you say goes. (she watches him as he moves slowly away, evidently in deep thought)

Geoffrey—I never thought of you being dissatisfied with things as they are. It comes as a kind of a surprise.

Miriam—I'm well off. I know that. I should be an ungrateful girl if I was to think anything else after all that you've done for me. It's only that—if I had the chance and if you wished it, I think I might be rather more of a companion to you than I am. See what I mean?

Geoffrey—(slowly) Yes. I see what you mean.

This is the beginning of a more equal-sided relationship. In the year that follows Geoffrey prospers immensely. This is shown by the splendor of the home he has provided for Miriam. They are together when Nelly, one of Miriam's friends who has been living in the same manner of life as Miriam, comes to tell her that her lover is going to make her his wife. It is after Nelly has gone.

Geoffrey—I don't expect Nelly will be able to stick it out long with her new husband at that quiet place in the country. She'll miss the noise of London too much—the restaurants and music-halls and parties—all the gaieties and frivolities and excitements which are like food and drink to her. How can she settle down to a quiet, dull, domestic life after the kind of life she's been leading here?

Miriam—There are some girls like that. Most of those who have ever gone in for the gay life are like that. It's in their blood. They can't settle down. (slowly) But there's others too. I don't know about Nelly, I'm sure—but I know there are

Nelly—(Anne Meredith)—I'm going to be married. Miriam—Jack's going to make you his wife? O, Nelly, I am glad. That's fine. The man you're so fond of—and you're going to bear his name.

her and lays her cheek against it. He is touched and says softly) I'm sorry I have cried and spoke sharply.

Miriam—Don't that. (draps her hand and looks very grateful)

Geoffrey—What is it, Nelly? What's the matter, Miriam?

Miriam—I wish I was more to you, Geoffrey.

Geoffrey—But you are a great deal to me. You know that. I've shown you over and over again, in all sorts of ways.

Miriam—(looking at him with a smile) I know that. I've shown you over and over again, in all sorts of ways.

Geoffrey—(looking at her with a smile) I know that. I've shown you over and over again, in all sorts of ways.

Miriam—(looking at him with a smile) I know that. I've shown you over and over again, in all sorts of ways.

Geoffrey—(looking at her with a smile) I know that. I've shown you over and over again, in all sorts of ways.

Miriam—(looking at him with a smile) I know that. I've shown you over and over again, in all sorts of ways.

Geoffrey—(looking at her with a smile) I know that. I've shown you over and over again, in all sorts of ways.

Miriam—(looking at him with a smile) I know that. I've shown you over and over again, in all sorts of ways.

Geoffrey—(looking at her with a smile) I know that. I've shown you over and over again, in all sorts of ways.

Miriam—(looking at him with a smile) I know that. I've shown you over and over again, in all sorts of ways.

Geoffrey—(looking at her with a smile) I know that. I've shown you over and over again, in all sorts of ways.

Miriam—I wish I was more to you, Geoffrey. Geoffrey—But you are a great deal to me. You know that. I've shown you over and over again, in all sorts of ways.

some who'd give much to get away, who are sick and tired of it all, who've come to see that it's only passing the time and trying to forget and being of no real use to themselves or anyone, girls who

almost at the same time to detain him. He stops and waits for her to speak, seeing by the expression on her face that there is something important she wishes to say)

Miriam—(very earnestly and appealingly, and at the beginning timidly)

Mightn't it be the woman in me—the woman I smothered for so long—struggling—trying to live still—asking to come out and show herself? Couldn't it be that? Love works such wonders. I long so to be something better, Geoffrey, since I've known you—to be of some good in the

world—to take my place among the helpful ones. (she is nearly crying as she says) But they won't have me. I can't even help to raise the poor and the fallen because of what I am. There's no true woman's life to be found outside of marriage.

Then Miriam learns that Geoffrey is going to call upon Valentine, who has left her husband and is very miserable and lonely. Miriam objects.

Geoffrey—You needn't be in a hurry to go. I'm not tired; I was fast asleep all evening. I took something to make me forget—been doing it ever since my trouble began.

want peace and rest and to be good. I know there are some like that.

Geoffrey—(sits down beside her, and says very gravely and kindly) It's the reaction, my dear. It's the discontent we all feel at times, whatever life we have chosen. But I fear that it doesn't last. You'd want to be back again as soon as your rest was over. It's only reaction. (he rises, intending to move away, but she turns

Miriam—Don't do it, old man. You mustn't be one of the no-goods. It's the respectable folks who make the world go round.

Geoffrey — Now Miriam—don't distress yourself like this, she doesn't claim me.

Miriam—(close to him, facing him) You're determined to go to her?

Geoffrey—Yes—quite—(she turns away from him)—to go and see her—to let her know that I'm still her friend. (she darts a mistrustful look at him. He takes hold of her arm as he continues)

O Miriam—please be good and patient as you've always been—please—for my sake.

Miriam—(pulling her arm away) I've been patient a long while for your sake. I've said not one word against her—ever—because you once asked me not to, I've never so much as spoken her name—have I—never once—tell me—have I ever?

Geoffrey—No. Never. Not once.

Miriam—No—and I never would have done so as long as I thought it was her memory you were cherishing, but if it's herself—

Geoffrey—(protesting and trying to control her)

Miriam! Stop! Please! I can't let you go on like this.

Miriam—(raising her voice and getting away from him) Why can't she stick to her own man? What does she want with you?

And you must run to her—the minute she calls—because she's in trouble—never mind how she's treated you, in the past. If she made a bad bargain, let her keep it. And if that's more than her flesh and blood will stand—she isn't the first woman who's had to go through with it and she won't be the last. She made her own bed. Let her lie on it. (pause, to choke back the sobs which threaten to overcome her utterance) Much she cared about you! She despised you because you were poor. Pranced off to church with a millionaire and left you then with a broken heart to drink yourself to death! Fine leavings you were when I found you. (pauses again, struggling to keep back the sobs which increasingly threaten to overcome her) I took care of you in those dark days. I looked after you like a child, and now when you're a man again and strong she wants you back—to ruin you a second time. (shouts, in a hopeless attempt to keep back her sobs) She shan't do it—she shan't. Not if I have the power to stop her. (walks up and down sobbing)

This arouses Geoffrey; it questions his manhood, he says; he will settle handsomely, but they must part.

Miriam—So you've had your fun and now it's time to pay me off. (turns to him quickly, angry and menacing) What if I won't be paid off! Suppose I turn nasty! You don't know me yet. You've always brought out the best that is in me, but there's plenty in me that's not of the best—so I warn you—for I stick at nothing, I'm not afraid. I've got nothing to lose, but I know those who have. I know one who's got plenty to lose if I can ever prove anything against her. (Geoffrey turns to her trembling with rage)

Shame on you, Geoffrey—shame on you! What have I done

(Continued on page 402)

Geoffrey—Tied up for life with a drunkard! I should think Nellie'd do much better for herself if she remained free.

Miriam—I've no doubt it's sense you're talking—but married.



Many many authors foregather from various causes: tradition, inclination, general shiftlessness. When they do that, they produce a sort of serum called literary atmosphere. But in all the world there is only one thing funnier than an author, and that is a number of them. And Brown didn't know that.

(The Tenth Muse)

The Tenth Muse

By
Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by
Charles Dana Gibson

IT is a fine thing when a young man, born to travel the speedway of luxury, voluntarily leaves it to hew out a pathway for himself through life. Brown thought so, too. And at twenty-four he resolutely graduated from Harvard, stepped out into the world, and looked around him very sternly.

All was not well with the world. Brown knew it. He was there to correct whatever was wrong. And he had chosen Good Literature as the vehicle for self-expression.

Now, the nine sister goddesses are born flirts, and every one of them immediately glanced sideways at Brown, who was a nice young man with modesty, principles, and a deep and reverent belief in Literature.

The nine daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyne seemed very attractive to him until the tenth and most recent addition to the Olympian family sauntered by with a flirt of her narrow skirt—the jade!

One glance into the starry blue wells of her baby eyes bowled him over. Henceforth she was to be his steady—Thalomené, a casual daughter of Zeus, and Muse of all that is sacredly obvious in the literature of modern realism.

From early infancy Brown's had been a career of richest promise. His mother's desk was full of his earlier impressions of life. He had, in course of time, edited his school paper, his college paper; and, as an undergraduate, he had appeared in the contributor's columns of various periodicals.

His was not only a wealthy but a cultivated lineage. The love of literature was born in him. To love literature is all right in its way; to love it too well is to mistake the appreciative for the creative genius. Reverence and devotion are no equipment for creative authorship. It is not enough to have something to say about what other people have said. And the inspiration which comes from what others have done is never the true one. But Brown didn't know these things. They were not revealed unto him at Harvard; no inward instinct made them plain to him.

He began by foregathering with authors. Many, many authors foregather, from various causes—tradition, inclination, general shiftlessness. When they do that they produce a sort of serum called

literary atmosphere, which is said to be delightful. And so Brown found it. However, there are authors who seem to be too busy with their profession to foregather and exhale atmosphere.

But these are doubtless either

literary hacks or the degraded producers of best sellers. They are not authors, either; they are merely writers.

Now, in all the world there is only one thing funnier than an author; and that is a number of them. But Brown didn't know that, either.

All authors are reformers. Said one of them to Brown in the Empyrean Club: "When an author in his own heart ceases to be a reformer he begins to be a menace!"

It was a fine sentiment, and Brown wrote it in his note-book. Afterward, the more he analyzed it the less it seemed to mean.

Another author informed him that the proper study for man is man. He'd heard that before, but the repetition steeled his resolve. And his resolve was to reproduce in literature exactly what he observed about him; nothing more, nothing less.

There was to be no concession to imagination, none to convention, none to that insidious form of human weakness known as good taste. As for art, Brown already knew what was really art.

There was art enough for anybody in sheer truth, enough in the realism made up of photographic detail, recorded uncompromisingly



One glance into the starry wells of her baby eyes bowled him over. Henceforth she was to be his steady—Thalomené.

in ordered processional sequence. After all, there was really no beauty in the world except the beauty of absolute truth. All other alleged beauty was only some form of weakness. Thus Brown, after inhaling literary atmosphere.

Like the majority of young men, Brown realized that only a man, and a perfectly fearless, honest, and unprejudiced one, was properly equipped to study woman and tell the entire truth about her in literature.

So he began his first great novel—"The Unquiet Sex"—and he made heavy weather of it that autumn—what with contributing to the literary atmosphere every afternoon and evening at various clubs and cafés—not to mention the social purlieus into which he ventured with the immortal luster already phosphorescent on his brow. Which left him little time for mere writing. It is hard to be an author and a writer too.

The proper study for man being woman, Brown studied her solemnly and earnestly. He studied his mother and his sisters, boring them to the verge of distraction; he attempted to dissect the motives which governed the behavior of assorted feminine relatives, scaring several of the more aged and timorous, agitating others, and infuriating one or two—until his father ordered him to desist.

Housemaids, parlormaid, lady's-maids, waitresses, all fought very shy of him, for, true to his art, he had cast convention aside and had striven to fathom the souls and discover the hidden motives imbedded in Milesian, Scandinavian, and Briton.

"The thing for me to do," said Brown rather bitterly to his father, "is to go out into the world and investigate far and wide."

"Investigate what?" asked his father.

"Woman!" said Brown ardently.

"There's only one trouble about that."

"What's that?"

"Woman," said his father, "is likely to do the investigating. This household knows more about you than you do about it."

Brown smiled. So did his father.

"Now," said the latter, "what have you to say about your own investigating?"

"Nothing, naturally," said Brown.

"Then you will never have anything more to say about them," remarked Brown, senior.

"Why not?"

"Because the only thing possible for a man to say about them is what he has written already. He'll never have any more concerning women than that."

"Imagination is not literature," said Brown, frowning with polite toleration.

"Imagination is often the true truth," said his father, smiling.

"Father, that is not."



"The thing to do," said Brown, "is to consider you impersonally and to make notes of everything."

"Yes, my son—and it is almost literature, too. Go ahead; shake us if you like. But, if you do, you'll come back married."

So Brown, who was nourishing a theory, shook his family and, requiring mental solitude to develop his idea, he went to Verbena Inlet. Not to the enormous and expensive caravansary swarming with wealth, ennui, envy, and fashion; not even to its sister hotel similarly infested. But to West Verbena, where, for a mile along the white shell-road, modest hotels, boarding-houses and cottages nestle behind mosquito screens under the dingy cabbage-palmetto.

Here was stranded the winter driftwood from the North—that peculiar flotsam and jetsam which summered in similar resorts in the North, rocked in rocking-chairs on dreary rural verandas, congregated at the village postoffice, awaited its men folk every week-end from the filthy and sweltering metropolis.

It was at a shabby but pretentious hostelry called the Villa Hibiscus that Brown took up his quarters. Several rusty cabbage-palmettos waved above the whitish, sandy soil surrounding it; one or two discouraged orange trees fruited despondently near the veranda. And the place swarmed



He had risen and stepped across to the front door, but to save his life he could remember nothing.

with human beings from all over the United States, lured from inclement climes into the land of the orange and the palm—wistfully seeking in the land of advertised perpetual sunshine what the restless world has never yet discovered anywhere—surcease from care, from longing, from the unkindliness of its fellow-seekers.

Dowdiness filled the veranda rocking-chairs; unlovely hands were folded; faded eyes gazed vacantly at the white road, at the oranges; enviously at the flashing wheels and fluttering lingerie from the great Hotel Verbená.

Womanhood was there in all its ages and

average phases; infancy, youth, middle-age, age—all were there in the rusty villas and hotels ranged for a mile along the smooth shell-road.

The region, thought Brown to himself, was rich in material. And the reflection helped him somewhat with his dinner, which needed a fillip or two.

In his faultless dinner-jacket he sauntered out after the evening meal; and the idea which possessed and even thrilled him aided him to forget what he had eaten.

The lagoon glimmered mysteriously in the starlight; the royal palms bordering it rustled

high in the night breeze from the sea. Perfume from oleander hedges smote softly the olfactories of Brown; the Southern whippoorwills' hurried whisper thrilled the darkness with a deeper mystery.

Here was the place to study woman. There could be no doubt of that. Here, untrammelled, uninterrupted, unvexed by the jarring of the world, he could place his model, turn her loose, and observe her.

To concentrate all his powers of analytical observation upon a single specimen of woman was his plan. Painters and sculptors used models. He meant to use one too.

It would be simple. First, he must discover what he wanted. This accomplished, he had decided to make a plain business proposition to her: she was to go about her business and her pleasure without embarrassment or self-consciousness—behave naturally; do whatever it pleased her to do. But he was to be permitted to observe her, follow her, make what notes he chose; and, as a résumé of each day, they were to meet in some quiet spot in order that he might question her as he chose, concerning whatever interested him, or whatever in her movements or behavior had seemed to him involved or inexplicable.

Thus and thus only, he had decided, could light be shed upon the mysterious twilight veiling the inner woman! Thus only might carefully concealed motives be detected, cause and effect coördinated, the very source of all feminine logic, reason, and emotion be laid bare and dissected at leisure.

Never had anybody written such a novel as he would be equipped to write. The ultimate word concerning woman was about to be said.

Inwardly excited, outwardly calm, he had seated himself on the coquina wall which ran along the lagoon under the Royal Palms. He was about to study his subject as the great masters studied, coolly, impersonally, with clear and merciless intelligence, setting down with calm simplicity nothing except facts.

All that was worthy and unworthy should be recorded—the good with the evil—nothing should be too ephemeral, too minute to escape his searching analysis.

And all the while, though Brown was not aware of it, the memory of a face he had seen in the dining-room grew vaguely and faded, waxing and waning alternately, like a phantom illustration accompanying his thoughts.

As for the model he should choose to study, she ought to be thoroughly feminine, he thought; young, probably blond, well-formed, not very deeply experienced, and with every human capacity for good and bad alike.

He would approach her frankly, tell her what

(Continued on page 403)



BY PERMISSION OF THE BERTIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

"Le Reveil," by Edouard Bisson

Here you have the canvas of a modern conservative who holds to the standards of sanity in art, and what can be more beautiful than this beautiful conception beautifully expressed? Its appeal is direct and sincere - one does not need to be initiated into any especial cult or to acquire any weird vocabulary to appreciate and discuss it.



BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

(C) PHOTOGRAPHISCHE GESELLSCHAFT

"Fleurs du Matin," by Edouard Bisson

Bisson's allegorical canvas is broad in its appeal because it sticks to the common man's sense of the beautiful, and ignores the perverted standards of any particular set of anemic though enthusiastic reactionists.

TWO recent paintings by French artists, "Les pointes en dehors (Classe de l'Opéra)," by Pierre Carrier-Belleuse, and "Soir d'été," by J.-A. Muenier, which are, as yet, unfamiliar to American art-lovers, point to a tendency among some of the leading artists of today to return to the theory that, after all, sane art is the truest art, despite the fact that so many others insist that sanity has nothing to do with it. Paint the soul, Browning's abbot enjoined, never mind the arms and legs. This would hardly please the ultra-futurist of today, who is lavish with arms and legs, but displays little intimacy with soulfulness. These two paintings, "Les pointes en dehors" and the "Soir d'été" are unlike in subject, in color, and in treatment. And yet possessing, as they do, such diverse qualities, their very external contrasts point to the fact that these painters, Carrier-Belleuse and Muenier, have avoided the danger which lurks in the frank practice, common to many modern painters, of painting what they think they *ought* to see even though really they do not see it. That way of doing may be one of creating something; but a creation is not necessarily a true work of art merely because it is creative, any more than a capricious canvas, bedaubed by a calculating cubist, is worthy consideration, except for the entertainment to be found in the weird conceit.

Both "Les pointes en dehors" and the "Soir d'été" possess qualities that at once mark these

ART

Sanity in Today's Painting By Gardner Teall

paintings as being soulfully conceived. The one depicts a ballet-class at the Opera, the other two women bathing. Consider, for a moment, the delicacy, truth, and decency with which both artists have invested these subjects. At once they impress one as having emanated from that truly highest art impulse from which sanity is inseparable. Both these paintings possess a rare and tender beauty. At once the soul of the artist is known through his work. Just why one should take soulfulness into consideration in art relates to the fact that while there is a limit to physical beauty, the soul's beauty is infinite. The artist, then, has this endless resource to cultivate.

Not only are both these paintings beautiful, but they also impress one as being beautifully

conceived. That a beautiful conception inspired by a beautiful object beautifully presented contains, in fullest measure, the highest possible form of art, is suggested by such a painting as the "Mona Lisa" of Leonardo da Vinci. On the other hand, it would be an error to assume that a thing in itself must be very beautiful before it can appear beautiful in the presentment that follows the painter's brush. In color, composition and technique Muenier's "Soir d'été" is truly remarkable, and as free from suggestiveness as Titian's "Danæ," being, in fact a happy departure from the naked that has so long masqueraded in France as the nude. The same might truly be said of "Le Reveil" and of "Fleurs du Matin," two other recent paintings by Edouard Bisson, also a Frenchman, both differing widely from either the work of Carrier-Belleuse or of Muenier. "Soir d'été," delicate composition that it is, is one wherein both form and color present a gracious interpretation of a lovely thought. French art has been inclining of late towards freeing itself more and more from merely insipid fleshiness or fabric-laden forms, so reminiscent of silk, satin, and velvet emporia. The tendency, too, the world over of some of the coming artists of the day to forsake unclothed frivolity and to put the serious study of the human figure to a nobler purpose, also suggests that art is in no danger of a decline due to such extreme unrestraint as might have contaminated it.

In direct contrast to the sensuous studies of the French painters of the past, have been the

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"Les pointes en dehors Classe de l'Opéra)," by Pierre Carrier-Belleuse

A recent canvas by a Frenchman, sincere, and sanely drawn, a worthy proof that not all the French schools are capriciously and calculatingly at work daubing what they think they ought to see rather than the simple beauty they do see.



"Soir d'été," by J.-A. Muenier

Rarely and tenderly beautiful, this painting is another modern instance of a French return to sanity in art, neither a depiction of the naked that has masqueraded as the nude, nor the wild convulsion of legs and arms of the ultra-futurist.

Maura stooped for a moment, to bury her face in the flowers.

The Counter-

Illustrated by

and cranny. He had questioned and cross-questioned every person who had been in touch with Lambert and his little band of counterfeiters. He had canvassed taxicab drivers and ticket sellers and station guards. He had interviewed pier officials and booking offices. He had studied hotel registers and Pullman reservation lists. He had sent out wires to every city worth soliciting, calling on friends, both official and unofficial, for any hint that might fall into their hands.

The first inkling of hope had come in a night-letter from Cody of the American Customs at Montreal. A woman answering the description had been seen alighting from a New York sleeper at Windsor Station. A "news-butcher" had pointed her out to an idle porter as being "some queen." She wore a heavy veil, and she was traveling alone. The porter had helped her with her bags, two of them. But she had no other luggage. That was as much as either Cody or Chamberlain, the Chief of the Canadian Pacific Criminal Investigation Department, had been able to find out. But the wire was enough to take Kestner to Canada by the next train.

and had caught at the chance of going West, as a companion. So Kestner went on to Banff. She had been in Banff for weeks. There was no doubt of that. The little mountain town was full of impressions of her. She and the eccentric minded English patient had lived much in the open air, had ridden and fished and golfed and had once motored down to Calgary. She had also been seen sketching at Devil's Lake, and a local hotel had even bought a couple of her water-colors.

By this time Kestner knew the trail was genuine. He followed that trail on to Victoria. There Maura Lambert and her patient had parted company, the invalid being joined by her son and going on to Japan, the companion for some unknown reason striking Eastward again as far as Winnipeg. From Winnipeg she had gone to Chicago. There, Kestner found, she had engaged to accompany two girl students to Paris, sailing from Boston on a ten-day steamer. Then Paris, for causes that could not be ascertained, had become suddenly undesirable to her. She had moved on to Munich. And at Munich the trail ended.

Kestner sat absently contemplating his atlas. Then he stared as absently out over the roofs and gardens and hills of Rome. Then he suddenly wheeled about in his chair, his trained ear advising him that some one was opening the door of his hotel room.



KESTNER crossed to his hotel window and looked out. It was Spring—and Spring in Rome. Yet his heart was heavy.

The City of the Seven Hills lay before him, bathed in a golden mist. Beyond the soft tones of gray and yellow he could see the dark squares of ilex and cypress and orange, where old gardens stood amid close-huddled roofs and walls. Off towards Monte Gianicala, where the shadowy valleys were already touched with their purple mists, a stately row of stone-pines reminded Kestner that he was indeed back in the city of his youth.

But he had no eye for its beauty. He crossed to the writing-table where his mail of the past month awaited him. He sat down before that pile of duly assorted letters and telegrams, regarded them for a meditative moment or two, and then began his task of going through them. He did so slowly and methodically. But his heart sank when he came to the end. He was

It had been the same thing over and over again, for months, the same wandering from place to place, the same fruitless search, the same patient putting questions. And the answer had always been the same. Maura Lambert had escaped him.

Kestner as he unfolded his pocket-atlas of Europe had traced his course from city to city. He had remembered well enough all the while in search of a woman, and he seemed to meet her there, months ago when, after the death of Lambert, he had begun on the trail.

He had first gone over New York, every nook

There the hunt began over again. The porter in time was found. But he had no knowledge of what hotel the "queen" in question had gone to. He had merely helped her to a cab. Then followed a round of the cab-drivers. On the third day a chauffeur was found who vaguely remembered such a woman. He had driven her to an English *pension* known as Beaver Hall Chambers, on Beaver Hall Hill.

It did not take Kestner long to authenticate this. But the lady, who called herself Miss Farr, had left Beaver Hall Chambers weeks before. She had duly prepaid her rent, yet she had stayed only three days. The one hint worth while was that given by a chambermaid, who remembered the lady telephoning about painting on ivory.

Kestner promptly looked up every miniature painter in the city. He eventually unearthed the artist to whom Miss Farr had applied for work. She had painted for a week in this Philips Square studio, and had proved herself clever enough. But she had met a Devonshire woman, an invalid, on her way to Banff,



"Why can I put away my watch?" asked Watchel, still making a pretense of watching Kestner with bland and rounded eyes.

For one brief second he thought

it was Maura Lambert herself. But that foolish flutter of hope did not survive his quick stare of appraisal.

He found himself confronted by a figure more pertly audacious, more

feeters by Arthur Stringer

Armand Both

casually intimate, than that of Lambert's one-time etcher on steel.

They regarded each other for a silent moment or two. Then the girl spoke.

"Some time since we met!" she tentatively chirped.

Kestner studied her. It was Sadie Wimpel, resplendent in vernal raiment plainly from the *rue de la Paix*.

"Yes, it's some time," he agreed, not without a touch of bitterness, remembering the past.

"You've quit the Service," she continued.

"And how did you know that?" Kestner inquired.

She laughed as she tucked her veil up about her modish little hat.

"Hully gee, there's things we've gotta know!"

"So I surmise!"

"An' I was wise to you droppin' out, or I wouldn't be here!"

"Then why are you here?" demanded Kestner.

Sadie Wimpel stepped to the middle of the room. She eyed him as she advanced, as though some dregs of her former fear of him still troubled her mind. Her face had grown quite sober, touched with a determination which Kestner had never before seen on it.

"For some one you've gotta help!"
"But who?"
Sadie, with a rustle of silk, condescended to seat herself. "You've been trailin' Maura Lambert f'r the last six or seven mont's," she reminded him.

"How do you know that?" promptly inquired Kestner. But his pulse quickened at the mere mention of the name.

"Oh, I'm hep to that, an' consid'r'ble more. But before I switch to that I wantta put you wise to the fact I'm runnin' straight these days. I'm a Art Importer now. Me an' Cambridge Charlie 've doubled up. I'm a canvas runner be tween here an' London."

"And what's a canvas runner?"

Sadie studied her eyebrows in the mirror of her vanity-bag.

"These Eyetalians don't allow an ol'



"Hully gee, there's things we've gotta know!"

It was Sadie Wimpel, pert and audacious.

"I'm look-in' for a life line!" she calmly announced.

Kestner motioned her into a chair.

"In trouble?" he queried.

"Do I look it?" she demanded, with an appreciative glance down her own shimmering façade.

"Not altogether!" he acknowledged with the ghost of a smile. "But what's the line for?"

"You can put away your watch because I'm going to thrash you within an inch of your life!" declared Kestner as he drew off his coat.

master to be taken out o' the country. We've got a Dago named Muselli gatherin' up what he can. Then I've tied down one o' the best copyists in Rome here, doin' dooplicates of the gallery pictures. We take the copy, scaled up or down to the size we order, an' frame it. But before we frame it we fit our ol' master canvas under the gallery copy, an' about once a month I skip over to London wit' the goods. Then we fake a story about findin' a new Roobens, or a Raphael Madonna bein' dug out o' some moth-eaten English collection. Then we re-ship to our New York agent, payin' full duty, mind you, an' divvyin' on the rake-off. Ain't that square enough?"

"Nothing could be more honest!"

Sadie disregarded the ironic note in Kestner's remark. "It's a darned sight more genteel 'n the sable game I stuck to for more 'n a mont'," she argued.

"The sable game?"

"Yep! High-Collar Connors rigged me out wit' a seven-hundred dollar set o' sables—stole from a Milwaukee theater-box. I'd blow into a high-class hotel, register, an' leave me furs in the room. High-Collar'd watch me leave the room, an' then slip in an' pinch me furs. Then I'd make a big noise t' the office, an' they'd generally compromise on a couple o' hundred, to stop

SCIENCE

YOUR favorite disease germ, what is it? Your answer is short and emphatic: You have no favorite disease germ. Some germs are more hateful to you than others, but all are hateful.

That is a very natural attitude of mind, doubtless, toward the microscopic enemies that are doing more, year by year, to reduce the population than all other causes put together, including even the bullets of the warring legions of Europe. But although you consciously repudiate allegiance to any germ, it is none the less true that your bodily organism favors certain germs to the exclusion of others. Your system constitutes a favorable soil for some, and it is, so to speak, stony and barren soil for others.

Such being the case, it should obviously be worth your while to know just what germs favor your body as a residence; because, fortunately, it chanced that nowadays medical science knows how to assist you to make these visitors unwelcome.

You are, let us say, one of the great army of persons who suffer very commonly throughout the winter, and even on occasion in the summer, from severe "colds in the head." Or it may be that bronchitis—the coughing type of "cold"—is your pet disease, or the one that most frequently fraternizes with you. Yet again you may be the victim of occasional crops of boils, or of pustular affections of the skin, or of the annoying affection of the eye-lid, familiar as a sty. All these and a good many other minor ailments, along with whole congeries of major ones—consumption, typhoid fever—are caused by germs.

Some persons, it is pretty evident, are born with tissues that have an obnoxious quality, from the standpoint of the invading germs, just as some people have an odor or a quality of skin-

Bottled life and death: typhoid vaccine labelled 20,000 microbes to the cubic centimeter.

secretion that is obnoxious to insects. There are persons, for example, on whose bodies the flea will not remain. Such persons may pretty safely go among patients stricken with the plague, or live in a plague-infested district, and there is little probability that they will contract the disease; for the germs of plague are transmitted by the flea. I chanced to hear Surgeon-General Blue, of the Marine Hospital service, remark the other day that he, individually, has practical immunity from plague for this reason,

Your Favorite Bacillus, the Germ You Needn't Fight—Making the Aeroplane Safe Enough for Peace or War—The Child Without Fear Is the Child Well-Taught

by Henry Smith Williams, M. D., LL. D.

The doctor with his inoculating needle has come to prevent the slaughter of the innocents.

The test tubes with their cultures are the forty-two centimeter guns of modern medical science.

Thanks to vaccine therapy, typhoid fever will never again number its thousands in the armies.

Goiter is no longer incurable—it yields to a serum developed in the system of the sheep.

and hence has been able to prosecute his work, as in stamping out the plague through destruction of the rats in San Francisco, with comparatively little personal danger.

But of course what I refer to now, is not the kind of immunity to a disease that comes through avoiding the ingress of the germs to the system, but the kind that comes from an inherited or acquired resistance or antagonism of the bodily tissues themselves, which makes it impossible for the germs to thrive after they enter the body. It is because your body lacks this resistance, as regards any particular

germ, that you are subject to the disease that this particular germ produces—say a common cold, to hold to our illustration.

Your specific problem is—how to make your system obnoxious to that particular germ.

In order to understand the matter at all, we must think of our bodies as composed of uncountable myriads of cells, each of which is a chemical laboratory capable of manufacturing antidotes to the poisons that would otherwise injure the cell. Prominent among such poisons are the waste materials given out by bacteria in the course of their development.

Now the world about us is filled with bacteria, and various and sundry of these organisms are constantly finding their way to our respiratory and alimentary tracts. The

only reason why we are not promptly killed by the allied hosts of these bacteria is that our bodies have come to fight them so effectively.

Germ



Childhood's fear of snakes is not instinctive—fear is the idea, good or bad, implanted by the warnings of the grownups.

that are habitually attacking us come to be relatively harmless because the body had prepared antidotes against them.

The principle involved is the elementary one that practice makes perfect. We learn to do by doing—that is a familiar axiom as applied to the human actions; it is equally true as applied to cells in our bodies. When a cell is not stimulated by being antagonized, it becomes lazy, if the word be permitted. It ceases to give out the antidotes that it is quite capable of producing. But the same cell, if it finds itself attacked, puts its laboratories into active operation—just as a nation in time of war produces munitions of war in far greater quantities than it produces them in time

But we have seen that the germs to which chief reference is made at the moment—those that cause common colds and bronchitis, for example—are local in distribution. They settle and develop only on comparatively restricted territories of the internal bodily surfaces. So only a relatively small number of bodily cells are brought in contact with them. These cells work vigorously, and the result is a local warfare which announces itself to us in well-known symptoms of a "cold in the head" or of a severe bronchial "cough," with the attendant mucus discharges that are in effect the smoke and wreckage of battle.

It would obviously be advantageous if greater numbers of the bodily cells could be put into action. And it is precisely this that the physician has in mind when he takes a certain number of the offending germs (not a thousand million of them, for they are incredibly small and inject them hypodermically into the patient's arm or thigh. Not so, even the better the physician, the more he is injecting them so that they may not multiply, but it must be recalled

that the dead germs carry their particular poisons with them, and therefore are still noxious.

The body cells with which they come in contact (and in particular the white and red blood corpuscles, according to the newest theory) attack these invading hosts of dead microbes and destroy their bodies and neutralize their poisons. And in so doing the defending cells give out

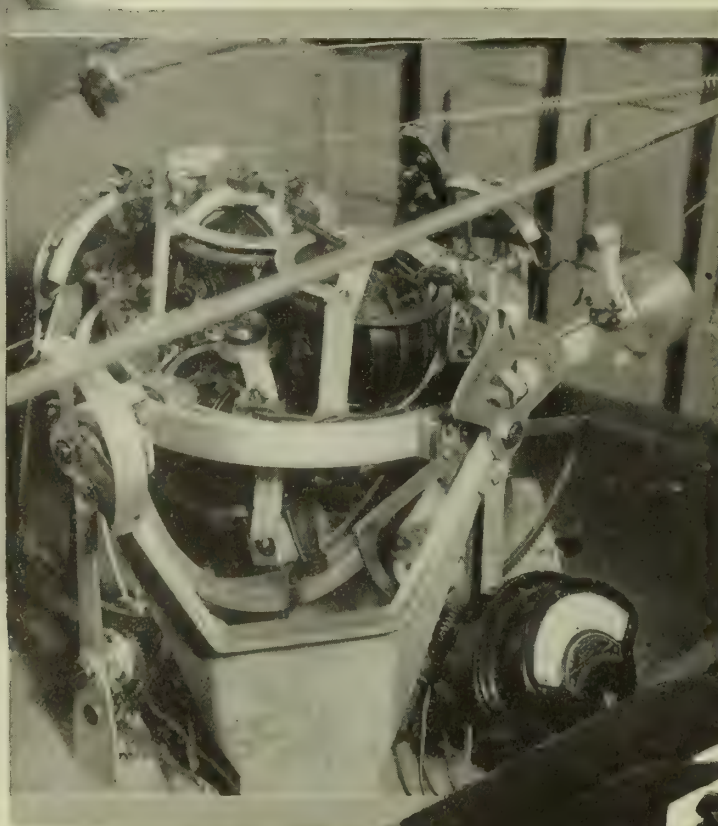
the blood stream, that gives the body so-called immunity against the disease produced by that germ.

The use of the method just outlined is technically spoken of as vaccine therapy. It is a method made somewhat familiar to the general public through its use to give the soldiers in our armies, and other persons subject to the danger of infection, immunity against typhoid fever. This method was introduced by Sir Almroth Wright, who also advocates the use of similar vaccines for a large number of germ diseases. It is chiefly due to his teaching that the method is now being applied to the prevention of the common diseases—colds, bronchitis, boils, etc.—about which we are speaking at the moment. Thanks to this new treatment, a great many people are now enjoying freedom from annoying attacks of these common maladies that hitherto have harassed them periodically. And this was what I had in mind when I suggested that it would be worth your while to inquire what particular germs find your body a favorable camping-ground, and to take measures to render their tenancy less agreeable to them,

and your own life correspondingly more comfortable.

It should be added that there are cases in which, for one reason or another, it is desirable to have the work of producing antidotes to the bacteria done, not in our own bodies, but in the bodies of animals. The diphtheria germ, for example, acts so violently that it could not safely be utilized in

The Sperry gyroscopic apparatus in position in its hydro-aeroplane to keep it steady.



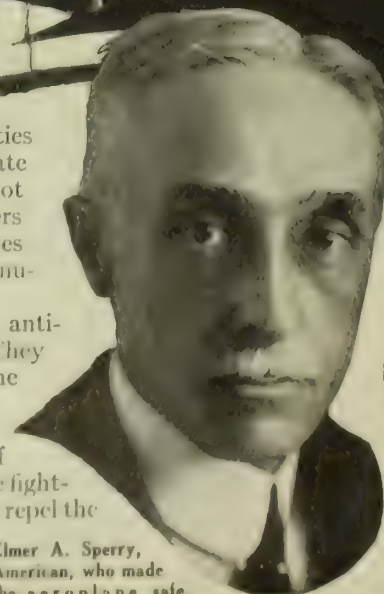
Hydro-aeroplane in flight—and the pilot has climbed out upon the wing without danger because of the latest Elmer A. Sperry gyroscopic stabilizer.

the antidotal chemicals in quantities greatly in excess of the immediate needs of the moment. They cannot know just how many of the invaders there are, or what new companies may come, so they keep up the manufacture of their munitions of war.

The obvious result is that these antidotes now circulate in the blood. They are brought in due course to the mucous membrane of the nose, where the original invaders are fighting, and they have the effect of reinforcements that may enable the fighting cells already there, promptly to repel the invaders.

It is the presence of the antidotes to a particular germ in

Elmer A. Sperry, American, who made the aeroplane safe.



the way above outlined. But it is possible to inject these germs into the body of a horse, and permit the cells of that animal to develop the antidote.

A very interesting extension of this so-called serum therapy has recently been made by Dr. F. P. Beebe, of New York, for the cure of a disease which, so far as we know, is not of germ origin—namely, thyroidism, a very common malady, the most familiar manifestation of which is the swelling of the neck known as goiter.

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"Mr. Dooley" on Our Defenses

By F. P. Dunne
Illustrated by F. Strothmann

"EVERY time Hogan comes in here," said Mr. Dooley, "I feel like puttin' up th' shutters, writin': 'Th' inhabitant iv this mis'erable hut is a man iv peace,' an' crawlin' down into th' cellar among th' coal an' th' potatoes."

"What's he been talkin' to ye about?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"About an invasyon iv this country," said Mr. Dooley. "'Tis Hogan's idee that whin this war is over some wan iv these Eur-opeen gunmen will turn in an' hammer us. There ar-re two opinyons on th' subjick among me military advisers that cling to this bar. Some iv th' experts think that whin th' Eur-opeen powers get through with each other they won't have a punch left in thim. They'll be tired an' broke an' discouraged ayether be victhry or defeat. But other students iv this war colledge, like Hogan, thinks that th' counthry that gets th' decision will strhut around th' wuruld fairly beggin' f'r throuble, with its elbows out nudgin' th' other nations off th' sidewalk an' offerin' to lick all comers, white or black, give or take twinty pounds.

"That's me own idee, most iv th' time. I niver knew annywan to be cast down be victhry. Me cousin Mike, who was th' on'y gr-reat Eur-opeen military power that I iver knew personally, was far more dang'rous comin' back fr'm a fight thin goin' out. If he had anny misgivin's about

lookin' like Alexandher th' Great whin he wint foorth to lick his neighbor, he had none at all on his way home. His road was sthrewn with carnage. He wint into battle ca'm an' solemn, like wan who has been foored to perform a gr-reat moral jooty. But, dear oh dear, ye ought to see him atther th' victhry. Rilitive iv his as I was, an' bound to him be ties iv blood an' language an' dislike iv th' Dutch, I wud niver dare to cross his path. His hat, though dented, was cocked over his ear, his eye, though black, was red with victhry, an' th' way he stepped, castin' a haughty look to ayether side iv him that said as plain as wuruds cud say:

'I left McCarthy lyin' low, who wants a fall with me?' sint little childher cryin' to their mother's knee an' made manny a Chinyman go to th' roof. While in this state iv mind he was as li'ble to take a kick at a Salvation Army Sandy Klaus with cotton whiskers, ringin' a bell on th' corner, as at a

"At th' first call to arms our bould yeomanry wud dash to their homes in their shirt-sleeves and take down th' ol' fowlin'-piece fr'm th' fireplace."

polisman, or vicy varsy, as Hogan would say. He played no fav'rites. He did not seek out



"'Up, boys, an' at thim,' says Dock Wilson. In a minyit th' counthry is at arms. First, there's th' Landsturm, Alf Higgins be name. Thin there's th' Landwehr, the O'Brien brothers iv Terry Hut. Thin there's the Erlatz Corps, a fine body iv four ex-sojers retired on account iv rheumatism. Th' remainder iv th' resarves is left at home to pro-tict th' fireside."



"Wan iv these days, Hogan says, ladin' citizens iv San Francisco will be throttin' around between th' shafts iv a ginrickshaw haulin' Jap'nese sailors out to see th' sights iv th' town."

th' weak an' definceless, but, be gorry, he didn't overlook thim. He was far too courcheous a foe to admit that anny man was onprepared f'r him to punch. In th' long run he had betther luck with th' weak thin with th' sthrong. Although his record was a gloryous wan, thruth compels me to say, Hinnessy, that his victhries were more decisive over th' Salvation Ar-mny thin over th' polis foorce. In his encounters with th' constablr, both sides were up th' next mornin'. But afther a Armygeddon with a frind iv peace, it was on'y me cousin Mike that was around.

"So, Hogan thinks, 'twill be with these cousin Mikes acrost th' seas. On'y worse. Me cousin Mike was a shilavrous soul. He fought f'r glory an' excitement. He wud scorn to take th' watch off fr'm his prosthate foe. But these here gladiators will not on'y pinch th' joolry iv th' honorable opponent afther they've jumped on his face, but they'll make him sign a paper to come around to their back dure ivry Saturdah night an' split his pay check with thim. With me cousin Mike war was war. With these European civilizations it's a combynation iv assault with a deadly weepin, arson, burglary, robbery, petty larceny an' blackmail.

"It's Hogan's idee that whin th' war is over in Europe these belligrents will come fr'm fightin' loaded down with th' thrinkits iv their inimies an' full iv ambition to fight th' wurruld, especially th' large an' innocent bystander, which is us. Ye'll be standin' on a corner, thryin' to sell a goold filled watch to a visitor fr'm Brazil, an' wan iv these desperadoes will come up to ye, pull ye'r hat down over ye'er eyes, an' say: 'Well, what ar-re ye snivelin' about?' 'I was thinkin' iv th' horrors iv war,' says ye. Says he: 'An' ye be the fellow that was fightin' with me cousin Mike while I was rasslin' with me inimy? An' while I've been fightin' ye've tried to steal wan iv me gold watches. An' ye be a coward!' says he. 'I am not, says ye. 'I have lost a million dollars' worth of gold watches. I sold 'em last year to your army,' says ye. 'Ye've lost it was ye'er last?' 'Absolutely.' 'Well,' says he, 'if that's the case I think you wud be a good time to change ye'er map,' he says. An' he hauls th' pa'm branch out iv ye'er hand, gives ye a lick over th'

head with it, an' sinds th' dove iv peace to his commissary department to be cooked f'r th' hungry sojery. An' th' first thing ye knows is ye're a soozerein state, which manes ye are free an' indipendent but must repoort to th' probation officer.

"Wan iv these days, Hogan says, we may be sindin' a dillygation to th' Rooshyan dooma, to petty-shun to have

Halsted sthreet paved with cedar blocks, a German uhlan will be whackin' a table in th' Waldorf an' callin' f'r a fresh wan, a sturdy British sojer wearin' a turban will be smokin' his hookah in th' ol' Kentucky home, while me frind Colonel Wattherson hands him his sherbet with a sprig iv mint in it, an' ladin' citizens iv San Francisco will be throttin' around between th' shafts iv a ginrickshaw haulin' Jap'nese sailors out to see th' sights iv th' town.

"I niver thought th' day wud come, Hinnessy, whin I'd be so low in me mind that I cud be cheered up be a prisidint's message.

Befure this war started I'd assoon think iv turnin' to th' list iv realestate thransfers f'r recreation an' amusemint.

But now whin Hogan laves me so downhearted that I'm thinkin' iv turnin' in me naturalization pa-apers as too dang'rous to have around whin th' inimy comes. goose-steppin' up Ar-rchey Road, I can always bring a ray iv sunshine into me gloomy thoughts be readin' what Dock Wilson has to say. Th' dock don't agree with Hogan, mind ye. Far fr'm it. He's as cheerful about th' prospect as a dispatch fr'm Pethrograd. Says he: 'This country will niver be attackted, because we are always just an' humane in our dalin's with other nations an' me readin' iv histhry tells me that no nation that is always just an' humane in its dalin's will iver be attackted. Also, if iver we have a dispute with another nation we will be in th' right, an' th' other nation will say: "Ye are in th' right an' we are wrong. Take what ye want an' f'rgive us." This is th' way it is among indivjools, an' nations ar-re large gobs iv indivjools. We are at peace with th' wurruld an' have always been so, as far as me personal expeeryence goes. This country has niver been invaded be a hostile foe but wanst or twice, an' thin they did no partickler damage, on'y burnin' th' city iv Washinton an' foorcin' Congress to hurry home without an opporchunity to collect mileage. It may be, as Hogan says, that we ar-re definceless, but we ar-re proticted be bulwarks sthronger thin steel, be th' love, an' gratichood, an' respect, an' admiration iv th' whole wurruld, be th' very fact, fellow dimmycrats, that we ar-re undefinded an' rich. Why, boys, we ar-re as safe as Jawn D. Rockefeller wud be, all alone in a house in th' suburbs iv Ludlow, with his money in a paper bandbox an' no tillyphone on th' premises. If anny nation did pre-ssion on our binivolence an' assault us, what wud I do? I wud call on th' armed citizenry iv our beloved country to raise up an' crush him. At th' first call to arms hundhreds iv thousands iv our bould yeomanry iv New York, Boston, an' Chicago wud dash fr'm th' marts iv thrade to thir homes in thir shirt sleeves, take down th' ol' Yankee peace fr'm th' fireplace where it has

hung iver since grandfather come fr'm Poland, fill th' powdher-horn, put a few slugs iv lead an' some waddin' into their pockets an' fall upon th' foe with indescribable slaughther. Think iv th' way Jackson's men bate th' British at New Orleans, whin we were a young an' exthremely scarce people, an' thin think what we cud do with ninety millyon iv th' same kind iv men, hardy fellows thrained in atchool warfare in th' wilderness, men who take their lives in their hands ivry time they thry to cash a check. I can see thim now marchin' down Broadway in their coonskin caps, or settin' on th' shore at Sandy Hook pickin' off th' gunners on th' hostile battleships six miles away, which I believe, though divvle th' thing do I know about it, was th' range iv th' arquebusses iv thim pioneers fr'm whom we are descinded so much.'

"So there ye ar-re. That cheers me up. I feel betther about th' prospicts. Who ar-re th' ar-med citizenry, says ye. They ar-re ye, Hinnessy. They ar-re me. In me mind's eye I can see thim swarmin' foorth f'r their country. We'll say, mind ye, that a Jap'nese fleet is hovrin' round th' Passyfic coast. Our own fleet is steamin' through that magnificent watherway, th' Pan nyma canal, led be a steam dhredge scoopin' out a path f'r it. A hundherd thousand crool Jap'nese has landed, ar-med with ninety cintymether guns. This is Hogan's idee. All right, says th' Prisidint, now see what happens. There is a call to ar-rms fr'm Wash'nton. 'Up, boys, an' at thim,' says Dock Wilson, wavin' his eyeglasses in th' di-rection iv th' inimy. In a minyit th' country is at arms. In less time thin it takes to say it or annyhow within two or three months, our reg'lar army is assimbled in strong bodies iv two or three fr'm Very Cruz, th' Philip-peens, Maine, Alaska, an' so foorth. In th' manetime officers has hurried out an' ar-re gathrin' th' reg'lar ar-mny resarve to th' colors. This magnifycent corps is composed iv ol' sojers who have liked th' ar-mny so much that they've promised to go back if they're wanted. While not as numerous as an ar-mny iv deserters wud be, it is a fine body iv meh, sixteen in all. Mane-time facthries ar-re bein' built f'r makin' rifles an' ca'tridges, government agents are searchin' Europe f'r mateeryal f'r mannyfacthrin' powdher, arrangements ar-re well under way f'r a supply iv large guns fr'm Kruppses, contracts f'r makin' pants f'r th' army has been placed in th' hands iv desarvin' dimmycrats, who ar-re thryin' to sublet thim to desarvin' republicans, an' there is some talk iv an exthry sessyon iv Congress to buy new flints f'r th' matchlocks iv th' Naitional Guard. All is bustle an' confusyon. Th' resarves ar-re not all called out at wanst. First, there's th' Landsturm, Alf Higgins be name. Thin there's th' Landwehr, th' O'Brien brothers iv Terry Hut. Thin there's th' Erlatz corps, a fine body iv four ex-sojers retired on account iv rheumatism. Th' remainder iv th' resarves is left at home to pro-tict th' fireside.

"At last th' gr-reat day arrives. Th' foorces iv our country ar-re hurled again' th' foe. First, comes th' reg'lar army each with a pocketful iv ca'tridges. Thin th' resarves. Thin a mortar fr'm th' War Museum. Thin our machine gun. Thin th' Ar-rchery assocation iv America. Thin th' cadets iv th' corryspondence Military School. An' thin th' ar-med citizenry, ye'er-silf an' mysilf, thrampin' along in our button shoes armed with squel guns, soords lint be th' Knights iv Pythias, blackjacks, slung shots, beanshooters, brickbats, kodaks, pokers, umbrellys, an' pathriotic resolutions. At a wurrud fr'm th' prisidint, Willum Jennings Bryan sounds on a harp th' signal to charge an' th' gr-reat host flings itself again' th' inimy an' dh rives it into th' sea or naturalizes it, or does something dhreadful to it; an' Sicrity Dan's swims out an' sinks th' Jap'nese flagship be bitin' it just abaft th' engine-room. Thin we all return, restore our ar-rms to th' kitchen or th' hatrack in th' hall an' live ever afther on a pinsion. 'Tis a gr-rand idee. Befure th' prisidint spoke I niver thought there was so

(Continued on page 397)

Repeated Blows

will bend and break the hardest iron.

Repeated doses of drugs will bend and break the strongest constitution. That is a fact for coffee drinkers to consider!

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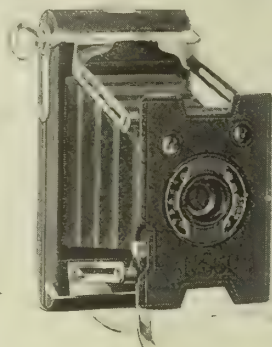


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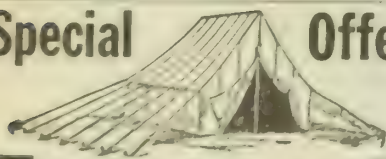
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In the Bosom of His Family

(Continued from page 357)

the streets, and it would be too bothersome to raise the chair to the sidewalk every time he stopped.

He ran to the wagon and procured a long piece of heavy twine such as Wilansky used to tie his bundles of vegetables. One end of this he fastened to the rear of the wagon. He then wheeled the chair into the street and tied the other end securely to Uncle Moishe's foot-rest.

Without further ado Lapidowitz mounted to the wagon seat. At the very first corner they came to the asphalt ceased, and the wagon jolted along over uneven paving-stones. And then suddenly the cord broke in two and the wheel-chair came to a standstill in the middle of the street while Lapidowitz drove on in blissful unconsciousness.

It was a busy hour of the day's traffic and the entire incident passed unnoticed except by one man who presently approached Uncle Moishe wondering.

"It ain't Moishe Popkin! Is it?" he cried. Uncle Moishe stared at him in surprise, and suddenly recognized him. It was Simon Rombach whom he had known in Russia.

Late that afternoon Sam Calman experienced a number of hiatuses that no words could fill. The first came when he beheld Simon Rombach, the well-known East Side merchant, bringing Uncle Moishe home. The second came when Rombach asked, "Have you a room where your uncle and I can have a secret talk and where nobody will listen?"

The third came when Sam, with his ear glued to a key-hole, listened to the conversation between the two men.

"So it's understood," he heard Rombach say as he read from a paper, "that you put in ten thousand dollars and at the end of the year I buy those Russian bonds at par value. But what I don't understand is why all this secret business. Why don't you want your nephews to know that you have any money?"

Sam could not hear what Uncle Moishe replied, but—his eye taking the place of his ear—he could see Rombach stooping down, and Uncle Moishe whispering in his ear. Then he heard Rombach say, "Ah, I see. An excellent idea! And I suppose the one who takes best care of you gets most of your money! Not bad at all!"

Uncle Moishe recovered from the injury to his ankle, but at the end of eight months he passed peacefully into the bosom of Abraham.

During those eight months Sam Calman had devoted all his time to his uncle's comfort. And when, after the funeral, Sam and Abel and Lapidowitz were summoned to Rombach's office, Sam alone affected an air of deep mourning.

"This," said Rombach, taking a folded paper from his pocket, "is Moishe Popkin's will. He gave it to me to read to you."

And he read it. One-half of his fortune Uncle Moishe left to his nephew Abel Calman. The other half he left to Lapidowitz, the schnorrer, because Lapidowitz had said that Abel and Sam were loafers and misers. To Sam he left nothing because Sam was a gentleman and didn't care for money. He had been kind to his dear uncle without knowing that his uncle had a cent. The money—so the will concluded—was in the form of Russian government bonds in the hands of Ivan Petraskey, lawyer, in Kief.

"The loafer! The bum! The gon!" cried Sam, rushing from the room. Abel and Lapidowitz looked at each other, too dumfounded to speak.

"All I know about it, gentlemen," said Rombach, "is what's written here. You'd better get a lawyer and write to Kief. You'll have to excuse me now."

But at the end of a month a letter came from Ivan Petraskey, lawyer, of Kief.

"Received your letter," it ran. "Don't know anything about government bonds belonging to Moishe Popkin. Knew him well. He was a schnorrer and don't think he had a penny. Must be some mistake. Kindly advise if you locate any estate belonging to deceased. He owed me ten roubles. With esteem, Ivan Petraskey."

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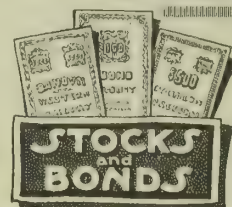
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Book of the Month What Women Want By Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale

THE American man persistently amuses himself with clever, light women, and marries good, stupid ones, so conceiving he has done his duty by the race.

And in America, the segregation of the sexes after marriage appears to foreigners one of the most singular and unfortunate developments of social life. While a farmer's wife is his partner, a nobleman's lady is his helpmate, the American business man's wife is often merely his advertisement. His active life is spent in strenuous activities with which she has no concern, his leisure is usually too fatigued to be profitably shared with her. Too often they cease to have anything in common except their children and the appurtenances of their homes. Hence arises that segregation of the sexes after marriage.

The American man is, materially speaking, the finest husband in the world, but he wrongs both himself and his wife in one particular. His conception of marriage is apparently a state in which the man gives and the woman receives. He gives his wife everything—except himself. The well-to-do American woman has innumerable varieties of "good times," but she does not have the comradeship of her mate.

He, however, is to-day only inclined to oppose the ambitions of women when they may interfere with his business; otherwise he watches their activities with an indulgent smile.

Feminism is that part of the progress of democratic freedom which applies to women. The Great Discontent—that of humanity's dispossessed—has been felt by the mass of both sexes in every age, but it has been inarticulate.

Of all the dispossessed, women have been the poorest through the ages. Of the deadened brains, theirs have been most blunted, of the tired hearts, theirs most wearied. Inexorable nature has laid upon the female the burden of the race's life; inexorable man—the Godhead in the beast, he to whom every sentient thing is but the engine of his divine desire—has been content that she should willingly take upon herself the burden of the race's service.

The new man is a human being before he is a male, and counts a woman human before female. This does not sound revolutionary, but it is. Men have always been human in their relation to each other, but toward women they have in the past been almost entirely male. That is to say, they have been desirous, which is good; dominating, which is bad; protecting, which is chiefly good; jealous, which is wholly bad; admiring, which is pleasant; flattering, which is belittling; they have been masters, which is bad for them; and slaves, which is bad for women. They have persisted in seeing women only in relation to themselves, never as separate individuals.

Every male instinct of domination and sovereignty has to be bred out of the individual before he can attain the status of the new man, and be a fit mate for the new woman. He has to understand deeply that the woman is half of the human whole.

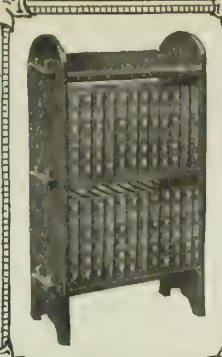
Our new man knows women, some intimately, the rest as friends and acquaintances—grave and gay, intelligent or dull, strong and weak. The old-fashioned type is content to divide women into two classes—those who must be respected, and those who need not be—and to satisfy his affections through the former and his desires through the latter. The new man, whatever his temperament, is no longer willing to gratify it at the expense of any woman or class of women. He may still permit himself—as his fathers have before him—more sexual experience than the church or law allow him, but at least he wins it in a spirit of adventure, not of barter.

The arbitrary delineation of the sphere of half the adults of the world by the other half, continues as dogmatically assertive to-day as ever, though with less power to translate assertion into coercion. The strength of the opposition to the greater freedom of women lies in the assumption that women are as alike as guinea-pigs, that what is the—(Continued on page 390.)

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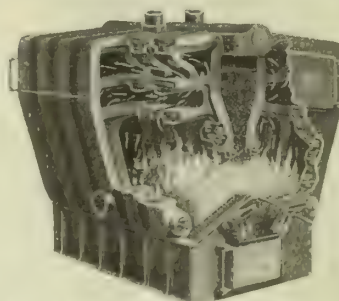
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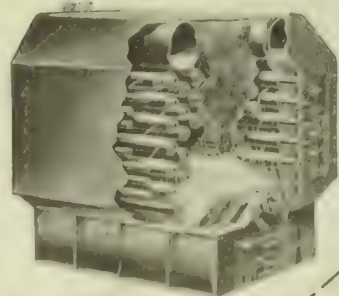
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TO REDUCE COAL BILLS

The Enemy

(Continued from page 360)

verse at awakening. Dull day is breaking, and bringing with it its always new burden of sorrow and of tears; happiness for some, perhaps, but not for women who wait.

At last! Just as the low-lying cloud loses its touch of pink and dulls to the gray in which this morning is to shroud itself, there comes a click of the elevator! Again she is at the door, scarce knowing how she arrives there; but it is not Tavy; haggard and worn from her watch of the night, with Billy repentant and humble, and ugly with his sin. It is a tall, slender, elderly gentleman with a silver Vandyke, and, when he removes his hat, a crop of waving white hair.

How strangely the caller stares! He stands motionless! He tries to speak. In the dark gray eyes there is a swiftly gathering moisture, and, for some unaccountable reason, she begins to tremble! Her hands groped flutteringly, then a great flood of light leaped up in her, and they were in each other's arms, the tears of love blinding their eyes.

WHAT should she do with him; that is, just now? Tavy studied Billy in dull silence, as he sat huddled in the car, beside her, asleep. Her repugnance to him had passed. He had not only offended her delicacy, but he had destroyed it, for the time being, and now she calmly took up this sordid practical question. They were well into the city before she had finished debating this question, so she lowered the front window and told the chauffeur to drive them around the Park until she gave him further orders, then she closed the window again.

What was she to do with Billy, that is, for the time to come?

Let her look conditions squarely in the face. First of all, she had no illusions left about her love being able to hold Billy safe against his big and his only enemy.

Oh, Billy, Billy!

Let her dry her tears and straighten her head, and fold her hands together calmly; for now she must approach another grave problem; herself. She had given her love, and it could not be recalled. What next? Oh, Billy, Billy!

What next? Not every love finds fruition. There are loves which are the better for stifling. There wander through the world a countless army of silent women who have not dared love where they would, and so have paid the price of dwelling apart, but have completed—happiness? Possibly not; but self-respect, yes. For a long time she pondered that, while she passed between the swaying branches, down the west drive and up the east drive, and across by the ghostly fountain, splashing away in its great basin below, its pearl-like drops leaping up to catch the light of the stars, and dropping in glee, after their confinement, to rush away on a long, long journey they knew not where. How well she understood it now. Yes, she would say it calmly and with cheerful patience, there under the far-off blue star-studded vault of the sky, there was no happiness for her. What next?

As Tavy saw the gray shadow of that next moving before her, she smiled that smile which is never seen but at the summit of the pyre. Duty.

Where did her duty lie? Not to herself. She had put that aside when she saw her happiness lay entirely in the road which she had already come. To her mother; the mother who had suffered so many years in sweet patience, who had worn her crown of duty until its lusterless gray had spread into her hair? Yes, much of her duty was there. And to her father; the father who had come back from the dead. They would have each other, the father and mother, and they would be so busy in scraping together the crumbs of happiness which were still left to them, that not much self-sacrifice would be required of Jean. Where else lay her duty? To Billy?

Again. The lump which huddled in the corner of the cushions, stirred, and suddenly sat bolt upright, and was Billy!

There was a cold sensation on one side of Billy's face. It had been billowed upon something warm, Tavy's shoulder. She was just removing her cramped arm from about him. Oh, yes. They were coming home from the Benning's. Great party. How late was it. All this while he was



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blinking his eyes and readjusting himself to life. But Tavy's face! How drawn it was, how pale, how hollow her eyes!

"Tavy!" With a sudden flood of memory, he realized what he had done, and hideous contrition gripped him.

"Tavy! Tavy!" There was something came in his throat which choked his utterance, but he talked above it. He humbled himself in deep abjectness; he poured forth all his regret, all his grief, all his compassion that he had thrust again this shame upon her; but his emotion stirred nothing in her, though she put her hand in his and smiled forgivingly upon him. Then he realized that the end of the road had come, that he must take back his ring, that he must keep his word, that he must not plead for reinstatement, but must go away, so that she might forget him and the pain he had brought her.

"No, Billy." Her voice was low and calm. She had fought out the answer to her enigma, while the dark sky paled to the dawn and the stars dimmed. "I am going to marry you. I have work to do in the world, some reason for being here, and that is it. You need me."

NO one heard the click of the elevator; no one heard the hesitant footsteps in the hall; for the long-separated husband and wife now sat in the window, near the dawn, all their story told; and they were hand in hand.

At the ring of the bell, however, they hurried to the door, and there, at last, was Tavy, her poor little white chiffon frock damp and wilted; and in her face was the grayness of her dawn, in her eyes the deadness of the morning stars.

"Daddy!" cried the weary voice, and she sprang into his arms; then, after an embrace of but a second, she turned to her mother and drew her to them, and bound them together in her hungry clasp, and wept.

"Where is Billy?" asked her father, as soon as she was calm, and he stepped out into the hall. No Billy was there.

"He went home," explained Tavy, dropping listlessly into a chair, and her voice was without life. "I would not let him come up with me."

"Where have you been all night?" Jean asked, only tenderness in that question, tenderness and love.

"In the Park, driving." A little hesitation. "Billy—was drunk. I kept him out until he woke up, sober. I meant to marry him to-day; but he refused."

"Thank God!" Her father's voice was like one in grateful prayer. He came to her, Jean's hand in his. "We must send for Billy," and, with infinite compassion, they sat beside her on the window-seat.

"I do not want him." Still the dead voice. "I offered him my life." Then she poured out the whole story of her drive in the Park, of the steps by which she had arrived at her decision of self-sacrifice, and Mrs. Stuart's heart sank as she looked at her daughter; for where her little girl had sat, only the evening before, there was now a woman, the director of her own destiny, the arbiter of her own fate, and the bearer, God help her, of her own burdens!

"You will love Billy more for this," her father gently told her. "No good man could accept a gift of which he was so unworthy. And Billy is Good." He told them the goodness of Billy, of all that he had done for Harrison Stuart, and as he recounted that tale of sympathy and kindness and whole-hearted helpfulness, Tavy's head came up and some of the dulness left her eyes. "Moreover, Billy's accident is not to be counted against him this time." Jean Stuart; and her voice had a crisp crackle in it. "He was tricked into it. The punch he drank was made especially for him. There was whisky in it, and it was put there by Geraldine Benning!"

The effect on Tavy was magical; at first, the incredulous horror of what Geraldine had done, and then the joyful realization that Billy had not forfeited his second chance and then the thought that she wanted him. She looked toward the phone but her father was already calling for Billy.

Yes, he was at home, and frantically worried because Hal was missing. Would Billy come up to the enchanted parlor, and take part in the family re-union? Would he! It seemed almost no time until they heard a whizzing noise far down the Drive, and then he was there.

"Come in, Billy," invited Harrison Stuart with a queer sense upon him of

playing master in a house where he had small right.

It was a very humble Billy, even though a very joyful one, who came into the enchanted pink and gray parlor, and a very surprised and thankful one when he found that his pledge was not considered broken.

"I'm the happiest man alive!" he said with a choking voice, as he stood, his arm about Tavy, and saw that there was nothing but affection for him in those three faces.

"Shoulder to shoulder, Billy, side by side," encouraged Stuart. "We are still on our way, and, when we reach the end of our probation, we'll come up here together and claim our reward; not until then."

Jean Stuart turned to him in surprise, and her hands fluttered a little way towards him, then she dropped them at her side.

"You're not going to stay?" she asked, with a catch in her voice.

"Not yet, Jean." How straightly his head was poised, with what pride his shoulders were squared. "I have six months in which to prove my right to wear the name of Harrison Stuart."

The lips of Jean twitched piteously.

"Why, it won't be a separation, Jean." He kissed her, and held her at his side. "Billy and I are going to come courting every evening, and we'll show you what two fine young men you have. Eh, Billy?"

What a world of reminiscence there was, by and by, when everybody was calmed down and they could talk without emotion. Nearly everything anybody said reminded somebody of something which started in a laugh, and might have ebbed in a tear, except that there were so many other things to come; as for instance:

"Now we can have Daddy at the theater with us! Has he told you, Mummy, how he used to sit back under the balcony with Billy's opera glasses, and watch nothing but us through the entire play?"

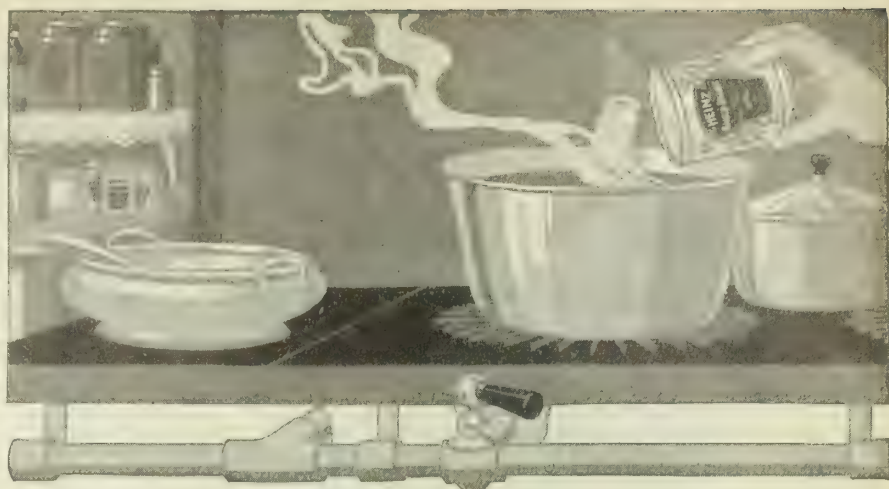
Then all that had to be told; and how Billy had visited every Stuart in the city before he found them; and how Hal had made Billy describe everything they wore and every article in the room, after that first visit; and how Billy had made fraudulent excuses to come again, first, so he could tell Hal more about them, and then so he could see Tavy; and how Hal had stood out in the cold rain and watched the windows of the house in pleasant old Vanheuser Square; and the intricate schemes which had been devised to get money to them; and Billy's invention of the poor little daughter who died so horribly in the theater fire; and an excited jumble of many other things. Of course the secret popped out, of the house which was being selected for the home-coming of the royal princess, unalloyed with any trace of regret.

It was not to be such a gray day, after all. The misty sky was clearing, as the sun came up, and the river, which had been so black, was dancing and glinting with countless sparkling wavelets. The laugh of Tavy came back, and even Jean laughed with a note in her voice which had not been heard there for many, many years; and the men raised in spirits as they saw they had made these two women happy once more. But the two women, looking into each other's eyes, saw there what the men could not see; the shadow of the specter which was never to disappear!

By and by came the apple-faced little German maid who slept out, and her china blue eyes widened in astonishment, as she found there, so early in the morning, a dignified elderly gentleman, with a silver Vandike and waving white hair, and Billy Lane! The sight of the china-eyed maid gave Mrs. Stuart a happy idea. She suggested breakfast, and her guests brightened visibly.

By and by, again, there was a strange moment, when these four sat down to the table together for the first time; but, in a few minutes, they were quite a little family party, much as if they had all belonged together for a long, long time.

There was a ring at the bell, and the apple-checked maid came through to answer it. Immediately there appeared in the door of the dining-room, one disheveled T. Tinkle, his topcoat buttoned to hide his dress suit. He had come to report that he could not find a trace of Tavy and Billy anywhere. T. Tinkle took one comprehensive survey of the party at the table, and then that whimsical grin spread upon his wide face. "Ham and eggs!" he cried, and drew up a chair.



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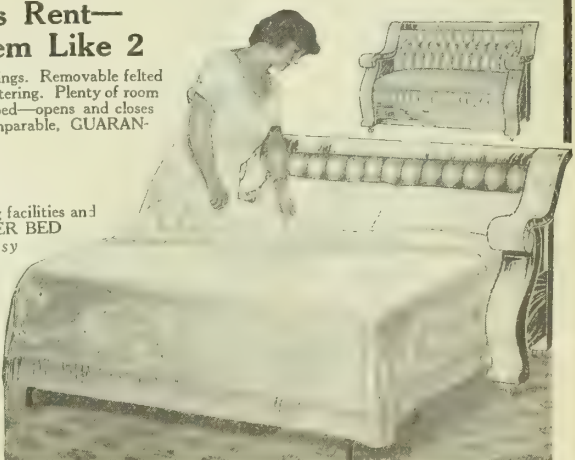
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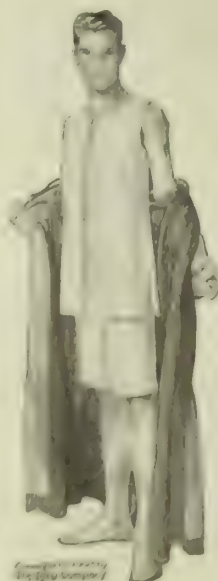
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Heart of the Sunset

(Continued from page 346)

and Don Ricardo's cow-pony was almost exhausted.

Blaze and Paloma, of course, were tremendously interested in his story.

"Say now, that's quick work," the latter exclaimed heartily. "You're some thief buster, Dave, and if you'll just stay around here, little calves can grow up with some comfort."

When Dave rode to Jonesville, after breakfast, he found that the body of his victim had been brought in during the night and that the town was already buzzing with news of the encounter. During the forenoon Don Ricardo and his sons arrived, bringing additional information which they promptly imparted to the Ranger. On the day previous Garza had been seen riding in company with a man astride a sorrel pony, and this man had been recognized as Adolfo Urbina.

Towards midday Tad Lewis and three of his men arrived with the news that Urbina had left for Pueblo before they could intercept him.

Later when Dave met the Guzmanns, Ricardo told him excitedly, "That horse Tad Lewis is riding is the one I saw yesterday."

"Are you sure?"
"Listen, señor. Men in cities remember the faces they see; I have lived all my life among horses, and to me they are like men. I seldom forget."

"Very well. Tad says Urbina has gone to Pueblo to get married, so I'm going to follow him, and I shall be there when he arrives."

Since the recent rain had rendered the black valley roads impassable for automobiles, Dave decided to go to Pueblo by rail, even though it was a roundabout way, and that afternoon found him jolting over the leisurely miles between Jonesville and the main line. He was looking forward to a good night's sleep, when he arrived at the junction; but on boarding the north-bound through train, he encountered Judge Ellsworth, who had just heard of the Garza killing and of course was eager for details. The two men sat in the observation-car talking until a late hour.

Knowing the Judge for a man of honor and discretion, Dave unburdened himself with the utmost freedom, regarding his suspicions of Ed Austin. "You're a friend of Austin's; you'd better tip him to set his watch ahead a few hours, and save himself a lot of trouble. The prosecuting attorney don't like Ed any too well. Understand?"

The Judge pondered this suggestion for a moment. "Young Ed' is a queer fellow. Once in a while he gets his neck bowed."

"So do I," Law declared quietly. "He treated me like a hobo—sent me to the kitchen for a handout. That sticks. If I hadn't tamed down considerably these late years, I'd have—wound him up, right there."

From beneath his drooping lids Ellsworth regarded the Ranger curiously. "You have a bad temper, haven't you?" "Rotten!"

There was a flicker of the Judge's eyelids. Dave went on musingly: "I dare say it's inherited. They tell me my father was the same. He was—a killer."

"Yes. He was all of that."

"Say! Was he my father?"

Ellsworth started. "What do you mean?"

Dave lifted an abstracted gaze from the Pullman carpet. "I hardly know what I mean, Judge. But you've had hunches, haven't you? Didn't you ever know that something you thought was true, wasn't true, at all? Well, I never felt as if I had Frank Law's blood in me."

"This is interesting!" Ellsworth stirred and leaned forward. "Whatever made you doubt it, Dave?"

"I'm—nothing definite."

Ellsworth sat back with a deep breath. "You were educated in the North and your boyhood was spent at school and college, away from everything Mexican."

"That probably accounts for it," Law agreed, then his face lit with a slow smile. "By the way, don't tell Mrs. Austin that I'm a sort of college person. She thinks I'm a red neck, and she sends me books."

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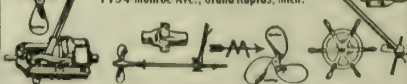
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Ellsworth laughed silently. "Your talk is to blame, Dave. Has she sent you 'The Swiss Family Robinson'?"

"No. Mostly good, sad romances, with an uplift—stories full of lances at rest, and Willie-boys in tin sweaters. Say, Judge! How'd you like to have to live with a perfect lady?"

"Don't try your damned hog-Latin on me," chided the lawyer. "Alaire Austin's romance is sadder than any of those novels."

Dave nodded. "But she doesn't cry about it." Then he asked gravely: "Why didn't she pick a real fellow, who'd kneel and kiss the hem of her dress and make a man of himself? That's what she wants—love and sacrifice, and lots of both. If I were Ed Austin I'd wear her glove in my bosom and treat her like those queens in the stories. Incense and adoration and—"

"What's the matter with you?" queried the Judge.

"I guess I'm lonesome."

"Are you smitten with that girl?"

Dave laughed. "Maybe!"

The Judge's face broadened in a smile. "Thank Heaven 'Young Ed' has the insides of a steel range, and so my pet client is safe from your mercenary schemes for some years. Just the same, if you ever do think of marrying—remember—I want you to come to me—and I'll cure you."

UPON her arrival at La Feria, Alaire discovered that the Federal depredations had been even greater than she had feared. Not only had the soldiers taken a great many head of cattle, but they had practically cleared the ranch of horses, leaving scarcely enough with which to carry on the work.

However, life in the roomy, fortress-like adobe house was pleasant enough. Dolores saw to her mistress' wants, and the regular inhabitants of La Feria were always extravagantly glad to make their employer welcome.

In the work that now went forward José Sanchez took a prominent part. For once in his life he was a person of recognized importance. Not only was he the right hand of the owner of La Feria, but the favor of that redoubtable General Longorio, the hero of a hundred tales, rested upon his shoulders like a mantle.

In marked contrast to José Sanchez' high and confident spirits was the housekeeper's blood of dire calamity. Longorio was a blood-thirsty beast and he was saving them as prey for his first leisure moment—that was Dolores' belief. Abandoning all hope of ever seeing Las Palmas again, she gave herself up to thoughts of God and melancholy praises of her husband's virtues.

In spite of all of this, however, Alaire welcomed the change in her daily life. Everything about La Feria was restfully un-American. Then, all too soon, she realized that the purpose of her visit was accomplished, and that she had no excuse for remaining longer. She was now armed with sufficient facts to make a definite demand upon the Federal government.

The Lieutenant of the guard, Longorio had given Alaire, took charge of the return journey to the railroad. When at last they were safely aboard the north-bound train, Alaire mildly teased Dolores about her recent timidity. But Dolores was not to be betrayed into premature rejoicing.

"Anything may happen at a moment's notice," she declared. "Something tells me that I am to meet a shocking fate. I can hear those ruffianly soldiers quarreling over me—it is what comes from good looks."

Dolores mechanically smoothed the wrinkles from her dress and adjusted her hair. "Mark you! I shall kill myself first. I have made up my mind to that. But it is a great pity we were not born ugly."

Alaire tried to reason her out of this mood. "Why should any one molest us? Who could wish us harm?" she asked.

"Ha! Did you see that General? He was like a drunken man in your presence; it was as if he had laid eyes upon the shining Madonna. I could hear his heart beating."

"Nonsense! In the first place, I am an old married woman."

Dolores sniffed. "Vaya! Old indeed! What does he care for a husband? He only cares that you have long, bright hair, redder than rust, and eyes like blue flowers, and a skin like milk. An angel could not be so beautiful."

"Ah, Dolores, you flatter! Seriously, though, don't you realize that we are Americans, and people of position? An injury

to us would bring terrible consequences upon General Longorio's head. That is why he sent his soldiers with us."

The homeward journey was a repetition of the journey out; there were the same idle crowds, the same displays of filthy viands at the stopping places, the same heat, and dust, and delays. Longorio's Lieutenant hovered near, and José, as before, was news-gatherer. Hour after hour they crept towards the border, until at last they were again laid out on a siding for an indefinite wait.

The occasion for this was made plain when an engine drawing a single caboose appeared. Even before it had come to a pause, a tall figure in spotless uniform leaped to the ground and strode to the waiting coaches. It was Luis Longorio. He waved a signal to the conductor then swung aboard the north-bound train.

The General was all smiles as he came down the aisle and bowed low over Alaire's hand.

Dolores gasped, and stiffened in her seat like a woman of stone.

"God be praised! You are safe and well!" said the newcomer.

"My husband will thank you for your great courtesy to me," Alaire managed to say.

But the mention of husbands was not agreeable to one of Longorio's sensitiveness, and his face betrayed a hint of impatience. "Yes, yes," he agreed carelessly. "Señor Austin and I must know each other better, and become friends."

"That is hardly possible at present. When the war is over—"

"Bah! This war is nothing. I go where I please. You would be surprised to greet me at Las Palmas, some day soon, eh?"

Thinking to put an end to his blandishments Alaire undertook to return the General's ring, with the pretence that she considered it no more than a talisman loaned her for the time being. But it was a task to make Longorio accept it. He was shocked, offended, hurt; he declared the ring to be of no value; it was no more than a trifling evidence of his esteem. But Alaire was firm.

"Your customs are different to ours," she told him. "An American woman is not permitted to accept valuable presents, and this would cause disagreeable comment."

At such a thought, the General's finest sensibilities were wounded, but nothing, it seemed, could permanently dampen his ardor, and he soon proceeded to press his attentions with even more vehemence.

It was a most embarrassing situation. Longorio kept Alaire forever upon the defensive, and it sorely taxed her ingenuity to hold the conversation in safe channels. As the journey proceeded it transpired that the man had made use of his opportunities to learn everything about her, even to her life with Ed. His information was extensive, and his deductions almost uncanny in their correctness. He told her about Austin's support of the Rebel cause, and her own daily doings at Las Palmas; he intimated that her unhappiness was almost more than he could bear.

This intimate knowledge and sympathy he seemed to regard as a bond that somehow united them. He was no longer a new acquaintance, but a close and loyal friend, whose regard was deathless.

When the train arrived at its destination, his victim was well-nigh exhausted from the struggle. He helped her into a coach with the gentlest and gravest courtesy, and not until the vehicle rolled away, did Alaire dare to relax.

After a good night's rest, however, Alaire was able to smile at yesterday's adventure. Longorio did not bulk so large now; even these few hours had greatly diminished his importance, so that he appeared merely as an impulsive foreigner who had allowed a woman to turn his head. During the day Alaire became bewildered, almost lost in the mazes of official procedure, and was half minded to telegraph for Judge Ellsworth. But that again meant delay, and she was beginning to long for home.

Longorio by no means shared her disappointment. On the contrary, he assured her they were making splendid progress, and he was delighted with her grasp of detail and her knowledge of business essentials. At his word all Nuevo Pueblo bowed and scraped to her.

As on the day before, he assumed the privileges of a close friend, and treated his guest as a sort of fellow-conspirator working hand in hand with him for some holy cause.



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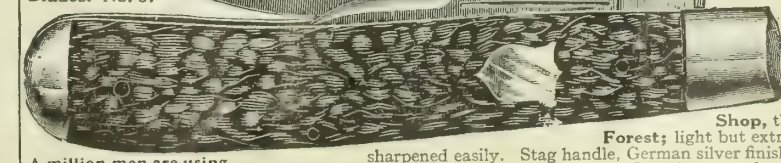
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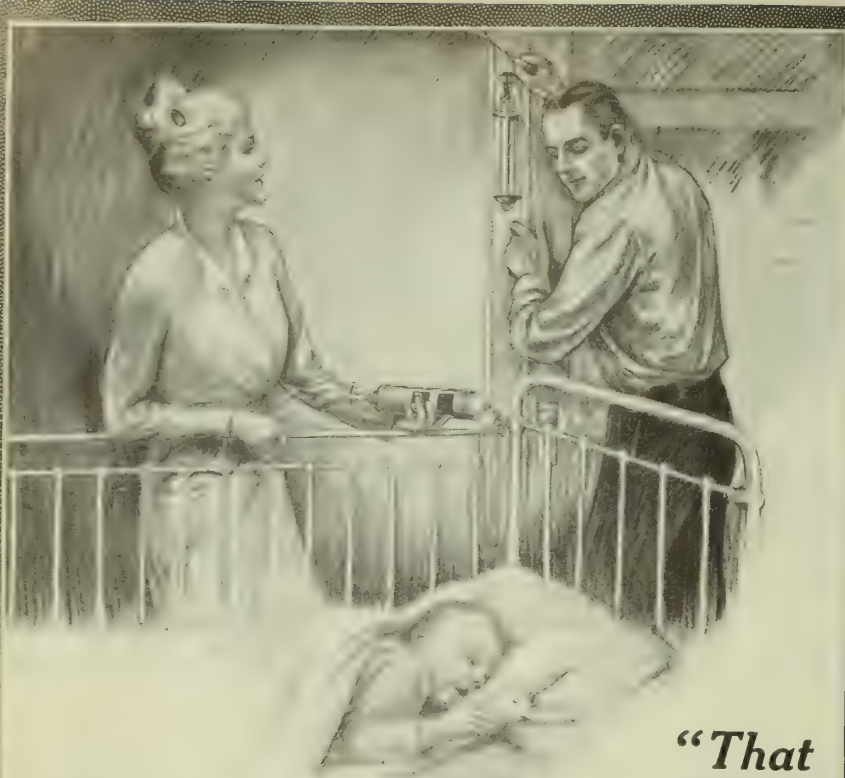
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A Far Country

(Continued from Page 352)

sort of thing before, in other cities, declared Mr. Scherer, and what had it amounted to? What had the entire "reform" movement amounted to, when it came to that? The men who led them were impractical and visionary, and in the instances, when they had been put into power the people had taken the very next opportunity to put them out, by overwhelming majorities. That kind of thing was like measles; it would run its course. But he ventured to predict that it would never get any hold in our city. We were too prosperous, and too sensible.

Grierson and Berringer and Hollister acclaimed these sentiments, and made fun of Perry Blackwood. He was at the bottom of it, and he was a "sore head"; he was trying to get square on account of the Boyne Street Railroad. . . .

Nothing seemed to go right that spring, and yet nothing was absolutely wrong. At times I became irritated, bewildered; I was out of tune, and unable to understand why.

There were days, too, when I was filled with a kind of dull, red rage—I, who had always been even tempered. Then I sought for some object on which to vent my anger, and found it in the Citizens' Union. I hated Perry Blackwood, I hated Krebs, and I had never hated them before.

I no longer seemed to find refuge in my work. I was unhappy at home. Of my relationships with Nancy I shall speak later.

Then the Citizens' Union announced its intention, in opposition to both regular parties, to enter into the autumn campaign. One fine evening they held another mass meeting, and amid much fanfare, Mr. Greenhalge was nominated for Mayor, and Hermann Krebs for City Attorney!

One evening in April, after dinner, Maude came into the library.

"Are you busy, Hugh?" she asked.

I put down my newspaper.

"Because," she went on, as she took a chair near the table where I was writing, "I wanted to tell you that I have decided to go to Europe, and take the children."

"To Europe?" I exclaimed. The significance of the announcement failed at once to register in my brain, but I was aware of a shock.

"Yes."

"But why—why are you doing this?"

I would have recalled the words as soon as I had spoken them. There was the slightest unsteadiness in her voice as she replied, "Is it necessary to go into that, Hugh? Wouldn't it be useless as well as a little painful? Surely, going to Europe without one's husband is not an unusual thing in these days. Let it just be understood that I want to go, that the children have arrived at an age when it will do them good."

I got up and began to walk up and down the room, while she watched me with a silent calm which was incomprehensible. In vain I summoned my faculties to meet it.

I had not thought her capable of such initiative.

"I can't see why you want to leave me," I said at last, though with a full sense of the inadequacy of the remark, and a suspicion of its hypocrisy.

"That isn't quite true," she answered.

"In the first place, you don't need me. I am not of the slightest use in your life, I haven't been a factor in it for years. You ought never to have married me. It was all a terrible mistake. I began to realize that after we had been married a few months—even when we were on our wedding trip. But I was too inexperienced, perhaps too weak to acknowledge it to myself. But in the last few years I have come to see it plainly. I should have been a fool if I didn't. I am not your wife in any real sense of the word. I cannot hold you, I cannot even interest you. It is a situation which no woman with self-respect can endure."

I walked to the other end of the room, and stood facing the carefully drawn curtains of the windows. Fantastically, they seemed to represent the impasse to which my mind had come. Did she intend, ultimately, to get a divorce? I dared not ask her. The word rang horribly in my ears, though unpronounced. I knew then

that I lacked her courage, and that knowledge was part and parcel of my agony.

I turned.

"Don't you think you've overdrawn things, Maude—exaggerated them? No marriages are perfect. You've let your mind dwell until it has become inflamed on things which really don't amount to much."

"I was never saner, Hugh," she replied instantly. And indeed I was forced to confess that she looked it. That new Maude which I had seen emerging of late years seemed now to have found herself. She was no longer the woman I had married, yielding, willing to overlook, anxious to please, living in me.

"I don't influence you, or help you in any way. I never have."

"Oh, that is not true," I protested.

But she cut me short, going on inexorably. "I am merely your housekeeper, and rather a poor one at that, from your point of view. You ignore me. I am not blaming you for it—you are made that way. It is true that you have always supported me in luxury. That might have been enough for another woman. It is not enough for me—I, too, have a life to live. I have a soul to be responsible for. It is not for my sake so much as for the children's that I don't want to be crushed."

Suddenly I found myself begging her not to go. And this was the more astonishing since, if at any time during the past winter this solution had presented itself to me as a possibility, I should eagerly have welcomed it! But I should never have had the courage to propose a separation; I even wished to delude myself now into believing that what she proposed was in reality not a separation. I preferred to think of it as a trip.

A vision of freedom thrilled me, and yet I was wracked and torn. I had an idea that she was suffering, that the ordeal was a terrible one for her. And at that moment there crowded into my mind, melting me, incident after incident of our past.

"It seems to me that we have got along pretty well together, Maude. I have been negligent—I'll admit it. But I'll try to do better in the future. And—if you'll wait a month or so, I'll go to Europe with you, and we'll have a good time."

She looked at me sadly—pityingly, I thought.

"No, Hugh, I've thought it all out. You really don't want me. You only say this because you are sorry for me, because you dislike to have your feelings wrung. You won't look the situation in the face. You needn't be sorry for me, and I shall be much happier away from you."

"Aren't you coming back—ever?" I cried.

She did not answer at once. "I don't know," she said, "I don't know," and left the room abruptly. . . .

She met me at the breakfast table as though nothing had happened. Her calmness continued to amaze me. She spoke to me as usual, asked about the news, reproved the children for being noisy. I was nonplussed. And yet that new respect and admiration for her rose. There were no tears, no reminiscences, no recriminations; here was a noblesse which, when I married her, I should have not in the least expected Maude to develop. I was grateful to her. Since she took it so calmly, the sting somewhat subsided in me. Perhaps she didn't love me, after all; perhaps she really felt relief. There was a consolation in this.

We were alone a few minutes when the children had gone upstairs to prepare for school.

"When do you think of leaving?" I asked.

"Two weeks from Saturday, on the Olympic, if that is convenient for you, Hugh." Her manner had changed to what might be called a friendly solicitude. "You will remain in the house this summer, as usual, I suppose?"

"Yes," I said.

It was a sunny, spring morning, and I went downtown in the motor almost blithely. Maude was wise; it was the best solution after all, and I had been a fool to oppose it. . . .

I had telephoned Nahcy, making an appointment for the afternoon. Sometimes not too frequently—we were in the habit of going out into the country in one of her

motors, a sort of landaulet, I believe, in which we were separated from the chauffeur by a glass screen. She was waiting for me when I arrived, at four; and as soon as we had shot clear of the city—"Maude is going away," I told her.

"Going away?" she repeated, struck more by the tone of my voice than by what I had said.

"She announced last night that she was going abroad—indeinitely."

I had been more than anxious; I had been uneasy to see how Nancy would take the news. A flush gradually deepened in her cheeks.

"You mean—that she is going to leave you?"

"It looks that way. In fact, she as much as said so."

"Did she—did she mention—?" Nancy's sentence remained unfinished.

"No, she didn't mention—us. She must know, of course, she must have divined. But I am sure that didn't enter into it."

Nancy turned to me with a look in her eyes I had never seen before.

"Oh, Hugh," she said, "how little you know about the real things!"

"What do you mean?" I demanded, taken aback.

"That is what has brought her to this decision—you and I."

"You mean that—that Maude loves me? That she is jealous." I don't know how I managed to say it.

"No woman likes to think that she is a failure," murmured Nancy.

It was a trying afternoon. I don't know what I expected. Certainly not that Nancy should have rejoiced, or even that she should have expressed a moderate relief at the solution. It was something to be taken soberly. But her attitude, her silences which betrayed a certain compunction, disturbed me; seemed to threaten our future happiness.

We then made one of our favorite drives among the hills on the far side of the Ashuela, and at six were back at Nancy's house. I did not go in, but walked slowly homeward up Grant Avenue.

What would Nancy do?

"I shan't need all that, Hugh," Maude said, when I handed her a letter of credit. "I—I intend to live quite simply, and my chief expenses will be the children's education. I am going to give them the best, of course."

"Of course," I replied. "But I want you to live over there as you have been accustomed to live here. It is not exactly generosity on my part. I have enough, and more than enough."

She took the letter.

"Another thing—I'd rather you didn't go to New York with us, Hugh. I know you are busy—"

"Of course I'm going," I started to protest.

"No," she went on, firmly. "I'd rather you didn't. The hotel people will put me on the steamer very comfortably."

In vain I insisted. She seemed, by some process I did not comprehend, in the last few years to have developed a will stronger than my own. . . . And she maintained the friendly, impersonal manner to the very end. When, on the afternoon of her departure, I came up town, I found her opening a box of roses. She pinned them on her coat.

"Perry and Lucia sent them," she informed me.

They had remained her friends, although they no longer came to my house. The quiet way in which she informed me of their present seemed a rebuke, an intimation that she had weighed the difference between me and them, and with calm justice had decided in their favor. And with the decision she had impinged my life. It was precisely the achievement of this attitude of calm justice which bewildered and even shook me, robbed me of a sense of entity and authority. . . .

She carried it off, her departure, as though it were a perfectly natural proceeding for which there was every precedent. But my soul, as we drove to the train, was full of undiscovered, or rather of unprobed wounds.

I had had roses put in her compartments in the car. Tom and Susan Peters were there with more roses, and little presents for the children.

Bells resounded through the great station. The porter warned us off. I kissed the children one by one, scarcely realizing

what I was doing. I kissed Maude. She received my embrace passively.

"Good-by, Hugh," she said.

I alighted, and stood on the platform as the train pulled out. The children crowded to the windows, but Maude did not appear. . . . As in a dream, I found myself walking with Tom and Susan, past hurrying travelers and porters to the Decatur Street entrance, where my automobile stood waiting.

"I'll take you home, Susan," I said.

"We're ever so much obliged, Hugh," she answered, "but the street-cars go almost to Perry's door. We're dining there."

I watched their receding figures as they walked out into the street and hailed the huge electric vehicle that came to a stop beyond them. Then I heard the chauffeur ask: "Where do you wish to go, sir?"

"To the club," I said.

My room was ready, my personal belongings, my clothes had been laid out, my photographs were on the dressing-table. I took up, mechanically, the evening newspaper, but I could not read it. I thought of Maude, of the children, and in that association, of Tom. Memories flowed in upon me, like a flood which could not be dammed. In vain I tried to reassure myself that what had happened was all for the best; attempted to recall that aspect of Maude which, while I was living with her, had seemed the true aspect. She had not been the right woman for me. We never could have developed one another. My reaction against her little habits and mannerisms had been a proof of it. But I was unable to accomplish the state of mind for which I strove.

I had always possessed *resiliency*, and even the next morning I discovered, to my satisfaction, that I felt better, that my habitual poise was returning. The day was bright and cool, with the mysterious tang of spring; the old maple outside of my window in the club yard was putting forth scarlet-tipped shoots. The night wind, from the northwest, had blown away the smoke from the city, the air was like crystal touched with silver. It was with a feeling that was almost of exhilaration that I ate my breakfast. Maude was right; painful though it had been, she had taken the only sensible and logical course.

I have neglected to mention that Nancy, the day after the last conversation I have recorded with her, had gone suddenly to New York, and without telling me. I looked upon this departure as an act of characteristic delicacy.

A fortnight passed, and I heard nothing from her. My anxiety increased. I telephoned to her house, to discover that she was expected on the morrow. I wrote her a note, saying that I would come in the afternoon at five. I had a restless day, receiving no reply. But I found her awaiting me in the little salon.

"You've been away a long time," I said. "The dressmakers," she answered. Her color rose a little. "I thought they'd never get through."

"But why didn't you drop me a line, let me know when you were coming?" I asked, taking a chair beside her.

"Hugh, I couldn't," she said. "I—I've been thinking."

"Thinking!" I repeated, reaching out my hand and taking hers as it lay on the arm of her chair. She drew it gently away. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, everything. It doesn't seem right—what we're doing."

"Isn't that being a little morbid, Nancy! Why doesn't it seem right! As right now as it ever was."

"I'm not quite sure that it ever was right."

"Can't you trust me, Nancy, can't you trust our love for one another?"

Her breath came and went quickly.

"Oh, you know that I want you, Hugh, as much as you want me, and more. The time may come when I can't resist you."

"Why do you resist me!" I cried, seizing her arm convulsively, and swept by a gust of passion at her confession.

"Try to understand that I am fighting for both of us!" she cried, with an appeal that wrung me in spite of the pitch to which my feelings had been raised. "Hugh, dear, we must think it out. Don't—now."

Tortured, yet strangely uplifted, I let my arm drop.

"You must go now," she added gently, after a little. And I obeyed her.

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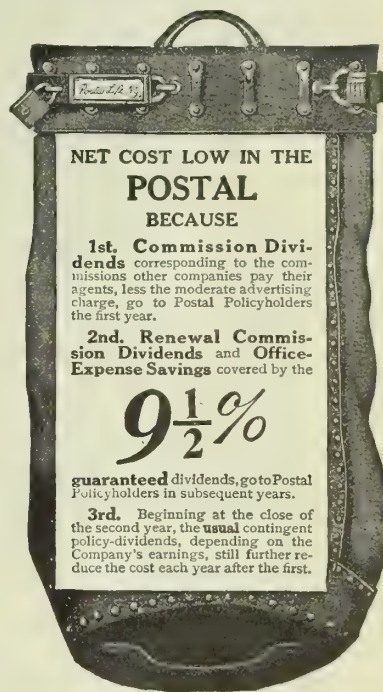
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3rd. Beginning at the close of the second year, the usual contingent policy-dividends, depending on the Company's earnings, still further reduce the cost each year after the first.

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Book of the Month

(Continued from Page 383)

law for one is the law for all. One must never forget that until recently the democratic ideal applied, in most minds, only to the male sex. The Average Man really believed himself, and still often does, divinely ordained to rule over his wife. That is his first excuse.

His second excuse is that he is a lover. A man's love is so largely based on glamour, that only when it is very strong can it endure the light of truth on the beloved. Men have more passion, possibly—though that is open to question—than women, but certainly they have less love, because they do not father the beloved as the woman mothers her man.

"The woman's place is in the home"—in this immortal phrase lies the very crux and innermost core of the whole anti-feminist position. Let me restate it. *The Woman's Place is in The Home.* There are no women, old and young, rich and poor, gifted or dull, trained or untrained. There is only Woman. There are no homes, needy or opulent, crowded or childless, happy or unhappy. There is only *The Home*, and *The Woman's Place* is in it. Women are not individuals. They are not to be allowed individual action.

Women to-day are learning the laws of life, and some control over its processes. Their maternity is becoming conscious, and they are less often lied to about those facts which they should know.

The importance of the child is paramount, but it is gravely unwise to allow him to know it. In many fine modern American households the mother is specialized as a nurse-maid and governess to such an extent that the child views her as a kind of authoritative slave to be confidently called on night and day, while his father is a distant being whose function is to preside over a world called "business," to bring home presents, and occasionally to exert a sporadic authority.

Meantime it is good to be a woman today. In every land our sisters are stirring, feeling the prickings of their growing wings lifting their hands to the sun. As a sex women are alive in the world as never before. They are learning the great lesson of cooperation, which has enabled men to win continents. They are learning sexuality.

Women are not only learning companionship with each other, but with men.

Of all the organizations developed by women to-day which I have seen or read of, the women's clubs of America appear to me, perhaps, the most fruitful of future good. They are well organized and they have increasing esprit de corps. No ulterior motives move them. They constitute an enormous reservoir of power almost untapped, a vast potential force for good. And America needs them sorely. Her men are grotesquely overworked, her civics are a pathetic muddle. There is no adequately large class of men of leisure and integrity to undertake the duty of setting that muddle straight. The organized club-women are almost ready.

Devotion to red tape and the mechanics of government as against its spirit is undoubtedly one of the weaknesses of the male sex. Women are slower to tie themselves to parties than men, their enfranchisement enormously swells the ranks of the independent voters whose existence keeps politics healthy, and they increase the pressure at municipal elections exerted in favor of independent or reform candidates.

The world needs its women. All the brilliant discoveries, all the conquest, all the genius of men, have not sufficed to make the world a happy or safe place for simple folk to live in. While women, who have by nature the conserving instinct, have been held to a strictly individualistic life, men, whose instinct is for conquest, have failed to perform the conserving work of the world. It is time that men and women together bent their efforts to building up life; instead of wealth.

It is time that the world's greatest regard should be given to him who serves best, not to him who most successfully competes.

Men have hitherto been the priests of intellect and women the priestesses of love. Each must learn much from the other, for the spirit cannot emerge triumphant until all knowledge has been attained, and of knowledge love is the ultimate goal.

Science Department

(Continued from page 378)

Dr. Beebe has found that by inoculating sheep with protein extracted from a diseased thyroid gland, there is developed in the blood system of the sheep an antidote to the poisons that are in the system of a patient suffering from thyroidism. By using injections of this sheep serum (in connection with other appropriate methods of treatment), Dr. Beebe has been able to report the cure of more than fifty per cent. of the cases of thyroidism that have come under his care in recent years, and a large measure of improvement in a great majority of the remaining cases.

The Child Without Fear

THE aversion to snakes and other reptiles that most children experience is commonly spoken of as being "instinctive." Biologists have been wont to explain it as reminiscent of the epochs when our primitive ancestors were constantly in danger of attack from serpents and predacious animals. According to theory the normal and justifiable fears consciously experienced throughout countless generations, finally produced a condition of the nervous system that finds expression in "instinctive" fear of these old-time enemies, a fear that may manifest itself in childhood and quite commonly may become an unreasoning dread. Some experiments made by Professor H. H. Bailey, of Muhlenburg College, serve at least to raise a doubt as to whether such fears are really as instinctive as they seem; whether, in other words, they are not due to unfortunate training of the individual rather than to inherent attributes of the mind. The experiments have to do with the testing of children as to their attitude toward snakes, turtles, toads, caterpillars, and other creatures with which most adults do not care to associate.

Professor Bailey reports that in the course of scores of tests of young children, he found that the child universally manifested a marked interest in animals of all kinds, quite unmixed with any symptoms that dread which is so universal with adults. In one case a little boy of two years showed a special fondness for snakes, a black snake five feet in length being his favorite. The experimenter draws the conclusion that the alleged natural dread for snakes and allied creatures is "an acquired condition brought about by personal experience or by influences emanating from others of our race."

This conclusion is strongly supported by observation of the young of many wild animals and birds. It is reported, for example, that wild ducklings, just from the shell, show not the slightest fear of a human being, but will nestle in the hand as cosily as they were under their mother's wings. A few hours of maternal coaching, however, suffice to inspire them with dread of a human being, that has every appearance of an innate and ineradicable instinct.

It is familiar experience, also, that wolves and foxes reared in captivity lose a large part of their wild instincts. A crow taken from the nest while very young will become as tame as a barnyard fowl, and will sometimes follow its master into the fields and turn with him, seemingly with no thought of joining wild birds of the species, although left quite free to do so if it chose. Yet the same crow, had it been left to a normal upbringing, would unquestionably have been among the wildest of creatures, imbued with a fear of man that could in no wise be eliminated. An adult crow made captive is absolutely untamable.

The fact of the matter seems to be that young animals and young human beings alike have brains that are exquisitely receptive and susceptible of taking impressions that can never be eradicated. Everything depends upon the kind of impressions that are received during the formative period. The young duck, or wolf, or crow that has been taught to fear creatures in its environment has undergone a modification of the nervous system that is irremediable. Similarly the child that is taught—whether by direct admonition or by imitation of its elders—to fear living creatures with which it comes in contact, acquires a sense of apprehension or dread, that has all the force of an innate and unmodifiable instinct. Under normal conditions of modern life,

particularly in cities, we do not come much in contact with wild creatures, and it perhaps is not of very vital importance as to whether or not we fear them. But the real importance of the subject appears when we are given to understand that the fear of snakes, mice, and such like creatures has its counterpart in a much more comprehensive timidity, associated with imaginary bogies, or merely with being alone, particularly in the dark.

In a word, the entire psychology of fear is closely linked with the educational influences that are brought to bear on the child.

Physicians who deal with nervous diseases have long recognized the fact that vast numbers of children are permanently injured through having their fears aroused. Every parent should be made aware of this, and should come to understand that no greater injustice could be done a child than to frighten it; and that, contrariwise, there is no educational influence more wholesome and beneficial than the stimulation of an attitude of fearlessness toward all the influences of a normal environment. It has been wisely said that courage is perhaps the greatest single asset in the battle of life. Such observations as those of Professor Bailey, demonstrate that courage is not necessarily an innate or hereditary characteristic, but that it may very largely be influenced by the training that the child receives during its earliest years.

Making the Aeroplane Safe

NOT long ago a very spectacular flight was made from New York to West Point and return in a Curtiss biplane, steadied by the gyroscopic apparatus invented by Mr. Elmer A. Sperry. The pilot of the aeroplane was Mr. Sperry's son. He directed the machine alternately under and over the successive East River bridges—having started from the Brooklyn Navy Yard—and the craft performed the rather hazardous journey in the midst of fluctuating air currents with apparently as large a measure of stability and safety as if it had been flying anywhere out in the open, away from the disturbing proximity of skyscrapers and canyon-like streets.

The same gyroscopic apparatus has been used to stabilize an aeroplane in a demonstration made in France, and Mr. Sperry then received a prize of 50,000 francs from the French government, his apparatus being thus acknowledged as the greatest recent improvement in a stabilizing device for the aeroplane. The cable dispatches that chronicled this event gave most Americans their first intimation that a remarkable advance had been made by one of their numbers in the way of making the flying-machine a safe vehicle.

It appears that the gyroscopic device stabilizes the aeroplane so effectively that with its aid the craft can be driven even in a choppy wind with almost perfect equilibrium. How effective the apparatus is was shown when young Mr. Sperry, in the course of the test, stood erect, his hands far from all controlling levers with the machine in full flight, while his mechanic climbed out on the wings without in the least disturbing the stability of the craft, as controlled by the gyroscopes.

The apparatus consists of two small gyroscopes, one controlling the wind-warping device, and the other the horizontal rudder; one, therefore, determining lateral stability, and the other keeping the craft in a horizontal plane or causing it to rise or lower, according to adjustment. The gyroscopes feel the slightest disturbance of equilibrium and take instant action to restore it, so the danger from, chance gusts, "holes in the air," and the like, is minimized, if not altogether obviated.

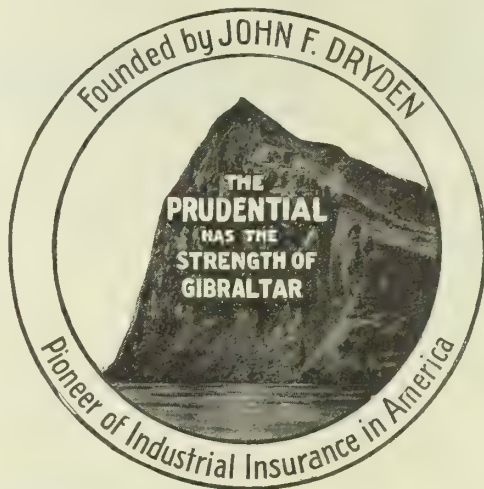
It may be taken for granted that some at least of the aeroplanes operated by the Allies in the present European war are stabilized by the gyroscopic apparatus. Its use should enable the pilot to take photographs, make sketches, work a wireless apparatus, or on occasion fire a machine-gun or drop bombs, whereas without the assistance of the mechanical pilot it would be necessary to have a second man in the craft to perform these operations, some or all of which are essential to the efficiency of the flying machine as an accessory war craft.

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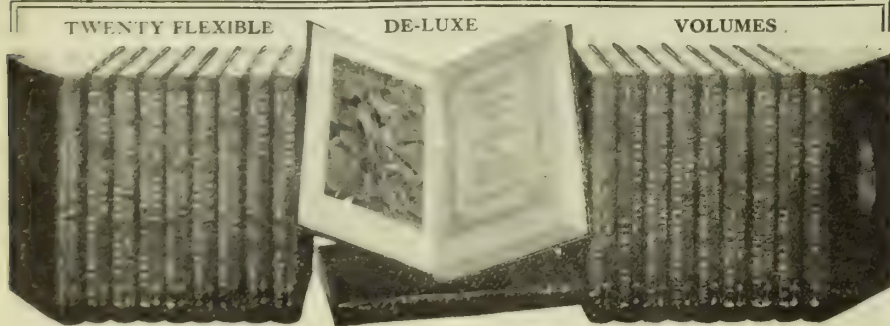
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My Life's Story

(Continued from page 354)

He stands today, in an enviable position, as a splendid Shakespearean actor and a thorough artist who has done much to benefit the American stage.

As a matter of passing interest, it may be noted that during a revival of "Chumley," Maude Adams took Belle Archer's rôle, while Margaret Anglin, who was just beginning her career, supplanted Etta Hawkins as the slavey.

Sothorn being launched, I turned to my duties at the Sargent school, and private pupils came to me from all over the world. When "Chumley" went on tour, the Directors of the Lyceum decided to put on Pinero's "Sweet Lavender," and as the author's representative came to New York with all the "business" of the London production, I found myself with nothing to do but show him the courtesy of the theater.

At this time "She" was the sensation of the day, and Rider Haggard's name was on every lip. It was quickly dramatized by William Gillette for Isaac B. Rich, of Boston, and Al. Hayman. It was put on at Niblo's in most spectacular and costly style, but it was not a success; in fact, it was at one time on the verge of failure. During the final week of the engagement, I was taken to see the play; before the performance was over, I promised to help in the bolstering up of the weak spots—with the consent of the Lyceum management, of course. It was simply a matter of curtailing and readjusting. When the scenes and situations were rehearsed again, it was found that we had a very good play. Gillette had done some splendid work but it wanted some few alterations. We took it to Rich's Hollis Street Theater in Boston, where it settled down for a run. That was the beginning of Mr. Rich's friendship for me.

My work evidently pleased Mr. Gillette, for when he dramatized Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Robert Elsmere," he turned over the stage management to me. He was at that time at the outset of his career which has won him such splendid distinction in the annals of the American stage. Dorothy Dorr made her first important success in "Elsmere." The play was much too profound for a long run, and met with the usual fate of the so-called thematic drama, for its tremendous subject had only limited appeal. On the morning following the opening, Mr. Harry Rockford, Charles Frohman's manager and Gillette's representative, handed me a letter, thanking me for my services—an unexpected and kindly mark of esteem. I now commenced work on "Featherbrain" which was to have been produced at the time "The Wife" was weighed in the balance and found wanting by the Directors of the Lyceum. The whole cast and the scenery were made ready at the time, but when "The Wife" remained on the boards of the theater, the "Featherbrain" company was dismissed. It was re-engaged, and the play produced at the Madison Square Theater on May 6, 1889, with Lackay, Faversham, Minnie Maddern, Odette Tyler and J. O. Barrows in the cast.

On or about this time Daniel Frohman arranged to produce the "Great Pink Pearl," by Cecil Raleigh, later a co-author in the famous Drury Lane plays. As the piece was not long enough for an evening's performance, it was decided to produce a curtain raiser, "Editha's Burglar," dramatized by a newspaper man, "Gus" Thomas. Sothorn was the burglar father, and little Miss Elsie Leslie Lyde was Editha. Her career is interesting and proves that a child prodigy sometimes develops into a talented young woman. After "Editha" she became famous as the original *Lord Fauntleroy*. She afterwards "starred" in "The Prince and the Pauper." She is now the wife of Jefferson Winter, William Winter's son.

It thus happened that I produced the first of Augustus Thomas's many brilliant plays.

The Lyceum produced a number of pieces after "Chumley," both French and English; then Mr. Frohman turned once more to America for a play. The difficulty was to obtain one suited to our company, and, as Mr. DeMille and I knew what was required, Mr. Frohman commissioned us

to get a play ready for the November opening. We had practically the original company, and were confronted with the same problem of fitting parts to actors.

With definite personalities to work for, and the vague idea that our play was to reflect social life in New York City, we went back to the studio at Echo Lake. But where were we to find a strong story? Georgia Cayvan and Herbert Kelcey were to be supplied with effective situations and emotional parts; Nelson Wheatcroft, who had gained a reputation for the depiction of domestic felicity, was to have a suitable rôle; W. J. Lemoyne, a strong eccentric comedy character; Mrs. Whiffen, a sweet womanly part; the charming Miss Henderson awaited untold miseries to be heaped upon her beautiful shoulders, while Effie Shannon was to supply the comedy "relief"; and last, but not least, the popular Walcotts were to shine to the greatest possible advantage. These were the problems confronting poor DeMille and me.

I was not particularly well at the time and the doctors had ordered me South for a rest, but here I was with a contract on my hands and no plot. The worry added to my nervousness until I was obliged to come to the city every Saturday for electrical treatment. The doctor suggested that I ride horseback every afternoon. Mr. DeMille decided to ride with me, so we both bought horses. He selected a white one; but I, as a boy, had been impressed by "Mazeppa," especially as played by Ada Isaacs Menkan, Henriette Hudson, and Amy Stone, and the black chargers, used in "Mazeppa," appealed to my imagination. Dick Turpin's "Black Bess" also appealed to me. "If ever I buy a horse," I had promised myself, "it shall be black and mettlesome, and I shall call it Black Bess." Here was my opportunity. I found the exercise very delightful, but was unable to concentrate my attention on my horse. The play was uppermost in my thoughts and the horse forgotten. The consequence was that Mr. DeMille was always ahead of me. Frequently my horse would break a gate or trample on a flower bed. Once a kind Providence guided the beast down the side of a hill with no damage to me; but another time, people found me lying unconscious on the road. A broken thumb is a gentle reminder of those days of horseback riding.

One day I was called to New York on business, and on looking over a book of my old clippings, I came across an announcement of the annual "Charity Ball" at the Metropolitan Opera House. As I read the name, "Charity Ball," the letters gradually increased in size until they seemed to fill a three-sheet poster, and I sat in my little room murmuring to myself: "That's the name for the play! We'll build the play round it and one of the acts must take place in the corridor of the Metropolitan Opera House."

After I finished my business in the city, I rushed to the station, and boarded the milk train, so anxious was I to reach Echo Lake. I arrived in the wee sma' hours of the morning, hammered on DeMille's door, and roused him out of a sound sleep. We began work at once. Breakfast found us greedily turning over every possibility the name "Charity Ball" suggested. Something other than business must have called me to New York on that auspicious day—fate, chance, providence, what you will; but it was a lucky moment when I turned over the pages of my scrap-book. The very word "Charity," carried a strong appeal. DeMille and I scrawled the word "Charity" on a big piece of paper and pinned it on a curtain in order to keep in touch with the main idea of the play. Charity was our guiding star, our motive. We began to invent incidents and situations to illustrate the theme.

In those days, dramatists were forced to have a very strong third act. We thought it necessary to have either four or five acts. Not only that, but the public demanded comedy relief in the persons of the "young" lovers. Nowadays, these ideas are obsolete, and have gone the way of the "aside" and the "soliloquy." When our scenario was completed, we found the real heroine of the play to be the little *Phyllis* written for Miss Henderson, though Ann

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phernalia with the other. So they proceeded to the door of his home—open as usual, with a stream of lamp-light coming from Jeanette's room beyond. Therese was in there; she had been closing the shutters.

Gilbert Andover called to her to go on and place the extra cups, and she preceded them up the dark stairs.

A fire was blazing in the huge chimney, and Cerberus, the Airedale, slumbered in the big chair. It was his custom, when bored by his master's long sitting at the easel, to return to his own kingdom and work his own will. It would appear that he had not resented the intrusion of strangers, for presently he was allowing Helen to caress his ears, while the elder people looked at the sketches, and Therese bustled in and out arranging the tea.

"It must be good to paint like that," the tired woman sighed. "You must lose yourself, and your thoughts must go into this beautiful view. They wander so, do they not, when the work is merely mechanical—like mine?"

Gilbert Andover allowed himself to watch her face; there was something infinitely pathetic about it, a patience as of a dumb thing which suffers. In spite of his hatred of women he wanted to comfort her. What was her story? What had brought her to this?

"Any work makes one blot out ghosts," he answered, "and if it is mechanical it is for some end—whereas mine is merely to kill time."

The woman sighed and turned to the open windows.

"It is yours—this house—is it not? You are safe here, and no one can turn you out. How good that must be," and then, as she stepped on to the loggia—"Oh, what a view!" Her voice had changed from one cadence to another, that was its peculiar charm; and now a note of passionate admiration grew in it. She felt things, it would seem.

Gilbert Andover followed her, and they leaned upon the stone coping together. Her timidity had fallen from her a little, her fine nostrils quivered, her hands were clasped, and her eyes, limpid with ecstasy at the sight which met their gaze, turned to him.

"Ah! how beautiful is God's world. It cannot have been His intention to make sorrow—it must be that we ourselves are to blame!"

"We are such bats. We blunder into all the pitfalls."

She looked away from him, letting her spirit drink in all the beauty, and then she whispered: "Perhaps you are not so very poor; perhaps you know that you can live here for the rest of your life. That must make you very happy, surely."

"It is a limited horizon—for a man."

"Yes, but it is peace."

He forgot about his determination not to grow interested; he forgot everything but that he wanted to talk to her—to draw her out, to get her to let him see for a moment into her soul.

And in his day he had been no mean manipulator of conversations with women, and some of his old cunning returned.

They spoke softly for half an hour in the growing evening shadows, both oblivious of the tea; they spoke of books and ideas and art, and abstract things; and a spell fell upon Gilbert Andover, so that afterwards, when he was alone, he seemed to feel her vibrations and her presence still, and it glorified his modest domain.

Little Helen, wearied with waiting for them, had fallen asleep in the old chair with Cerberus—and the kettle boiled fiercely on the hob.

"How thoughtless of us!" the elder Helen exclaimed—and all her embarrassment and reserve seemed to return; but eventually they had quite a merry meal, and later Gilbert Andover carried the little one to the Inn, and there said good-night to both. It was the first time he had shaken hands with the mother, and something moved him profoundly when her thin, soft fingers lay in his. What different sensations the touch of different hands can give. Lot-tie's, he remembered, felt like a claw for all its white skin. This woman had the hand of a child.

"I cannot thank you enough for saying you will look after Helen to-morrow. Good-night!"

HE knew some of her story now, drawn from her bit by bit through long days. It was not a pretty one. Married very young to a worthy man; boredom in the



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country; a sympathetic friend in the cav-
alry regiment quartered near. The intox-
ication of first passion, and awakening to
the meaning of life—feeble resistance, terror,
discovery, precipitous flight. A few weeks'
delirium of happiness—then the gall of the
position, the disgrace, the coming of baby
Helen. Oh, no! it was not altogether the
lover's fault that he had to go back to Eng-
land and leave her. Her husband did not
approve of divorce, and never attempted to
get one from her, for all her passionate ap-
peals. He merely forbade her name to be
mentioned, and repudiated her child. She
had never seen him again, and now he was
dead since about a year. The lover? Well,
things were difficult for him—he was quite
poor, and one could not be very attractive
to a man when one was ill and sole nurse to
a delicate baby in a back street in Nice. He
could not be altogether blamed when his
visits grew to be less frequent. The journey
was so expensive and the stipulation upon
which the aunt's pittance was given was
that her niece should remain abroad. No,
it was not Dick's fault—altogether; it was
fate. Then, American heiresses were so
clever, and Dick was so handsome. Yes,
he had been married for over six years
now. The hurt of it all was past in part;
it had been overwhelming at the time, and
crushed out life and hope. But there was
little Helen, who must be cared for and fed,
and of what use to think, and to brood?
That was the frightful part—thought. It
was only a grade less bad than hunger.

The last admission was wrung from her.
Yes, they had been hungry sometimes.
But the summer was coming, and even
though she had not been quite successful
perhaps in disposing of her work lately, one
could live on less in the warm weather.
The aunt had fallen into poorer circum-
stances, and the pittance had been reduced
by half.

Gilbert Andover burned with indigna-
tion. This tender creature betrayed and
deserted—and Lottie a triumphant, hon-
ored wife! He could never say very much
of sympathy, the story had come to him
so disjointedly, covering days, and lately,
and indeed all along, she had seemed to
avoid him if she could—he had to do all the
seeking, maneuvering. Never once after
the day he took care of little Helen had
she deliberately come his way—but he
knew, with a thrill of joy, that a glad light
gleamed in her sad eyes for a moment when
they met, before she lowered her lids. This
avoidance of him whetted his interest into
a passion which now obsessed his thoughts.

He paced his great room in anxious med-
itation. He desired her presence intensely,
desired her soft voice and gentle ways—
desired her sympathy; her understanding
of his books and his thoughts, desired
passionately to clasp her to his heart, and
caress life and hope and happiness back
into her face. But he had sworn a vow.
Never again would he be bound to a wo-
man! No thralls should tie his hands by
law.

She was coming to have tea with him,
she and little Helen. She had promised to
sit for him, just for a lightning sketch. He
sorted over his silken stuffs—rare brocades
collected from many lands. He had bought
a new bundle from the Jew only a week
before. The season was almost over now,
and things were going cheap. He selected
one, a gorgeous amethyst velvet wrought
with silver. This he would wrap her in,
and she should stand against the tapestry
background with its faded blues and
greens. For once she would be garbed
worthily—the poor beggar queen!

All the timidity and nervousness of the
early days seemed to have returned to her
in the first moments. Little Helen had
layed below with Jeannette, whose back
was aching badly to day. She was alone.
It was raining outside—the vast view was
a blur of mist; the olive logs crackled, the
damp, late April air was chill.

"Welcome!" he cried, coming forward to
meet her, and there was something tender
and persuasive in his manner as he relieved
her of her old home-pun cloak.

The flushing color dyed her pale cheeks
and a sparkle came into her eyes. It
would seem that she argued, why should
he not love and enjoy herself after all—
not one day?

Gilbert Andover took her hand and led
her to the place by the tapestry where she
sat to pose, and he twisted the rich old
velvet about her lingeringly—it felt good
to be thus near.

"The picture shall have no name," he
whispered—and no date, and no fashion.

It shall just be, Helen—as she should be,
clothed in silk—and sheltered and pro-
tected from all storms."

The woman shivered slightly, but she
proudly raised her head.

"So be it. 'Tis rest to play a little, on
an April day. We are but mummers—
always; some parts are happier than
others, though."

He commenced to paint rapidly, and all
the talent which he had ever possessed
seemed to direct and guide his brush. He
was exalted, and in broad strokes he began
to lay on color which grew into a portrait
of the woman's very soul.

He was utterly absorbed in his work, and
for an hour neither of them spoke.

Of what was she thinking as she stood
there, quite still? He wished that he knew.
The touch of the velvet seemed to have
given her back something which she had
not dared to claim for many a day—her
place among mankind; her slender figure
looked tall and straight, the long line of her
throat, milky white, cut sharply against
the tapestry background, and her tired
eyes gazed into his. And if he had known
she was making up her mind—because she
could drift in peace no more. For she also
had learned the story of his life, and his
hatred and resentment of bonds. What
could the end of their intimacy be? That
thrilling vibration in each other's presence
meant to each that the other was growing
dear—and what then?

The light began to fade. It was nearly
six o'clock, and the sketch was almost
done—and there out of the canvas glowed
her face. For once Gilbert Andover was
satisfied with his own work. He stood
back for a moment and beckoned to her to
come and look. She stretched herself—a
graceful, quivering movement—she had
grown stiff with the long pose, then she
glided to his side.

"Am I indeed so?"

"Yes—only much rarer."

"Ah—!"

She turned and looked at him. There
was question and pathos and pride in her
eyes.

"I love you, Helen," he said breathless-
ly—and that was all.

"Alas!" she cried, and lowered her gentle
head.

AND now she was gone, and a weeping
storm raged in the valley. Gilbert
Andover again paced his room in perplex-
ity and unrest. Why had she refused to
listen?—closed his mouth with her soft
fingers, and then, seizing her cloak and
throwing the velvet from her, had fled
down the stairs!

Did she not love him? Did she think he
was going to insult her—and that she could
not bear to hear it? He who now knew he
worshipped her—and had conquered at
last all his convictions, and was prepared
even to break his vow. What could it
mean? He had let her go without further
words, that he might think; but of course
now he must follow her and get some ex-
planation. Then passion grew and grew.
She had gone out into the rain—and he
had permitted it.

He seized his felt hat and stalked down
his stairs.

"Monsieur!" Jeannette called from her
bed, as he passed the open door. Jeannette
must stop him—she must hear some sorry
news which had come to her, confirmed or
denied. Was it true that the sweet lady
meant she was leaving them? She and her
little angel child? Why had the tears been
in her eyes? Surely the bon Dieu would
not permit more sorrow to fall upon these
two? But Gilbert Andover could give no
answer from his heart; only his words reas-
sured her, and then he rushed forth into the
darkening night.

Yes, Madame was in her room; but she
was engaged—but packing; and she could
not come down; and were not they of the
auberge in grief? For was not Madame
leaving them on the morrow? Going
where? To Nice, one must suppose. But
going, yes—for always.

Gilbert Andover used methods which
have ever been of assistance to lovers.
Mine host was now all smiles. It was im-
perative that Madame come down. Then
he would see what could be done. Of course
Monsieur could speak with her in the little
café—deserted at this hour. And here he
lit a lamp.

But it was some minutes before the
woman entered the room.

Her face was pale, and circles shadowed
her large eyes.

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"Alas! why have you come? I—understand. Oh, I do not want to hear you say it!—I would rather go away with the memory of this month of peace unspoiled."

Gilbert Andover stepped forward and seizing them firmly, held both her trembling hands.

"Indeed you do not understand. Oh, Helen, my very dear, I have come because I love you—and I want you to stay with me always, and let me protect and comfort you. I want you—for my wife."

Her eyes grew soft. "That is good; but if you were again bound by chains they would begin to chafe, and love would go. Gilbert—"

"My sweet!" he cried—and waiting for no more he clasped her in his arms.

"Gilbert," she whispered—"I love you too, and that is why I will never marry you. That tie is not for outcasts like you and me. It is for people who must live their lives in the world and make good examples for the community. My child is nameless; I am disgraced; we owe no duty to our station. It would be a wretched mockery to bind such a being as me—to you—by law."

"Oh, hush, my dear. Are you not worthy of highest honor?"

She stepped back from his sheltering arms and framed his adoring face in her two thin hands.

"Gilbert—you shall give me highest honor. Listen, dear one. Since you love me truly, and I love you—you shall take me to your house and your heart—and we shall live for each other while love lasts, without thongs or chains. And he will stay the longer with us, because he will be free—"

He held her to him again. "Helen, Helen, I love you. I cannot accept such sacrifice."

"Oh, my dear"—and now there was a calm pride and repose in her mien, lifting it to dignity and grace. "It is no sacrifice; it would be if we tried to conform to convention. Listen, and you will understand.

Could anything you could do give me back the world's respect, or Helen a name? No, nothing. I would be a drag, a disgrace to you, should you ever wish to return to your kind; and I should once more have the anguish of grieving to see you, too, held by obligation, while desiring to go. I will stay with you and be your love, and you shall soothe and caress back joy of life for me. And for you I will be—that which you now desire; and for the rest, we will leave it to fate. No blows could be harder than those I have been dealt already, and if we make no vows we shall not be able to break them. Ah! you cannot love me—since you hesitate!"

"I love you more than words will tell!"

"Then let us argue no further! I would not say all this to you if I were untarnished. If I could be an honor to you before the world, which was once yours and mine, then I would marry you and try to be a glory to your house. But the world has cast us aside, justly, because we broke its laws; and I will never creep back through the mud. We are free here in this land of beauty and peace, where the echo of outside things seldom comes. The bon Dieu will understand us, and what love means. Gilbert, to-morrow, since it would seem that you so desire to make vows!"—and here she smiled divinely—"you shall take me with you to the church, and we shall kneel before St. Antoine de Padoue, and you shall swear on your honor as a gentleman that you will care for little Helen and protect her frail life, and you shall swear to me that you will have courage to tell me the truth should love begin to wane—and then, then you shall take us both to your home, and we shall find consolation."

And Gilbert Andover understood at last the greatness of her spirit, and the depth of her love, and he fell upon his knees and kissed her hand. And as she stood there in the dim light of the one oil lamp—her head thrown back—he saw her, in his vision, crowned a queen.

"Mr. Dooley" on Our Defenses

(Continued from page 380)

rifeman I've observed are them that I see in th' shootin' gall'ry down th' sthreet, where ye get a good freckled, five-cent seegar ivry time ye ring th' bell on th' dummy.

"I don't know what to make iv it. Ye mustn't think, though, that we're doin' nawthin' to get ready. No, sir, we ar-re pro-ceedin' in a thurly scientific way to stand off th' invader. In the first place we pick out a thrained body iv experts to tell us exactly what we've got to do. They wurruk on it all year an' at th' end iv th' year they appear before a comity iv Congress. Th' ladin' mumber iv th' comity is Congressman Alpha Woolhat, th' military expert iv th' Ozark "Clarion-Chronicle." I've been readin' a repoort iv th' examination.

"The Chairman—'Admiral, ye say that we ought to have twinty more battleships with fourteen-inch guns in th' forward turrets?"

"Congressman Woolhat—'Wait a min-yit. This is a subjack that I've give gr-reat study to, an' no man in th' United States Navy, spongin' his livin' off th' sweat iv th' brow iv th' toilin' masses, can tell me what we want. This admiral don't know what he's talkin' about. If war was declared there ar-re a millyon brave fellows in th' mountains iv me native state who would raise up, march to th' county seat, an' desthroy th' invader. But suppose th' worst that cud happen, happened. Suppose they desthroyed Wash'nton, New York, Chicago an' th' other homes iv th' pampered plutycrats. What difference wud it make to th' rest iv th' country? Th' entire popylation iv th' United States cud

retire to th' gin'rous hills, th' rude but hospital shingled cabins iv th' mos' gloryous state that th' sun iv hiven shines down upon, an' there amongst a popylation composed entirely iv brave men an' fair women, each ownin' a dog iv their own, cud defy th' inimy. I am sure that no foreigner how-iver bold wud want to go to my disthricht, Gintelmin,' he says, 'no wan is better qualified to speak on naval matthers thin I am. I have had more practice thin all th' admirals in th' navy. An' I tell ye, all we need f'r th' definse iv this country is a few good lively tugs, like what I saw whin I went to Saint Loocy las' winter, to go out to sea an' give warnin' to th' pampered childhreen iv luxury in th' East whin it is time f'r them to lave th' resorts iv crime where they live an' duck out f'r th' gloryous Southwest, he says. 'I wish to examine th' admiral on a few tichnical p'intns which some iv th' comity may not underhstand an' I want him to answer them now. Admiral, ye have been talkin' iv this an' that, an' wan thing or another, an' thrajectories an' so forth, an' among other things ye mitioned turrets. Did ye or did ye not?"

"Th' Admiral—'I did, sir."

"Congressman Woolhat—'That is a p'int that I'd like ye to make more clear. Admiral, what is a turret?"

"An' so, Hinnissy, we needn't bother about it. Th' country is safe in th' hands iv these iminent statesmen.

"Don't ye think we are prepared f'r th' worst?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"Ye bet we are," said Mr. Dooley. "That's just what we're prepared f'r."

ART

(Continued from page 371)

works of the painters of modern Germany. These latter may often have offended, sometimes shocked, but more generally have rescued the nude in art from pinning away in the boudoir, and have shown the human form divine in more of its godly

attributes than it has, heretofore, been accorded in France. The canvases of Franz Stuck, Fritz Erler, and of Hans Thoma exemplify this. Of course the Teutonic vision is focused from a viewpoint less in common with the intent of

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The Counterfeiters

(Continued from page 376)

he'd soon be worth more to 'im than any other woman in Europe."

"Do you mean to say this man has been founding Maura Lambert?" was Kestner's art demand.

"Watchel never hounds anybody. He's so smooth for that. He jus' does the sider-act, runnin' out a web an' waitin' 'is chance."

"What's the plant?" was his next demand.

"Maura's hangin' out in the Piazza Barberini. She's got two or three rooms there. A couple o' days ago the Dago girl who takes care o' those rooms for her lost the keys. They were pinched, an' by one o' Watchel's men. There's an Austrian agent named Ruhl, who's been diggin' out Eyetalian army secrets. He's been reportin' to the Chief o' the General Staff o' the Eighth Army Corps. That's stationed at Prague. They're goin' to take his o' code messages, an' stick in the cipher key, an' copies o' the blue-prints an' maps an' things he's gathered up. Then they're goin' to plant 'em in Maura's desk. It's en to one they've got 'em there already. Tonight Watchel and two o' his Eyetalian subs are goin' to make a bluff o' raidin' them rooms, Watchel holdin' back until the two subs dig out the papers. And then Watchel's goin' to step in an' catch her on the bounce. He's goin' to pose as the little gawd fr'm the machine, an' buy 'em off until she can get out o' Rome an' across to Corfu or Ragusa. An' that means he's got her tied up for his own work. An' it may mean he's got her for more 'n that!"

Kestner looked at his watch. The old listless air had gone from him. He was once more on his feet. "I'm going to get to those rooms before Watchel gets there. I want you to keep Maura Lambert away from her rooms until eight o'clock tonight."

"That's easy!" admitted Sadie, as she rose to her feet. "It may help some," she absently added, "to know that this guy Watchel used to call himself by the name Wimpffen!"

"Wimpffen!" echoed Kestner, with quickly narrowed eyes and a heavier droop to his meditative lips. "So it's Wimpffen!"

KESTNER'S next hour was a frantically busy one. Almost his first move was to wire Wilsnach at the Paris Office, using the familiar Service Code. "Send me Wimpffen's record quick." This was followed by hurried calls at certain Embassies and on certain aides, followed again by a brief talk with two civic officials, and a secret conference with the uniformed head of the Intelligence Department.

It was less than half an hour later that an invalid American, much muffled up, made a circuit of the Piazza Barberini, looking for rooms.

It was several hours later that a figure oddly resembling this same invalid appeared on a loggia overlooking a diminutive walled garden bathed in the soft light of an Italian moon. Having reasonably assured himself that he was unobserved, he betrayed an agility unlooked for in one of his years as he climbed over the heavy stone balustrade, swung himself to a nearby jointed iron water-pipe, and climbed nimbly down to a shuttered window. A few moments' work with a piece of tempered steel had the sashes open, and the house-breaker, having made sure his revolver was in the sidepocket of his coat climbed quietly and nimbly inside.

There he took out a flashlight and began a hurried but none the less methodic exploration of the small apartment. He noted the sleepy canary in a painted Swiss cage, the number of bowls and vases about the place, filled with spring flowers, Roman anemones and narcissi and daffodils and Parma violets.

He deliberated for some time over a heavy teakwood desk which he found securely locked. He studied this old-fashioned piece of furniture, back and front, testing its panels and feeling about it for a possible secret spring. Then he gave his attention to the lock.

Then he suddenly paused in the midst of his work. With a movement equally abrupt he reached out for his flashlight and snapped it off. Then he sat at the desk, without moving. For distinctly

there came to him the sound of a key being turned in a lock and a door being opened.

He heard the door close, and then the sound of a quick step. The next moment a wall-switch snapped and the room flowered into sudden light. And then he saw that the intruder was Maura Lambert.

He still sat there as she crossed the room and placed her paint-box on a table beside the bronze bowl heaped with Parma violets. She stooped for a moment, to bury her face in the flowers. When she raised her head again, she stopped and half-turned about, as though some psychic current had carried to her the warning of his presence there.

Her bewildered gaze fell on Kestner. She put out one hand, as he rose to his feet, and steadied herself by resting her finger-tips against the edge of the table beside her. "I thought you were not to follow me!"

"I love you, and I want you," was his reply. "Can't you give me a shred of hope?" he pleaded as he caught her passive hand in his. Yet its possession brought him no sense of triumph. She stared down at it as it hung limp and listless between his fingers, as though in it lay epitomized all that was abhorrent in her past life.

She wavered mistily for a moment before his eyes. Then his hungering arms went out, and she seemed to melt into them, and he stood holding her sobbing body against his own.

"Oh, it's no use," she said with a little child-like wail. "I can't help it! I love you! I do! I do!"

ABRUPT as the crash of a stone through a conservatory-pane came the break in the silence which had ensued them. It came in the form of a knock on the door, "Wait!" he said in a whisper as he started for the door. But before he could cross the room that door swung open and a man stepped inside.

Kestner saw at a glance that the man was Watchel, at one time answering to the name of Wimpffen, and at still another time known as Keudell.

"Herr Keudell, I believe?" Kestner had the satisfaction of beholding the deep-set eyes betray one brief second of disquiet. But it was a second and no more. "Herr Watchel," corrected the other.

Kestner bowed. Watchel made a sign to the white-faced woman who stood so intently watching them. "Get this man out of here," he commanded. "That," was Kestner's easy retort, "may not be as simple as it appears."

Watchel threw back the silk-lined cape of his Inverness. Then he went to the door and opened it. Having done that, he took out a timepiece of heavily embossed gold.

"I will give you three minutes," he calmly announced. "Three minutes and no more."

"And then?" suggested Kestner. "Please go!" Maura timorously implored. "You want me to?" he demanded, staring at her colorless face. "Yes," she answered. "Then you'll tell me why," insisted Kestner.

"For two months I have been in this man's pay," she slowly and distinctly said. "In this man's pay?" echoed Kestner.

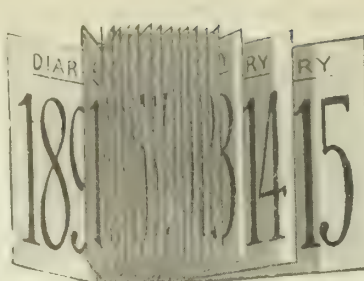
"I was alone, and without money, I made copies of a passport," she went on, "and was paid for it by him. Then I copied a signature on the official paper of the Austrian Embassy, and was paid for that. Then this man came to me and said I would have to go with him to Corfu, where I could work with him on duplicates of the Toulon fortifications. I refused to go. He tried to force me to go, but that same day I met Sadie Wimpel in the Piazza di Spagna. Through her I got a commission to make gallery copies for an English dealer."

Kestner turned slowly about, confronting the man who still stood with the timepiece in his hand.

"You can put away that watch," he announced with a steely incisiveness.

"Why can I?" asked Watchel, still making a pretence of viewing him with bland and rounded eyes.

"Because I'm going to thrash you within an inch of your life!" declared the American as he threw off his coat and tossed it into a corner of the room.



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THE shoulders of Watchel's huge figure shook with an effort at contemptuous laughter. But that laughter was as mindless as the cackle of a guinea-hen. Kestner did not even deign to observe it. He turned sharply about to the watching woman.

"In the meantime I want you to take a bottle direct to the American Embassy."

"She can't do it. And you may as well know it now. At the bottom of that staircase, my young friend, are two officers waiting to place her under arrest, for selling Italian military secrets to the agent of a foreign power."

"You can't call them up," broke in Kestner. "And I'll tell you the reason why. Those men are not there. And they're not there because of my orders. Do you understand that? I know what you are, Wimpfen, and before you're taken back to Odessa to answer for the murder of Eichendorff a few others are going to know it! You're the cur who's low enough to steal a woman's keys and plant in her private desk a package of papers you thought would leave her in your power! But you're going to answer for it to me first! And you're going to do it before you get out of this room!"

"Yes, I'm going to answer for it," Watchel said in a voice that seemed to come from his throat without a movement of the lips. "And I'm going to answer for it in the right way!"

Kestner's eyes had been fixed on the trembling hand that paved for a moment along the carefully pressed lapel of the carefully tailored coat. He saw that hand suddenly disappear beneath the lapel, and at the same moment his own hand swung down to his hip. He knew, even as he did so, that the movement was useless, that his own automatic was in the side-pocket of the coat which he had flung into a corner of the room.

He saw the flash of Watchel's revolver before he could possibly reach that corner or that coat.

His action was instinctive; he had no time for thought. He ducked low and darted forward, thinking to reach the shelter of the heavy teakwood desk.

But the first shot came at the same moment that he ducked. He could feel a small twitch at the elbow, as though his sleeve had been plucked by impatient and invisible fingers. That first flying bullet, he knew, had actually cut through the cloth of his shirt.

But he had reached the desk-end before the second shot could be fired. His movement there was as equally unreasoned and instinctive as his first. He caught the Roman lamp of heavy brass by the top. He was possessed of a vague idea to smash down the shaking hand still holding the revolver.

Kestner was conscious of the quickly shifting barrel being directed at his own body.

Then the picture in some way became confused. Its shiftings were too rapid to decipher. But at what seemed the moment when the black barrel-end spoke he heard Maura Lambert's cry, flat with fear. He saw her hand dart out and clutch the glimmering steel barrel. She caught at it foolishly, insanely, as though a barrier so frail might hold back that tearing and rending bullet which an inch of solid oak could scarcely stop.

Her cry and the report of the revolver seemed almost simultaneous. Kestner saw her arm flung outward and downward, sharply.

Kestner was on his tiptoes as he brought the Roman lamp down upon Watchel. Before Kestner could strike again the swaying figure crumpled up on itself and fell.

Maura had sunk into a chair, and was bent forward clasping her right hand in her left. The thumb and fore-finger of the latter tightly enclosed the first finger of the other hand. There was blood on her skirt.

For a moment Kestner's breath caught in his throat. Then he saw what it all meant. That the tightly held forefinger was without its first joint. Watchel's second bullet had torn away the entire bone and flesh of the first phalange.

"Do you know what this means?" she tremulously asked.

"It means the end of this sort of thing," declared Kestner. "It means you must come with me, and there can be no going back!"

"There can be no going back!" she repeated. And when a round *Guardia di Pubblica* flung open the door he beheld a coatless man take the *signora inglese* in his arms and hold her there as she murmured, "Oh, I love you! I do! I do!"

(Begin a new Arthur Stringer series of detective stories in May)

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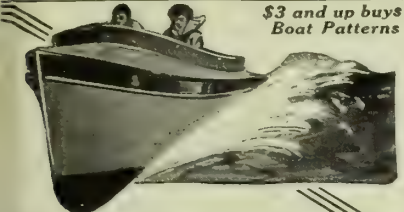
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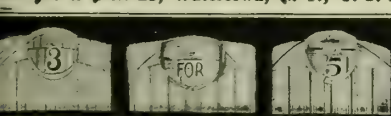
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**Making
a Criminal**

(Continued from page 347)

provide a roof and a bed and insufficient meals that the young criminal can share with his brothers and sisters.

This young child in his playground is taught to smoke cigarets, to "shoot craps," and gamble in various other ways, to beg when he feels sufficient energy to visit the respectable quarter, to steal a little, to fear and avoid the police. Such are the "games" of his playground.

HE graduates from the playground to the club. It is not a far step. He moves from the sidewalk of the drinking saloon, into the drinking saloon itself.

Before he has been there a month, the young criminal, graduated from the gutter playground to his club in the dive, knows that the political power to which the dive pays blackmail, is the same power that put on the bench the judge who will sentence him later.

Where is this young criminal to find his inspiration, his faith in life, his belief in anything good or worth while?

It is a straight, well-managed road that leads from the miserable tenement house bed in which he was born, through the gutter nursery and the sidewalk playground, to the club in the dive.

And, the road is straight ahead that leads him to the station-house cell, and before the Honorable Judge, who has paid his assessment to the blackmailing political organization, and on to the political boss of the penitentiary.

IN the slaughter-house you see the animals, swine, sheep, and steers, walk from the pens to the man who waits with a knife to cut their throats, or with a sledgehammer to destroy them. You wonder that not one dashes from the others, striving, at least, for liberty.

And, you see the criminal walk from the death-house toward the electric chair, after his days in the slums, nursery, playground, and club. You watch him with his low forehead and his white face, mumbling the prayers that are whispered in his ears. You wonder that he does not then strike a blow, however hopeless, for liberty, or at least a blow of vengeance at those who represent the society responsible for his end.

But the animal in the slaughter-house and the miserable creature you see in these pictures cannot even TRY to escape.

The road is so straight, the next step is forward in the evil, fatal direction.

EVERY time that a criminal is hanged, society admits itself guilty of two crimes, first, the manufacture of the criminal; and second, the murder of the criminal.

Society permits conditions to make the criminal inevitable, and then avenges itself upon the miserable victim for its own crime by committing official murder.

Several prisons in this country, fortunately, are managed by men of character and conscience, not by politicians exploiting the labor of the completed, manufactured criminals. All of these prison keepers of character agree that not the criminal, but his start in life and his environment are at fault.

In the marvelous exposition now open in California, the greatest that the world has ever seen, there is an exhibit of the school system of New York state.

On a great map you may see the lights, white, blue, and red, each showing where a great university, a high school, or one of fourteen thousand little public schools is situated in that state.

You do not see, but you ought to see on that map, dreadful black spots, where the prisons are located, where the finished product of civilization's criminal side go to expiate crimes for which NOT THEY, but society should be punished.

It is a fine thing to have lighted those red, white, and blue lights that tell where education is given free.

It would be a better thing to wipe off the black spots that tell the story of human beings that never had teaching, never had a chance, and must now give liberty and life for humanity's crime; black, brutal indifference.

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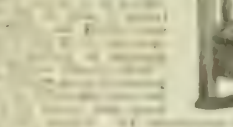
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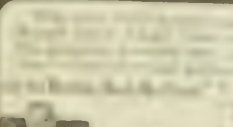
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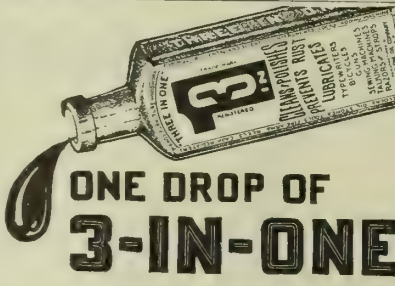
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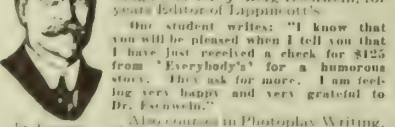


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Outcast

(Continued from page 365)

but love you? And for that, you must turn on me, spurn me, kick me out like trash—

Geoffrey—(breaks in on her speech so loudly and angrily that he frightens and subdues her) That's not fair! It's untrue! You're making out that I have no heart—that I'm treating you badly—when I'm not. I protest against anyone thinking so. I never deceived you, I never pretended more than I feel, I've always been honest about it. I think I'd better leave you now. I'll go home. It'll be better if we both think this over quietly—separately.

During the next three weeks Geoffrey tries to arrange for his separation from Miriam, but she refuses all overtures. Valentine visits him at his apartments one day; for she and Geoffrey, it would seem, have found each other again.

Suddenly there is an interruption in the hall. Miriam is struggling with the servant.

Miriam—(vociferating first to the servant and then to Geoffrey as she enters) No, no, no, no! Don't touch me. Leave me alone. I wasn't going to make a disturbance. I was ringing the bell and waiting there till you came, Geoffrey—till you came and opened the door. I haven't come here to make trouble. I was standing there quite quietly when he came and tried to make me go away. He took hold of me, Geoffrey. He tried to push me away. He—(suddenly she sees Valentine, sitting calm and apparently unmoved in her chair. Miriam gives a violent start, and then drops her arms by her sides. She supports herself from falling by placing her hand on the table and then stands motionless and speechless, staring in front of her.) I didn't know you had anyone with you. (she looks at Valentine before she says) There's nothing to fear from me. (to Geoffrey) Once upon a time I threatened you. I told you that if I could ever prove anything there'd be trouble. I want you to know that I only said that in my excitement, I wouldn't really hurt you, nor anyone you love. (she closes her eyes, then puts her hand to her head and reels slightly as she says faintly) Oh, I've come all over queer. (drops her hand, and says to Geoffrey) I'm afraid I must ask you to let me lie down.

Geoffrey—(rising) Come and lie down on my bed. (he crosses to his bedroom door, opens it, and goes out, leaving the door open)

Miriam—(to Valentine) It's the want of food.

Valentine—(echoes) The want of food? Miriam—I've had no appetite of late. (trying to speak lightly, she says, with a strange little laugh) I'm like a dog who's lost his Master—can't eat. (She goes slowly toward the bedroom door. When she is about to pass in front of Valentine she falls on the floor in a dead faint and lies perfectly still at Valentine's feet. Valentine sits in her chair, staring at Miriam. It never occurs to her to do anything. Geoffrey comes in from the bedroom and taking the situation in at a glance stoops down beside Miriam, picks her up in his arms and carries or assists her into his bedroom. Valentine watches everything he does, but does not otherwise move. When Geoffrey and Miriam have gone out Valentine sits rigidly still for a moment, staring in front of her. Then her breast heaves, her face relaxes, and she sobs. Geoffrey re-enters from the bedroom and stands near the threshold, looking gravely at Valentine as she cries.

Valentine—I'm not crying for that poor girl in there. I'm crying for my poor husband. I know he feels now—hurt and abandoned. (she pauses to press her handkerchief to her eyes before she continues) I never gave him a fair chance. He was very kind. He was really kind to me always, but he was tactless and he bored me, so I grew impatient and then angry until at last I refused to see any good in him at all, because I compared him with you. I scorned him, but I took his name, and I spent his money. I'm using them both still. I'm going back to him.

When Valentine is gone Geoffrey asks Miriam to marry him. But she asks him if he has read the marriage service.

Miriam—I never did, till the other day. It seemed as if it opened my eyes. It made me see—that whether you think marriage is something religious, or only human—it's solemn business—it's for the protection of good women, it's their reward. I'll cleave to you, Geoffrey, as long as you wish, but I won't marry you.



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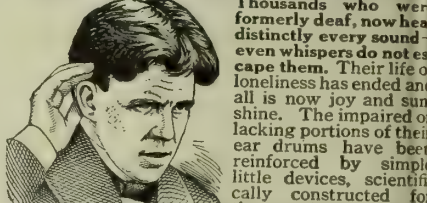
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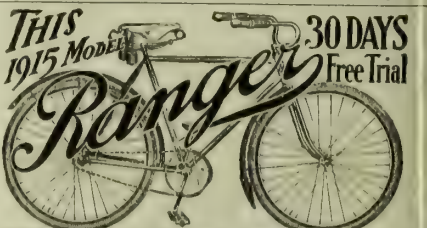
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The Tenth Muse

(Continued from page 369)

he required, offer her the pay of an artist's
model, three dollars a day; and, if she ac-
cepted, she could have her head and do
what she liked.

In the blue starlight people passed and
repassed like ghosts along the shell-road.
Spectral groups passed in clinging lin-
gerie; here and there a ghost lingered to
lean over the coquina wall, her lost gaze
faintly accented by some level star. One
of these, a slender young thing, paused near
to Brown, resting gracefully on the wall.

As for the girl herself, she resembled the
Tenth Muse. Brown had never attempted to
visualize his mistress; it had been
enough for him that she was Thalome-
ne, daughter of Zeus, divinely fair.

But now, as he recognized the face he
had noticed that evening in the dining-
room, somehow he thought of his Muse for
the first time concretely.

His impulse, without bothering to reason,
was to hop from the wall and go over to
where she was standing.

She looked around calmly as he ap-
proached, gave him a little nod in recogni-
tion of his lifted hat.

"I'm John Brown, 4th," he said. "I'm
stopping at the Villa Hibiscus. Do you
mind my saying so?"

"No, I don't mind," she said.

"There is a vast amount of nonsense in
formality and convention," said Brown.
"If you don't mind ignoring such details,
I have something important to say to
you."

She looked at him unsmilingly. Prob-
ably it was the starlight in her eyes that
made them glimmer as though with hidden
laughter.

"I am," said Brown, pleasantly, "an
author."

"Oh. You are writing a book!"

"Yes," he said, "I am, so to speak, at
work on a novel."

"Might one, with discretion, make fur-
ther inquiry concerning your novel, Mr.
Brown?"

"You may."

"Thank you," she said, apparently a
trifle disconcerted by the privilege so
promptly granted.

He talked fluently, earnestly, and agree-
ably; and his pretty audience listened with
so much apparent intelligence and good
taste that her very attitude subtly ex-
hilarated Brown, until he became slightly
aware that he was expressing himself
eloquently.

Never had he had such a listener. At
the clubs and cafés other literary men al-
ways wanted to talk. But here under the
great southern stars nobody interrupted
the limpid flow of his long-dammed elo-
quence. And he ended leisurely, as he had
begun, yet auto-intoxicated, thrillingly con-
scious of the spell which he had laid upon
himself, upon this young listener—conscious
too of the spell that the soft air and the
perfume and the stars had spun over a
world grown suddenly and incredibly lovely
and young.

She said in a low voice: "I need the
money very much. . . . And I don't mind
your studying me."

"Do you really mean it?" he exclaimed,
enchanted.

"Yes. But there is one trouble."

"What is it?" he asked apprehensively.

"I must have my mornings to myself."

He said: "Under the terms I must be
permitted to ask you any questions I
choose. You understand that, don't you?"

"Yes," she said.

"Then—why must you have your mornings
to yourself?"

"I have work to do."

"What work? What are you?"

She flushed a trifle, then, accepting the
rules of the game, smiled at Brown. "I
am a school-teacher," she said. "Ill health
from overwork drove me South to con-
valesce. I am trying to support myself
here by working in the mornings."

"I am sorry," he said gently. Then,
aware of his concession to a very human
weakness, he added with businesslike de-
cision: "What is the nature of your morn-
ing's work?"

"I—write," she admitted.

"Stories?"

"Yes."

"If you are to act for me in the capac-
ity of a model," he said firmly, "I am

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"Oh!"

"Not one minute of the day must pass without my observing you," he said.

"Do you propose to sit up day and night to keep me under observation?" she asked, flushed and astounded.

"Not at first. But as my studies advance, and you become accustomed to the perfectly respectful but coldly impersonal nature of my observations, your mind, I trust, will become so broadened that you will find nothing objectionable in what at first might scare you. An artist's model, for example—"

"But I am not an artist's model!" she exclaimed, with a slight shiver.

"To be a proper model at all," he said, "you must concede all for art, and remain sublimely unconscious of self. You do not matter. I do not matter. Only my work counts. And that must be honest, truthful, accurate, minute, exact—a perfect record of a woman's mind and personality."

They walked back to the Villa Hibiscus together, slowly, through the blue starlight. Brown asked her name, and she told him.

"No," he said gaily, "your name is Thalome, and you the Tenth Muse. For truly I think I have never before been so thoroughly inspired by a talk with anyone."

She laughed. He had done almost all the talking. And he continued it, very happily, as by common consent they seated themselves on the veranda.

The inhabitants of the Villa Hibiscus retired. But Brown talked on, quite unconscious that the low-voiced questions and softly modulated replies were magic which incited him to a perfect ecstasy of self-revelation.

Perhaps he thought he was studying her—for the compact by mutual consent was already in force—and certainly his eyes were constantly upon her, taking, as no doubt he supposed, a cold and impersonal measure of her symmetry. Calmly and with utter detachment, he measured her slender waist, her soft little hands: noting the fresh, sweet lips, the clear, prettily shaped eyes, the delicate throat, the perfect little Greek head with its thick, golden hair. And all the while he held forth about literature and its true purpose; about what art really is; about his own art, his own literature and his own self.

And the girl was really fascinated.

As he lay there in his rocking-chair beside her, it seemed to him that he had known her intimately for years—so wonderfully does the charm of self-revelation act upon human reason. For she had said almost nothing about herself. Yet, it was becoming plainer to him every moment that never in all his life had he known any woman as he already knew this young girl.

"It is wonderful," he said, lying back in his chair and looking up at the stars, "how subtle is sympathy, and how I recognize yours. I think I understand you perfectly already."

"Do you?" she said.

"Yes, I feel sure I do. Somehow, I know that secretly and in your own heart you are in full tide of sympathy with me and with my life's work."

"I thought you had no imagination," she said.

"I haven't. Do you mean that I only imagine that you are in sympathy with me?"

"No," she said. "I am."

After a few moments she laughed deliciously. He never knew why. Nor was she ever perfectly sure why she had laughed, though they discussed the matter very gravely.

A new youth seemed to have invaded her, an exquisite sense of lightness, of power. Vaguely she was conscious of ability, of a wonderful and undreamed of capacity. Within her heart she seemed to feel the subtle stir of a new courage, of a certainty for the future, of indefinable but splendid things.

The manuscript of the novel which she had sent North two weeks ago seemed to her a winged thing soaring to certain victory in the Empyrean. Suddenly, by some magic, doubt, fear, distress, were allayed—and it was like surcease from a steady pain, with all the blessed and heavenly languor relaxing her mind and body.

"I wonder," she said almost timidly, "whether you could ever listen to me."

"Always," he said, bending nearer to see her expression. Which having seen, he perhaps forgot to note in his little booklet, for he continued to look at her.

(Robert W. Chambers again in the big May issue)

Minute after minute slipped a the scented dusk, and found him position unchanged, where he lay in chair looking at her.

The girl also was very silent.

"It is odd," he said, after a long "that merely a few hours with you inspire me more than I have ever before inspired in all my life."

"That," she said unsteadily, "is imagination."

At the hateful word, imagination, Brown seemed to awake from the spell. The sat up straight, rather abruptly.

"The thing to do," he said, still conscious by his awakening, "is to consider you personally and make notes of everything. He had risen, and stepped across to the door, where a light was still burning, was fumbling for pencil and note-book.

Standing under the light he resolved composed his thoughts; but to save him he could remember nothing of which make a memorandum.

This worried him, and finally abandoned him. And so long did he stand there, book open, pencil poised, and a sick expression of dismay imprinted upon otherwise agreeable features, that the rose at last from her chair, glanced through the door at him, and then forward.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"The matter is," said Brown, "that I don't seem to have anything to say."

"You are tired," she said. "I think both are a little tired. I am going now." He followed, scribbling furiously; it is difficult to go up-stairs—watch a go up-stairs—and write about the way does it all at the same time.

"Good night," she said, opening her door.

"Good night," he said, absently, so intent on his scribbling that he followed her through the door into her room.

In full flood of his treacherous imagination he seated himself on a chair beside the bed, rested the note-book on his knee, scribbled madly, utterly oblivious to the fact that it was only when he had finished sheer lack of material, that he recollected himself, looked up, saw how she had shied away from him against the wall—how scarlet had dyed her face to her temples.

"Why—why do you come—into my room?" she faltered. "Does our friendship count for no more than that with you?"

"What?" he said, bewildered.

"That you do what you have no right to do. Art—art is not enough to—to excuse—disrespect—"

Suddenly the tears sprang to her eyes, and she covered her flushed face with her hands. For a moment Brown stood rigid. Then a deeper flush than hers spread heavily over his features. "I'm sorry," he said. She made no response.

Then he hurled the note-book across the room and walked over to her as she looked at her lovely head, startled and tearful.

"You are right," he said, swallowing nothing very desperately. "You can be studied this way. Will you—try me?"

"What?"

"Will you marry me?"

"Why?" she gasped.

"Because I—want to study you."

"No!" she said, looking him straight in the eyes.

Brown thought hard for a full minute. "Would you marry me because I love you?" he asked timidly.

The question seemed to be more than she could answer. Besides, the tears sprang to her blue eyes again, and her under began to tremble, and she covered her face with both hands. Which made it difficult for him to kiss her.

"Isn't it wonderful," he said, carrying her trembling from head to foot. "Isn't it wonderful, dear?"

"Yes," she whispered. The word, uttered against his shoulder, was stifled, bent his head nearer, murmuring:


"Thalome—Thalome—embodiment of Truth! How wonderful it is to me at last I find in you that absolute truth I worship."

"I am—the embodiment—of your imagination," she said. "But you will never believe it—most adorable of boys—dearest—dearest of men."

And, lifting her stately and divine head, she looked innocently at Brown, who he imprinted his first and most chaste upon the fresh, sweet lips of the Tenth Muse, Thalome, daughter of Zeus.

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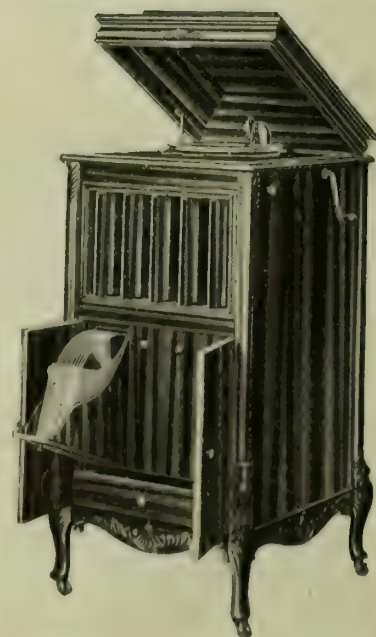
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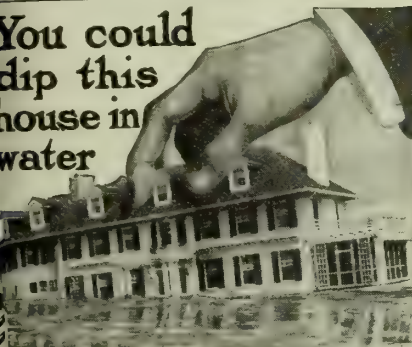
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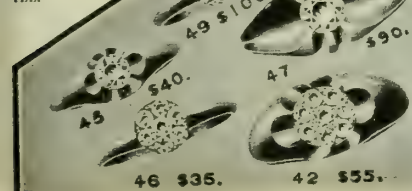
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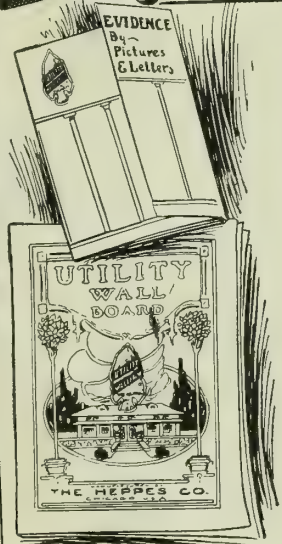
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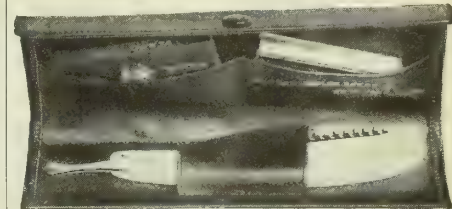
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The Man Hunt

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KIPLING says "There is no hunt equal to a man hunt." Kipling's hero, however, wanted only to hunt men in order to kill them. This trespassing on the preserve of Cain, today, has no defenders, save as a last resort and a terrible necessity.

The grandeur has gone out of the game.

Those who go to war today tramp grimly and silently, seeing ahead of them a grave, not glory.

Yet, the fact remains, civilization is a man hunt, and if Europe had hunted for and found the right men, this war that is blighting the worth of the world would never have been.

The human machine was too flimsy and weak to meet the exigencies demanded. When a man breaks off diplomatic relations with wife, child, parent, or neighbor it is a tragedy.

When nations sever diplomatic relations it is a calamity.

Herbert Spencer wrote a chapter on the "Messianic Instinct," or the world's unending prayer for a man who will lead it out of the thralldom of woe, war, waste, sin, shame, and selfishness.

Every nation is hunting for this man who can guide it into the paths of peace and prosperity.

In a lesser sense, business is a man hunt.

Especially is big business a search for the man who can shoulder burdens, take responsibilities, and meet great difficulties. "For 'tis not for ye to falter, and 'tis not for ye to palter, for thy mission is the mightiest of time."

Never in all history was the man hunt so keen. "Produce great men—the rest follows," said Old Walt. Perhaps we have been hunting for men, instead of producing them. Ah! that is the trouble.

We have expected them to come from another planet, when probably they are right here all the time.

Why not a Federal Commission to investigate and give us the formula for producing great men? For one reason, that Commission, if appointed, would fail—because there are not great men enough to form such a commission.

In mechanics there is that which is called "induced draft," also there is "forced draft." In order to get complete combustion you must either "induce" or "force" a surplus of oxygen into the furnace.

In pumping fluids long distances, it is found you can "induce" the flow much easier than you can "force" it. The pumps are placed ahead of the product instead of behind it. These pumps really do not lift the load, they take out the air, so the liquid comes forward of its own accord to fill a vacuum.

Why not "induce" men instead of "forcing" them?

Hasn't the world seen more than enough of force?

When the great leader comes there will be no cannon behind him, no cannon in front of him.

He will wear no robe of office, no uniform, no medals.

His apparel will be as devoid of insignia as was that of Lincoln. He will induce—not force.

Induction means love in motion.

Force means tyranny in action.

Ecce Homo! Behold the man! Let us look for him. He may be next door—around the corner—at the next bench or counter.

"Thou art the man."

Who knows?

There is no hunt equal to a good man hunt.

Hunt under your own hat, and perhaps you will find a great man hidden beneath the rubbish of your tears and fears and doubts.

"Seek and ye shall find." Arise!

The shadowy-eyed Mme. Garnier looked more than once in the direction of the newly-arrived Lieutenant Keys. From under her dark lashes she was studying him with a not altogether impersonal interest; a close observer might have noticed the minutest tightening of her languorous lips.

On Secret

The First of a Great New

By Arthur

Author of

Illustrated by



"This chase will not take you out of America," finally suggested the Chief. "That much I can guarantee."

"But it will take me out of my club and my newer way of looking at things," explained the patient-eyed Kestner. "You see, I seem to be developing a sort of philosophic sense of humor, and that leads to self-criticism, and that keeps whispering to me that gum-shoeing and gray hairs don't always go together!"

"So what you want is peace with honor," suggested the other.

"I'm tired of the under-crust, at any rate."

"Well, for a family man who's tired of the under-crust, I should think an Embassy Secretaryship, say Rome for ten months, then London for a year, and then one of the quieter Continental Embassies itself, would be just about the right thing to keep the rust off!"

Kestner turned and eyed the older man. But the Chief disregarded his stare.

"This isn't loose talk, Kestner. We can't expect you to come back without making it worth while to you. And we're not holding out any bribes. But you know the way things stand with the Administration. You know the Navy people can't afford to let much more of their stuff get out. And when you land your people you'll get your post. That's as sure as taxes and death!"

"You could do it inside of a month," prompted the bland-eyed Wilsnach.

"There are occasions," said the solemn-eyed Kestner, "when a month may seem a very long space of time."

"Isn't an Ambassadorship sometimes worth three or four weeks of waiting?" inquired the man at the desk. "I know a few guys who've worked twenty years for 'em!"

"But I am not working for Ambassadorships."

"D'you mean you don't want one?" was the somewhat acidulated inquiry.

"It's a great honor, and a great opportunity," acknowledged Kestner. "But when I work for my country I don't do it with one hand in the pork-barrel!"

The Chief's gesture was one of heavy impatience. "This thing's already been thought over and talked over. Foreign posts aren't passed around like trading-stamps. They go to the men equipped for them. You know seven or eight languages, and you've covered Europe for ten or twelve years. You've learned the lay of the land and served your country on some pretty large questions."

The big form leaned forward over the desk and the big voice dropped to a more serious tone. "Kestner, that country needs you now. It needs you as it never quite needed you before. And if you're the American I think you are, you're going to side-step the tulle and organ-music for a few weeks and help this Administration out of a hole!"

A telephone call interrupted the Chief's

suggested. "Give Wilsnach here a chance on the case."

The man from the Paris Office shifted a little uneasily.

"Wilsnach was on the case for a week," explained the Chief. "And yesterday he asked me to wire for you."

Kestner glanced with open reproof at his colleague of other days. "Wilsnach knows I came to America for quite another purpose," he explained, "for the rather personal if somewhat trifling purpose of getting married."

The man at the desk swung about in his swivel-chair. "My dear fellow, by all means get married, but—"

"But at once tear off on a beagle-chase around the world after some verminous criminal with a weakness for ten-cent bed-houses and traveling steerage!"

For a moment or two the Chief stared out of the window. Just beyond that window was the Washington monument, and behind that the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where the electric elevators were rising and dipping with their afternoon crowds, and into B Street was swarming a motley throng of designers and engravers and plate-printers, side by side with stitchers and sizers and counters, with steel press men and bull-gangers and oil-burners from the Ink Mill, all hurrying homeward after their day's work. They were part of a machinery which took on a touch of nobility because of its labyrinthine attractions, its ungodded complexities.

KESTNER, I want you to come back."

It was the Chief at Washington who spoke, the Chief of the Service, as he sat at his desk in the Treasury Building, flanked on one side by Wilsnach of the Paris Office and on the other by Kestner fresh from New York. The man who had said good-by to the Service back in the dead.

"My fighting days are over," he quietly answered.

Yet he looked with no unfriendly glance at the long-bodied, pendent-jowled man across the counter-topped desk. In that ponderous stare was the throbbing pulse of eyes. Kestner had eyes, indeed. And they belonged to an official who had not exactly been at pettifoggery for years.

"Then back (this your last fight!" almost pleaded the master figure with the incongruous, very alert side glance, as he fingered a paper-weight fashioned from an old coin-die of the Philadelphia Mint.

"You are younger men," Kestner suddenly

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words, but his eyes never left the other man's face.

"You know the war talk going around the inner circles. You know what might happen before our next dreadnought gets off the stays. I've told you what we're up against here, with those foreign agents getting our data before it can even be reported to

the Department. You know the conditions that European mix-up brought down on us. You can pretty well see what's got to be done by some one from this office. And I'm not the only man who wants you to do it. You can count in the Secretary of the Navy, and, what's more, you can count in the White House!"

Wilsnach moved, as though to break the silence, but Kestner stopped him. Then the ex-Secret Service man turned to his Chief.

"Let me explain something to you," he began in his cool and even tones. "You know what our work is. It's a bit like tiger-shooting, seductive but dangerous. It has a great deal of rough-neck work, and now and then an occasional risk. When you're

Wilsnach did not move, though conscious that he was within the aura of some soft and voluptuous aroma; he heard Mme. Garnier's gasp of relief as she stealthily drew the plans from his pocket.

young, you're glad enough to face those risks. There's a thrill about it. But to keep on at it, once you're thirty-five, you've got to have a spark of youth that won't go out. You've got to nurse your streak of romance. Now the trouble is, I find my spark going out. The work doesn't seem romantic to me any more. It seems nearly always humdrum and very often underhand."

"It's necessary work," interrupted the other.

"So is scavenging. And I feel I've done enough of it."

"Then end it up," persisted the Chief, "by helping us clear away this final mess."

"But I'm tired of messes like this. I'm tired of the types they bring you into contact with.



I'm tired of the way they have to be rounded up. I'm tired of crook-warrens and gun-play and tapping wires. I want quietness and decency and an acre or two of lawn with a tennis-court at one end of it and a Japanese tea-house at the other!"

"Which is exactly what I've been trying to argue you into," promptly pointed out the Chief. "You get all those things when you get your rosewood desk at the Embassy—with a silk hat and a state carriage thrown in!"

"My experience with Embassies," suggested Kestner, "hasn't precisely fixed them in my mind as abodes of quietude."

"But instead of stewing along the under-crust, you'll be a monument on the upper," said the Chief, with a repeated heavy gesture that was almost one of impatience. "And we can leave the Embassies out, for we've got troubles closer than that. We've got one of the shrewdest and completest systems of espionage ever organized to break up. We've found leaks from the Navy and from the Aviation Corps. Our cipher-codes have been stolen and our wireless adaptations lifted. Our Canal Fortification plans have been dug out, and we know two different foreign powers are trying to get the secret of our new balanced turbines, to say nothing of the Cross torpedo for which one Intelligence Department has offered a cool million. And we know the whole business is being engineered by the trickiest foreign agents who ever bought a war-map."

Kestner sighed a little wearily. "Who are the foreign agents?" he casually inquired.

The Chief was silent for a moment or two, as though weighing the expediency of making further confession to one still outside the Service. Then he pulled out a drawer and tossed a mounted group-photograph across the desk.

That's an enlargement from a moving-picture film showing the crowd that watched the launching of our new submersible destroyer. We stumbled on it by accident. But in that crowd is one face, and if you look at it under the glass you'll see the face of the man who's organized the entire system that we're not to lose. That's about all we know, because the fact, apparently, that he's working with foreign people has brought over for this purpose, people unknown to our government."

"But who's the man?" repeated Kestner, throwing a casual eye along the wall at the mounted figure on the covered picture.

"Kestner" was the Chief's answer.

Kestner's hand dropped to the desk-top. "Kestner?" he asked.

a trifle vacuously, as he took up the picture and searched through its serried faces with a narrowing eye.

"Then you've heard the name?" inquired the Chief carefully.



"You will never get those papers I took from that man," was Mme. Garnier's deliberately defiant reply. "Those papers belong to the Navy Department, and they will go back to the Navy Department!"

"Yes, I've heard the name," was Kestner's slowly enunciated answer, "and I rather recognize the face, for that matter."

"You mean you know the man?" was the Chief's quick, excited query.

"Yes, I know the man!"

"Anything more?" asked the Chief.

"Yes, one thing more. I hate that man the same as a woman hates a snake!" replied Kestner savagely.

"Why do you hate him?"

Kestner's answer was not as direct as it might have been. "Because embodied in him is everything about this life that makes it seem odious to me."

"And that means, I suppose, that we can't count on you?"

Kestner restored the photograph to the desk. He gazed with unseeing eyes through the window before turning back to his Chief. "On the contrary," he said with a curt laugh that was quite without merriment, "you can count on me to the finish!"

The next moment the huge figure behind the desk was on his feet. "Then I'd like you to see the Secretary of the Navy for five or ten minutes," promptly suggested the Chief, "and then talk with the President himself for a quarter of an hour."

Wilsnach stooped over the enlargement on the desk-top.

"That won't be an easy man to round up," he ventured.

"If Keudell is the man I'm going to get," was Kestner's quite emotionless reply, "I'm going to get him, if it takes me twenty years!"

IT was six days later that Kestner was breakfasting in his rooms overlooking San Diego Bay. He had his reasons for privacy, and nursed no inclination, apparently, to mingle with the gayer company that thronged the wide verandas and corridors of that huge hostelry which seemed to exist only for laughter and music and dancing and love-making.

Yet the table was laid for two, and as Kestner sat before his iced Casaba he might have been seen to glance repeatedly and impatiently down at his watch. His look of anxiety, in fact, did not pass away until a telephone-bell rang and the hotel-office announced the arrival of Lieutenant Keys.

"I'm sorry to be late," announced this young lieutenant as Kestner admitted him and at the same moment dismissed the waiter. The newcomer, who bore a startling resemblance to Wilsnach of the Paris Office, inspected the laden breakfast table with evident relief. It was, however, a rejuvenated Wilsnach, an airy and summery Wilsnach in white cricketer's flannel, carrying a roll-brim Panama and a bamboo swagger-stick. "But to rig out in this get-up takes time."

Kestner, as they took their seats, cast a somnolently critical eye over his younger colleague. "You'll do!" he finally announced.

"But just why am I Lieutenant Keys?" inquired the man in cricketer's flannel.

"Because, my dear fellow, your arrival has been duly heralded in the evening papers," Kestner announced, "and there are one or two persons, quite outside official circles, who are rather interested in your new war-plane."

"My new war-plane?"

"Yes; which you have brought with you from the Brooklyn Navy Yard—at least, the specifications are now with you."

Kestner handed an oblong packet of papers across the table to his inquiring-eyed colleague.

"Then you've actually been finding something out?" Wilsnach asked.

"I've found out quite a number of things," was Kestner's quiet-toned answer as he squeezed a slice of lemon over his fried sand-dabs. "And not the least important is the fact that Wallaby Sam is working with Keudell."

Wilsnach looked up in astonishment.

"That's a sweet pair to have against us!" he solemnly affirmed.

"And they've mapped out a sweet little campaign," added Kestner. "As far as I'm able to judge, it goes from ocean to ocean, and takes in six different cities."

"Then you *have* been digging things out!" commented Wilsnach.

"With Sadie Wimpel planted in New York, and even Maura going to Wilmington for me, I haven't done so bad, for a purely nocturnal animal. Having to keep under cover until you got here rather worked against me. But I've had to do that, for the second important fact is that this sweet-scented couple have got Anna Makaieff operating for them, and operating right here in this hotel."

"Makaieff?" cogitated Wilsnach. "That name's new to me."

"Well, it isn't to me—and I've had the dictaphone annunciator on the end of this fishing-pole covering her window every night it was open."

"Where does she come from?"

"Her father was an Anglicized Pole and her mother a music-hall singer in Paris. She was trained for the stage herself, but married before she was twenty. Then she went to India with an English army-officer who knew nothing of her antecedents. There she hitched up with a Russian Grand-Duke and ran away to the Orient, where she was soon deserted, and had to live by her wits. Keudell found her there when he was buying up German coast-defense data, and took her to Vienna, where she learned two or three more languages, and how to dress, and a few of the tricks of the international spy trade. She was four years in Petrograd and those four years, I'd venture, cost the Russian government a good many million roubles in military leaks. Then she rather dropped out of things for a few years, for she actually fell in love with a young artist and stuck to him like a burr until the family railroaded the boy out of the country. To-day she's an exceptionally adroit and attractive woman of the panther type, at the dangerous age of thirty, and with her claws this time set in the flesh of a Lieutenant-Colonel Diehms out here."

"And has Diehms been—?" Wilsnach seemed reluctant to put his fellow-officer's fall into words.

"I'm afraid so."

"Poor devil!"

"Yes, poor devil, for he has a wife and two children at Wilmington, and Maura wires me they're the right sort!"

"And does the Makaieff woman dream you're on her trail?"

"Naturally not, or she'd even let Diehms out of her claws to get away. It makes me sick to see that poor devil dancing about with her. He's like a man in a trance."

"Could she care for him?"

"Not a rap! What she's after is Navy information. Why, she had possession of every detail of our 'L-1' ten days after it was launched at the yards of the Fore River Shipbuilding Company and three weeks before its acceptance trials by the Navy people themselves. And now she's after our new airship specifications. That seems to be her main object. But incidentally she's picking up any Army or Navy secret that she can get her hands on. So the only thing for this man Diehms to do, when the truth comes out, is to shut himself up and quietly blow his brains out."

"But can you afford to let him do that?"

"I can't exactly say, just yet. But our panther

has hypnotized him. For example, you read last week about the aviation tests over here on the island? You probably read how Lieutenant Taylor of the Aviation Corps established an endurance record for eleven hours and twelve minutes on only thirty gallons of gasoline. That was with our new Farlow motor. Keudell and his people to-day have full specifications of that motor in their possession. Anna Makaieff is the agent who got it for them—though it didn't come from Diehms. And inside another ten days, if no one interferes with her activities, she'll know as much about our secret adaptation of the Crozier-Buffington disappearing-carriage for coast-defense guns as the Chief of Ordnance himself. So that gives you a slight hint of why this very handsome young lady from Austria has to be rounded up."

Wilsnach poured himself out a second cup of coffee. "She won't be easy to corner, I imagine."

"The hardest part is Diehms, with that decent family to pull down after him," was Kestner's meditative reply. "The poor devil can't be saved, of course. But I can't get the thought of that Wilmington home out of my head."

"And the woman doesn't worry you?"

"What good is a woman of that type? She's like a cat in a squab-pen. The sooner her hide is nailed to the aviary door, the better. She's merely a sneak-thief in spangles. She's nothing more than a penny-weighter with a Paris accent, or a lush-dip with the *grande dame* air." Kestner's gesture was one of half-wearied disgust. "She's just panther—which means cat written large. What I'm trying to tell you is that she's carnivorous, and always will be, for wherever your panther wanders you're going to find her feeding on somebody's flesh and blood. And we'd all prefer that she wandered about in some other part of the world."

"Panthers aren't so easily rounded up," reiterated the mild-eyed Wilsnach.

Kestner sat for several minutes in studious silence. Then he smiled as he glanced up at his younger companion. "The approved method of rounding them up, I believe, is to locate their run-way, and then stake an innocent young lamb down in the jungle."

"And you're to be the lamb?" was the quick inquiry.

"On the contrary, I'm too lamentably old for such uses. And the wool would never cover me, for there's a limit to all disguises, once you've been known. Besides, your bleat can always give you away. You agree with me there, don't you, Wilsnach, that a man can never really disguise his voice?"

"I've never seen it done, off the stage."

"Precisely. So that counts me out with the lady, with whom I once had the pleasure of conversing."

"Then who in thunder is going to be the lamb?" was Wilsnach's perturbed demand.

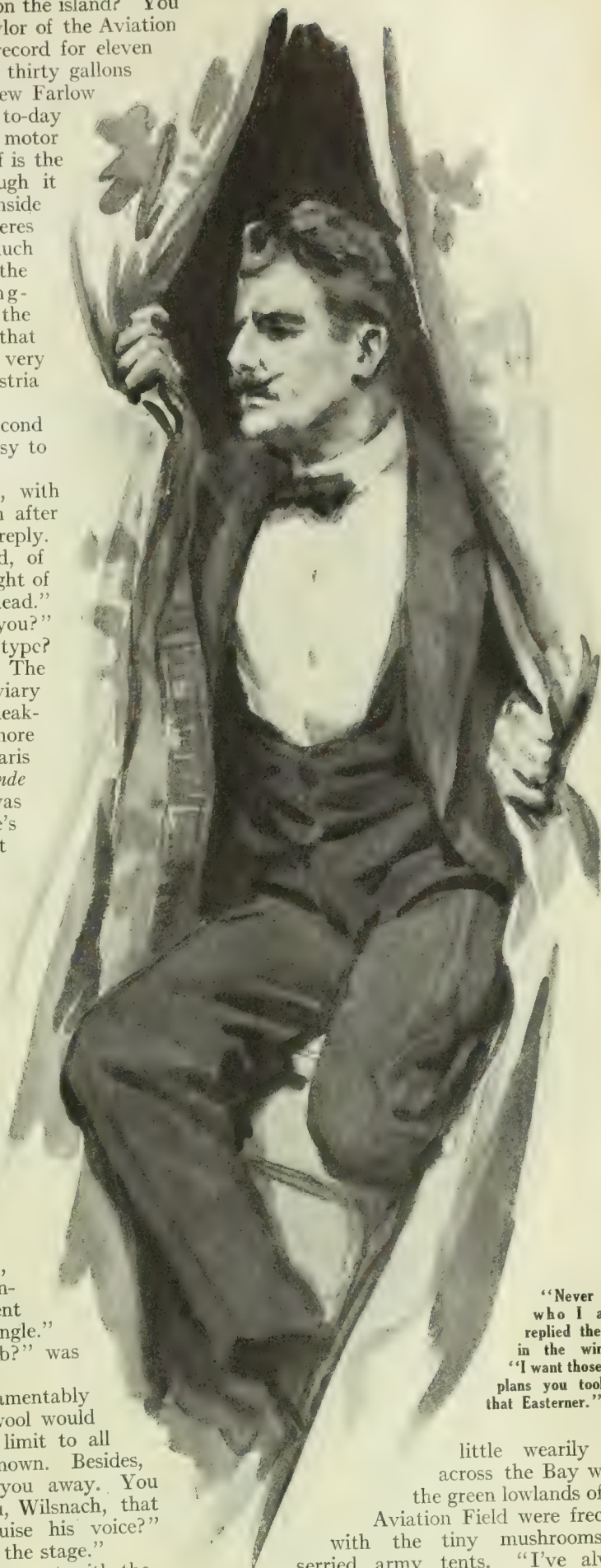
"How would you like to be?"

"I wouldn't like it at all," was Wilsnach's prompt retort.

"Well, you may as well get used to the idea," and this time Kestner spoke without smiling, "for my plans are made, and you're going to be planted right in the path of this most predaceous lady."

"Well, it's not work I care for, and that I'll say right now!"

Kestner got up from the table and looked a



"Never mind who I am," replied the man in the window. "I want those navy plans you took off that Easterner."

little wearily out across the Bay where the green lowlands of the Aviation Field were freckled with the tiny mushrooms of serried army tents. "I've always said, Wilsnach, that there are times the Service takes us into dirty work. And I'm sorry if this has got to be one of them."

THE second evening following the printed announcements of the arrival of Lieutenant Keys at the coast a number of his younger fellow-officers tendered him a quite informal dinner. This dinner, which was served in one of the upper rooms opening off the dancing-floor, was sufficiently convivial in character to attract the attention of casual couples tired of waltzing and fox-trotting to the strains of an orchestra.

It had been the source of much disappointment.

(Continued on page 469)

Heart of the Sunset

YOU can never know what these two days have been for me," General Longorio said, as he and Alaire lingered over their meal in his quarters at Nuevo Pueblo. "They will afford me something to think about all my life. It is a delicious comfort to know that you trust me; that you do not dislike me. And you do not dislike me, eh?"

"Why, of course not. I have a great deal for which to thank you."

General Longorio fingered his wineglass and stared into it. "I am not like other men—would to God I were, for then I could close my eyes and—forget. You have your great tragedy—it is old to you; but mine, dear lady, is just beginning. I can look forward to nothing except unhappiness." He sighed deeply.

"I'm sorry you are unhappy," Alaire parried. "Surely you have every pleasant prospect."

"It would seem so. I am young, rich, a hero; I serve my country in glorious fashion, but what is all that if there is no pretty one to care? Even the meanest peon has his woman, his heart's treasure. I would give all I have; I would forego my hope of heaven, and doom myself to eternal tortures for one smile from a pair of sweet lips, one look of love. I am a man of iron—yes, an invincible soldier—and yet I have a heart, and a woman could rule me."

"You say you have a heart." Alaire studied her *vis-à-vis* curiously as he met her eyes with his mournful gaze. "How is it that I hear such strange stories about you, General?"

"What stories?"

"Stories—too terrible to mention. I wonder if they can be true."

"Lies, all of them!" Longorio asserted.

"For instance, they tell me that you shoot your prisoners?"

"Of course!" Then at her shocked exclamation, he explained: "It is a necessity of war. Listen, *señora*! We have twelve million Indians in Mexico and a few selfish men who incite them to revolt. Everywhere there is intrigue, and nowhere is there honor. To war against the Government is treason, and treason is punishable by death. To permit the lower classes to do as they please in this country would be to invite anarchy. There is no other way. I am a man of iron, and yet I have a heart, and a woman could rule me." Alaire studied him curiously as he met her eyes with his mournful gaze.

him, and—I salute him. *Viva Potosí!*" The speaker lifted his glass and drank. "Madero was a wicked believer in spells and charms; he talked with the dead. He, and those who came after him, fired the peons to revolt and he despoiled his country, leaving her prone and bleeding. We, of the *Científicos*, have set ourselves to stop her wounds and to nourish her to life again. We shall drive all traitors into the sea and feed them to the sharks. We shall destroy them all, and Mexico shall have peace. But I am not a

Illustrated by

SYNOPSIS: Alaire Austin, called the "Lone Star of Texas" because of her beauty, loses her way in the desert. Just as the night closes in, she staggers to a water-hole, and into the arms of a stranger, David Law, a ranger, waiting there to capture a Mexican murderer. These two, Alaire and Law, spend the night together in the open. On the evening of the morrow Law captures two Mexicans. One is Panfilo Sanchez, a ranch hand of Alaire's. Law releases him at her request, but the man tries to steal his horse, and Law shoots him though he does not tell her. Arriving home, Alaire and

bloodthirsty man. No, I am a poet and a lover, at heart. As great a patriot as I am, I could be faithless to my country for one smile from the woman I adore."

Alaire did not color under the ardent glance that went with this declaration. She deliberately changed the subject. "This morning while we



"I am a man of iron," said Longorio. "Yet I have a heart, and a woman could rule me." "You say you have a heart." Alaire studied him curiously as he met her eyes with his mournful gaze.

by Rex Beach

Charles Dana Gibson

her husband, "Young Ed," quarrel about Law. Then Alaire sets out with two servants to go down to save La Feria, her ranch in the war zone of Mexico. On the way she meets General Longorio, who falls in love with her. Meanwhile Law is riding out upon the fresh trail of two cattle-thieves, one almost kills him; the other he follows back to "Young Ed," who lies himself out of the affair. While Law is pursuing his man to Pueblo, Alaire, on her way north from La Feria, is defending herself from the flattering attentions of the infatuated General Luis Longorio in his quarters of Nuevo Pueblo.

were in the office of the *Jefe de Armas*," she said, "I saw a poor woman with a baby—she was scarcely more than a child herself—whose husband is in prison. She told me how she had come all the way from the country and is living with friends, just to be near

him. Every day she goes to the *cárcel*, but is denied admission, and every day she comes to plead with the *Jefe de Armas* for her husband's life. But he will not see her, and the soldiers only laugh at her tears."

"A common story! These women and their babies are very annoying," observed the General with a shrug of indifference.

"She says that her husband is to be shot."

"Very likely! Our prisons are too crowded—doubtless he is a bad man."

"Can't you do something?"

"Eh?" Longorio lifted his brows in the frankest enquiry.

"That poor girl with her little, bare, brown-eyed baby was pitiful." Alaire leaned forward with an earnest appeal in her face, and her host smiled.

"So? That is how it is, eh? What is her name?"

"Inez Garcia. The husband's name is Juan."

"Of course. These *pelados* are all Juans. You would like to appear as an angel of mercy, eh? Your heart is touched?"

"Deeply."

"*Bastante!* There is no more to be said." Longorio rose and went into the next room where were certain members of his staff. After a time he returned with a paper in his hand, and this he laid before Alaire. It was an order for the release of Juan Garcia.

"The *salvo conducto* which will permit Juan and his Inez and their Juanito to return to their farm is being made out," he explained. "Are you satisfied?"

Alaire looked up wonderingly. "I am deeply grateful. You overwhelm me. You are—a strange man."

"Dear lady, I live to serve you. Your wish is my law. How can I prove it further?" As

he stood beside her chair, the fervor of his gaze caused her eyes to droop and a faint color to come into her cheeks. She felt a sudden sense of insecurity, for the man was trembling; the evident desire to touch her, to seize her in his arms was actually shaking him like an ague. What next would he do? Of what wild extravagance was he not capable? He was a queer mixture of fire and ice, of sensuality and self-restraint. She knew him to be utterly lawless in most things, and yet towards her he had shown scrupulous restraint. What possibilities were in a man of his electric temperament, who had the strength to throttle his fiercest longings?

The strained, throbbing silence that followed Longorio's last words did more to frighten the woman than had his most ardent advances.

After a time he lifted Alaire's hand; she felt his lips hot and damp upon her flesh—then he turned and went away with the document. When he reappeared he was smiling.

"These Garcias shall know who interceded for them. You shall have their thanks," said he.

"No, no! It is enough that the man is free."

"How now?" The general was puzzled. "What satisfaction can there be in a good deed unless one receives public credit and thanks for it? I am not like that."

He would have lingered indefinitely over the table, but Alaire soon rose to go, explaining: "I must finish my disagreeable task now, so that I can go home to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" her host cried in dismay. "No, no! You must wait—"

"My husband is expecting me."

This statement was a blow;





"Don't you know how to be afraid?" Alaire asked. "Yes'm," Dave Law answered, "I'm afraid this killing of mine is going to spoil our friendship. I've been afraid all along I might have hurt your reputation."

it seemed to crush Longorio, who could only look his bewilderment.

As they slipped out into the street, Alaire was afforded that treat which Longorio had so thoughtfully arranged for her. There in the gutter stood Inez Garcia with her baby in her arms, and beside her the ragged figure of a young man, evidently her Juan. The fellow was emaciated, his face was gaunt and worn and frightened, his feet were bare even of sandals, the huge tattered straw-hat which he clutched over his head was tattered, and yet—in his eye there

They had waited patiently these hours, heedful of Longorio's officers, and now they burst into a street of trucks. They threw themselves on their knees and kissed the sole of Alaire's shoe. Their outcries had been plain, and they followed him to the letter, yet their gratitude was none the less genuine for being studied. The little mother's hysteria, for instance, could not have been easily assumed, and certainly no amount of rehearsal could have taught the child to smile so effectively to his parents'. Between them, the made such a racket as to

summon a crowd, and Dolores, who had also awaited her mistress, was so deeply stirred that she wept with them.

General Longorio enjoyed this scene tremendously, and his beaming eyes expressed the hope that Alaire was fully satisfied with the moment. But the Garcias, having been thoroughly coached, insisted upon rendering full measure of thanks, and there seemed to be no way of shutting them off until the General ordered them to their feet.

"That is enough!" he declared. "Hombre, you are free, so go about your business and fight no more with those accursed Rebels."

Juan, of course, was ready at this moment to fight for any one he was told to fight for, particularly Longorio himself, and he so declared. His life was at the service of the benefactor who had spared him; his wife and baby lived only to bless the illustrious General.

"They look very poor," said Alaire, and opened her purse, but Longorio would not permit her to give. Extracting a large roll of paper money from his own pocket he tossed it, without counting, to Juan, and then when the onlookers ap-

plauded he loudly called to one of his officers, saying:

"Oiga! Give these good friends of mine two horses, and see that they are well cared for. Now Juan," he addressed the dazed countryman, "I have one order for you. Every night of your life, you and your pretty wife must say a prayer for the safety and happiness of this beautiful lady who has induced me to spare you. Do you promise?"

"We promise!" eagerly cried the pair.

"Good! See that you keep your word. On the day that you forget for the first time, Luis Longorio will come to see you. And then what?" He scowled at them fiercely.

"We will not forget," the Garcias chorused.

There was a murmur from the onlookers; some one cried, "Viva Longorio!"

The General bowed, smilingly; then taking Alaire's arm, he waved the idlers out of his path with a magnificent gesture.

When, later in the day, Mrs. Austin came to say good-by and thank the Mexican for his courtesies, he humbly begged permission to pay his respects that evening at her hotel, and she could not refuse.

As the coach went bouncing across the international bridge, Dolores said spitefully, "It will take more than the pardon of poor Juan Garcia to unlock Heaven for that bandit. He is the wickedest man I ever met—yes, probably the wickedest man in the world."

"He has been kind to us."

"Bah! He has a motive. Do you notice the way he looks at you? It is enough to damn him for all eternity."

Upon her arrival at the hotel Alaire received an agreeable surprise, for as her vehicle paused at the curb David Law stepped forward, hat in hand.

"What bloodthirsty business brings you to Pueblo?" she queried, when they had exchanged greetings.

Law smiled at her. "I came to offer free board and lodging to a poor Greaser. But he ain't here. And you, ma'am?"

Alaire briefly outlined the reasons that had taken her to La FERIA and the duties that had kept her busy since her return, while Dave nodded his understanding. When, however, he learned that she was counting upon General Luis Longorio's aid in secur-

ing justice, his expression altered. He regarded her with some curiosity, as he inquired, "Isn't Longorio the very man who robbed you?"

"Yes."

"And now he offers to square himself?"

"Precisely. You don't seem to put much faith in him."

"Mexicans are peculiar people," Law said, slowly. "At least we consider them peculiar—probably because they are different to us. Anyhow, we don't understand their business methods, or their habits of mind; even their laughter and their tears are different from ours, but—from my experience with them I wouldn't put much confidence in this Longorio's word. I say this, and I'm supposed to have a little Mexican blood in me."

During this brief conversation they had entered the hotel, and now the lobby idlers took quick cognizance of Mrs. Austin's presence. The lanky, booted Ranger excited no comment, for men of his type were common here, but Alaire was the heroine of many stories, and the object of a wide-spread curiosity; therefore, she received open stares and heard low whisperings.

Naturally resenting this attention she gave her hand to Law more quickly than she would have done otherwise.

"I hope we shall see each other again," she murmured.

"That's more'n likely; I'm located in your neighborhood now," he informed her. "I'm leaving for Jonesville in the morning."

"By train?"

"No'm. I'm goin' to follow the river road if I can get an automobile."

Mindful of the Ranger's courtesy to her on their previous meeting, Alaire said, "Won't you go with us? We intend to start early."

"I'd love to, ma'am—but I'll have to make a few inquiries along the line."

"Good! It is a large car and—" She smiled at him, "if we have tire trouble I may need your help. José, my man, is a splendid horse-breaker, but he seems to think a tire tool is some sort of a fancy branding-iron. His mechanical knowledge is limited to a bridle-bit and a cinch, and I'm almost certain he believes there is something ungodly about horseless wagons."

Dave was nearly speechless with delight, and when the mistress of Las Palmas had gone up-stairs he felt inclined to pinch himself to see if he were dreaming. He had pursued a fruitless quest during the past few days, and his resentment had grown as he became certain that Tad Lewis had sent him on a wild-goose chase; but the sight of Alaire miraculously restored his good spirits, and the prospect of a long, intimate ride in her company changed the whole trend of his thoughts. His disappointment at not seeing her, upon his visit to Las Palmas, had only served to enhance his memories of their first meeting, and time, now, had deepened his interest, tenfold. Yes, she was "The Lone Star"—the *estrella brillante* of his empty sky.

When the supper hour came he managed, by carefully watching the dining-room, to time his meal with Mrs. Austin's. He even ventured to hope that they might share the same table, but in this he was disappointed. However, from where he sat he could see her profile and worship her to his heart's content, and when she favored him with a smile and a nod he was happy.

All without his knowledge, Dave realized, this woman had secured an amazing hold over him. He had thought a great deal about her, of course, but his thoughts had been idle, and it had required this second encounter to make him know the truth. Now, however, there could be no doubt about his feelings; he was more than romantically interested, the mere sight of her had electrified him. The discovery distressed him, and he very properly decided that the affair should end here, since it could lead to nothing except disappointment.

But who can govern a wayward fancy? One moment Law promised himself to see no more of this married woman; the next, he wondered how she would occupy the evening, and ventured to hope that he might have a chance to talk with her.

After supper, however, she was nowhere to be found. When his first chagrin had passed he decided that this was exactly as it should be. He didn't like to see women make themselves conspicuous in hotels.

At the time of this story relations between the



"Why, Mrs. Austin must have experienced a change of heart," exclaimed Paloma. "She never gave anybody a lift in her automobile before." Blaze agreed: "She's sure poisonous to strangers, she is."

United States and the established government of Mexico were at such high tension that a hostility had sprung up between the troops fronting each other along the Rio Grande, and in consequence their officers no longer crossed the boundary, even when off duty. It created a flurry of suppressed excitement, therefore, when Luis Longorio, the autocrat of the Potosista forces, boldly crossed the bridge, traversed the streets of Pueblo and entered the Hamilton Hotel.

From his seat in the lobby, Law heard the General inquire for Mrs. Austin and then saw him ascend in the direction of the parlor. "What the devil could Longorio want with 'The Lone Star,' at such an hour?" the Ranger asked himself. Why should he presume to call upon her unless—he was interested? Mexican officers, in these parlous times, were not given to social courtesies, and Longorio's reputation was sufficiently notorious to render his attentions a cause for gossip under any circumstances.

Dave rose and strolled restlessly about the hotel. A half-hour passed, and Longorio did not reappear; an hour dragged by, and then Dave took occasion to go to his room. A glance through the open parlor door showed the foreigner in closest conversation with Mrs. Austin. They were laughing; they were alone; even Dolores was nowhere to be seen.

When Dave returned to his big rocking-chair he found it uncomfortable; he watched the clock anxiously; he chewed several cigars viciously, before realizing that he was jealous—yes, madly, unreasonably jealous.

So! His divinity was not as unapproachable as he had imagined. Doubtless Longorio was mad over her, which explained the fellow's willingness to help her exact reparation from his Government. Fine doings, for a respectable married woman! It was wrong, scandalous, detestable!

After a time Dave rose impatiently. What had come over him, anyhow? He must be crazy,



"If Ricardo were gone—if something should happen to him—" Urbina's wicked face darkened—"there would be no other witnesses. I would see to that." The color receded from Ed Austin's purple cheeks; as he started to rise he cried, "This is getting too strong for me. I won't be implicated in any such doings." "Nobody's goin' to implicate you," Tad told him.

to torture himself in this fashion. What went on upstairs certainly was none of his business and he had better far amuse himself. In accordance with this excellent reasoning, he went to a picture show. But he could not become interested. The flat images on the screen failed to divert him, and the only faces he saw were those of Luis Longorio and the lone mistress of Las Palmas.

Had Dave only known the truth he would have gained a grim comfort from it, for Alaire Austin was not enjoying herself this evening. Her caller staid on interminably, and she became restive under the flow of his conversation. For some reason or other Longorio was not the romantic figure he had been; in his citizen's clothes he was only a dandified Mexican gallant, like any number of others. The color was gone from the picture; this quixotic guerrilla hero, this elegant Ruy Blas, was nothing more than a tall, olive-skinned foreigner whose ardor was distasteful. Longorio was tiresome.

ON this same evening a scene of no little significance was taking place at Las Palmas. Ed Austin was entertaining callers, and these were none other than Tad Lewis and Adolfo Urbina.

The progress of events during the last few days had shaped this conference, for as Dave had foreseen during his conversation with Judge Ellsworth, the local prosecuting attorney now in the Granaia battle case had opportunity to distinguish himself, and was taking action accordingly. He had gathered considerable evidence against Urbina, and was about to bring him to the court for an indictment. He had gone so far that the testimony of Benito Guzman, and his other witnesses would convict the culprit, and the fact

that his politics were opposed to Ed Austin's, complicated matters still further. It was the unwelcome news of all this which had brought Tad Lewis and his Mexican helper to Las Palmas, under cover of darkness. Having gone over the circumstances in detail, Lewis concluded: "We're depending on you, Ed. You got to stand pat."

But Austin was lukewarm. He had experienced a change of heart, and the cause appeared when he read aloud a letter that day received from Judge Ellsworth, in which the Judge told of his meeting with Dave Law, and the Ranger's reasons for doubting Ed's word.

"I've got to take water," "Young Ed" told his visitors, "or I'll get myself into trouble." Then querulously he demanded of Adolfo: "Why in hell did you come here, anyhow? Why didn't you keep to the chaparral?"

Adolfo shrugged. "I thought you were my friend."

"Sure!" Tad agreed. "Urbina's been a friend to you, now you got to stick to him. We got to hang together, all of us. My evidence wouldn't carry no weight, but there ain't a jury in South Texas that would question yours. Adolfo done the right thing."

"I don't see it," Ed declared petulantly. "What's the use of getting me into trouble? There's the river; they can't follow you across."

But Urbina shook his head.

"You know he can't cross," Tad explained. "His people would shoot him if he ever went to Mexico."

"Well! He'll be caught if he stays here— you haven't heard that damned Ranger on another blind trail. If Adolfo can't go south he'll have to go north," replied Ed rather helplessly.

"Not on your life," affirmed Lewis. "If he runs, it'll prove his guilt and look bad for me. I'm the one they're after, and I don't stand any too good, as you know. You've got to go through with this, Ed."

"I won't do it," Austin asserted stubbornly. "I won't be dragged into the thing. You've no business rustling stock, anyhow; you don't have to."

Urbina exhaled a lungful of cigaret-smoke, and inquired, "You won't help me, eh?"

"No, I won't."

"Very well! If I go to prison, you shall go, too. I shall tell all I know and we shall be companions, you and I."

Austin's temper rose at the threat. "Bah!" he cried contemptuously. "There's nothing against me except running arms, and the embargo is off now. It's a joke, anyhow. Nobody was ever convicted, even when the embargo was in effect. Why, the Government winks at anybody who helps the Rebels."

"Oh, that is nothing!" Urbina agreed, "but you would not wish to be called a cattle thief, eh?"

"What d'you mean?"

"You knew that the stealing went on."

"Huh! I should say I did. Haven't I lost a lot of horses?"

Lewis interposed impatiently:

"Say! Suppose Adolfo tells what he knows about them horses? Suppose he tells how you framed it to have your own stock run across, on shares, so's you could get more money to go hifalutin' around San Antonio without your wife knowing it? I reckon you wouldn't care to have that get out."

"You can't prove it," growled "Young Ed."

(Continued on page 461)

The Fire Bird

by Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by
James Montgomery Flagg

AFTER the Fire Warden at Lynxville had held a conference with Burling over the long-distance wire, he came back to the wagon where Rittenfeldt and Kemper sat waiting.

"As I was telling you gentlemen," continued the Fire Warden, "the forest-fires in this country are largely incendiary. There's no doubt about that! But, as I said before, what can I do? As soon as there is an alarm given, I am obliged to call in as fire-fighters the very ruffians who set the woods afire; and I am forced by law to pay 'em two dollars a day! That's why they set the fires, damn 'em! I know it: the Commissioner knows it; but what are we to do? I can't catch 'em in the act. I haven't any men to patrol the forests. And when the woods are afire I've got to call out people to fight the flames, haven't I?—or the whole North Woods would go up in smoke and ashes. Now, I ask you, gentlemen, *what* am I to do?"

"I can't see what more *you* can do," admitted Kemper. "It's up to the State to establish a forest constabulary—a body of trained foresters for patrol duty. And if that isn't done, and done pretty soon, I can see the end of the North Woods."

The Fire Warden, standing there in his shirt-sleeves, rubbed a stubbly chin with his scarred thumb, reflectively. "I'll admit," he said, "that now and then a fire is started by careless hunters or by fishermen, or fool berry-pickers. But the proportion is small. It's the miserable half-starved creatures who try to keep soul and body together in these woods who set fire to the woods so they can earn the only money they ever see from one year to the next!"

"Lazy pigs," grunted Rittenfeldt, "mit a leedle industry they grow for themselves vat farmers grow; und so iss it they have to eat sufficient."

The Fire Warden shook his head. "The soil is no good," he said. "Once the thin, vegetable layer on the surface has been exhausted there remains only sand. This is no farming country; it's only good for tree growing. Hemlock, pine, oak, maple, elm—that's all this region can grow. And when the woods are burnt or cut down, fire or sun shrivels the thin surface mold, leaving only the glacial desert underneath. . . . It's a bad business, gentlemen. The woods are going, the waters shrinking; drouth, hurricane, erosion, and flood follow. . . . This land was God's own once. . . . Have you ever seen that part of it they call Hell's Ashes?"

"I've heard of it," said Kemper. . . . "Well, then, to go back to business, you think that if we set out our hundred thousand three-year seedlings, we'll have our labor for our pains?"

The Warden said, slowly, "I tell you that another fire is about due in the Lynx Peak country. I've been Fire Warden too long not to know about when to expect such deviltry. There's been no fire there this season. There will be. Some dirty scut of a half-starved skunk will set the woods afire, as sure as I'm standing here telling you."

"Who?" inquired Kemper drily.

"Oh, hell! There's Bram Chace, for example."

"He's still in jail."

"Also," drawled the Fire Warden, "there's Jim Billet."

"The Commissioner has sent deputies there, I understand," insisted Kemper.



In a few moments Mazie came out in her clinging gingham gown. Her hair was lovely in its disorder, her eyes starry with tears.

"So he was teling me over the 'phone just now," remarked the Fire Warden blandly.

"You don't think it will do much good?"

"No, I don't."

"But Wildrick's gang has been run out. Who is this fellow Billet?"

"Oh, just one of the forest vermin. They're all tarred with the same brush, more or less. What do you expect from minds stunted by solitude and bodies stunted by starvation?"

Said Rittenfeldt: "It iss to the fool people of the State up! If they their forests vish to have destroyed, so vill their forests be destroyed! As for me, I am by dot State paid a report upon the injurious *coleoptera* of the forests to make. I, therefore, my report expect to make. Kemper, if you are retty, I dot off horse mit my whip shall hit."

"One moment!"—said the Fire Warden: "That Lynx Peak region is just slashings, isn't it?"

"Yes; not burnt."

"Birch?"

"Plenty."

"I thought so. It ought to support white pine. I'll look it over." And he waved his hand in adieu and gathered up the reins.

The June day was magnificent—a stainless blue overhead, and all the world clothed in tenderest green and blossoms. Rills trickled from depths still frost-bound, hidden in the hills; streams ran full, glancing in the sun; and the slim trout scattered as the wagon splashed through shallow fords, crunching over pebbles and sandy reaches.

Rittenfeldt calmly discussed large sandwiches made of cheese, and, at judicious intervals, balanced a bottle of beer on his lips very skillfully. Kemper drove with one hand, leaning forward over his knees, chewing, reflectively, the corn bread in his paper parcel.

"I could cheerfully shoot any man who burns over any of my reforested territory," he remarked.

"Ach, wass!" grunted Rittenfeldt. "It iss vilde piggs ve haff to deal mit. A salt-cartridge is goot."

"I shot a fellow full of salt last March," nodded Kemper. "We had set out twenty thousand Norway spruce on the flats south of Stony River—State land. And—would you believe it?—this squatter had half of them plowed under before I caught him. And that night he fired the second growth where I was camping. So I let him have it. God! How he squealed!"

"Schwein!" grunted Rittenfeldt, beginning another sandwich.

The road had now become sandy; the well cared for horses walked. Kemper had lighted his cob-pipe, leaning lazily forward, his keen, dark eyes glancing right and left ceaselessly, studying the landscape. Patches of woods, miles of birch, willow runs, and acres of briers and bushes spread away east and west. Northward, low, humpy mountains hunched up like the rounded backs of gigantic raccoons.

"It iss to me an unknown country," yawned Rittenfeldt. "For collecting it shall for me great interest possess."

"The region is peculiar in its fauna, I believe. For example, it is the extreme range of the

Scarlet Tanager—called locally the 'Fire Bird.'"

"So?"

"Yes, it's found around Lynx Peak; nowhere else except as far south as Albany. Did you ever see one, Hugo?"

"Nein."

"It's a beautiful bird about the size of an oriole. Its body is a flaming scarlet; its wings jet black. And when you see one flying across the dark pines it surely does look like a flash of living flame."

Rittenfeldt nodded, fished in his capacious pockets, drew out a folding butterfly net, and began to screw it together in case of emergencies. He was a wise German, for in a few moments a great, burnished *longicorne* came sailing across the air, and he captured it. The beetle promptly bit him, but he merely grunted and continued to examine it between fat thumb and forefinger, where, held as within a vise, the kicking creature creaked and twisted and bit at the empty air.

"There's only one house between us and Lynx Peak, I believe," observed Kemper. "We might get some milk there."

A few moments later they came in sight of the house—an unpainted, flimsy, weather-beaten structure close to the road—the solitary habitation in all that desolate waste. And yet, lonely and poverty-stricken as it was, Kemper noticed a lilac-bush in bloom by the door, and a pot of geraniums on the window ledge. Also a cat sat upon the door-sill, polishing her countenance with one paw.

"What a place to exist in!" he remarked to Rittenfeldt. "Shall I see if they have any milk to sell us?"

And, at the same moment, a woman came out of the house and motioned them to stop. She was thin, colorless, gray-headed, but erect; her limp dress and the cheap shawl over her head and shoulders were faded but clean.

As Kemper stopped his horses she came out into the road and gazed at the two men very earnestly.

"Have you any milk to sell us?" asked Kemper.

"No. Our cow is dead."

"Too bad," said the young man sympathetically.

"Are you a-going as far as Lynx Peak?" she asked in a voice as colorless and faded as her own features. But there was nothing nasal in it, no whine, no unpleasant local accent. And her face was cast in dignified mold.

"Yes," said Kemper politely. "Do you wish us to give you a lift, madam?"

"Not me. It's my daughter. Could you take her as far as Wild Plum Brook?"

"Where is that?" inquired Kemper, smiling.

"It's a little way from here," she said, pointing toward the road.

"And how far is it?" he asked.

"It's about five miles," she said.

"That's a long way," he said.

"Yes, but it's the only way," she said.

"I'll take her," he said.

"Thank you very much," she said.

"All right," he said.

"tell your daughter to hurry; we'll take her along."

"She's all ready. She was fixing to go a-foot. She's a mite scared o' strangers," explained the woman. And lifting up her thin, unsteady voice: "Mazie! Mazie Glenn! You Mazie!" she called.

Both men turned and looked back toward the house. From which presently emerged a bashful girl clad in the dreadful finery of years back—faded and made-over finery from awful remnants of her mother's youth.

Two scarlet, aniline-dyed plumes towered from a hat of black straw; a scarlet jacket with black leg-o-mutton sleeves covered a billowy, many-flounced gown of black organdie; new patent leather slippers and very trim ankles peeped from a skirt too short in front, too long behind; cotton gloves gripped a parasol, a paper suitcase and a can of kerosene oil. Slowly Ma-

zie came across the strip of grass and out to the road. And Kemper looked down and saw under the hat and nodding plumes two dark blue eyes regarding him intently. Which made him smile involuntarily; and then the dark blue eyes sparkled and the fresh, young lips parted in the sweetest of smiles.

Rittenfeldt whispered, "She iss of a color like dot Tanager Fire-Bird—all scarlet und black. Yess?"

Kemper handed the reins to Rittenfeldt, climbed out, placed Mazie's paper suitcase and the can of kerosene under the rear seat, placed Mazie herself upon the rear seat, then hesitated. "Do you want to drive for a while?" he asked Rittenfeldt.

"Vell—I can drive, too," shrugged the entomologist. So Kemper seated himself on the rear seat with Mazie.

Her mother said, "Tell Jim Billet if t'want for my rheumatism I'd go and visit with you a spell. But you and he will have to come to me, I guess."

"Yes, Mama."

"When'll you be over, do you expect?"

"Oh, next week, I guess. I don't know."

"Well, come over if you can. Come the next week anyway," said the woman.

"All right, Mama."

"You ain't afraid, are you, Mazie child?"

"Who? Me? No!"

"Very well.

Don't get lonesome. If you feel too lonesome, come back and stay at home a spell, Mazie."

Her daughter smiled at her, the pink of excitement tinting the girl's smooth, oval face. Then mother and daughter exchanged a labial salute; Rittenfeldt grunted at his horses; the wagon creaked forward under the brilliant sun of a perfect day.

Mazie settled herself, patted her skirts into an effect symmetrically suitable; re-pinned the hat with its towering scarlet plumes; hunted for a perfume-saturated handkerchief, found it, dried two tears with it, crossed her new shoes, and, glancing sideways at Kemper, found him looking at her.

They both smiled; he thought he had never in all his life seen such hideous embellishment as this youthful, creamy-skinned, blue-eyed, and physically superb young creature wore. It was horrible

like covering the loveliness of some full-throated Venus of tinted marble with the bedizened garments of an Irish cook.

"So this is your wedding trip?" he said, still smiling.

"Yes. I'm glad I didn't have to walk."



"Stop!" shouted Kemper, leveling his gun at the retreating figure. "You won't? Well, then, here's yours!"

"Walk! Thirty miles?"

"That's what I expected to do," she said calmly, "until we heard a wagon coming."

Kemper laughed: "You must be very desperately in love with him."

"With Jim Billet?"

"Yes. Aren't you?"

"Who? Me?"

The girl laughed deliciously, pretty nose tilted toward heaven. "I'm not in *love*," she said scornfully; "I'm just marrying him."

"Oh. Is there a difference?"

She hesitated, glanced around at him, then light-hearted laughter parted her pretty lips again. "How foolish! To marry is one thing—and I don't know anything about—the other."

"About love?"

"Whatever you call it?"

"What do *you* call it?"

"I don't call it anything," she retorted, laughing outright. "It's story-talk—this love!"

"Oh, is it!"

"I suppose so. . . . Why are you going to Lynx Peak?"

"To plant trees," explained Kemper solemnly.

"To—*what*?"

"To plant one hundred thousand little white-pine trees—no bigger than *that*"—and he measured the height of them for her eye.

"Pine bushes? Why, they grow everywhere in the fields!"

"Until somebody burns the fields."

"What harm does that do?" she asked innocently. "It does good; it clears out the brush and makes the grass grow."

Kemper seemed interested. "By the way," he said carelessly, "tell me about Jim Billet. What is he—a farmer?"

"No."

"Lumberman?"

"No, I guess not."

"What does he do?"

"I don't know," she said. "He just hunts, I guess."

"But what does he do when the hunting season is over?"

"I don't know," she said vaguely, "he just fusses around, I suppose."

"Is that all you know about the man you are going to marry?" laughed Kemper.

"Who? Me? I don't know him very well."

"Then why on earth are you going to marry him?"

"Well," she said vaguely, "he courted me. . . . And there isn't enough for Mama and me to live on at home."

"What is your name?" he asked, looking at her intently.

"Mazie Glenn."

"Glenn," he repeated thoughtfully, trying to recollect where he had heard her name associated with the region. Suddenly he remembered, glanced at her keenly. "Was Dick Glenn your father?"

"Yes."

Then he knew who she was—the daughter of Dick Glenn, of Silver Pond, a forest law-breaker who had abandoned his wife and child and established himself at Silver Pond defying warden and revenue officer. Through him ran the sinister underground route from Canada to Wildrick's Dump. And when Wildrick fled, he sat tight, the more dangerous because he was an educated renegade full of the resources of perverted intelligence. And finally a warden had "mistaken" him for a deer.

And now he vaguely remembered Jim Billet being described to him as the young runner passing between Silver Pond and Wildrick's Dump—another forest vagabond—a shiftless, sullen type, expert in scraping a living out of whatever did not belong to him. There had been a rumpus over a pack of deerhides discovered somewhere and destined for a Lynxville glove-shop—that sort of thing—and the "bagging" of one or two brooks. Also, fire wardens were beginning to look at him askance, so promptly did he volunteer, so omnipresent was this heavy,

sullen-eyed young fellow whenever the dark ensign of destruction towered high in the blue above the summer forests.

With his heel, gingerly, Kemper touched the can of kerosene under the seat. It was full.

"I suppose," he said to Mazie, "that the parson will be at the house when you arrive."

"Jim said he'd fix that."

"Oh. He said he'd attend to that?"

The girl nodded; and her towering scarlet plumes nodded with her.

"Are you comfortable, Mazie?" he asked.

She turned her head, surprised apparently that anybody should inquire concerning her comfort. Then she blushed, and an adorable smile curved her fresh, sweet lips. "This is fine," she said. "I expected to walk, you know."

"Carrying that suitcase and can of kerosene?"

"Yes."

"But why the kerosene, Mazie?"

"Oh, Jim wanted I should bring him a can. There's no store there since Wildrick's closed."

"And so he asked you, a young girl, to walk thirty miles lugging your suitcase and a heavy can of kerosene?"

"How else was he to get it?" she asked simply.

"Couldn't he come himself?"

"I don't know. He didn't seem to want to. I guess he's too busy fishing."

Kemper relapsed against the padded back of the seat and said nothing more for a long while. The wagon creaked through the sand; Rittenfeldt, half dozing, kept one sleepy eye on duty for any drifting *coleoptera*; Mazie, for a while, continued to sit bolt upright in her gorgeous head-gear and gown, feet crossed, clear, childish eyes ever on the alert for anything interesting. But there was little to see—a butterfly flitting ahead of the plodding horses; a glimpse of some quick, furry creature scuttling out of the road into the bushes; the undulating flight of a woodpecker from one dead tree to another—and little else.

The June sun, the warm perfume of new leaves and blossoms, the faint breeze from fragrant woodlands, the delicate freshness of shady hollows where little brooks crossed the road—these made Mazie drowsy. And after a while she leaned back.

Kemper's arm, extended along the padded seat rail, received the full pressure of her shoulders. She may have noticed, for she half turned her head, letting her languid blue eyes rest on his for one expressionless moment.

He did not remove his arm.

"This marrying of yours," he said in a low voice which sounded almost drowsy, "seems to be rather a casual matter with you."

"Casual?" But she had heard the word at High School and recollected. "I have to do something—or go to Lynxville and work in the glove-shop."

"Why not do that?"

"It's too far to walk twice a day. We have no horse."

"Why not move to Lynxville?"

"We haven't anything to move there except ourselves."

"Are you as poor as that?"

"Poor? I suppose so."

"I suppose," he said in a low voice, "that you find the winters hard."

"Yes. Last winter we lived on potatoes."

"You had *something* else, of course?"

"No."

"Nothing? No meat—milk——"

"No."

"That's terrible," he said.

"What frightened us was the fear that they might try to send us to the County House."

"What?"

"The Poor House," she explained, flushing.

He was silent for a while, then he let his eyes rest on the fresh skin, the delicate curve of the cheeks, the white, slender neck.

"Starvation seems to agree with you," he said, forcing a smile.

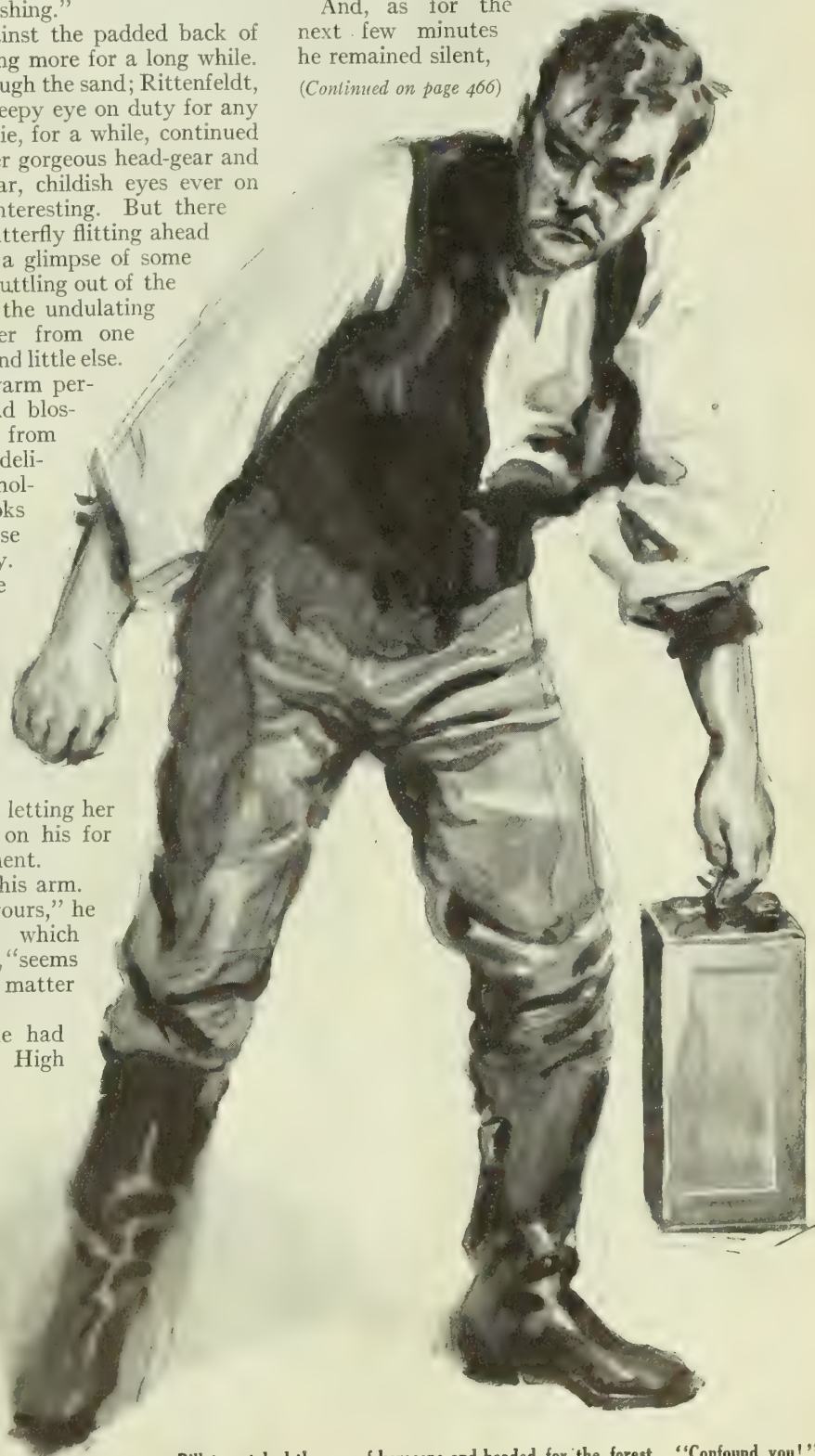
"I thrive somehow," she nodded.

"Mazie, is your hair brown? Or is it red?"

She smilingly took off her plumed hat for him to see; and the dainty revelation left him silent. She pinned her hat to her knee, remarking that the sun was good for her hair. A faint fragrance came from it, delicate as sun-warmed sweet fern.

And, as for the next few minutes he remained silent,

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Billet snatched the can of kerosene and headed for the forest. "Confound you!" he panted back, "I'll spile your fine woods for you before I git out o' this!"

My Life's Story

Mrs. Leslie Carter's mother, who mortgaged everything to help her daughter out of her domestic troubles and onto the stage.

moods. Suddenly we heard wheels on the gravel road, a village hack stopped at the front door, and a driver's voice inquired for me.

Mrs. Carter had arrived.

"I've come a great distance," I heard her explaining to Mrs. DeMille; "don't you think I might see him?" Certainly her untutored powers had their effect upon Mrs. DeMille, for she delivered the message, urging me not to refuse. Mrs. Carter's arrival was most inopportune.

When DeMille and I were deep in the throes of collaboration, we were sorry sights to look upon. My working clothes consisted of an undershirt and pair of pajamas. A two days' growth of beard made me more like the wild man from Borneo than the stock dramatist of the Lyceum Theater. To make matters worse, DeMille was annoyed and made it apparent as he banged a door and stalked off into the garden in the worst of tempers. I beat a hasty retreat to make myself presentable. This was the immediate effect of Mrs. Carter's unexpected visit.

When I entered the room, I saw that our guest was very much excited.

When I entered the room, I saw that our guest was very much excited.

Mrs. Leslie Carter in "The Ugly Duckling"—the play of her first appearance under Belasco when the theaters of Chicago were closed to her.

"Mrs. Leslie Carter was never pretty, but she had something more than beauty—a wonderful face when touched by grief or happiness."

I HAVE said that my first meeting with Mrs. Leslie Carter took place when I was at work on "The Charity Ball," at Echo Lake, but I remember having had a conversation with her a few months before. E. G. Gilmore, the manager of the Academy of Music, asked me if I would oblige him by meeting a Mrs. Carter, who was a protégé of some of his Chicago friends. She made a striking picture that day—all in black, wearing a smart turban under which her heavy auburn hair was braided. I learned that as a little girl in Dayton, Ohio, she had appeared in school exhibitions, but she had no actual stage training. With all the exuberance of the inexperienced, she was confident that a few lessons would be enough to fit her for important parts, and she wanted me to write a play for her to be produced during the following season. She thought all I had to do was to sit down and begin that it was the simplest matter in the world to write a play on the spur of the moment! I explained that plays were not written after that fashion and that the training of an actress required years of very hard work.

I asked her if she wanted to play comedy or tragedy. Much to my amusement, she answered: "Use a horse, and I want to make my first entrance on a horse, leaping over a hurdle."

I made my excuses and left, having no intention of working with Mrs. Carter. She returned to Chicago and the matter passed out of my mind. When Mr. DeMille left I went in to Echo Lake to write "The Charity Ball." We left instructions at the Lyceum and at our town apartments, that our mail was to be forwarded but no one was to be told where we were. Mrs. Carter had written to me a number of times during this interval. Her efforts to find me were unavailing, but she was not to be eluded. At last she turned to Mr. Gil-

A very early portrait of Mrs. Carter—as a girl she had appeared in school exhibitions at Dayton, Ohio, but she had no actual stage training.

more, who advised her to see Mr. Howard. Mrs. Carter acted upon his advice at once and went to the country place where the Howards were living. Howard was taken unawares. It must be a very important matter indeed when a young woman traveled such a long distance in order to get my address; certainly she should have it. And that is how Mrs. Carter found me at Echo Lake. The day he arrived, DeMille and I had had an unusually hard session with "The Charity Ball," having sat up all the night before. Out of forty-eight hours, we had worked forty, and we were not in the freshest of



By David Belasco

Her hair was blown about her face, which showed traces of her long journey, and I could see she had been crying. At first she was too agitated to talk, but after she regained her composure she told me of her family tragedy. "I'm in the midst of a terrible quarrel," she explained, "and it will take all my means to oppose the tide against me. My mother will help me to her last dollar. But after that, we'll be penniless, and I have a baby boy, just able to walk. They are trying to take him away from me, but I shall not let them have my little Dudley! I must earn my living. I know that I have talent, and you are the man to help me. If you refuse, I don't know what's to become of me." She burst into tears and fell on her knees. "Please help me," she cried. "You have children of your own. Help me for my boy's sake." No man could look at a woman lying in a heap on the floor and shaking with sobs, without being deeply touched. I tried to console her, making every

In "The Heart of Maryland" Mrs. Carter revealed all the genius I had perceived when she first came to me.

Two photographs of Mrs. Leslie Carter in scenes from "The Heart of Maryland," which David Belasco wrote for her to exploit her unusual talent and emotional powers.



"Mrs. Carter, was a brilliant drawing-room figure."

excuse I could think of, but she talked me down until I couldn't say anything more and for five minutes we sat facing each other in silence; and never once did the hungry gray-green eyes shift their gaze, as the tears rolled down her cheeks. Of course the idea came to me that if she could only act like this on the stage—here was an actress! As she was relating her history, my ear caught some wonderful tones. The clasp of her hand, the poise of her head—everything

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"It was during my examination in my suit against Fairbanks, the soap manufacturer, that the story was born of my dragging stars by their hair."

was what we call "magnetic." Her smile, even though seen through tears, was radiant. She was never pretty, but she had something more than beauty—a wonderful face when touched by grief or happiness—and the gestures!—only Bernhardt had such hands. Bernhardt, whose dear hands I have grasped with such affection and friendship, God bless her! Although I gave Mrs. Carter no encouragement, and heaven knows she needed it, I began to think over the situation. There was a certain something about her which promised to "get over" the footlights. I told her that while I was inclined to help her, I must first be convinced of her ability; that I didn't want to waste her time or my own; in fact, I had little time to spare as it was. If, after she memorized scenes from certain plays, I made up my mind that I could make something of her, I would consider the matter. I saw that she wanted to start, not at the foot but at the very top of the ladder, and though I knew what this meant, I began to have a curious feeling of confidence in her.

Before she went, I could hear DeMille coughing in the next room, as though to say: "How long are you going to keep this up"; so as tactfully as I could, I told Mrs. Carter she mustn't miss the train. I arranged to meet her in New York on the following Sunday, and I promised to help her. But her faith had been so shaken since her domestic troubles that she had no confidence in anybody. "If you mean to help me, will you write it in a letter?" she asked. As I have never been able to refuse a woman anything, I wrote the letter on the spot. I watched her go down the path towards the rickety old hack, and as she drove away, I said to DeMille: "There's a great actress in that woman."

"I have never been so moved," declared Mrs.

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A Far Country

THIS was late in April. The next few months are scarlet in my calendar, the days and weeks fusing together into one continuous emotional experience. And yet, strangely enough, with little effort, particular days and sequences of days differentiate themselves in my memory as I write. A woman, Nancy, became central and supreme in my life; for the first time, I was about to say,—only to recall that youthful passion which seemed so far away, and was now so intensified in manhood. I had known then sickness of longing, transcendence of self, the sudden uprush of scorching flame that seemed to purge the soul of dross, leaving it aglow with high resolve, hot with hatred of meaner things. I even tried to define these meaner things; to reach, gropingly, for the realities, only to see them enshrined in—Nancy. I bought books, which I read feverishly, though in snatches. Alas, one must have a guide in these matters to know the false beacons from the true!

I knew again the alternating, dual character of the life-current. It was as though there were two currents, one consuming the body with desire, the other scouring the soul: two currents the unity of which was unseeable.

SYNOPSIS: Hugh Paret's school days came and went; Hugh didn't study; his father was disappointed; Hugh has his first quarrel with Nancy when she is outspoken about it. At her challenge he studies day and night and enters college where, among many others, he meets Herman Krebs. Then his graduation, his father's death, his first position with Watling, biggest lawyer in the city—and Hugh's career is on. Hugh forgets Nancy—until she announces her engagement to another man. But politics and business seem to have crowded love out of his life. It is while he is stumping the state to send Watling to the Senate that he meets Maude Hutchins. They are married. Hugh plunges into money-making, which is disturbed only by the upcropping of Krebs, who believes in the people's rights. Maude, too, refuses to become worldly and grows away from him. In Nancy alone does Hugh find the real comradeship. His intimacy with her becomes stronger as the months pass. Maude says nothing about his infatuation, but suddenly she tells him she is going to Europe with the children. When she is gone Hugh rushes to Nancy, but she, although in love with him, hesitates to admit it and yield to him.

When I thought of it now, it was in terms of Nancy: and that more lofty eminence I was as yet to attain were worthless unless she shared it.

Spring melted into summer, and Nancy lingered after the other women of our acquaintance had left for various resorts in the East. Week by week she postponed her departure.

Beyond the range of hills that rose from the far bank of the Ashuela, was the Clover Country Club, with its polo field, golf courses, and tennis courts. In the wide valley wherein it was situated some of our wealthy citizens had bought "farms," week-end playthings for Spring and Autumn. Hambleton Durrett had started the fashion; whimsically, as he did every-

thing else, he had become the owner of several hundred acres of pasture, woodland, and orchard, acquired some seventy-five head of blooded stock, and proceeded to house them in model barns, and milk them by machinery. For several months he had bored everyone in the Boyne Club whom he could entice into conversation on the subject of records of pedigreed cows, and spent many bibulous nights on the farm in company with those parasites who surrounded him when he was in town. Then another interest had intervened; a feminine one, of course, and his energies were transferred (so we understood) to the reconstruction and furnishing of a little residence in New York, not far from Fifth Avenue.

The farm continued, under the expert direction of a superintendent who was a graduate of the State Agricultural College.

A select clientèle, which could afford to pay the prices, consumed the milk and cream and butter. Quite consistent with their marital relations was the fact that Nancy fancied the

Nancy let the book fall on the grass. "I wonder Hugh if it is true after all," she questioned. "that we can make our own lives if we refuse to be frightened by the things that always have frightened us."



By Winston Churchill

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

semi-rural delights of the farm beyond our city's clamor just at the moment when they began to lose their interest for Ham. With characteristic force and enthusiasm Nancy turned her attention to the place. Not that she cared for the Guernseys, or Jerseys, or whatever they may have been; she evinced a sudden passion for simplicity—occasional simplicity, at least—for a contrast to and escape from that complicated life of luxury. She built another house for the superintendent, banished him from the little farmhouse (where Ham had kept two rooms); banished along with the superintendent the stiff plush furniture, the yellow-red carpets, the easels, and the melodeon, and decked it out in bright chintzes, with wall-papers to match, dainty muslin curtains, and rag-carpet rugs on the hardwood floors. The pseudo-classic porch over the doorway, which suggested a cemetery, was removed, and a wide piazza added, furnished with wicker lounging chairs and tables, and shaded by gay awnings.

Thither, to the "farm," accompanied by a maid, she had from time to time been wont to retire. Thither she came this June, a transformed Nancy whom I should have had difficulty in recognizing had I not kept pace with the transition: a Nancy clad in the simplest of linen, summer gowns of pink or blue or white. She had marvelously become a girl, for she had no girlhood, having leaped from childhood into a finished, sophisticated, inaccessible womanhood. I beheld, through new eyes, a new Nancy, betraying only traces of the old. Such is apparently the alchemy of love. A man woos one woman, and wins another.

Not that I had won her to possess her. These were days of stress, when I knew the madness of desire as I had never known it before. She had the air of yielding, but never yielded. I was madened by that strange, elusive resistance in her, apparently so frail a thing, which neither argument nor importunity could break down.

I often wondered whether there were something lacking in me, that I could not brush it aside; some unsuspected weakness that paralyzed my will, which denied me that extra ounce of force needed to overcome hers at certain critical moments. To me, a love which allowed itself to be thwarted by scruples was incomprehensible. At moments I doubted the perfection of her love.

If it had not been for this uncertainty regarding our future, for the racking storms of passion which her presence continually aroused, our days would have been idyllic. I had bought a small automobile, a runabout, and it was my custom to arrive at the farm about five o'clock in the afternoon. Nancy would usually be reading on the porch.

We had all the setting, all the illusion of that perfect ideal of domesticity, love in a cottage. Nancy and I, who all our lives had spurned simplicity, laughed over the joy we found in it. Nancy made a high art of it, of course. We had our simple dinners, which Mrs. Olsen cooked and served in the open air; sometimes on the porch, sometimes under the great butter-nut tree spreading its shade over that which, in a more elaborate country place, would have been called a lawn; an uneven plot of grass of ridges and hollows that ran down to the orchard. Nancy's eyes would meet mine across the little table, with its white cloth and glinting silverware. And often our gaze would wander over the pastures below, lucent green in the level evening light, to the darkening woods beyond, gilt-tipped in the setting sun. There were fields of ripening yellow grain, of lusty young corn that grew almost as we watched it. The warm winds of evening were heavy with the acrid odors of fecundity.

Fecundity! In that lay the elusive yet insistent charm of that country. For it was not beautiful, as certain New England landscapes, despite the lightness of that soil, can be beautiful; composed, as it were, by the loving hand of some invisible artist: nor was it beautiful as some older portions of the globe, as agricultural England is beautiful. Our utilitarian settlers, intent only on the cultivation of the

"You do love me, don't you?" Nancy whispered, clinging to me with a sudden, straining passion, which took me by surprise. "You will love me always, no matter what happens?"



rich loam of these foot-hill valleys, the thresholds of the fertile middle west, blocked out their fields and wood lots. As a boy, lacking standards for comparison, I had thought this country paradise. Then had followed a period when I regarded it with a critical eye. Now, magically, it had become paradise once more, and the sight of it, nay, the *smell* of it (the smell of Claremore) revived and even enhanced the sharpness of the delight it had given me in youth.

Nancy's, of course, was the transforming touch that made it paradise, the milieu of a middle western farm! It was thus, I suggested, that we should spend the rest of our existence. What was the use of amassing money, when happiness was to be had so simply?

"How long do you think you could stand it?" she asked, as she handed me a plate of strawberries.

"Forever, with the right woman," I announced.

"How long could the woman stand it?"

She had the air, in these days, of being much older, much wiser than me. And she informed me that the life I really desired was one of being continually transported to new Edens, which should have little or no continuity with the old. She humored, smilingly, my crystal gazing into our future, as though she had not the heart to deprive me of the pleasure.

"I simply can't believe in it, Hugh," she said when I pressed her for an answer.

"Why not?"

"I suppose it's because I believe in continuity. I haven't the romantic temperament. I always see the angel with the flaming sword. It isn't that I want to see him."

"But we shall redeem ourselves," I said. "It won't be curiosity and idleness. We are not just taking this thing, and expecting to give nothing for it in return."

"What can we give that is worth it?" she exclaimed, with one of those revealing flashes that thrilled.

"We won't take it lightly, but seriously," I told her. "We shall find something to give, and that something will spring naturally out of our love. We'll read together, and think and plan together."

"Oh Hugh, you are incorrigible," was all she said.

The male tendency in me was forever strained to solve her, to deduce from her conversation and conduct a body of consistent law. The effort was useless. Here was a realm, that of Nancy's soul, in which there was apparently no such thing

as relevancy. In the twilight, after dinner, we often walked through the orchard to a grassy bank beside the little stream, where we would sit and watch the dying glow in the sky. After a rain, swollen by passion, its waters were turbid, an opaque yellow-red with the clay of the hills. At other times it ran smoothly, temperately, almost clear between the pasture grasses and wild flowers. Nancy declared that it reminded her of me.

We sat there, into the lush, warm nights, and the moon shone down on us, or again through long silences we searched the bewildering, starry chart of the heavens, with the undertones of the night-chorus of the fields in our ears. Sometimes she let my head rest upon her knee; but when, throbbing at her touch, with the life-force pulsing around us, I tried to take her in my arms, to bring her lips to mine, she resisted me with an energy of will and body that I could not overcome, I dared not overcome. It never failed to amaze me. *Why* did she persist? *Why* then did she permit the words of love to pass? And how could she draw the line between caresses?

She gave me no satisfactory answers.

Did I lack manhood? Or was it, as I believed, that I feared to mar or destroy the love she had! I waited, I hoped, I believed. But this was not the fashion of the story I had read (and believed) of other loves, called unlawful. The classic instances which my memory held, celebrated by the poets of all races, rose to mock me.

Well, it *was* my case. What was there wanting in me? or in Nancy?

"No, Hugh, not that!" she would cry. . . .

"Incurably romantic," she had called me, in calmer moments, when I was able to discuss our affair objectively. And once she declared that I had no sense of tragedy. We read, I remember, Macbeth together one rainy Sunday. The modern world, which was our generation, would seem



"If you did love me, you wouldn't starve and torture me for the sake of phantom scruples," I insisted. Was Nancy cold, as people said of her? I had always romantically dismissed it, persisted in the belief that I alone understood her. Day after day I had come to her, and we sat for hours in an emotional tension during which I implored yet despaired.

to be cut off from all that preceded it as with a descending knife. It was precisely from the "sense of tragedy" that we had been emancipated: from the "agonized conscience," I should undoubtedly have said, had I been acquainted then with Mr. Santayana's later phrase. Conscience, the old kind of conscience, and nothing inherent in the deeds themselves, made the tragedy. Conscience was superstition, the fear of the wrath of the gods: conscience *was* the wrath of the gods. Eliminate it, and behold! there were no consequences. The gods themselves, that kind of gods, became as extinct as the deities of the Druids, the Greek fates, the terrible figures of Germanic mythology. Yes, and as the God of Christian orthodoxy.

Had any dire calamities overtaken the modern Macbeths, of whose personal lives we happened to know something? Had not these great ones broken with impunity all the laws of traditional morality? They ground the faces of the poor, played golf and went to church with serene minds, untroubled by criticism. They had appropriated, quite freely, other men's money, and some of them other men's wives, and yet these were not haggard with remorse. The gods remained silent. Christian ministers regarded them benignly and accepted their contributions. Here, indeed, were the supermen of the mad German prophet and philosopher come to life, refuting all classic tragedy. It is true that some of these supermen were occasionally swept away by disease, which in ancient days would have been regarded as a just and logical scourge, but which was in fact nothing but the logical working of the laws of hygiene, the result of overwork.

Such, though stated more crudely, were my contentions when desire did not cloud my brain and make me incoherent. And I did not fail to remind Nancy, constantly, that this was the path on which her feet had been set; that to waver now was to perish. She smiled, yet she showed concern.

"But suppose you *don't* get what you want?" she objected. "What then? Suppose one doesn't become a superman, or a superwoman? What's to happen to one? Is there no god but the superman's god, which is himself? Are there no gods for those who can't be supermen, or for those who may refuse to be supermen?"

To refuse, I maintained, were a weakness of the will.

"But there are other wills," she persisted, "wills over which the superman may

conceivably have no control. Suppose, for example, that you don't get me, that *my* will intervenes, granting it to be conceivable that your future happiness and welfare, as you insist, depend upon your getting me—which I doubt."

"You've no reason to doubt it."

"Well, granting it, then. Suppose the orthodoxies and superstitions succeed in inhibiting me. I may not be a superwoman, but my will, or my conscience, if you choose, may be stronger than yours. If you don't get what you want, you aren't happy. In other words, you fail. Where are your gods then? The trouble with you, my dear Hugh, is that you have never failed," she went on. "You've never had a good, hard fall, you've always been on the winning side, and you've never had the world against you. No wonder you

don't understand the meaning and value of tragedy. You couldn't possibly understand it."

"And you?" I asked with quiet emphasis.

"No," she agreed, "nor I. Yet I have come to feel, instinctively, that somehow concealed in it is the central fact of life, the true reality. That nothing is to be got by dodging it, as we have dodged it. Your superman, at least the kind of



"Perhaps I don't love you enough," Nancy replied. "It may be that you are right, Hugh, that if I did love you enough I shouldn't care what happened. I have been thinking all along that I resisted you because I loved you too much, that I couldn't bear to risk ruin, more on your account than on my own. It is as though you and I had wandered together into a far country, and lost our way. I can't help feeling that we *have* lost our way, Hugh."

—Howard Chandler Christy, 1915

superman you portray, is petrified. Something vital in him, that should be plastic and sensitive, has turned to stone."

"Since when did you begin to feel this?" I inquired uneasily.

"Since—well, since we have been together again, in the last month or two. Something seems to warn me that if we take—what we want, we shan't get it. That's an Irish saying, I know, but it expresses my meaning. I may be little, I may be superstitious, unlike the great women of history who have dared. But it's more than the mere playing safe—my instinct, I mean. You see, *you* are involved. I believe I shouldn't hesitate if only myself were concerned, but *you* are the uncertain quantity—more uncertain than you have any idea. You think you know yourself, you think you have analyzed yourself. But the truth is, Hugh, you don't know the meaning of struggle against real resistance."

I was about to protest.

"I know that you have conquered in the world of men and affairs," she hurried on, "against resistance, but it isn't the kind of resistance I mean. It doesn't differ essentially from the struggle in the animal kingdom."

I bowed. "Thank you," I said.

She laughed a little. "Oh, I have worshipped success, too. Perhaps I still do. That isn't the point. An animal conquers his prey, he is in competition, in constant combat with others of his own kind, and perhaps he brings to bear a certain amount of intelligence in the process. Intelligence isn't the point, either. I know what I'm saying is trite, it's banal, it sounds like moralizing, and perhaps it is, but there is so much confusion to-day that I think we are in danger of losing sight of the simpler verities, and that we must suffer for it. Your super-animal, your supreme-stag, conquers his rival, subdues the other stags, but he never conquers *himself*. He never feels the need of it, and therefore he never comprehends tragedy."

We laughed together.

"I gather your inference," I said.

"Well," she admitted, "I haven't stated the case with the shade of delicacy it deserves, but I wanted to make my meaning clear. We have raised up a class in America, but we have lost sight, a little—considerably, I think—of the distinguishing human characteristics. The men you were eulogizing *are* lords of the forest, more or less. And we women, who are of their own kind, what they have made us, surrender ourselves in submission and adoration to the lordly stag in the face of all the sacraments which have been painfully inaugurated by the race for the very purpose of distinguishing us *from* animals. It is equivalent to saying that there is no moral law. Or, if there is, nobody can define it. You and I

have lost all that idealism which both of us possessed when we were in our teens. We had occasional visions. We didn't know what they meant, or how to set about their accomplishment, but they were not, at least, mere selfish aspirations. They implied, unconsciously, no doubt, an element of service, and certainly our ideal of marriage had something fine in it."



Nancy's head fell back, and save for her deep, distressed breathing she lay motionless, relaxed, as in a swoon. "I love you, Hugh," she whispered. "I wonder if you can ever know how much!"

"Isn't it for a higher ideal of marriage that we are searching?" I asked.

"If that is so," Nancy objected, "then all the other elements of our lives are sadly out of tune with it. Even the most felicitous union of the sexes demands sacrifice, an adjustment of wills, and these are the very things we balk at. What we want is the cake, and we refuse to pay for it. And the trouble with our entire class in this country is that we won't acknowledge any responsibility, there is no sacrifice in our eminence, we have no sense of the whole."

I was surprised. "Where did you get these

(Continued on page 161)

Making a Criminal

By
A. Brisbane

Drawings by
Mary Ellen Sigsbee

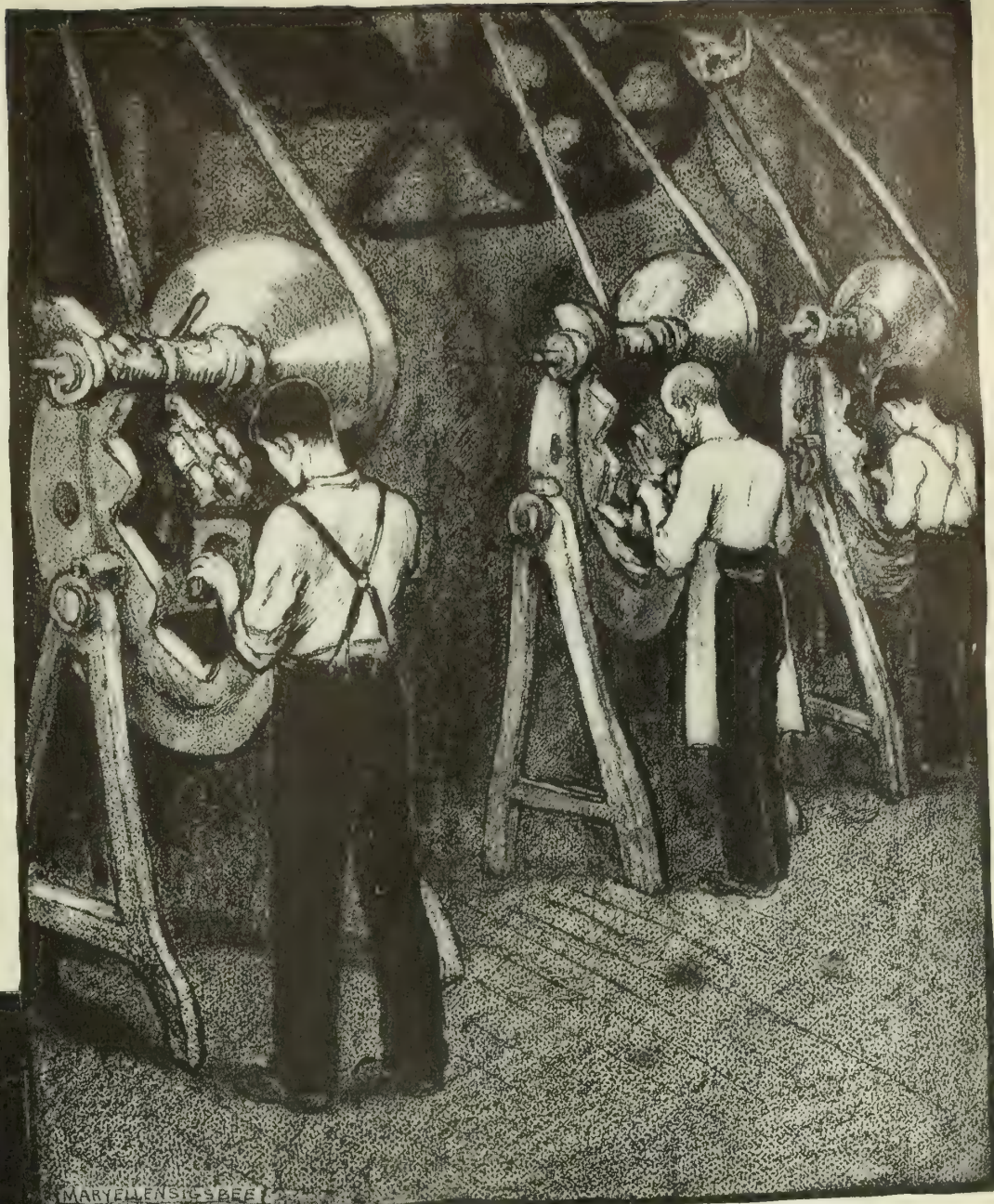
IF you are interested in the making of criminals, which is one of civilization's industries, you have seen in the pictures already published the criminal's start.

He "saw the light of day" in a tenement room into which that light never entered.

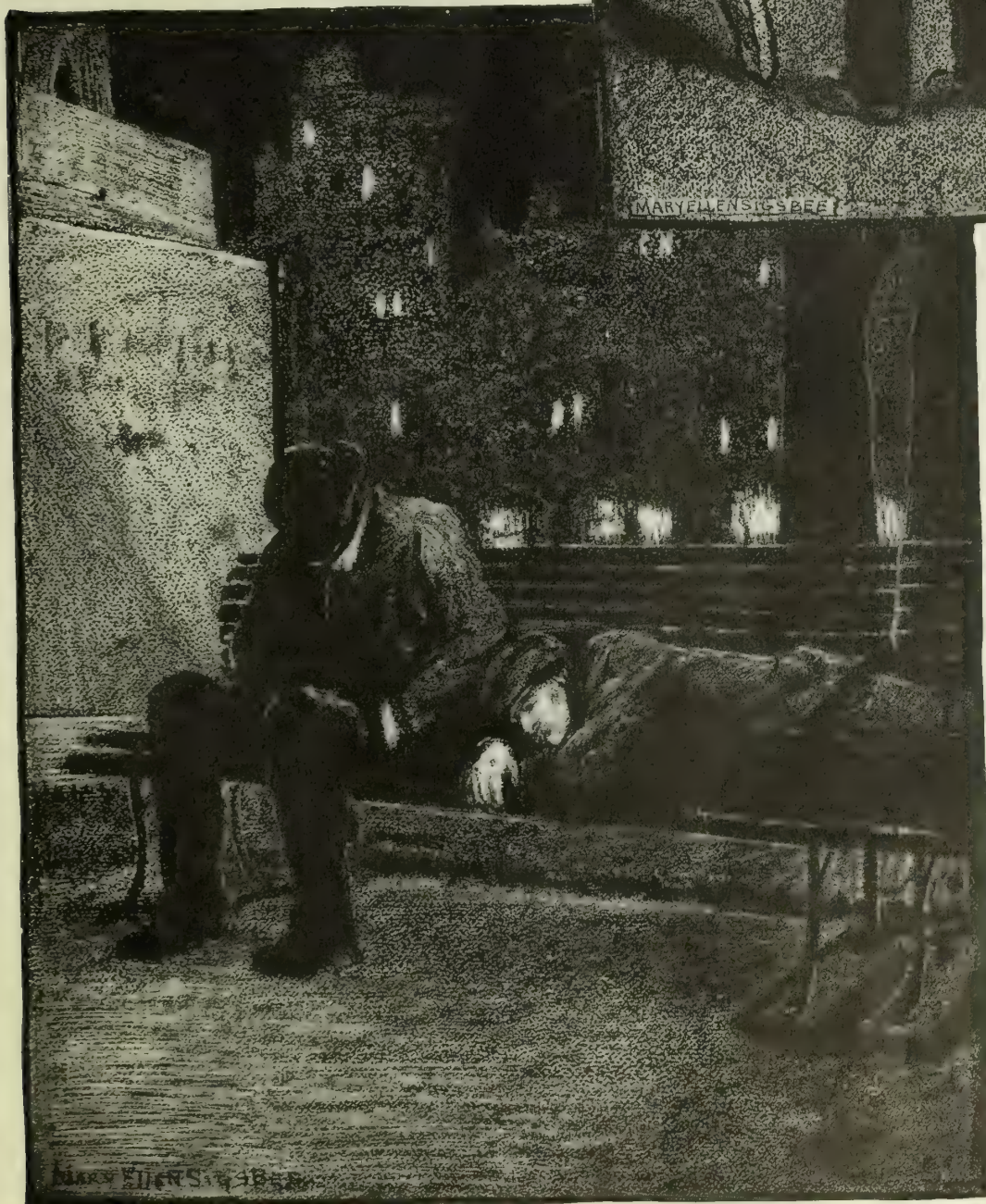
His nursery was the gutter.

His playground was a few square feet of sidewalk at the door of a corner saloon—a playground too small for play, just big enough to learn "shooting craps" and other gambling games.

From the playground outside the saloon you saw him move to the young man's club, inside the saloon, to continue the criminal education.



The future criminal has his good days when industry picks him up until the rush is over. He is not a real mechanic; and must take what pay he can get, and work long hours.



The future criminal's bad days come more and more often. The dollars earned on his good days do not last long, and at the end of a bad day the park bench welcomes him; and there he sleeps along with the older, harder men, while the police will let him.

TO-DAY you see two more pictures, not far from the last in the criminal-making process.

Civilization in the slums has been working on this child, made in the image of his Maker, for some years, but the work so well begun is not yet complete, he is not yet a professional criminal.

He does not want to be a criminal. Some spark in him rebels against the last step. When he can find work he takes it.

But the start that has been given to him makes him undesirable. He has the pale face of the slums, the lag of the gutter, the shifty eyes of a poor creature trained to dodge the police since his babyhood.

His chest is narrow, his lungs are weak, his arms are thin. Powerful men do not come from the sidewalk playground, unless by a miracle.

He asks for work, but he is the last to be taken and the first to be discharged. Off and on he has managed to pick up some kind of a trade, one at which men with feeble muscles can work only under great strain.

He is not a real mechanic; and must take what pay he can get and work long hours. There is back of him no union to protect him. Industry picks him up for a few days, when it needs him, and throws him aside when the rush is over.

His part in life, young as he is, is like that of some crippled, spavined horse, scarcely worth feeding.

HE has his good days and his bad days as these pictures show.

In his good days, the working hours for which he is unfit pass slowly. They end each day leaving his body and mind and will weakened by the strain of the machine. But he is grateful for those good days.

And even now he could be saved, if it were any

(Continued on page 460)

The Enemy

Illustrated by A.B. Wenzell



There was an agreeable gleam from her finger—Jean wore a new diamond ring; one just like Tavy's.

some share in that floating dome. As a matter of fact it never would have been created but for you."

"Rot!" scorned Billy. "I only said it would be a gorgeous thing to do, but that it couldn't be done. Then you went to work and did it."

"That looks to me like an equal division of labor," and Hal was tremendously relieved to find this solution. "The only fair thing I see is to divide the money."

"I won't accept it!" Billy squared his jaws with stubborn determination.

"And I won't accept it!" Hal slammed the check on the drawing table between them, and there it lay, despised and useless.

There seemed no way out of that deadlock, and the difficulty existed until Tommy

Tinkle, who dropped in towards noon, decided the matter, in a twinkling.

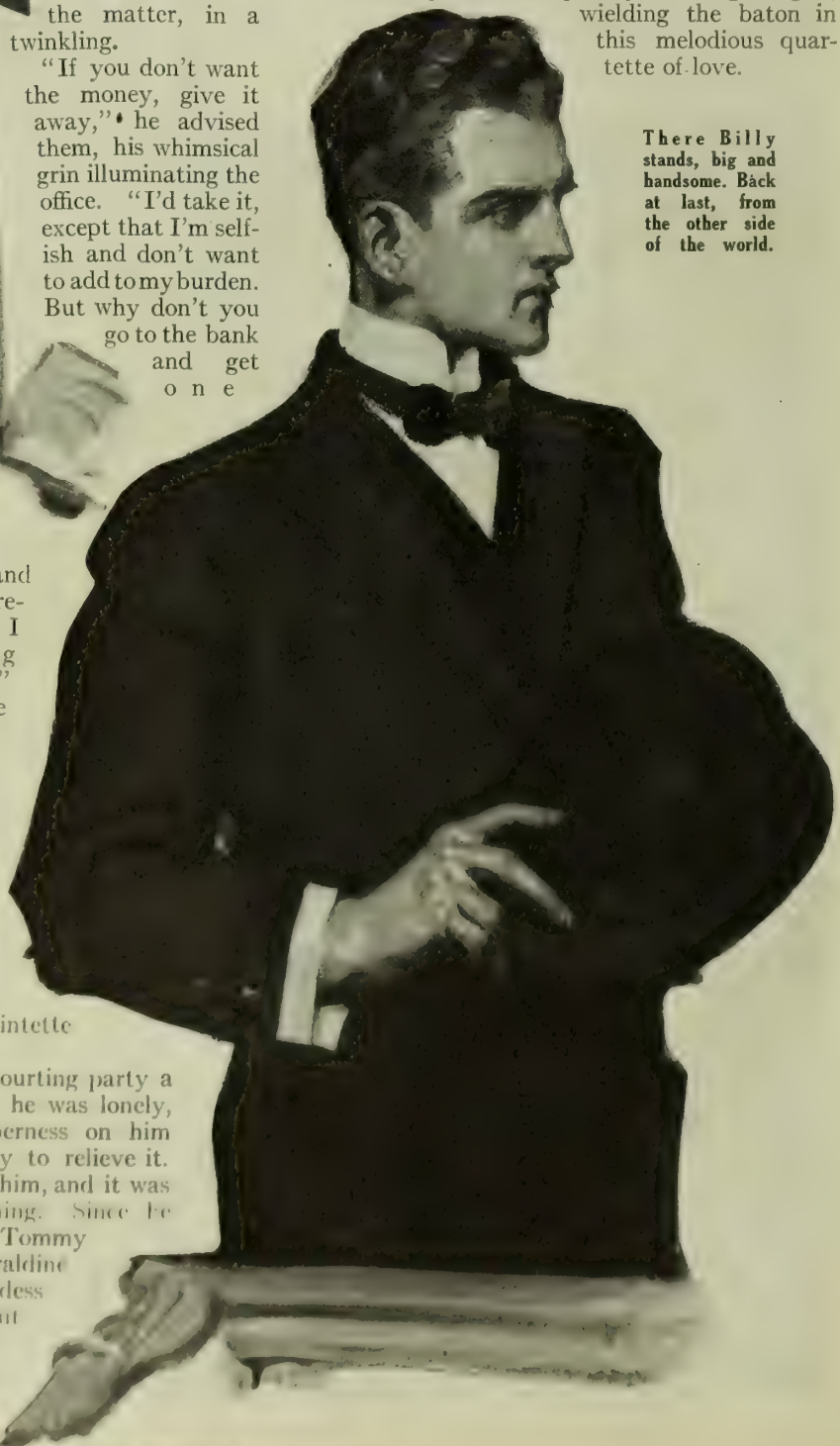
"If you don't want the money, give it away," he advised them, his whimsical grin illuminating the office. "I'd take it, except that I'm selfish and don't want to add to my burden. But why don't you go to the bank and get one

my found an aching vacancy in his heart corresponding exactly to the space that idol had occupied. So Tommy, for his gaiety, went, quite logically, to the place where there always brooded a somber specter which needed to be fought off with gaiety.

By winter, however, that specter had been driven well into the background, and only now and then its shadow was seen in the patient blue eyes of Jean and in the luminous dark gray eyes of Tavy; but sometimes, even in the happiest moments, an unexpected word or sight would bring back a flash of hideous memory; and this is the price of wretchedness, that memory never lets it die; it only slumbers.

For the most part, however, there was nothing but joy in the enchanted apartments, and the endless current of the river, passing the cozy little bay window, seemed to be bearing towards them nothing but ecstasy. That had been a glorious summer and fall, for never were two belles courted more assiduously than Jean and Tavy Stuart. There were the regulation flowers and candy, and drives and picnics, and excursions and parties, with Tommy Tinkle frequently, and in great glee, wielding the baton in this melodious quartette of love.

There Billy stands, big and handsome. Back at last, from the other side of the world.



TREMENDOUS sensation! The office of William Lane, Engineering Architect, sprang flamingly into the public print. It had captured the Pittsman prize for the most notable structural iron engineering feat of the year; and, on a crisp winter morning, large, noble portraits of William Lane appeared at every breakfast plate! Alongside was a picture of the wonderful dome over the Arts and Sciences building! It was a triumph, but the unexpected honor brought small joy to Billy Lane. The marvelous floating dome was Hal's creation, and now Harrison Stuart would not take the credit for it. This was merely because Hal's year of probation still lacked a month of its completion; and he would not announce himself; as Billy was miserable.

While they were still at this argument, and at Burke's curried omelette, the ladies, bubbling with joy, called up to congratulate them. This was Billy's last chance to vociferously declare himself an impostor.

At the office the controversy broke out afresh. The Pittsman jury of awards had mailed the check and the medal, and the engrossed honor parchment. At the same time it had given out the information to the newspapers; and now here was the money, a rounded thousand dollars, ordered in the name of William Lane. William Lane promptly ordered that check to John Doe and carried it to Hal, and thrust it in his hand.

"I'll keep the honor for a month to accommodate you, but I'll be square if I keep the money," he declared.

"You'll keep half of it," at first, announced Hal. "You don't let me down, Billy. You let

hundred thousand-dollar bills, put fifty of them in a blue box and fifty in a pink one, and present them to the ladies? I claim the honor of making the presentation speech."

They nearly shook the arms off Tommy Tinkle for that clever disposal of their dilemma; and, the next night following, the blue box and pink box being ready, they all three went up to the enchanted apartments, and Tommy Tinkle made a presentation speech, full of foolishness and good will, and the quintette held a celebration.

Tommy was with the courting party a great deal these days, for he was lonely, and there was a somberness on him which needed much gaiety to relieve it. A change had come over him, and it was due to Geraldine Benning. Since he was a very small boy, Tommy Tinkle had enshrined Geraldine in his heart as a goddess without flaw and without imperfection. Since she had, with her own hand, shattered that idol into minute fragments, Tom-

By George Randolph Chester and Lillian Chester

But best of all was the house Hal had bought, within an hour of the city, and with ground enough to build another cottage. And for whom was that new cottage to be built? Billy and Tavy, of course! The plans were being finished, and it was to be erected while Billy and Tavy were away for their six months' study of the architectural engineering of Rome, and Egypt, and Paris, and almost everywhere. So it was a very busy Jean and Tavy and Hal and Billy, and there were scarcely enough hours in the day to get through it all, what with the furnishing of the house for the royal princess and the brain-tearing problem of the new honeymoon cottage. For instance, should the billiard-room be just off the dining-room, or would it be better to have it lead off the library? You see how important that could be, don't you? Then the tiny little pink and gold boudoir. Should it have latticed French windows, or Colonial? A trifling detail? Certainly not; for the solution to that tremendously important question would dominate the artistic treatment of the entire house!

Of course, the men had business to look after, but the ladies were equally busy at those times, for there were trousseaux; two of them. And such wonderful hand-embroidery was never wrought into filmy fabrics as that created by the loving

fingers of Jean and the patient ones of Tavy; for now all the skill which had been lavished on the gay little court lady dolls was brought into urgent requisition. As Jean worked, her eyes grew constantly brighter, for they were set constantly asparkle by an agreeable gleam from her finger. Oh yes, she wore a new diamond ring; one just like Tavy's.

There was an added dignity on the night Tommy Tinkle presented the blue and pink boxes, for now they were ladies of business, with property in their own names and money to make them independent. Careful and cautious ladies of business they were, for the very next day they bought safe and solid bonds which would yield them a comfortable income; while Hal and Billy, glowing with pride in this beautiful achievement, plunged furiously into work, so that they should not be behind when the flood of new commissions overtook them.

There was only one cloud in Billy's happiness; the floating dome itself. The congratulations he received among his fellow members of the profession "got on his nerves," and especially at the T-Beam Club, where enthusiasm was highest.

The floating dome was not a mere personal achievement; it was a gift to the profession; and for this, Bravo Billy!

"Nothing like it!" Billy had all he could stand of obtaining praise under false pretenses. "I only wish I had devised the floating dome, but I can't take the credit for what doesn't belong to me. The thing was invented, and it's a corker!"

"Then why isn't John Doe a member of the T-Beam Club?" demanded jovial old Ainsley Pulham, who was the president of the club. "Bring him around."

"All right," agreed Billy easily, knowing that Hal would not come for another month; but this was the easiest way out of it.

To avoid further importunity, Billy stayed away. During the following week, however, the name of John Doe grew and grew! The floating dome was not a matter to be taken lightly by those who so thoroughly understood and appreciated it; and moreover the firm of William Lane had become too important for any factor of its tremendous success to be overlooked!

So, one bright noon-time, Ainsley Pulham, with a jolly committee from the T-Beam Club, stormed the office of William Lane, and demanded of the snub-nosed office boy to see John Doe. They not only demanded this, but they followed right into the private office of the dignified elderly gentleman with the silver Vandyke.

"Mr. Doe, this is the handshaking committee of the T-Beam Club," vociferously announced the president. "Get acquainted. I'm Ainsley Pulham. This is Walter Hess, fat but sassy. Henry McCullough, the Beau Brummel of the club. Dick Morton, our best little drinker. T. M. Weatherby, famed as a sweet singer. Write us a check for a hundred dollars, John Doe, and sign this application blank."

"I'll send it to you," diplomatically evaded Mr. Doe, pushing back in his mind the painful memory of a disgraceful orgy and an expulsion, at the T-Beam Club. When he again became Harrison Stuart his first act would be to reinstate himself there; so he would manage to hold off that application blank for three weeks. However, he shook hands pleasantly with Ainsley Pulham. No recognition in the keen blue eyes of Pulham. Walter Hess, a man new in these fifteen years. Henry McCullough. Why, Henry had been

a dapper boy, the youngest member, in the long past time. Dick Morton: rollicking, careless, devil-may-care Dick, at whose elbow—

"By George, it's Harrison Stuart!" Dick Morton's voice thrilled



There is no need to ask Billy questions as Tavy looks into his clear eyes, which somehow, like her own, have grown the better for the cultivation of suffering without bitterness. For a long, long space they stand motionless, as if their hungry eyes must first be satisfied.



Behold Jean and Tavy Stuart in the ladies' gallery of the Hotel Nabob. Below them is the banquet table. What a disappointment! The seating is so arranged that a fat man hides the guest of honor.

with joy. The years had taken the hair from Dick, and robbed his cheeks of their ruddiness, and put gold in his teeth, and rounded him with prosperity; but they had not touched the heart nor the spirit of him; and here was Dick, shaking both of his old crony's hands, and slapping him on the back, and pushing him around to T. M. Weatherby, and Ainsley Pulham, and Henry McCullough, for further hand-shaking and back-slapping and vociferous welcome.

Why, it was Harrison Stuart come back! Stuart, the daddy of them all, the most glittering name in the profession, the authority, even after fifteen years, on the fundamentals of constructional iron work! Harrison Stuart! Why, God bless us, old man, there's only a few of us left, and we hold you in our hearts and our memories as a shining star.

Yes, they sat in spite of all that he had done, and held him in their memories and in their hearts with affection and pride; and here they were, standing in the Hotel Nabob hall

been in that office since earnest young William Lane had started to pay more rent than he could afford.

"Now you can't get out of it! You have to come!" Ainsley Pulham, and he was jamming Harrison Stuart's hat on his head, rear side foremost.

They backed him into his coat, they jostled him out of the office by main strength, they thrust him into an elevator, and down-stairs, all of them laughing and howling like schoolboys, Harrison Stuart laughing with them, though there were tears in his eyes; they crowded into a machine, and whizzed away for lunch at the T-Beam Club!

THE quivering question which agitates me is, what will Tavy wear? This was the greeting of Tommy Tinkle, as he entered the enchanted pink and gray apartments, with a roll of evening papers under his arm.

"Where?" Tavy stopped embroidering a violet on something which looked suspiciously like a patching coat, and Jean Stuart came hurrying in

from the adjoining room with an embroidery frame in one hand and a work basket in the other. "Tommy Tinkle, where?"

"To the banquet." Tommy aggravatingly sat in the bay window, with a nonchalant appearance of not meaning to give any more information until it was dragged out of him.

"What banquet?"

"At the Hotel Nabob. Pleasant weather, isn't it? Looks like snow."

Mrs. Stuart laughed and sat down opposite Tommy. She came into the parlor every time she heard his voice, for fear he might say something funny and she not hear it.

Tavy took a deliberately painstaking stitch in her violet, and affected as great a degree of indifference as Tommy Tinkle.

"A little warm for snow, don't you think?" she drawled. Another painstaking stitch. "Still, it was snowing, this time last year. I like the snow, don't you? Tommy Tinkle, if you don't tell me all about this banquet, I'll scream!"

"Then I'll wait until you do," and the aggravating Tommy lit a cigaret. "Oh; I might add that the banquet is to be given by the T-Beam Club." He cast a sly glance in the direction of Jean Stuart. She had dropped her embroidery frame in her lap, and was gazing at Tommy with quiet patience. She remembered the T-Beam Club.

"There will be just a few guests in the ladies' gallery after the coffee and I'm wondering if Tavy will wear one of the new trousseau gowns, or just a regular frock.

Oh; I might add that the banquet is to be in honor of Harrison Stuart."

"Tommy!" cried Tavy. "They've found him out!"

"Everything. They know that he invented the floating dome. They know that he's Billy's partner. The T-Beam fellows came up to the office and got him, while Billy was out. They arranged for the banquet, on the way to the club. It's a week from to-morrow night. So the newspapers know it; and now, Tavy, you have a regular daddy."

Mrs. Stuart was half laughing and half crying, but Tavy was clapping her hands.

"So they're glad they found Daddy!" she exclaimed.

"Glad? They're crazy." Tommy handed them the roll of afternoon papers which contained just the first announcements of the tremendous sensation. "Now, ladies," and Tommy flourished his cigaret, "trust me. I am your friend. I hurried up here to beat the reporters. Billy is handling them at the office, and Burke at the apartments. Harrison Stuart is hidden. I think there is a reporter in the hall by this time," and, sure enough, the doorbell rang. "Disappear," he told them. "The romance is Billy's. It's as good as the little daughter who was burned in the theater fire, but not so horrible."

To see Tommy Tinkle handling reporters and guarding the ladies in their retreat would have been a joy, and it would have been a revelation in the art of sympathy to hear him tell how Harrison Stuart lost his memory for fifteen years, through a fall from a roof, and wandered all over the world, under the name of John Doe, until he was brought back to memory by the sight of his old friends in Billy Lane's office!

That was a busy week in the enchanted apart-

(Continued on page 467)



DRAWN BY VINCENT ADERENTE

The Sower

By James J. Montague

THERE sounds no joyous voice of Spring
To call from earth the growing grain;
No homing larks nor robins sing
Above the cannon-furrowed plain.
And through the ranks of silent dead,
Where ruined towns lie desolate,
A figure moves, with sullen tread,
To sow the seeds of hate.

The ground that bursting shells have torn
That this year's planting may be done,
Shall yield no sheaves of golden corn
To glisten in the August sun;
But from the blasted soil shall creep
Dissension, bitterness, and crime;
And these alone mankind shall reap
When comes the harvest time.

For war may waste a continent
And lay unnumbered thousands low,
But, though the soil be black and rent,
The seeds of hate shall surely grow;
To poison the pure air of life,
To flower in suffering and tears,
To stir men's hearts to savage strife,
Through all the coming years.



"Autumn," by Milton H. Bancroft, a mural painting in the "Court of the Four Seasons" at the San Francisco Exposition.

The murals of the exposition are the first in the history of expositions to be shown on exterior walls—California's climate explains that.

THE genius of the American nation has found a stupendous mirror in the art of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Here at last in art—in genuine American sculpture, painting, and architecture—we have before us the wondrous realization of the pulsing, inspired, vital unity of true Americanism.

Never will the memory of the majestic beauty of the world's Columbian Exposition fade from the mind. Over two decades have passed since it was held. Two decades—and now we are proudly standing upon the threshold of a new era. Chicago's White City seemed the last word in national possibility. But splendid though were its temples of the arts and industries, both in design and adornment, it was an earlier and less complete attempt to portray the genius of our nation than that which now turns our eyes toward San Francisco.

The World's Fair exerted no slight influence upon our national consciousness: for the first time our nation was made truly aware of its vast possibilities, and it was made so by its Aladdin-like vision. How much the development of architectural and art ability the Chicago of to-day owes to what the wonders of 1893 unfolded can scarcely be overestimated. But the artistic planning of the Panama-Pacific Exposition has been along other lines, made possible only, as one should in justice to the illustrious records of its exhibition predecessors state, by the fact that the American nation has only now come into the fullness of a power to express its ideas through the medium of the fine arts.

There lies entirely the degree of the Directors of the Exposition that in architecture and its adornment, as well as in lettering, there should be given the opportunity to express the national spirit of America through the original works of American artists. Thus it happens that there arose this wonderful occasion of proving our artistic mettle, in proving no person more than the faculty of simply appropriating and applying

ART

The Mirror of American Genius By Gardner Teall

the knowledge of others, which Coleridge calls mere talent. Because the genius of America rises supremely above the necessity of mere talents and is creative and original, one reasonably may look for this genius in American art, just as one discovers in the art of ancient Greece the genius of the age of Hellas.

It was Aristotle who was the first to discover that a statue lies hidden in every block of quarried marble. But the block of marble depends for expression upon the hand that takes and uses it—consider the varied possibilities for the marble under the hand of a Praxiteles, a Michelangelo, a Clodion, a Meunier, a Rodin, a Klimsch, a Frampton, a Saint-Gaudens. The same truth applies to a canvas awaiting the hand of a Botticelli, a Raphael, a Paul Veronese, a Rembrandt, a Velasquez, a Rubens, a Fragonard, a David, a Sir Joshua Reynolds, a Jean-Paul Laurens, an Edwin Abbey, a Puvis de Chavannes, a Burne-Jones, or a John Sargent.

Much of the art applied to the working out of previous expositions was recognizably adapted and adopted from the monuments of historic art and architecture. This was accomplished intelligently, but even that fact emphasized our student period. Perhaps it overemphasized it, for long after the power of original creation has been developed within us, tradition would have it that we

must still be lingering, for inspiration, in the schools of Europe.

The notable awakening to the fact that American art had really become sufficiently full-fledged to interpret clearly the spirit of the nation that inspired it was immediately recognized at the World Columbian Exposition, not by the expanse of edifices of classic design so much as by the occasional creations of complete originality such as the Transportation Building, which gave us one type of ornament distinctly our own.

A great exposition such as the Panama-Pacific, an exposition commemorating a national achievement, and designed to express that same nationalism which interprets the genius of America, cannot fail to exert a tremendous formative influence. There will be bound to follow its memory greater effort, loftier aims, nobler achievements, and more enduring monuments. Because it will at once awaken within the mind of every American who visits it a clear and uplifting conception, well expressed in symbolism free from confusion, of our national conscience. Thus the art of this exposition will be far from short-lived.

When such names as those of Bitter, French, MacNeil, Manship, Borglum, Aitken, Fraser, Jagers, Flanagan, and Konti (which by no means completes the list) are to be found on the exposition's roster of sculptors, the importance of the sculptural adornments of the exposition at once suggests itself. Sculpture, essentially, is an art for the people. Its success rests alone in its enduring appeal to the masses and their response to it. I do not think a single one of the sculptors engaged on the works for the Panama-Pacific International Exposition has failed to evoke this response. Already the verdict of the thousands upon thousands who have visited the exposition and have there beheld these works confirms this opinion.

How, we then ask, has this remarkable accord been reached, an accord none the less remarkable because of the diversity in manner and technique between the sculpture of this man and of that one? Between "The Star," by A. Sterling Calder,



"Fruition" is another of Milton H. Bancroft's ten mural paintings in the "Court of the Four Seasons." The original is fourteen by eighteen feet in size.

Like his fellow artists, Bancroft made a special visit to California before finishing his work in order to get his color scheme and atmosphere in harmony with the rest of the Exhibition.

and "The Genius of Creation," by Daniel Chester French, there is just that marked difference in the impress of individuality that instantly makes distinguishable the varied characteristics of each great artist. In the same manner the touch in James Earl Frazer's "The End of the Trail" is distinct from that in Solon H. Borglum's "The American Pioneer." Both of these superb equestrian figures receive equal attention.

This brings one to recognize the fact that the underlying principles which have inspired the sculpture of this exposition (varied in subject and manner of composition though this sculpture is) have brought it into perfect harmony with the spirit of our national life, a reflection of characteristics, as it were, quickly recognized by the people of the masses as truth, and hence accepted unquestioningly by them as such. Indeed, every American feels that Truth sounds the loud clear clarion for the genius of America, and that truth in art is more than a faint echo of this note in our nationalism. Thus is answered the question as to how harmony of intent was produced out of the assembled hundreds upon hundreds of pieces of sculpture from the hands of different artists.

This outdoor sculpture, it should be reiterated, is expressive of the new views of life, new thoughts, and the mental and spiritual attitude of our contemporary position in civilization. Hence one finds nothing in this sculpture that looks like a mere copy of the works of the ancient sculptors or of those of eras more nearly preceding our own. A remarkable degree of originality has been achieved in the works for this exposition—an originality without compromise, or descent to the bizarre, to the merely curious, or to the insignificant. Moreover, beauty reigns in all

this sculpture, and it is clearly indicative that America is entering upon its Golden Age in this art.

Just here it is interesting to note the extraordinary fact that for fully three-fifths of all the outdoor sculpture of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, Miss Audrey Munson of New York, a beautiful American girl, posed. Although already immortalized in the great gilded figure, "Civic Pride," which surmounts New York's famous new Municipal Building, Miss Munson's form and features are depicted on every one of the principal buildings of the exposition in San Francisco. This slender, graceful girl, beautiful and of rare intelligence, possesses many talents. She sings, plays, and dances uncommonly well. Every artist knows that intelligence is all too rare a quality in the average model. This, aside from physical beauty, has won for Miss Munson wide renown in the world of artists, and likewise this, in turn, has been helpful to those artists who have sought through the help of her poses to give to the world true and spiritual renderings of their conceptions. One finds with what success this perfect model has assisted in the evolution of the sculpture of French, Calder, Aitken, the Piccirillis, MacNeil, the Jaegers, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Evelyn B. Longman, and many others. Her portrait also will appear on the commemorative medal struck by the United States Mint in connection with the exposition. Aptly has she been called "the Exposition Girl," for she has also posed for many of the noted American painters whose mural decorations have added to the wealth of the exposition's art. Indeed, the mural painting at the Panama-Pacific Exposition is quite equal in quality to the sculpture. It was Jules Guérin who planned the masterly color-scheme of the exposition. Unlike many of its marble-white predecessors of almost classic and glaring austerity, the buildings at San Francisco present a polychromatic harmony wonderful to behold. Into

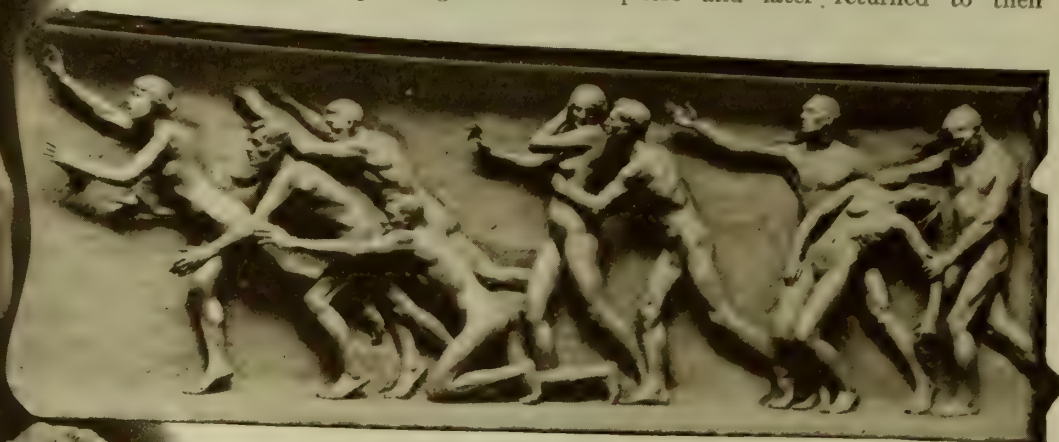
A bronze head of Audrey Munson by John Flanagan at the Fine Arts Palace of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Miss Munson's ethereal grace and beauty of body has made her the favorite of our American sculptors.

this setting are fitted the great mural paintings, some thirty in number. Permanent works these are, executed upon canvas in place of being painted upon

producing works that bear the true hall-mark of the genius of America.

The great mural paintings

day climate all the year around. Each of the great painters whose work is represented in these murals went to California to imbibe the atmosphere and later returned to their



From the frieze on the "Fountain of El Dorado"—El Dorado, the historic goal of human aspiration.

are the first of their type ever seen at an exposition. They give one the final touch which seems to spell perfection to the alluring ensemble of the Fairy City by the Golden Gate. They will be hung out-of-doors during the entire ten months of the exposition and are the first in the history of expositions to be shown on exterior walls, for the reason that a World's Fair is being held this year in a land with a May-

studios in the East to execute their commissions.

The splendor of their canvases are in perfect harmony with the rich yet soft Oriental tints and pastel tones to which every palace, garden, and court of the vast exposition acres conform. It was as if Mr. Guérin set out to paint a 635-acre canvas, for he has produced the most pleasing combination of pigments achieved at expositions. Starting upon the principle that simplicity is one of the canons of the art, Mr. Guérin decreed that not more than eight or nine colors should enter his scheme. After many experiments, an imitation of the natural travertine marble was decided upon as a basic key-tone of color. Its natural color is a pale pinkish gray buff, which has been termed old ivory. It is not garish as a dead white would be, especially in the California sunlight. It obviates certain new effect which pure white would give, and which is deadly to art, while it harmonizes with the colors selected. So far has the color organization gone, indeed, that even the paintings which adorn the walls of the courts all embody the same leading colors.

Clean ambition, indomitable power, courageous perseverance and faith made possible the achievement of the Panama Canal, an achievement now celebrated by expressing the creed of our national genius through the impressive symbolism of the exposition in San Francisco, and reflected in the mirror of its art. Of

tremendous import is all this, perhaps our first full consciousness of cultural power, and no prophetic vision is required to foretell the results that the art and architecture of this exhibition will inspire. The quickening within us by this vast visual lesson of the powers of the intellect will assert itself without question in the immediate future, and the genius of America will find in the art of this young nation an ever superbly developing spiritual force, a force which will continue to manifest itself in a multitude of new and perfect works.

It is a good thing for the arts and industries of a nation when its people gather together in

"Summer," by Furio Piccirilli, in the "Court of the Four Seasons."

the plaster walls directly. These mural paintings range in length from ten to a hundred feet, and never before has an exposition the world over had such superb works displayed as external decorations. Frank Brangwyn, Edward Simmons, Robert Reid, F. de Leftwich Dodge, Frank Du Mond, Childe Hassam, Charles Hollway, Milton H. Bancroft (like last season, American artists)—these, indeed, are names to conjure with!

There on the tinted walls of the palaces and courts (weathered Roman travertine in effect) these mural decorations find their place. The four panels of the Englishman, Brangwyn—"Earth," "Fire," "Air," and "Water"—are in the Court of Abundance, and remarkable examples they are of the greatest living colorist. However, it is the work of the American mural painter that concerns us most, for in his way the American mural painter accomplishes what his brother artist, the sculptor, has in



A. Sterling Calder's "Atlantic Ocean," one of four symbolic figures in the basin of the mighty "Fountain of Energy" at the main entrance of the "Great Southern Gardens."

pageant and festival to celebrate just as now at the Panama Pacific Exposition at San Francisco they are gathering by the hundred thousands in spite of the ironical Fates who are watching

at the same time such various gatherings of men at the opposite the long-suffering



Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, in the "El Dorado" frieze, has achieved



Audrey Munson, fitly called the "Exposition Girl" because she has posed for three-fifths of the masterpieces of the Exposition.



"Spring," another of Piccirilli's groups, appearing in the niches of the "Court of the Seasons."

It is a sign of health when children make common cause in joy and pageant, parade and self-expression. And as nations and children do not differ much in this matter, it is at San Francisco that we have the best possible indication of the health of the American nation. From the gorgeous Tower of Jewels to the outermost limits of the spacious grounds we have a most exuberant sign thereof. The expression is national but the exhibit is Californian, the land of color and mountain range and tempered sunshine. Color, that is the keynote of California—

what more natural than that the hard white brilliance of the old "White Cities" should have given place to the opales-

the harmony of flowers, landscapes, walls, and domes, arrangements have been made to substitute sets of floral decorations during the ten months of the Exposition, so that while the flowers will be changed at least three times, their brilliance, vigor, and blending in tone with the decorative effects will be always the same. With these colors blend the avenues and streets, lined with tropical palms and foliage, brought from Cuba, South America, Australia, and Japan. In the use of these, the greatest landscape artists of America have coöperated with the greatest landscape in America at the behest of the greatest lovers of beauty and nature in America, the Californians, who coming to their fair land to pray, to fight, to trade, to find gold, remained to become a new people, Greek in their appreciation and esthetic feelings, American in their enthusiasm and enterprise. That is why as never before the San Francisco Exposition is the mirror of American genius.

And the World

By Bruno

Illustrated by

outwardly, upon good terms, yet, in her inmost heart, Mrs. Levinsky hated her cousin as we (speaking in an impersonal sense, of course) always hate those who have achieved that for which we have striven and failed. The fact that the Gordons had a daughter just about Mary's age did not, you may be sure, tend to soften Mrs. Levinsky's feelings.

Mary Levinsky loved her mother and listened to her endless tale of woe with great sympathy. Somehow or other, however, the mother could never learn just how keenly the daughter felt upon the subject.

One day Mary returned from work in a state of high dudgeon. Her employer's son had stolen behind her as she sat at work and had kissed her upon the cheek.

"He will have a lot of money some day," said Mrs. Levinsky, narrowly watching her daughter. "What did you say to him?"

"I didn't say anything. But when he was outside in the store with everybody looking on, I slapped his face."

Mrs. Levinsky was not quite sure whether to applaud this action or not, but she did feel a pang of disappointment. "Isn't he nice?" she asked.

"Oh, he's nice-looking, but he's a loafer," replied Mary.

Mrs. Kabil who lived on the same floor with the Levinskys had, for a long time, been the recipient of Mrs. Levinsky's confidences. Mrs. Kabil, too, had married a poor man but, having never been obsessed with a longing for wealth or luxury, did not rebel against fate and had not the slightest objection to the world going 'round as steadily as it pleased. She was naturally sympathetic, however, and was a good listener and, what was most important of all, she thoroughly understood Mrs. Levinsky's point of view. Mrs. Levinsky told her of Mary's experience.

That night Mrs. Levinsky had insisted that Mary don her best dress, and Mary, without a murmur of dissent, had obeyed. And then Lapidowitz arrived, bringing Sammis who had started a bank on the East Side.

you know, there is always some one thing that makes it worse) was that, many years ago, her cousin had married Gordonsky, the East Side banker, who had not only accumulated money steadily but had demonstrated the fact to the world by changing his name to Gordon. And while Mrs. Levinsky and Mrs. Gordon were,



M. LEVINSKY
BANKER

YES, the world keeps going 'round, spinning quite merrily upon its axis and moving, through infinite space, upon the course that was laid out for it when Time began. We, who live upon its surface, frequently forget this simple fact. When we suffer, it seems to us only natural that this sphere should hesitate for an instant, if only out of sympathy with a sorrow as great as ours. When we love, there are times when we are almost convinced that the earth revolves in tune with our emotions. It is always "we" who are the center of the universe, who think, who feel, and who create—and the poor planet upon whose surface we exist, plays but a minor part in all our thoughts.

The fact that the world had kept going 'round throughout the duration of Mrs. Levinsky's married life, struck Mrs. Levinsky as being unfair. It was almost unbelievable that nature could be indifferent to a disappointment and a misery as great as hers. She had married a young man who was enthusiastically ambitious, and all her life she had craved wealth. Both the enthusiasm and the ambition of her husband had mysteriously vanished immediately after their marriage and, for nearly twenty years, their lot had been the world-old struggle for existence, without the slightest prospect, at any time, of its discontinuance till the side of the grave. Mr. Levinsky was easy-going and amiable and refused to quarrel over it, and when a husband refuses to quarrel there is nothing left for the wife but to feed upon her own resentment. They had one child, Mary, who was now nineteen and delightfully attractive and who worked as stenographer in a dry-goods store, and kept her own counsel. When Mrs. Levinsky realized she had made the great mistake of marrying a poor man, she determined that her mission in life lay in so training her daughter, that, whatever happened, Mary would not follow in her footsteps.

"Unless you marry a man who has money you will be miserable all your days!" That was the burden of Mrs. Levinsky's tale from the time that Mary was nine years old. Mary never forgot it, because Mary never had a chance to forget it.

What made it worse (when you have a grievance,

Goes 'Round

Lessing

M. Leone Bracker

"I don't know if she was right to make such a fuss," she added with a sigh. "Maybe if she had acted different he might have apologized and they would have become good friends, and you never can tell what it might lead to."

Mrs. Kabil, that night, told the story to her son Solly, who had rosy cheeks and worked in a butcher's shop. The next day a commotion in the Kabil household attracted Mrs. Levinsky's attention, and, opening her door, she beheld Solly Kabil being led down-stairs by a policeman.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

Mrs. Kabil confronted her with flashing eyes. "It's that girl of yours!" she cried. "It's all her fault. He went and punched that son of Mary's employer, just because he kissed her. I don't see what business it is of his at all. If there is anything between him and your girl I'll see that it's stopped right away. I'm not crazy about his marrying a rich girl, but he's an awful fool if he doesn't take a girl who's got at least a little money."

Mrs. Levinsky's heart sank with a sense of dire foreboding. Donning her hat and shawl she went at once to the store where Mary worked and told her of Solly's arrest. Mary nodded her head calmly. "I saw it all," she said. "He gave him a good punch, and his father went out to have Solly arrested."

"Mary," cried her mother, "tell me the truth. Why did he do it? Is—is there anything between you?"

In the eyes that Mary turned toward her mother there was no guile. "Why no," she answered. "He's just a nice boy, but I don't love him. If I ever did I'd surely tell you about it right away."

Mrs. Levinsky felt greatly relieved and, on her way home, stopped in Milken's Café for a cup of coffee. She entered just in time to see a rather good-looking, well-dressed young man hand some money to Lapidowitz, the schnorrer, pat him good-naturedly upon the shoulder, and depart. Lapidowitz, having borrowed some money, was in the height of good humor and sat down beside Mrs. Levin-

sky. "That's a fine fellow, that Moey Sammis," he said. "He's a regular prince. D'ye know him?" Lapidowitz smiled very encouragingly.

Mrs. Levinsky shook her head as an answer.

And Sammis and Sadie were married, and quarreled a great deal about money matters, and the earth moved no more slowly.



"He's in the banking business. He just started on Rivington street, but he's going to make a great success. If I ever get any money I'm going to start an account in his bank."

"Is he married?" asked Mrs. Levinsky.

"No. He's a regular bachelor," said Lapidowitz. And then, seized with a sudden inspiration: "He'd make a fine catch for that girl of yours."

Mrs. Levinsky actually turned red at having her own thoughts put so bluntly into words.

"If there's anything in it," continued Lapidowitz, gazing shrewdly at Mrs. Levinsky, "maybe I could do something. I ain't a regular shadchen, you know, but sometimes I help out my friends."

"How much would you expect?" she finally asked.

"Twenty-five dollars if I bring him to your house and introduce him to Mary, and two hundred dollars on the day he marries her."

"On the day he marries her," sounded so sweet to Mrs. Levinsky that she agreed forthwith, and Lapidowitz hastily left her to run after Moey Sammis. It must have been Lapidowitz's lucky day, for an hour later a messenger brought word to Mrs. Levinsky that Mr. Lapidowitz and his friend Mr. Sammis would call that evening after supper.

Moe Sammis was not a product of the East Side. He had come from Chicago with some letters of introduction, a little capital, an attractive presence and personality, and with what impressed the store-keepers to whom he had talked as a profound knowledge of the banking business. He had started a little bank and, considering the fact that he was practically a stranger, was doing rather well.

Mrs. Levinsky insisted that night that Mary should don her best dress and Mary, without a murmur of dissent, obeyed. And when, presently, Sammis arrived and had been formally introduced, she greeted him as pleasantly and chatted with him as amiably as her mother could have desired. Mrs. Levinsky, overjoyed, beckoned Lapidowitz into another room and

(Continued on page 473)



Mrs. Levinsky was overjoyed when Sammis was formally introduced.

SINNERS



A typical scene
in Hilda Newton's apartment.
Hilda—Willie! Wake up! *Polly*—This is
another year, Willie dear—we are looking for a
little more of your money.

Horace—You're not fit to go to her. . . . I mean
that I won't let you go!

Hilda—You brute!

Bob Merrick—Wait a minute—Please! (*Steps forward*)

AS wholesome as whole-wheat
bread, and vastly more
popular, is "Sinners," by
Owen Davis. The play,
also, is of as ancient and
honorable lineage as any
Daughter of the Revolution;
and without any revolutionary
divergence from the good, old American
faith in the miracles performed by
Salvation Army and meeting-house
hymns and sentiments.

It is the story of *Mary Horton*, a country
girl alone in a great city, whither she has
come to win a way for herself and support for
her invalid mother. She fails to find work;
and the only one of the folks from Great Falls,
back home, who helps her is *Hilda Newton*,
scorned and stoned for her "shameful" life by
the elders and juniors of Great Falls. *Hilda*
takes *Mary* in, but protects her from the men
she herself associates with. Then *Mary* reaches
the end of her rope, completely beaten; *Bob*
Merrick, abetted by the libertine financier,
Willie Morgan, offers to take her joy-riding. In
spite of *Hilda*, who is coerced to passive resist-
ance by *Willie*, *Mary* consents to go. Just as
the party is starting, *Horace Worth*, lover of
Mary and one of the pious juniors of Great
Falls, gains admittance to *Hilda's* apartments.

Horace—(with sudden fury) *Hilda Newton!* (*He*
steps forward with sudden fury) What is *Mary*
Horton doing here with you?

Hilda—(bitterly) You haven't changed much,
since I used to know you, *Horace*. . . .

Horace—*Mary* was used to work but a woman
like you. . . . Where is she?

Mary—(outside) Just a minute, please; I am sorry I
was a day.

Horace—Hort! In your house? Here?

Mary—Did you think I was never coming. . . . (*She*
enters with radiant face, a beautiful evening gown borrowed
of Hilda—she steps out at the door. Horace, who stands
at her appearance)

Horace—*Mary!*

Mary—Why are you here?

Horace—(sternly) You! (*He looks at her for a moment,*
then turns toward the door)

Charming Alice Brady, playing
the rôle of *Mary Horton*, the
country girl who didn't succeed
in the city.

Mary—Wait—why did you come here?
Horace—I had a message—you wouldn't
care to hear it.

Mary—From home?

Horace—From Dr. Simpson. . . .

Mary—(cries out in terror) Mother!

Horace—Is dying!

Mary—Oh!

Horace—She asked for you—I offered to come. The
doctor said it was her only chance!

Mary—I will go—I won't be a minute! (*She turns*
toward the door)

Horace—(sternly) No!

Mary—What do you mean?



Mrs. Horton—She's good! My daughter is good! She is
worthy of any man at all!

The Play of the Month

Mary—You've got to let me go!
 Bob—You are making a big mistake—this girl is all right!
 Horace—(bitterly) All right!
 Hilda—Straight, Horace—dead straight—so help me God!

Horace—Look at her!
 Hilda—My clothes—you've got to believe me.
 Bob—Who are you to judge her?
 Horace—(turns to him roughly) Who are you? A man like you to fight her battles? What right have you to speak for her?

Mary—No right at all! Nobody has any right—no more than you have to keep me from her. I don't say that I am fit to go—I don't say that I haven't sinned in my heart—but I am going. You can't stop me! You don't dare to do it—you don't dare to face her without me—it would kill her to think the things you think about me—but it wouldn't kill her love—you know that! No matter what I am—she loves me—I am all she's got—

Hilda—She hasn't a dollar, Willie—and money may help.

Willie—Here (He jerks a few bills out of his pocketbook and holds them out—Horace steps forward and knocks them out of his hand)

Horace—She takes nothing from you—any of you! (He turns on Mary) Put on a decent dress—and be quick—I can't breathe this air for long!

Mary—You'll take me to her?

Horace—Yes—I'll take you to her!

Mary's return saves her mother's life. Suddenly into her quiet life at Great Falls comes Hilda—brought by Willie against her will. With them is Bob Merrick, and Polly Cary and her lover, Joe Garfield. When Bob is alone with her Mary turns upon him.

Mary—Do you dare to tell me why you are here?

Bob—To see you, because I have thought of you every day, a hundred times.

Mary—And didn't Mr. Morgan tell you that if you came and tried your best, that in the end you'd take me back there with you? Come—you are no liar—didn't he?

Bob—Yes, I came to take you back.

Mary—And you wonder that the sight of you is horrible to me! When I even think of you I burn with shame— When I see you— Oh—oh— (she drops into a chair, hiding her face, as Bob stands abashed and Polly enters from the dining-room)

Polly—(looks at them, then shuts the door) I just knew you two would be having a lovely time; where's Joe?

Bob—Putting a tire on the car.

Polly—Poor dear! You know he ain't strong! Run out and help him, Mr. Merrick.

Bob—What for?

Polly—I know it ain't polite to hint, but there's a lovely sunset. (Bob looks at her for a moment, then turns and exits) Say, Mary?

Mary—Yes.

Polly—Does he win?

Mary—Win? Bob?

Polly—Is it Central Park West and a new limousine, or the straight and narrow?

Mary—I am going to stay here, Polly.

Polly—I had you right, your mother's a dear old party, Mary, an' she's so tickled 'cause she thinks Hilda's straight that she's in there spilling all she knows—she wised me to what you're up against. You can't run the car without gas, kid. (she holds out her hand, in which there is a roll of bills) Quick! Go South with that before the bunch butts in.

Mary—Money?

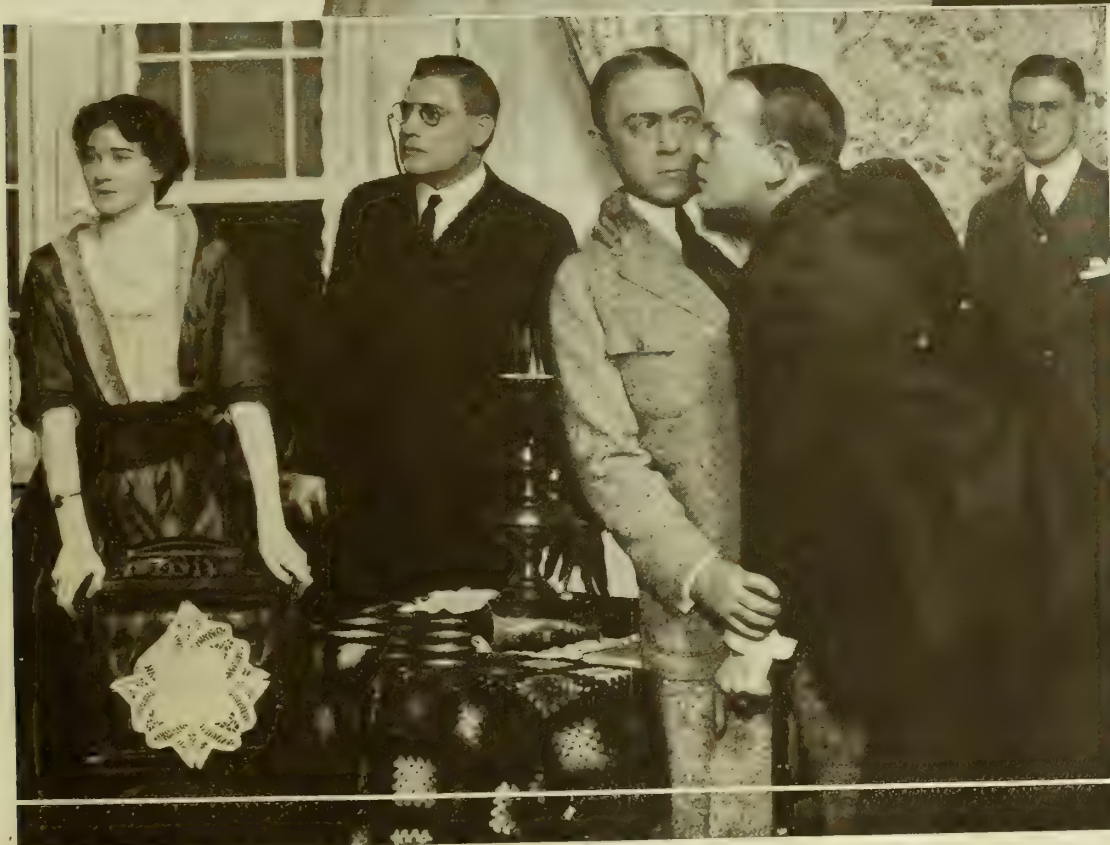
Polly—Regular coin.

Mary—But I can't take your money.

Polly—Why not? I took it! It's easy money, kid. It's boob coin! Give it a chance to work on the level.

Mary—No—I can't take it. I've got to fight this out for myself. (she puts her

Mrs. Horton (Emma Dunn) throws her protecting arms about her daughter as she repeats her belief in her in spite of the city.



Bob—I am waiting for Mary's answer! Horace (John Stokes)—Let her marry you! Bob—Yes—I advise you not to use that tone. I am worthy, and I am waiting for Mary's answer. We want no more misunderstandings—no more chance for men like you to air their malice!



and on
Polly's
shoulder
it was
sweet of you,
dear.

Polly—I wish
you'd take it,
honest. I won't miss
it. I've thought of a
new one to spring on
Joe.

Mary—No! (Polly sighs
and puts money away)

Mrs. Horton, Mary's mother,
returns with the rest of her
chance guests. Much against
their wills she starts them sing-
ing hymns, and then invites them
to Sunday supper. Horace appears
on the scene, and with the energy
of the self-righteous, warns Mrs.
Horton of the character of her daugh-
ter's friends; he must save Mary's soul
even if he hurts her. Mrs. Horton's doctor,
an old lover of Hilda, has also arrived.

Mrs. Horton—Mary! My daughter! You
shan't hurt her! (she steps to Mary, throwing
her arms about her)

Doctor—Look out, Worth. I warn you!

Mrs. Horton can't stand a shock.

Horace—I'll save her from herself—
from these friends of hers, as they
dare to call themselves! From—
from men like that—(he points
to Bob) and women like this
woman here!

Mrs. Horton—Hilda! That
isn't fair! She is a married woman—
Mr. Morgan's wife!

Horace—His wife! So that is what they
tell you.

Mrs. Horton—It is the truth!

Horace—(to Willie Morgan) Speak then, ad-
mit it. If you dare, before these witnesses
that this woman is your wife—but before you
speak I warn you—if you lie I'll make it known—
I'll publish it to the world. Is she—is she your
wife? (Willie, sulkily, turns away)

Mrs. Horton—(in horror) Hilda!

Horace—What do you or I care what she is—she is
married all right—let Mary—let's your own flesh and
blood that is what she is. We've had enough of lies—let's
face the truth together. Shall I tell you how I found her
living in New York?

Mrs. Horton—Mary—Mary! (Mrs. Horton sobs,
looking at her daughter)

Horace—(to Mary) Don't say a word more!

Mrs. Horton—(to Mary) Don't say a word more!

Mrs. Horton—(to Mary) Don't say a word more!

Mrs. Horton—(to Mary) Don't say a word more!

Horace—I found her—not in poverty—the story of the
work, the sewing she had found to do was like all the rest—
all the same.

Mrs. Horton—(You don't speak so about my daughter!)

Horace—(You don't speak so about my daughter!)

Mrs. Horton—(You don't speak so about my daughter!)

Mrs. Horton—(You don't speak so about my daughter!)

Mrs. Horton—(You don't speak so about my daughter!)

Mrs. Horton—(You don't speak so about my daughter!)

Mrs. Horton—(You don't speak so about my daughter!)

Gertrude Dallas plays the
part of Hilda Newton
stoned by the good folk
back home, she, however,
is the first to offer bread
when Mary needs it.

her of your family, but it is my
earnest wish to persuade your daughter
to marry me.

Horace—Marry you?

Bob—(he looks at Horace) Yes—and
I advise you not to use that tone.

Mrs. Horton—Mr. Merrick! You
frighten me—all of you—(she turns
to Horace) Why should you speak,
as you spoke to Mary? She's good!
My daughter is good! She is worthy
of any man at all!

Bob—(Quite worthy. I am wait-
ing for your answer, Mary. We
want no more misunderstanding.)

After her
homely
fashion,
Mrs. Horton
searches out and
finds the worth in
Bob Merrick
(Norman Trevor), who
has come seeking her
daughter. Bob—I found
there was nobody to share my
money with. So I decided to go
in for pleasure—to buy it. Mrs.
Horton—I suppose you found plenty
for sale—the trouble with you, young man,
is that you are hunting for something you
wouldn't know if you found it.

no more chance for men like that to air their
malice. I am asking you very earnestly, very
sincerely to marry me.

Mary—You found it strange to speak before
them all, how much more strange do you think
I find it to answer you! And I am very anx-
ious to answer you correctly. I thank you
very, very humbly for the honor you have
done me—that is right so far, isn't it? But I—
I can not accept your offer.

Bob—I refuse to take that answer.

Mary—I suppose you think that I do not
appreciate your great kindness, your charity, but
I do—fully! I understand so clearly that I have
no hesitation in saying that I should prefer the
most bitter poverty—the meanest drudgery, the
deepest depths of sin!

Mrs. Horton—Mary! (she clutches Mary's arm)

The shock almost kills Mrs. Horton, but she re-
covers and sends for Horace to tell her more. But
Sadie, the family servant, intervenes.

Horace—Mrs. Horton wants me?

Sadie—Yes. (he looks for a moment at Mary, then
starts for steps)

Mary—Horace! Please! Please! don't tell her!

Horace—I shall not excite her, Mary—but I
shall tell her the truth. (he goes to the steps—
Sadie stands on the lower step in front of him)

Sadie—You won't tell her anything at all!
(he puts his foot on the lower step) No, you
won't! If you do, Horace, I'm going to do
some tellin' myself!

Horace—She has sent for me, and—

Sadie—You'd better not go. I know how hard
it is for you to keep from tellin' all you know—
you've done all the harm you're ever going to do
around this place. If there's any tellin' to be
done, I'm the one to do it.

Mary—What do you mean?

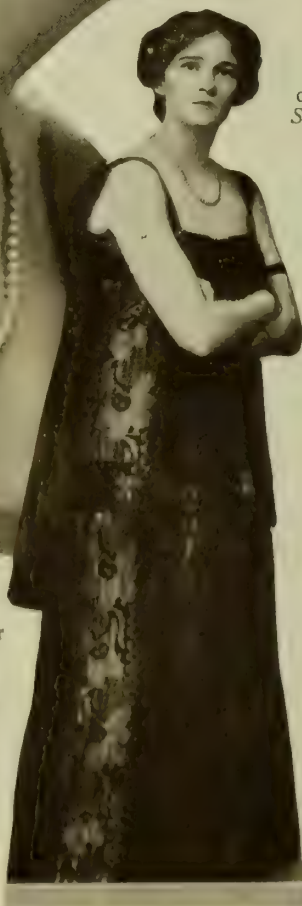
Sadie—He knows—your mother told you about
how good he was to me while you were away,
takin' me to prayer meetin' Wednesday nights—
but she didn't know what he said to me on the
way home! She didn't know that I was fool
enough to think a lot of him, for a while, and
to believe him when he said he loved me—but I
did believe him till that last night—shall I tell
'em about that, Horace?

Horace—I—I—

Sadie—I won't tell, unless you make me. I
ain't proud of it—and I'm ashamed I ever
trusted you.

Mary—Sadie!

Sadie—Don't worry! I guess I know how to
take care of myself—I felt bad for a little while,
but I got over it. He thought just because I
was poor, and working out, that I'd forgotten
all my people ever taught me—I guess he



Willie Morgan (Walter Walker) calls fate down upon himself. He has brought Hilda home against her will, and now she won't go back to the city; his excitement affects his heart. **Joe** (John Cromwell)—Is he—is he all in? **Willie** (Walter Walker)—I'm all right. **Doctor** (Charles Richman)—For the moment—yes.

knows better now—my folks is just exactly as good as his is—if they don't say so much about it! (she turns and exits)

Mary—(to Horace) Please go!

Horace—Mary! I!—

Mary—You'd better go! (he exits. Mary turns to the house as Hilda enters with her automobile cloak and veil on)

Mary—You are going, Hilda?

Hilda—Yes—what else can I do?

Mary—I wish that I could help you, dear.

Hilda—I know, but you can't. I don't know what I can do—I don't know if I can stand it any more, but what else is there for me?

Doctor—(entering) Go to your mother, Mary. (She turns toward him anxiously) No, she is quite well, and strangely contented and happy. But she wants you—and I must speak to Hilda.

Mary—(to Hilda) I'll see you for a moment before you go. She's very unhappy, Doctor. (She exits)

Doctor—Mrs. Horton was unhappy about you, Hilda—not about Mary. Her faith in her never faltered. It is a very beautiful thing.

Hilda—Yes.

Doctor—I have promised Mrs. Horton, Hilda, that you would not go back to New York.

Hilda—Ned!

Doctor—I am using the money that was left to me to build a Children's Hospital, a few miles from here. I am going to find work for you there—good work. That's going to be my life and yours, to help those little ones. (Willie, Joe and Polly enter)

Willie—Come on—this place has got me going. Come on, Hilda.

Doctor—(quietly) She isn't going.

Willie—What's that?

Doctor—She remains here.

Willie—Kidding me! Come on, Hilda.

Doctor—This is your chance—not for happiness, perhaps, but for peace—for self-respect.

Willie—What's all this?

Polly—What is it, Hilda?

Doctor—(firmly) She stays here.

Willie—(to Hilda) Is that right?

Hilda—Yes, I stay here.

Willie—(furious) So that's the game, is it? You throw me, for a country rube, like that!

Hilda—(slowly) I—stay—here!

Willie—Give up all you've got—New York—Broadway—money—clothes—everything!

Hilda—Everything! Oh, so gladly, so gratefully—so humbly!



Florence Nash as **Polly Cary**, the impertinent and self-sufficient, is another of the outlawed Samaritans to help **Mary**.

Willie—He knows what you are, don't he?

Hilda—Yes, he knows.

Willie—He knows I bought you?

Hilda—And he knows I paid!

Oh, how I paid! He knows! He knows! But neither of you knows

the hatred I've always had in my heart for you—the self-contempt that burned me at the very thought of you. You didn't know that, did you? No! Men like you never know it—you think your money buys a woman's love! It doesn't . . . Not I alone, but half the women who live as I have lived, keep their hearts free, to hate the men they smile on—as I hate you!

Willie—(to Doctor) You did this! Damn you! (Willie's anger affects his heart. When the Doctor revives him his friends help him away)

Bob makes one last appeal to **Mary** before he goes back to the city.

They are alone in the yard in front of the house.

Bob—I love you, Mary.

Mary—No!

Bob—No matter what it was once, it is real love now. I want you for my wife!

Mary—That night, in New York—I—I lost my right to self-respect. With that between us, I could never, never trust myself, or you. You must go—

Bob—If together we have learned to know ourselves, to know our hearts—what does all the rest matter?

Mary—You must go.

Mrs. Horton—(enters from the open door; she has guessed the real truth about her daughter and Bob) Mary! (they turn to her)

Mary—Yes, mother!

Mrs. Horton—I've worried about you, and I want to be brave enough to say something.

Mary—Yes, mother.

Mrs. Horton—(to Bob) We were talking about something today—"fools' gold," about making sure that the thing we choose is the thing we really want. You must choose tonight, Mary, between pride and love, and it's hard for me to let you make a mistake.

I gave you your life, but you've got to live it for yourself—God makes it that way.

Mary—You don't understand how I feel.

Mrs. Horton—Maybe not—all I want is to be sure that you do. Why don't you two talk it all out together—honestly—and then decide? If you love him, nothing else matters—if you don't—then he'd better go. (she exits to house)

Bob—(going to Mary) Mary! (she turns and puts her arms about him, hiding her face upon his shoulder)

So the play ends to the strains of "Rock of Ages." It is not the usual fare sought by the satiated New Yorker, nor is it the sort of thing the theater-of-ideas enthusiast affects, but it is good, reliable material in a well-constructed play. The people like it.

Her Mother

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson



WHEN John Bradley's wife died, I was shocked and distressed. I was only twenty-two years of age; Mary Bradley was forty. Molly, her only child and her darling, was twelve years old.

The Bradleys had been very kind to me when, as a débutante, I made my bow to society. No other friends made quite as much of a pet of me as they did. They often invited me to their home, and, as their daughter was too young to be a companion for me, I flattered myself that they liked me for myself, even though I was but a girl. They seemed to me an ideally happy couple, keeping always the romance of their youthful days. If I ever married, I thought, I would like to live just as the Bradleys did.

And then, after a surprisingly short illness, the wife died. For days I could think of little else. I pictured the lonely widower brooding in the darkened house. Mrs. Bradley's mother had come on from Boston for the funeral and had taken Molly home with her. She thought the child would suffer less if away from the scenes that would remind her of her dead mother. The girl's father, left alone, stored his furniture and took rooms in a hotel. For two years he went into society very little.

At last, at a quiet dinner at a friend's house, I met him. I spoke of the bygone days when he and his wife had been so kind to me. I mentioned these days tentatively, delicately, for I did not want to wound the man by recalling his past sorrow to his mind. But I might have known that he had never forgotten it. He looked at me gratefully when I spoke of his wife.

"It is good of you to let me talk to you about her," he said, after a while. "So many people speak of those who are gone as if death itself were a disgrace and as if the dead should not be mentioned. Yet, really, they are not dead."

He spoke the truth. His wife was not dead—to live in the hearts of those we love is not to die. He had not forgotten her. He never has forgotten her.

So—although he married me in less than a

year after the meeting I have mentioned. My warm pity and sympathy for him were speedily changed to a love that swept away all preconceived ideas. Had anyone predicted that I would marry a widower, I would have denied it indignantly. Yet when John Bradley asked me to marry him I did not hesitate for a moment.

"I love you dearly," I acknowledged, looking up into his dark eyes—the eyes that always seemed sad to me. "But"—I hesitated—"do you really love me?"

He drew me to him with a tender smile. "Yes, little girl," he said, "I love you. Never doubt that. A man's first love is a wonderful thing—passionate, ardent, full of romance. That kind of feeling comes but once to him. But"—he paused, and I knew he was thinking of the sorrow that had overwhelmed him and his happiness—"when one has lost that, and has come to himself after the blow that dazed him, he finds that he must still live and that he is sadly lonely. Then he is blessed indeed if into his bruised life there comes the comforting, soothing, helpful companionship of such a dear friend as you are. At first, you were only a friend; of late, you have made me love you, darling. You are necessary to me. Won't you take the devotion I am offering you and let me begin life again with you?"

I could not doubt his affection. Why should I wish for the ardent passion of which he had spoken, of which he always spoke as a part of his dead youth? I thought I was perfectly happy as his fiancée and, later, as his bride.

We were married quietly from my home, and Molly, his daughter, was not there. Her father

ran on to Boston to see her just before our marriage.

"It is only fair that I do this before we go on our wedding-trip," he explained to me, and I agreed that he was right.

"Give her my love," I said wistfully. I did want to be close to this motherless girl. John was planning to have her live with us as soon as we should be settled in some pretty place on Long Island.

"I am glad that you like the suburbs," he had remarked to me, "for I do not consider the city the best place for a girl of Molly's age."

I did not remind him that she had been born in New York and had lived there until she was twelve years old. That was none of my business.

John returned from Boston the night before our wedding. Molly was sorry to have him leave her so soon, he said.

"Did you give her my message?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "and I have no doubt that she was grateful to you for your thought of her, poor child!"

He sighed, and I looked at him anxiously. "Is she not well?" I queried.

"Oh, yes," he affirmed, "she is well, physically, but my heart aches whenever I look at my motherless little daughter. She sobbed pitifully when I came away this morning. I am thankful," he added, "that she is to have such mothering as you can give her, darling. She needs it. Her grandmother is very much of an invalid, and, while she adores Molly, she is no companion for her. As soon as we can we must settle in our own home so that the child can come to us."

There had been some talk of our spending a few weeks in a New York hotel, making our home ready by degrees, but I offered no objection to this amendment to the plan.

Nor did I protest when, our wedding-trip over, my husband proposed that we go out to Long Island without further delay and select our house. Since we were to live in the country, I would have liked the genuine country—but John demurred.

"I do not want to put too long a distance between our house and Molly's school," he declared. "I would not mind a long trip into town and back for myself—but I want Molly to be within easy distance of St. Monica's."

So we took a house in what might be called a suburb of a suburb, so that Molly could attend a certain church-school of which she had heard and of which she had talked to her father. It was a fashionable institute, but John Bradley could afford to send his daughter where he pleased. He smiled indulgently as he told me of his child's preferences.

The little girl made no response until her father said, "Thank Edith, Molly," when she murmured, "Thank you." I knew then that I was to be "Edith" to this child whom I longed to mother.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Author of "The Sins of the Fathers," "The Just Mans Wife," "The Liar," etc.

"She has High Church tendencies," he remarked. "She is like her dear mother in that respect. So St. Monica's will just suit her."

"I hope she will be happy there," I ventured.

"Yes, I hope so," he agreed, and, as once before, he sighed. Hearing the sigh, I determined to do all in my power to make the child of the man I loved happy in her home as well as in her school. She would not be a boarder at St. Monica's but would live at home.

"I cannot bear to be parted from her if it can be helped," my husband said. "I have lived without her for two years—and that is about all I can stand."

I felt a happy throb of possession as we looked over the house of which we had heard through the real-estate agent whom John had consulted. The building was new and equipped with all the modern improvements. In my girlish enthusiasm I clapped my hands with delight as I went from one bright room to another and inspected the spacious closets.

"It seems almost palatial after a city apartment," I remarked. "Oh, John, just see—there are three bathrooms here on this second floor, besides one up-stairs for the servants. What luxury! These two—one on either side of our two rooms—will be so convenient. One can be for you and the other for me!"

"Very nice," my husband assented, but I saw that he was thinking of something which he had not yet voiced. Presently the results of his cogitations were uttered.

"I think, dear," he opined, "that Molly should have one of these two bathrooms for herself."

"But," I objected, "there is a large one at the end of the hall, and she can have that."

"That is the one that any guest who chanced to be here would use," he said. "So, at times, Molly would have to share it with somebody else."

"We won't have many guests," I protested. "Moreover, does Molly have her own private bath at her grandmother's?"

I remembered that she did not when I had been intimate with her mother, but I did not mention this fact.

"No," John admitted, "she has not—indeed, there is but one bathroom in her grandmother's old-fashioned house. But, dear, you see it will not do for us to allow the child to fancy that we are not putting her comfort before our own, or, at least, not putting it on the same plane as our own. I know you want her to feel that you regard her as you would your daughter. You can do this, for you remember how her mother loved her."

The quick tears sprang to my eyes. Looking back I can say truly that they were not tears of self-pity or of any base feeling. They were caused by the sudden remembrance of the way in which Molly's mother had loved her. I have never seen greater devotion than that which Mary Bradley bestowed upon her child. "She is not

only my child," she would say to me, "but she is my companion, almost my other self—although a child-self. When I watch her I can see the little girl I once was, and I want to make of her the kind of woman I wish I had become."

Was it strange that, remembering this—standing here in my new home with the dead woman's husband—I should feel a great wave of pity for

the motherless child, and something akin to pity for the mother who had been snatched away just when the little girl needed her? That my husband might not see my emotion, I walked from him and gazed out of the window into the heart of the orchard at the side of the house. The apple-trees were in a glory of bloom. I remembered how Mary Bradley had always loved the springtime. The bluebirds were singing in the orchard, a robin was calling to his mate. All the world was awakening to love. Where was she who had seemed a part of the beautiful spring? For a moment I felt as if she were near me, as if she had come back in spirit to speak to me of her dear one. Her face swam before me in a mist of tears. In the stress of my emotion I imagined I heard her plead, "*Be good to my little girl!*" I closed my eyes as I whispered: "I will try to love her as you loved her, dear. I will try to be as good to her as you would have been."

Heaven knows I meant to keep that vow, and that I strove to keep it. Is one really to blame for the strength of primitive impulses?

When I told my husband of my determination he kissed me gravely and gratefully.

"Thank you, Edith," he said. "I believe that your conscience will make



"You look at the matter entirely from your daughter's standpoint," I retorted to my husband. "There is a cruel prejudice against stepmothers—and even you share it."

"Why, darling," he protested, "precious little girl—what is the matter?"

She murmured something which I did not hear, but I caught the word "mother." The father drew her closely to him.

"There, there!" he soothed. "I know it is hard at first—but you will soon be very happy here."

Mary Bradley's face swam before me in a mist of tears as I looked into the heart of the orchard where the apple-trees were in the glory of bloom, and I imagined I heard her plead: "Be good to my little girl."

you just to my lonely little daughter."

The joys of arranging our wedding-gifts and our furniture in the places we assigned to them were new to me, but not to John. He smiled indulgently as I exclaimed with pleasure over the effect produced by the hanging of a picture or a curtain.

"I know just how you feel," he assured me, one day. "I recall so vividly how Mary and I felt over our first home."

That was it—his romance was his second one; mine was my first. I had fresh emotions; his were, so to speak, warmed-over ones, good enough in a way—but I, young and impressionable, missed the cordial response and the silly ecstasies that I wanted him to feel as I felt them. Still I loved John and I told myself that it was my duty to allow him to be happy in his own way.

We were hardly settled in our new home when my husband went to Boston for Molly. The day before he started, my yearning to have him as content as I was made me ask him a question.

"You are happy, John dear, aren't you?" I faltered. "I want you to be the happiest man in the world."

He took my hand in his warm grasp.

I should be very ungrateful if I were not happy with such a dear wife," he declared. "And when my little girl is here with us—why, what more could I want?"

It was late in the afternoon of a beautiful June day that Molly came home. As she and her father got out of the automobile at our gate, I ran down the steps, and, before kissing my husband, took the child in my arms. She was a tiny creature, as her mother had been, and in spite of her fourteen years looked scarcely more than a little girl. I was tall, and I had to bend down to kiss her.

"Dear Molly," I exclaimed, "welcome home!" She kissed me in a perfunctory way and went up the walk to the house. My husband, putting his arm about me as I followed Molly, kissed me. The girl turned on the steps and saw the action. She stopped short, a thought-expression—something—burst into tears. Her father hurried to her, and she clung to him, sobbing.

And, with a motion to me not to come with them, he led the child up-stairs to the room that I had taken such pleasure in helping prepare for her.

Left alone, I went out on the veranda and sat down. My heart was heavy. This was a bad beginning, and the worst of it was that I was conscious of feeling like an outsider. As I appreciated this, I arose to my feet with a sudden resolution. I would not let myself be hurt because an unhappy child did not behave just as I had expected she would. Again the imagined message from her mother recurred to my mind—"Be good to my little girl." I would be faithful to the trust reposed in me.

Swiftly I went up-stairs and knocked at the closed door of my stepdaughter's room. It was my husband who called, "Come in!"

The pair were standing in front of Mary Bradley's picture where I had hung it at the side of the little white bed. I went directly to Molly and put my arm around her.

"I hung your dear mother's picture just where you could see her watching over you always," I said softly.

The girl made no response until her father said, "Thank Edith, Molly," when she murmured, "Thank you."

I knew then that I was to be "Edith" to this child whom I longed to mother. Perhaps I had not expected her to call me by a tenderer name, yet I know there was a slight regret down in the depths of my heart.

"Molly likes her room very much, too, don't you, dear?" John went on.

The girl looked at him as she replied.

"Yes, it is very pretty," she said. "I am much obliged to you both for the trouble you have taken."

I was sure that it was due to her father's instructions and admonitions that she spoke as she did, and I was sorry for him. He must want his wife and his child to love each other. This thought made me lay a gentle hand on Molly's arm.

"I am glad you like it, dear," I said, "and I hope that you and I will be very happy together."

She did not reply at once, but when her father had glanced at her with a meaning look she said colorlessly, "Thank you."

Yet, during the summer days that followed I grew fond of my stepchild. She was a bright girl, and pleasant company when we two were alone together, although she never went below the surface of things in her talks with me. I soon discovered that she was very jealous of her father's affection for me, but when he was absent and no mention was made of him, she and I got on well together. I think she rather enjoyed being with me when she could not be with her father. Her grandmother died a month after she came to us, and she insisted that her father take her to Boston at once. I protested feebly. The girl was just becoming accustomed to her new environment and was almost happy.

Why disturb her peace and ours by letting her go through the harrowing scenes attendant upon a death and a funeral? I said this to my husband, but, after I had talked earnestly for a few minutes, he silenced me with a brief, "That is a matter which Molly must decide," and I felt that I had no place in such an intimate matter as this.

After Molly had returned, pale and nervous, from her grandmother's funeral, I fancied, for a while, that she was beginning to love me, and I hoped that we might yet be a happy, united trio, although my stepdaughter never quite let down her mask of reserve with me.

One matter on which she never consulted me was her church connection or her religious feeling. Her father had spoken truly in saying that she had High Church tendencies, and in these, as in all other matters, he humored her. She wanted a prie-dieu for her room, with a crucifix hung above it, and these he procured for her. She wished to attend services in the cathedral each Sunday and sometimes showed signs of temper if her father did not accompany her. I, as a Presbyterian, was not at home in the Episcopal Church; still, since my husband went there when he attended any church, I went with him. But I am sure that Molly was glad when I occasionally feigned too much weariness to go with the pair to divine service.

To my surprise—for she had a good mind—Molly did not do well in her studies. That first winter of our marriage my husband was obliged to be away overnight for days at a time, and I would spend the evenings helping Molly with her lessons. Thus, during John's absences, she was much alone with me, and I almost dreaded the return of her father when I remembered that his return meant her temporary estrangement from me and absorption in him and all that concerned him.

It must not be supposed that in all these months I had not tried to talk out my problems with regard to our daughter with her father. He would listen calmly, then would say: "I don't think you understand Molly, dear Edith. She is like her mother."

"But I loved her mother and I love her," I insisted. "I do not want her to regard me as an interloper, and I long to have her understand that I love her."

"You are not an interloper, and you know you are not," my husband would protest. "But

PATRICK NELSON

you must be patient with a poor motherless little girl."

I tried to be patient, and I think I was. I am sure that I could not have been more conscientious with my own child than I was with this girl, and I never permitted myself to speak sharply to her. There were several reasons for my studious gentleness in dealing with her. One was that I always felt that I was accountable to the girl's dead mother; another was that I feared lest, as the child was not my own, I might neglect through lack of maternal passion, some of the duties love would have moved me to perform.

My husband became more devoted to his daughter as time went on. Before we had been married for two years, he showed disappointment if she was not included in every expedition or outing I suggested. Molly had tired of school after the first year and had asked to have a governess at home. Her father yielded at once to her entreaties. Here, again, I uttered a word of protest.

"Do you think it quite right," I said, "for Molly to give up school and association with girls of her own age for a while yet? I heard her tell you the other day that the life of a nun or sister of charity appeals to her more than any career could possibly do. She is self-centered, and such a little recluse by nature that I think she ought to mingle more with young people. If she has a governess she will not do this."

But her father shook his head. "That must be as she wishes," he said. "I, too, am sorry that the child cares so little for society, but perhaps when she is a grown woman she may feel differently. I suppose her mother's death made an impression upon her that it will take many years to efface—if it ever is effaced."

This gave me an opportunity to speak of something that had trembled on my lips very often.

"John," I suggested timidly, "as Molly is so morbid, do you think it is well for her to go with you to Greenwood on her mother's birthday and on the anniversary of her death? It saddens her, you know, and only keeps the memory of her loss fresh in her mind."

John looked at me reproachfully. "Why, Edith," he rebuked me, "surely you don't want the girl to forget her mother, do you? Or"—hesitatingly—"you are not jealous of her love for her mother, I hope?"

I did not deserve such a suspicion and I spoke hotly. "Jealous!" I exclaimed. "Good heavens, John, if I could be jealous of the dead you certainly have given me cause to be! But you know that I am not! You know I loved Mary and that I love her child as if she were my own."

My husband looked his dissent. "No, you don't!" he declared. "You are as good to her as



"Molly!" I panted, "Molly, the house is afire, for God's sake come." "No, no," she wailed. "Daddy is coming for me. I won't go with you." And she snatched her arm from my grasp.

any outsider could be—but nobody but a mother can care for a child as if it were her own."

"You look at the matter entirely from Molly's standpoint!" I retorted. "You seem to forget that I, too, may have a view-point. There is a cruel prejudice against stepmothers—dating, perhaps, from the days of Cinderella and other silly tales—and even you share it. Who ever says a word for the woman who tries to mother another woman's child? A stepmother may try

as she will, she may use love, conscience, and diplomacy, but, even in her husband's estimation, she is still a 'stepmother.'"

I saw by John's face that I had wounded him. I suspected also that he was angry, but he controlled himself.

"You are talking unkindly and foolishly, Edith," he said, with forced calm. "You knew when you married me that I had a child and that the child loved her own mother tenderly; you

also knew that Molly was unspeakably dear to me. So forgive me if I say that you might have foreseen that conditions would be just what they are. Really, my dear, what are you objecting to?"

"Oh, nothing!" I exclaimed. I saw that I was putting myself entirely in the wrong.

This conversation took place one Sunday morning while Molly was at church. That afternoon I had a headache, so when John asked me if I cared to go for a motor ride I said I did not.

"Then Molly and I will take the run-about and go for a little turn," he observed, with elaborate carelessness. I was sure that he was glad I was not

going and that he welcomed the opportunity of being alone with his daughter. The child grew to look more like her mother each day—a fact which my husband mentioned to me often. I knew that was one reason his love for her grew with her growth.

The pair had a long drive, and it was dusk when they returned. I was sitting in the library, reading. It was early October, and the evenings were cool.

"Did you get chilled?" I asked Molly anxiously. "I ought to have suggested your taking a heavy coat."

"Oh, I was warm enough," the girl remarked indifferently. "Daddy and I were so happy that I did not even notice that it was chilly. We do have such good times together!"

I felt a swift pang of resentment. Why need she say such tactless things to me who was, after all, only a stepmother and a second wife? Did she wish to remind me of this?

When we were children we used to amuse ourselves with puzzle-pictures of landscapes in which were cleverly combined outlines of animals of various kinds. I remember one picture especially in which there was a panther clinging to an outstretched tree branch. I looked long before I recognized the shape as a panther. After that, the panther was all that I saw whenever I looked at the picture.

So it was after the illuminating talk with my husband. We had spoken of things that had been there all the time, but which we had not mentioned before and after that I saw them whenever I looked at the picture of my life—the picture that I had considered vain. The panther was always lurking in the branches of the tree.

Yet outwardly, to the unobservant, things would have seemed as before. The governess

To my surprise—for Molly had a good mind—she did not do well in her studies, and I would spend the evenings helping her with her lessons.

came,—a grave, middle-aged woman. Molly liked her, although I do not think that she ever confided any of her innermost feelings to her. But I know that she talked to her occasionally of her own mother, though not intimately, for the governess told me as much. Molly always avoided speaking of her mother to me. She seemed to feel that the subject was too sacred a one to be so much as named to me.

It was after Miss Simmons' arrival that I noticed that my husband never kissed me when he came home or went away unless we two were alone together. I supposed that it was because of a certain diffidence in the presence of an outsider that he omitted his customary salute, and one day I teased him about it.

"Really, John," I said, "I do not think that it would shock Miss Simmons to see you kiss me good-by. If she is to live here, she must get used to it."

He flushed. "Of course she must," he evaded, and something in his tone made me vaguely sus-

picious. Then, watching, I was convinced that he did not have Miss Simmons in mind when he avoided kissing me, but Molly. I asked him if this was not the case. He looked intensely uncomfortable, but he was a truthful man and replied frankly, though awkwardly.

"Well, yes," he stammered, "it makes the little girl a bit uncomfortable to see me kiss you. She remembers her own mother so distinctly, and then"—with an apologetic laugh—"she is a jealous little creature. I have actually seen the tears come

to her eyes when I was affectionate with you. I hate to hurt her feelings."

"She is not only a jealous little creature, but a somewhat spoiled little creature," I returned. "Still, as she is your daughter, not mine, I suppose you have a right to humor her as you please."

His eyes flashed angrily. "It strikes me that I have!" he retorted.

I was not well that second winter of our marriage, and perhaps was more irritable on that account. Yet I comforted myself with the thought that when my husband should hold his little son in his arms, there would henceforth be no friction between us. Then I would come into my own.

But a little daughter came instead of the longed-for son. I was sorry, but only because I had hoped that the baby boy would make the father turn more often to me for affection. A son fills a man's heart with so much pride that it makes him love better the woman who has borne him a man child.

Yet John was grateful for the little girl, I saw that, and he kissed me tenderly and spoke of her as "our baby."

"You are not disappointed because it is not a boy?" I faltered, as he bent over my bed.

"Indeed I am not," he said heartily. "Nothing is sweeter than a dear little daughter—as I know from experience."

Molly again! As he spoke, I appreciated that even seeing our newborn child could not mean to him what it meant to me. This was my first child; it was his second.

Though Molly paid little attention to the new baby, she did not seem jealous of it. She had no need to be—for, while my husband was gentle and tender with his tiny child, I was sure he did not love her as he had loved his first wife's baby. My devotion to my child took so much of my time and strength that John depended more than ever on Molly for companionship.

I tried not to mind. In this case, as in all

(Continued on page 475)



SCIENCE

IS your heart all right?

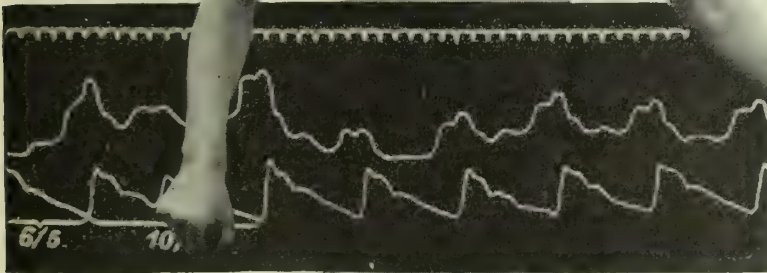
That is a question you should ask yourself very earnestly at least twice a year. If your heart is not in good condition you will soon be out of health and, unless you remedy the difficulty, you may regard yourself as heading for an early grave.

It should be known that there are more deaths now in the United States from organic heart disease than from all forms of tuberculosis or consumption.

So it would appear that the "great white plague" as a popular bugaboo might very well be substituted by a "great red plague" of heart disease which very insistently calls for attention because it is not a receding menace but one that is coming on by leaps and bounds.

The facts are even more alarming if we take into consideration, along with maladies of the heart and circulatory system, the closely related diseases of the kidneys and urinary apparatus. President Elmer E. Rittenhouse of the Life Extension Institute gave an address on the subject at the Academy of Medicine in New York not long ago in which he stated that there are now approximately 410,000 deaths in the United States annually from these organic diseases.

As illustrating the rapid progress that these "diseases of old age" have made in recent years, Mr. Rittenhouse points out that: "In thirty



At the end of a three-mile race, the facial contortion indicates the overtaxing physical strain.

years the mortality from these organic diseases has increased in Massachusetts 86 per cent.; in 15 American cities 94 per cent."

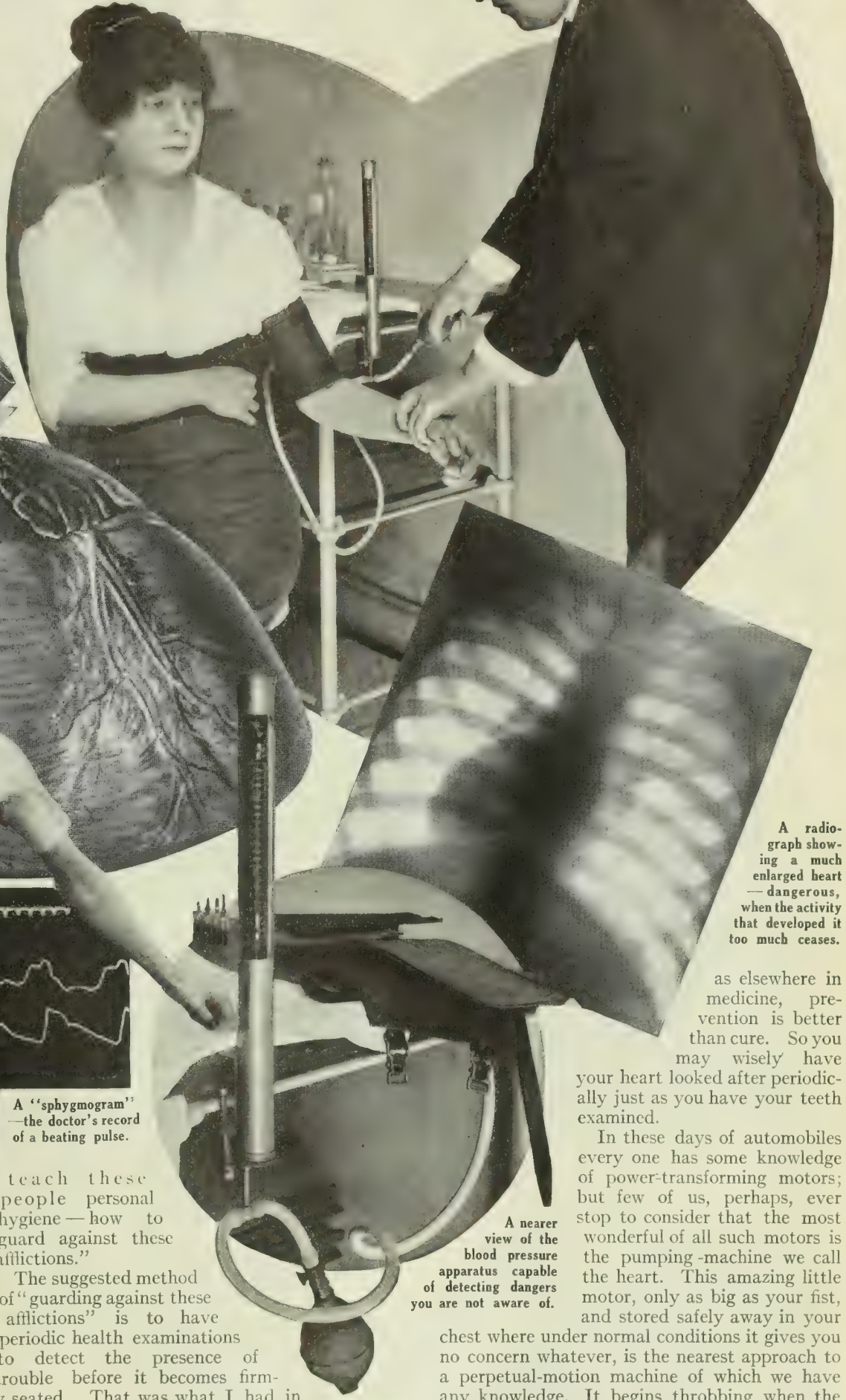
It would seem, then, that there must be something radically wrong in the manner of life of the adult population of America—something that puts an undue strain upon the heart, with calamitous result to that organ and to other organs that are closely associated with it.

Fortunately Mr. Rittenhouse follows up his alarming statistics with this statement: "I believe it is safe to say that fully eighty per cent. of these deaths could be postponed from a few days to a number of years, if we could

Overhaul Your Own Heart—Telephoning Across the Atlantic—The City's Dangerous Dogs—The Rope You Want.

by Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL. D.

Dr. J. Wallace Beveridge making a blood pressure test—at least once in six months you should have your heart tested.



A radiograph showing a much enlarged heart—dangerous, when the activity that developed it too much ceases.

A "sphygmogram"—the doctor's record of a beating pulse.

teach these people personal hygiene—how to guard against these afflictions."

The suggested method of "guarding against these afflictions" is to have periodic health examinations to detect the presence of trouble before it becomes firmly seated. That was what I had in mind when I suggested that you should very earnestly confer with yourself—and, what is more to the point, with your physician—about the condition of your heart at least twice each year.

This is preëminently a case where a stitch in time may be all-important. The time to treat heart disease to best advantage is a good while before it begins. Here,

A nearer view of the blood pressure apparatus capable of detecting dangers you are not aware of.

as elsewhere in medicine, prevention is better than cure. So you may wisely have your heart looked after periodically just as you have your teeth examined.

In these days of automobiles every one has some knowledge of power-transforming motors; but few of us, perhaps, ever stop to consider that the most wonderful of all such motors is the pumping-machine we call the heart. This amazing little motor, only as big as your fist, and stored safely away in your chest where under normal conditions it gives you no concern whatever, is the nearest approach to a perpetual-motion machine of which we have any knowledge. It begins throbbing when the embryo that is to be a future organism is scarcely more than a fleck of protoplasm, and it never stops throbbing during the entire life of the organism. Every time it contracts it contracts to the full extent of its power. It may vary in strength at different periods of one's life, owing to change of nutrition; but at any given time its each and every contraction is the strongest of

which it is capable. It may beat more or less rapidly, to accommodate itself to varying needs of the system, but each and every piston-thrust, so to speak, is a full-length thrust. There is never anything "half-hearted" about the heart's action, so long as it acts at all.

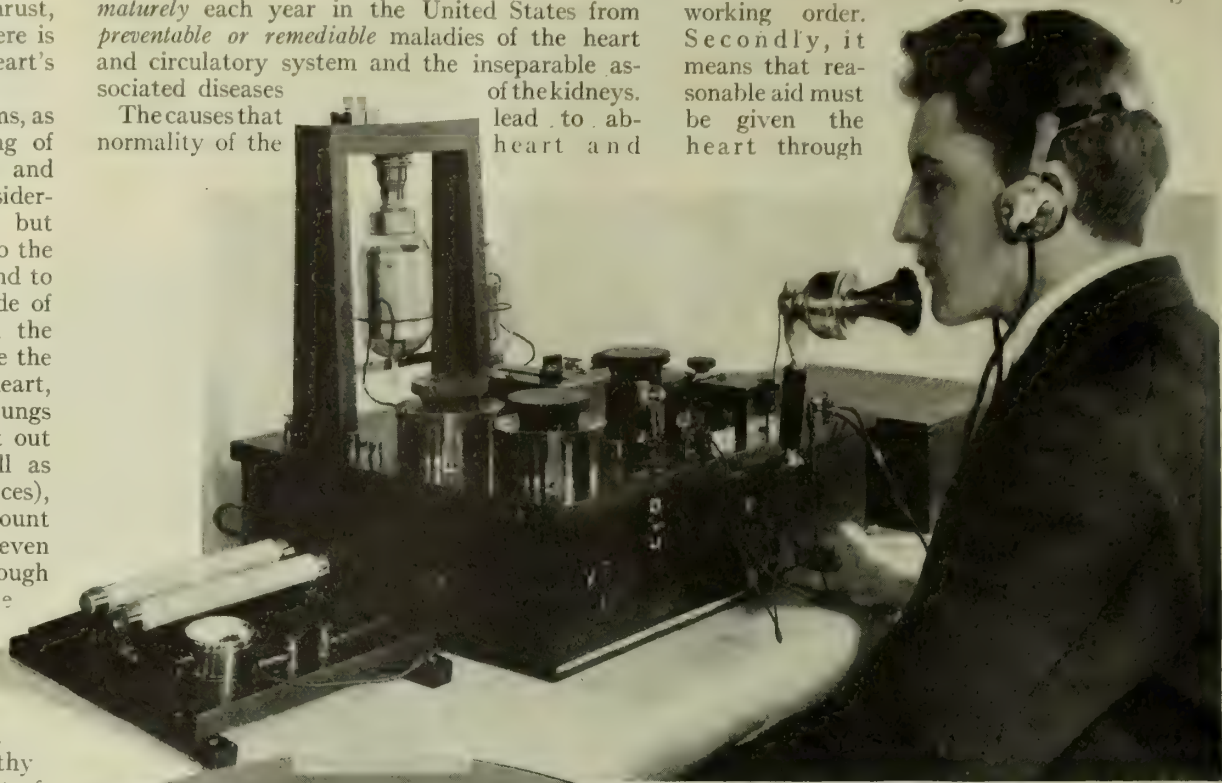
The particular work that the heart performs, as of course you are aware, is the propelling of blood through the arteries and capillaries and veins. The force required for this varies considerably with different postures of the body; but there is always a considerable resistance to the passage of the blood, owing to friction and to the elasticity of the arteries. The left side of the heart, which drives the blood through the system in general, expends more than twice the power required for the right side of the heart, which sends the blood only through the lungs to be aerated. The amount of blood sent out at a single contraction may be as small as fifty-nine cubic centimeters (about two ounces), and may increase to six times that amount when conditions are very strenuous. But even in relative repose the blood is rushing through the heart in a veritable torrent. And the flow is as ceaseless as that of a perennial spring. Were it to stop for a moment, you would lose consciousness; a few moments more and life is extinct.

Considered in this light, then, the heart is revealed as an apparatus eminently worthy of attention and even of a certain amount of deference on the part of the individual to whose necessities it caters. Yet it probably is not overstating the case to say that most of us treat our hearts with very little consideration, and that many of us seem almost to go out of our way to treat this all-essential motor badly. And the results are shown in mortality statistics that may be further summarized

by citing Mr. Rittenhouse's estimate that more than three hundred thousand people die *prematurely* each year in the United States from *preventable or remediable* maladies of the heart and circulatory system and the inseparable associated diseases.

The causes that normality of the

be free from an excess of impurities, which can only be the case if kidneys and skin are in good working order. Secondly, it means that reasonable aid must be given the heart through



Marconi expects soon to talk across the Atlantic—here is one of his wireless telephones in operation.



A day's round-up of stray dogs; in one year 60,000 dogs were brought in from the streets of New York City, and 200,000 cats. The cat on the rubbish can easily suggests their menace as disease carriers.

blood vessels are of course rather numerous, if considered in detail; but for the present purpose they may be reduced to a single class—namely, errors of nutrition. The heart is prac-

tically or a solid mass of muscular tissue, and the work it is called on to perform is prodigious.

This means that the blood that supplies the muscles of the heart and arteries, in common with other tissues, must carry the right kind of food stuffs, prepared in the digestive tract, and that it must

such exercise of the bodily muscles as facilitates the flow of blood and lymph on one hand, and promotes healthy transpiration on the other; but that excessive exercise which puts an undue strain on the heart must be avoided.

The particular error of diet that is most harmful in the present connection is the ingestion of excessive quantities of proteid foods, of which eggs and lean meats of all kinds are the typical examples. The ingestion of too much food of this type leads, among other things, to a tendency to hardening of the arteries, and if this

(Continued on page 458)



The first machine of its kind. It tests the strength of a rope foot by foot, by winding the rope about pulleys that put an accurate, graduated and recorded amount of force upon it.

"Billydoos fr'm th' most expinsive people in our land askin' me to jine a comity that is sindin' useful articles to th' poor multichoods."

"Mr. Dooley" on War Relief

By F. P. Dunne

Illustrated by F. Strothmann

YES, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "we ar-re th' most gin'rous people in th' wurruld. I say it without fear iv contradiction fr'm anny American. We're the most gin'rous, big-hearted, open-handed, help-ye'ersilf-annything-we've-got-in-th'-house-is-ye'ers nation that was iver known. I tell ye, Hinnessy, th' way our people, an' especially th' beautiful ladies iv America, has antied up f'r th' suff'ers fr'm th' war in Europe, makes me proud. I see a fellow in th' bread-line in Halsted sthreet yisterdah readin' in th' paper about two millyon dollars bein' sint to th' people iv Galicia, mind ye, an' ye cud see at a glance that it made his bosom heave with pride an' brought a new light into his life. In a thransport iv enthusiasm, as Hogan wud say, he danc'd on th' pa-aper an' thin laughed ont he coughed.

"An' it ain't those amongst us that has rilitives in th' disthressed countries who admit th' fact, that ar-re doin' th' most, but th' proudest mimbers iv our ancient arrystocracy, whose fair faces has smiled on me fr'm th' pa-apers iver since th' boom in pig iron in eighteen hunderd an' ninety-eight. Whiniver I want to find out what is goin' on in th' fash'nable wurruld I buy a pa-aper that is published in th' inthrests iv wurrukin' th' wurrukin'-classes, an' here I read: 'S'ciety ladies sail f'r Europe to nurse th' wounded. —S'ciety ladies do th' fox-throt f'r th' starvin' people in Munich.—Pitcher iv Cecil van Steenevant, iv Mitchigan Avnoo, in a box at th' opry sewin' penwipers f'r poor, long-suffrin' Monte-negro."

"I see," said Mr. Hennessy.

"An' so on. It gives ye a new idee iv these pampered childher iv fortune that ye thought so cold, whin they bumped ye with their auty-mobill. They have hearts like our own, Hinnessy, on'y bigger. Manny iv thim ar-re not aven satisfied to stop at home an' give up their avenins to th' grindin' torture iv th' wanstep an' th' dip f'r th' binifit iv th' ar-rmies in th' field. There are hunderds iv them in Paris at this minyit who ar-re on'y waitin' f'r commissions as gin'rails to go to th' front, an' Gin'ral Joffre reports that his rethreat was intherrupted be encountherin' dense masses iv American ob-

sarvers. While in countless hospitals in Europe, th' most dazolin' iv our fair shed th' radyance iv their beauty on wounded soldiers fr'm Africa who show thim with childish glee mimintoes iv th' battle. A dock who has just returned fr'm th' front says they do wonderfully well as nurses, all things considered. 'There have been a few instances where hot mince pie was administhered

in typhoid cases an' maybe wanst or twicet where th' kerosene has been mistook f'r th' casthor ile,' he says. 'But considherin' th' number iv patients there are rilitively few cases where death can achooly be thraced to th' nursin', he says. 'Besides,' he says, 'there's usully a thrained nurse near by with a stomach pump,' he says.

"It's a very fine thing to see these boochos American crathers donnin' their simple but attractive hospital uniforms, an' hurryin' fr'm th' phottygrafters to shove aside th' pro-fissyons,

an' tinderly administher th' prescription f'r th' wan in the next bed to a young officer that they'd never seen before outside iv 'Th' Pris'ner iv Zinda.'

"No wonder sojers who appeared too much hurted to move, now leap from their beds an' hop cheerfully back to th' firin' line after their hair has been combed wanst be th' deft fingers iv these angels.

"It's what ye intind to do, not what ye do, that ought to count in this wurruld, aven if it don't.

"An' any-how if I had a

spear iv hair I'd rather have it tugged be a fair lady thin smoothed by a German barber.

"Th' pa-aper said th' other day there were four hundherd thousan' onemployed in New York.

"Gin'ral von Hindenburg writes: 'Manny thanks f'r th' consignment iv opry hats. We have found ye'er gift iv gr-reat use in rushin' reinforcements iv beer to th' outer threnches.'"

There is no nicissity f'r anny able-bodied man or woman to be out iv employment. These people shud go into relief wurruk. There's plinty f'r all. F'r th' first time in me life th' letther carryer has begun to have a feelin' iv respect f'r me as a man iv importance. Ivry hour he staggers up

with a load iv billydoos fr'm th' most expinsive people in our land askin' me to jine a comity that is sindin' useful articles to th' sorrowin' multichoods or th' gallant sojers iv those barbarous but pitcheresque counthries acrost th' sea. I always jire. 'Tis aisier thin givin'. Long ago, Hinnessy, I larned that whin me heart ached f'r others th' on'y way I cud save mesilf fr'm financial roon was to jine a charity organization. In that way I cud sthrangle me kindly impulses, f'r it takes a rugged man to extraxct money fr'm himsilf.

"I'm noothral in me charities as in me polly-ticks. I don't give annything to annybody.

"But I'm on a comity to buy new bells f'r a church in Antwerp, an' to provide puttees f'r



Lord Kitchener. I'm on th' advisory board iv a s'ciety iv young ladies that ar-re knittin' silk neckties f'r th' tieless Rooshyans. I'm a mumber iv an organ-ization that keeps Gin'ral von Hindenburg supplied with fresh lilies-iv-th'-valley ivry mornin', an' another that has agreed to pro-vide a package iv peppermint an' two ounces iv canary bur-rd seed to ivry English cavalryman who has got th' Victorya Cross or comes fr'm a county fam'ly. I'm busy ivry afthernoon, fr'm three to four at th' headquarters iv th' American Turkish Relief Comity that's supplyin' cigareet-holders an' dance music to th' disolated hareems iv Turkey. I'm treasurer iv a comity that's providin' hammocks an' popcorn to th' German Gin'ral Staff, an' s'icrety iv wan that is sindin' wrist watches to th' inthrepid Servyans. I'm givin' a concert on a concertina this afthernoon f'r th' comity that is shippin' goloshes, or goolashes, I can't make out which, to th' Hungaryan army. An' whin ye come in I was just answerin' a letter fr'm an American lady, timprarily, but she hopes permanently, in England, who has turned her beautiful mansyon into a hospital f'r disabled jooks, objack mathrimony.

"Thanks to our binivolence, ivry ship that sails to th' homes iv our dear frinds acrost th' seas an' ain't ayether seized or torpedoed be them, carries toys to Nuremberg, jam to England, sausage to Breslau, Californya champagne to Paris. Befure th' year is out these savage tribes will have an ample supply iv billyard cues, feather dusters, curtain-rods, book-marks, doilies, curlin' ir'ns, hair dye, stove polish, Christmas calendars, bank statements, finger bowls, an' tunin' forks.

"Do th' onforchnit Euro-peens apprecyate what we done? Ye bet they do, Hinnessy. They'se nawthin' a proud haythen tribe likes so much as bein' pathronized be a race descinded fr'm mimbers iv their own wurrukin' classes. Lord Kitchener writes: 'Ye'er gifts has been received an' dumped. They will do much to strenthen th' bonds that unites our two counthries in brotherly love. Thanks to ye'er wonderful gin'rosity our ar-rmy is now over-supplied with hand-knitted silk mufflers. So plaze sind no more, as th' established military custom in th' threnches is to use th' coatsleeve. Wud suggest

that fr'm now on ye ship on'y sixteen-inch guns or, betther still, cash money, which can be more readily trans-ported in bulk thin th' cargo iv home-made tomato ketchup

that was so gin'rously donated be th' s'ciety ladies iv Sparta, Ohio, an' now reddens th' flowin' Marne. I return herewith th' accompanyin' phottygrafts an' offers iv marredge as on-suited to military purposes.' Gin'ral Joffre writes: 'In reply to ye'er threat to sind a cargo iv abdominal bands to me gal-lant ar-rmy, I respectfully suggest that ye do not do so, as me brave fellows has no stom-

ach f'r American music.' Gin'ral von Hindenburg writes: 'Many thanks f'r th' consign-ment iv op'ry hats which shud bind our gr-reat nation to ye'er little Deutschland acrost th' sea. We have found ye'er gift iv gr-reat use in rushin' reinforcements iv beer to th' threnches.' Th' s'icrety iv th' Countess zu und von und ober Mocksnixaus writes fr'm Vienna that th' s'icnd gardener iv th' highborn wan will graciously receive conthributions fr'm th' comity whose chairman she pleasantly remimbers fr'm th' time whin he used to hold her horse.

"So they're plazed an' we're plazed. I like th' idee iv siparatin' me charities fr'm th' surroundin's I'm used to. Charity begins at home, they say, but it ought to have a chance to get away an' not linger around in th' humdrum life iv th' neighborhood. Let it skip off to foreign parts, says I, an' look f'r adventure, excitement, an' romance. It's pleasanter to give food to a starvin' man thin to see him eat it. Th' farther away th' objicks iv our sympathies is th' betther we like them. It's aisier to cry over a sufferin' Rooshyan in Rooshya thin over his brother who lives nex' dure an' votes agin ye. Whin me heart goes out to human sufferin' it don't stop at Gary, Indyanny, but dances on to some town in Europe that looks as though 'twas built be th' scene painter f'r a comic op'ry.

"So ivrybody is provided f'r, as Hogan says, ac-coordin' to th' square iv his distance fr'm headquarters. I don't quarl with annywan who gives up, no matter where, whin, or how he does it. Nawthin' is a finer sight thin a great nation in th' act iv onbeltin'. I'm cheered ivry time I see anny wan wrenched fr'm his money, whether be good nature, sympathy, pride, imitation, foorce, or fraud. If anny man wud like to think iv his money romantically swagerin' around Europe, an' bein' thanked be kings, ye can't make me mad. Castin' our bread on th' wather is what we ar-re doin' an' it will return to us, probly in th' form iv an ultimatum. But it's hard f'r me to explain it to me arnychist frind, Levinsky, who lives down th' sthreet. Ye know him. He's a dacint fellow who has little recreation



"It makes me proud iv me counthry to see these young and boochos crathers in th' hospitals. No wondher sojers now leap fr'm their beds an' hop cheerfully back to th' firin' line afther their hair has been combed just wanst."

but thinkin' iv throwin' a bomb some day an' bein' ilticted Kaiser, a dacint, hard-wurrukin' little shrimp iv a man. He's a sufferer fr'm th' war an' wan iv th' worst. Whin th' German army marched through Bilgium they didn't thrample on annybody with their big boots harder thin on Levinsky. Ye see whin th' little man shook off th' yoke iv tyranny an' come over here an' landed on th' goolden sthreeets iv Chicago, a recrootin' officer fr'm an employment agency armed him with a shovel an' a pick an' put him into th' threnches. Th' threnches was owned be me frind Grogan, th' soor conthtractor, an' Levinsky stayed on th' firin' line till last August, whin he was bounced. Th' war came along, Grogan shut down on his wurruk, fired th' firin' line, an' jined a relief comity f'r th' sojers in Eastern Prooshya got up be his daughter Clarice. East Prooshya is th' name iv th' hivenly paradise that Levinsky left because he didn't want to be a sojer. He was in here yisterdah, th' little man was, an' says he, 'That brother iv mine always was th' lucky fellow.' 'What's happened to him?' says I. 'He's got a good job in a thrench an' I've lost mine,' he says. 'No wan iver sint me anny silk mufflers,' he says.

"He can't see that a freeman out iv a job is betther off thin a sojer fightin' to defend a tyranny, th' soulless little haythen. He doesn't pity his brother. He invies him. All iv his own ambition is to get back into a thrench. He says Grogan's threnches weren't half as comfortable as th' Kaiser's. His brother writes to him that th' trenches he's in three days out iv six has a nice board flure an' there's a cozy little dugout where th' boys go in whin they knock off wurruk an' set beside a hot stove an' play checkers, smoke a seegar, or take a dhrink. Th' governmint feeds him, pays him fine wages, he has a soot iv betther clothes thin he iver wore in his life, an' he's guaranteed a job as long as th' Czar an' th' Kaiser don't speak, which he hopes will be a long time. He wudden't care much if they niver made up. The wife is provided f'r an' he don't have to go home to tell her where he's been more thin wanst a month. It is thure that ivry three days he is sint fr'm th' trenches an' made to take a bath an' change his clothes. But this is soon over an' f'r the rest iv th' week he lives in a nobleman's chatoo with his feet on a marble-top table, playin' a melojcon.

(Continued on page 460)



"I lang a pauper, an' here I see Pitcher iv Cecil von Steenewant, iv Montenegro, in a line at th' cap'n's camp, promissin' to post, lang-cullin' Montenegro."

No Boiling— Charming Flavour!

A scant spoonful of the powder stirred in a cup of hot water—and you have

INSTANT POSTUM

—quick as a wink!

It is regular Postum reduced to soluble form, with a snappy, Java-like taste, but—like regular Postum—free from the harmful coffee-drug, caffeine.

The effects of caffeine poisoning from coffee drinking show in various ways, but always “there’s the cause” which must be removed before relief can come.

Some go so far they can’t get back, but there’s a vast army of sensible ones who have made personal test, and have regained comfortable health by quitting coffee and using Postum.

It’s a fine thing to be well and have body and brain work in harmony, without interference from coffee or any other drug.

A ten days’ trial will show any coffee drinker

“There’s a Reason” for POSTUM

Grocers sell both kinds.





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"That's Your
Friend, The
B. V. D. Label,
Boys!"

"TAKE a mental snapshot
of that *Red Woven Label*,
Tom, and you won't
be fooled as I've been once.
Now, they can't sell *me* any-
thing but B. V. D. Underwear.
I'm just as particular about
my *underclothes* as I am about
my outer clothes.

"I prefer B. V. D. because it feels so
soft and fits so good. Take my
word for it, it's certainly cool and
comfortable, washes up like new
and gives me no end of wear. I
don't buy, if the B. V. D. Red
Woven Label is missing."

On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed This Red Woven Label

B. V. D. Union Suits
(Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07)



B. V. D. Coat Cut Under-
hirts and Knee Length
Drawers, 50c., 75c., \$1.00
and \$1.50 the Garment

The B. V. D. Company, New York

London Selling Agents: Aldermanbury, E. C.

Book of the Month King Albert's Book

By Permission of Hearst's International Library Co.

By Hall Caine:

A LITTLE Kingdom, dedicated to lib-
erty, has "kept the pledge and died
for it."

As Belgium has thus become the martyr
nation of the war, however great the sacri-
fices which the other Allies have had to
make, it seems reasonable to expect that
in view of her limitless and undeserved suf-
ferings, the deepest feelings of human nature
will be stirred to an infinite pity, and that
in the present dark hour of her utmost need
the world will see that it is not more im-
portant that the material succor of food and
clothing should be found for the bodies of
her stricken and impoverished people than
that comfort and solace should be offered
to their souls. Therefore this book is pub-
lished as the united voice of the world's
gratitude to Belgium for her unexampled
heroism, and of its sympathy with her in
the heavy price she has to pay in discharging
the sublime duty which Destiny laid upon
her of fighting by our side for the liberties
of all.

Never before, perhaps, have so many illus-
trious names been inscribed within the covers
of a single volume, but "King Albert's Book"
has a significance which even transcends its
distinction. Out of the storm of battle a
great new spirit of brotherhood has been
born into the world, calling together the
scattered and divided parts of it, uniting
them in a single mind, a single sentiment, a
single purpose, so that here, in love of justice
and in hatred of oppression, speaking in
many voices and many tongues but from
only one soul, which enkindles the earth as
with a holy fire, men and women of all civil-
ized countries have drawn closer and clasped
hands.

Belgians, in the person of your heroic
young Sovereign we salute you. The
statesmanship, the learning, the wisdom, the
genius of the world lay tribute at your feet.

By Rudyard Kipling:

THROUGH learned and laborious years
They set themselves to find
Fresh terrors and undreamed-of fears
To heap upon mankind.

All that they drew from heaven above
Or digged from earth beneath,
They laid into their treasure-trove
And arsenals of death,

While, for well-weighed advantage' sake,
Ruler and ruled alike
Built up a faith they meant to break
When the fit hour should strike.

They traded with the careless earth,
And good return it gave;
They plotted by their neighbor's hearth
The means to make him slave.

When all was readied to their hand
They loosed their hidden sword
And utterly laid waste a land
Their oath was pledged to guard.

Coldly they went about to raise
To life and make more dread
Abominations of old days,
That men believed were dead.

They paid the price to reach their goal
Across a world in flame,
But their own hate slew their own soul
Before that victory came.

By Joseph H. Choate:

UNDER the gallant lead of the heroic
Belgian King, his down-trodden and
afflicted people have been fighting for lib-
erty, and to maintain the plighted faith
of nations, which guaranteed it to them.
Those who were guilty of an awful breach of
faith, confessed their crime while in the act
of committing it, and pleaded necessity,
to absolve them from all law, a plea which
the whole civilized world refuses to accept.

At neutral, by international law and by
our own law, our hands are tied and will re-
main so. But our hearts go whither they list.

By Marie Corelli:

MAKER of Heaven and Earth,
Thou, who hast given birth
To moving millions of predestined spheres,
Thou, whose resistless might
Resolves the Wrong to Right
Missing no moment of the measured years,—
Behold, we come to Thee!
We lift our swords, unsheath'd, towards Thy
throne—

Look down on us, and see
Our Sister-Nation, ruined and undone!
Martyred for nobleness, for truth and trust;
Help us, O God, to raise her from the dust!

By Arnold Bennett:

AND now, what I imagine is the ultimate
return, by Ostend, by Zeebrugge, by
Antwerp, and by the trains from the south,
of exiled Belgians into Belgium! Their thrill
will far outdo the thrill of the eager ingenuous
tourist. They will pass through emotions—
at once tragic and triumphant, terrible and
exquisite—such as fate has accorded to no
other people in the modern age. Confronted
by ruin and desolation, appalled by the im-
mense task of reconstruction that lies be-
fore them, saddened by the recollection of
indescribable woe, impoverished and be-
reaved but not enfeebled, they will be
heartened by the obstinate courage which
through every disaster has kept them a
nation, and by the living splendid hope of
the future.

By Emmeline Pankhurst:

THE women of Great Britain will never
forget what Belgium has done for all
that women hold most dear.

In the days to come mothers will tell their
children how a small but great-souled nation
fought to the death against overwhelming
odds and sacrificed all things to save the
world from an intolerable tyranny.

By Mrs. Humphry Ward:

PEACE reigns on All Saints' Day in this
valley of the Chilterns. And, meanwhile,
how goes it 150 miles away, where Belgians,
Frenchmen, and Englishmen are fighting
in the trenches of the Belgians. "They
told us to hold the trenches for twenty-
four hours; we held them; then they said,
'Hold them forty-eight hours more,' and we
have done it." So ran one of the most soul-
stirring messages of war ever written. They
have done it! And now the English and
French have come up, and the little army
which has saved the left wing and protected
Calais may fall back a while to count its
dead. One in three, they say—one in three!

By Israel Zangwill:

NOW, whatever be the rights or wrongs
of war, one thing seems clear. The
weapons are wrong. Brain against brain,
soul against soul, thought against thought,
art against art, man, in short, against man—
there lies the fight of the future. After such
civilized fashion, indeed, the Anglo-German
contest has long been raging, and the German
has been winning all along the line. His
patience, his industry, his nice study of his
customers, has everywhere swept the Eng-
lishman aside. Why was Germany not con-
tent with this victorious campaign, with this
campaign worthy of human beings? It is
only the inferior peoples that need the sword

By Maeterlinck:

TO the Editor of King Albert's Book:

It is not for me to sing the glories of my
little country at this moment, and indeed
you have done so yourself with such a true
and noble eloquence that it would be diffi-
cult to add anything to your Introduction.
Your words brought tears to my eyes. They
bear the highest testimony we can hope for
in history, for they speak in the name of a
great people to whom honor, loyalty, faith
to solemn covenants, and silent, tenacious,
invincible courage have always been the
very law of life.

With all my heart, thank you!

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My Life's Story

(Continued from page 423)

DeMille, as she wiped the tears from her eyes. She had heard the interview in the next room.

At the end of the week, DeMille and I went to Mr. Frohman with our completed manuscript. The next day was Sunday and at two o'clock I was on my way to the "Madison House," where Mrs. Carter had rooms. I gave her a few plays to help her to memorize and promised to hear her read on the following Sunday.

DeMille and I returned to Echo Lake, and every day Mrs. Carter wrote to remind me of my promise. In the meantime, I arranged to hear her on the stage of the Lyceum, and the following Sunday we met at the theater.

That night she left for Chicago, where her divorce case was to come up in court. Every conceivable force was marshaled against her, and she was virtually crucified by public opinion.

Mrs. Carter had no idea of the rudiments of acting. In Chicago she had been a brilliant drawing-room figure. Very graceful in private life, she became awkward and self-conscious on the stage. Our first lesson included a series of physical exercises to secure a certain grace and ease of motion.

I had arranged with the Lyceum to let me use the stage regularly in return for my work on "The Prince and the Pauper," but this arrangement was brought to a close shortly after by my resignation. I found it necessary, therefore, to secure another stage. Charles Frohman was branching out for himself, and made arrangements to furnish attractions for F. F. Proctor, if Proctor could secure a house. There was an old building on Twenty-third Street. Proctor now turned this building into a theater, and "C. F." asked me to write a play for the opening. I wrote "Men and Women," which was my last work in collaboration with Henry DeMille.

By this time I was trying to get a play for her and had written to Paul M. Potter in Chicago, whose work I knew very well. I asked him to come to New York. He answered, explaining that he could not come, but would I not go to Chicago? If so, he would undertake to write the play—a comedy drama. So I went to Chicago with Mrs. Carter.

During that summer she memorized some thirty parts, and made wonderful progress. Then the problem of a manager arose.

I asked E. D. Price if he would manage Mrs. Carter. "If she is half as clever as you think she is, she must be a woman of marvelous talent," Price said. "I'll accept your offer. I don't want to frighten you," he continued, "but before I do this, I must have a guarantee of ten thousand dollars for the season. I want it deposited in the bank." I agreed to this, although I didn't know where the money was to come from when I left him, but at least I had a manager for Mrs. Carter.

I told her the good news of Price's acceptance without going into the business details; however, she volunteered the joyful tidings that her mother had raised a large sum of money. When that generous lady brought us her worldly wealth, I found that it amounted to fifteen hundred dollars. Colossal though it seemed to these two women, it was, of course, a mere drop in the bucket. Mrs. Carter must have fathomed my thought, for she asked me outright if the amount was too small to produce the new play, and when I said it was, she told me of some friends who were staying at the Brunswick Hotel—Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Fairbank of Chicago. Fairbank was the well-known soap manufacturer. It seems that they had been very sympathetic at the time of her divorce proceedings, and she thought they might help her. She arranged a meeting and Mrs. Fairbank was very kind and gracious.

The next morning, Mr. Fairbank himself sent for me to come to his office on Wall Street. "We will deposit ten thousand dollars to your credit," he said, "and this is to be a fund for the launching of Mrs. Carter. You have only to write to my lawyers in Chicago, if you need more." The only stipulation was that I should keep an account of the expenses, which I did to the penny.

Potter now appeared with the first draft of the play which was called "The Ugly Duckling," and proved acceptable after certain changes had been made.

The audience on the opening night—

November 10, 1890—was a brilliant one. There were many society people present. I can safely say that with the exception of her mother, the company, and myself, Mrs. Carter had no friends in the house. At the end of the first act there was perfunctory applause. The second act came to a finish in abject silence; but I, who was watching lynx-eyed, could see she was gaining her way inch by inch. In the third act she rose to inspired heights, and the house broke out in wild and prolonged applause.

The play was not a sweeping success, but Mrs. Carter herself scored beyond all expectations.

In spite of Mrs. Carter's success, I don't believe we could have got bookings for "The Ugly Duckling" had it not been for my friendship with Rich, of Boston. A campaign of lies and prejudice preceded us in every town and all along the road, and we had to guarantee our way. In consequence, we lost more than \$40,000. At last we found ourselves with just enough to take us to Chicago, into the very jaws of the enemy!

Of course Mrs. Carter dreaded her opening night in Chicago. She walked onto the stage trembling from head to foot. There was only one point in our favor; our success in the East had traveled ahead of us.

The evening was a triumph; friends and foes alike were unanimous.

For the first time on our tour we made money. But with this change of fortune came a staggering blow from another direction. Mr. Fairbank suddenly withdrew his support, and we were thrown upon our own resources. As I have said, I never touched a cent of his money for anything but Mrs. Carter's professional needs, but I had made promises to our creditors on the strength of his word; so when we were left in the lurch, I had many obligations on my hands which Mr. Fairbank refused to pay. As soon as our engagement was at an end, we hastened East, and I began suit against Fairbank. I hated to do this, but I had no alternative. Relying on his word, I had given my own.

The Fairbank lawyers came to New York to see what compromise I would accept. I said: "Here are all the bills. If you pay them, the incident will be closed." But they refused. Mr. Fairbank had hoped the tour would be a financial success, the lawyers said, and he would never have entered into such a speculation if he had known how much it involved. "Certainly," I answered, "he did not expect a theatrical venture of this nature to cost nothing! I am sure of Mrs. Carter's ultimate success," I declared, "and I am willing to bind myself by a promise to pay everything back;" but the lawyers refused. So I put my affairs in the hands of my friend, Judge Dittenhoefer, and the suit began. The trial lasted for three weeks. I was called to the stand, where I told the facts of the case. My examination lasted for days. It was during this ordeal that I told how I made an actress of Mrs. Carter, and for a time the cartoonists had me at their mercy. Then it was that a fable, now generally believed, took root. I described a rehearsal of "Oliver Twist" with Mrs. Carter as Nancy Sykes and said that I took her by the hair, and dragged her across the room, even as the real Bill Sykes had done after the murder. The room was crowded with newspaper men and then and there was born the story of my Bluebeard habits with my stars—my picturesque methods, which always ended in my dragging them to fame by their hair. The case was closely contested at every point, but the verdict was in my favor.

I never regretted anything more than being forced to bring suit against Fairbank. He was courteous, kind-hearted, mellow, and human. I am sure that when he and his wife started to aid Mrs. Carter it was their intention to see her through. I met him in after years, and in the course of conversation he admitted that all I had done for Mrs. Carter was done wisely. "It's too horrible," he said. "I was badly advised by my friends. You should never have been obliged to carry the matter into the courts."

Mrs. Carter had shown such unusual talent, such emotional powers, that I made up my mind to look for another play for her and at last decided to write it myself; and with that aim in view, I began to think about "The Heart of Maryland."

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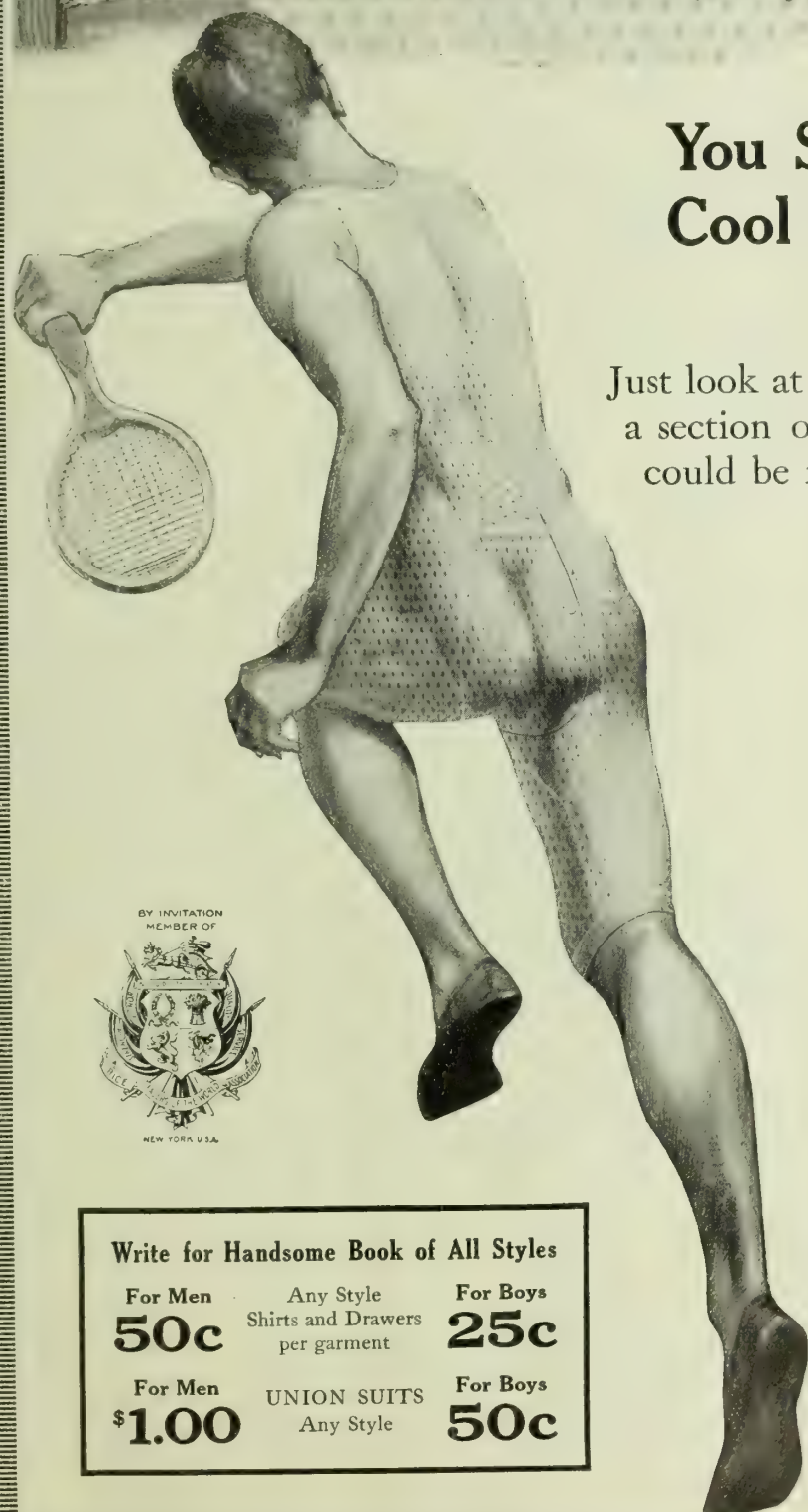
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Science Department

(Continued from page 450)

proceeds very far it greatly complicates the problem of proper distribution of the blood, and seriously impairs the heart's efficiency.

Since such disastrous effects are likely to attend the overeating of proteids, it becomes an important question as to what constitutes a normal quantity of such foods for the average person. It is difficult to answer this question in precise terms, as a good deal of course depends on the activities of the individual. A person of active habits can assimilate more food, and of course requires more energy, than one of sedentary habits, though the two are of the same weight. But it is not quite certain that this need make much difference in the proteid part of the diet, for it has been discovered that the muscles, including the heart, do not exhaust their proteid contents in action as they might be expected to do; their energy needs being supplied by non-nitrogenous foods, of which carbohydrates, including bread stuffs and starchy vegetables and sugars, are typical.

I have elsewhere made an estimate to the effect that the following foods, or their equivalent, will give an adequate supply of proteids for twenty-four hours for a man of 170 pounds: One egg, one pint of milk, one ounce of cheese, and six ounces of meat, weighed before cooking. For a person weighing less than a hundred and seventy pounds, a somewhat smaller quantity would of course suffice.

One prominent reason, probably, why heart disease and its attendant maladies have become so much more prevalent and fatal in the United States in the past thirty years is that a vastly larger proportion of the people are now living sedentary lives, and the average desk or shop worker does not take the trouble to give himself the passport to health that a reasonable amount of exercise would supply.

But in this matter, as in so many others, the premium is on the happy mean. It is possible to injure yourself by over exercising quite as radically as by under exercising.

A striking illustration of the ill affects of excessive exercise is furnished by a report of Dr. J. Wallace Beveridge of New York, who cites the observation of one hundred athletes half an hour after the termination of fifteen-mile races. In ninety-nine cases there was extremely low blood pressure, showing a temporarily weakened condition of the heart, and a very marked exudation of albumen through the kidneys. One individual only of the hundred failed to show these symptoms of excessive action.

Examination of these runners a month later showed that all had returned to a normal condition of the heart and kidneys; yet it may well be doubted whether the effects of such a strain are ever absolutely annulled.

Your own feelings are not to be taken as a guide as to whether you are eating properly and exercising adequately—and not too much. Unless you are a physician, you cannot judge properly as to this; and even a physician cannot judge properly in his own case. The thing to do, let me repeat, is to have an examination made to test the condition of your heart and blood vessels and kidneys, by a competent physician, at least once in six months. Among the thousands of people who have been examined under the auspices of the Life Extension Institute about ninety per cent. of those found impaired were unaware of their danger.

Is it not worth your while to find out whether you too are sitting under a sword of Damocles? You have an expert overhaul the motor of your automobile now and again, else it will not work to advantage. Why not give similar attention to that wonderful motor in your chest upon which your very life depends?

The Wireless Telephone

THE apparatus recently installed on the New Jersey coast by the Marconi Company is designed to send and to receive verbal messages from Europe.

It is reported that tests already made prove the feasibility of the project.

In this age of miracles, the feat of talking across the ocean will cause only momentary wonder. And, in point of fact, there is really nothing intrinsically more wonderful about wireless telephony than about telephoning over a wire in the ordinary way.

Of course there are new practical prob-

lems, and most important ones, introduced when the electrical impulse that is to bridge the gap between speaker and hearer must be sent through the ether without the guiding medium of a tangible wire. In this case, it will be recalled, long waves in the ether take the place of electrons hurtling from molecule to molecule of a metal; and enormous difficulties are encountered in the fact that these ethereal waves tend to radiate in every direction, so that only an infinitesimal part of them reach the distance receiving station. But it is said that Mr. Marconi has found a way of controlling the direction of the impulse, at least in a measure, and this obviously simplifies the problem to some extent, although generators of great power and receiving wires of great length are still essential.

The City Dog

IT is believed that the dog was the first animal to be domesticated. In any event it is the animal that has been man's closest companion from the earliest historical periods, and the one that has taken first place in the affections of mankind in general.

Nevertheless there are good grounds for urging that dogs should not be kept by city-dwellers; and although no one, perhaps, has as yet been bold enough to suggest the absolute banishment of the dog from the city, yet movements are on foot that may ultimately result in such a development.

In New York city hitherto there has been a regulation—more honored in the breach than in the observance—requiring all dogs to be muzzled or kept in leash during the months of June, July and August. Now, however, it has been decided that the restriction shall apply throughout the year.

The popular assumption has been that any dog may develop rabies spontaneously, perhaps as the result of over-heating, and hence that this disease is most likely to develop in summer, particularly in the "dog days." The old New York regulation as to muzzling in June, July and August was an obvious outgrowth of that mistaken notion.

Now that it is definitely established that rabies develops only as the result of inoculation with the germs of the disease—such inoculation resulting almost invariably from the bite of another animal—it is clear that the disease is as likely to develop at one season as another, and that there is no season when dogs may with impunity be permitted to run at large.

An inkling of the importance of the subject may be gained from the fact that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals reported, in the year, 1913 their agents in New York brought in upward of 60,000 stray dogs, whereas there were only about 43,500 licensed dogs in the city. It may be added that in the same period 200,000 cats were similarly picked up on the streets of New York. Cats are less subject to rabies than dogs, because they are less frequently bitten; but they also may transmit the disease, and they are further under suspicion as probable transmitters of other maladies, including measles and diphtheria.

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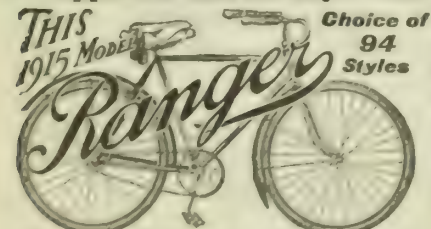
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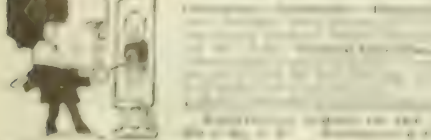
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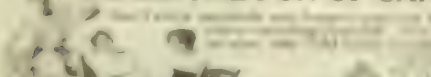
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"Old Town Canoe"

"Mr. Dooley" on War Relief

(Continued from page 452)

"Th' other Levinsky, me fellow citizen, had th' same kind iv a job, on'y there was no floorin' an' no dugout, he paid f'r his own clothes an' food, an' niver had th' fun iv shootin' at th' Rooshyans in th' adjoinin' trench. No wan iver sint him a package iv cough dhrops with a phottograff in th' box. Whin he was discharged no cheerin' crowds followed him home pinnin' roses on his pick-axe, an' whin he come down with rheumatism he wasn't carried to a hospital to be fed wine jelly fr'm a spoon be a debytante but had to report to a gang boss that wud make a Prooshyan sergeant look like a sister iv charity. Th' dangers iv war? Why, me boy, a shell fr'm a Krupp gun don't amount to annything to a man that's used to blasts iv dinnymite started be a Eyetalian who's thinkin' iv something else, an' I'd be less afeard iv a baynit charge thin I wud be iv holdin' a dhrill with a cross-eyes Swede swingin' th' sledge. Th' mortalities in Levinsky's army ar-re larger thin in von Hindenburg's. Yet ivry mornin' this bould volunteer, his counthry's pride, was awakened by th' revelly sounded on th' alarm clock an' hurried to th' trenches an' was glad iv th' chance. An' now he's sad he can't get back.

"Annyhow, there are bright omens in th' sky f'r th' onemployed. It is cloudin' up. A cheerful northeast wind is blowin' in fr'm th' lake carryin' a message of hope to th' marrow iv their bones. We're pretty sure to have a heavy snowfall to-night, an' there'll be wurruk an' food to-morra' f'r all who can find burlap to wrap around their feet. Thank Hiven f'r our gloryous American climate that frowns its blessings down upon th' poor, so that whin manny iv our fellow citizens are gettin' ready to go to Poland f'r a meal, th' American relief fund, th' storm clouds iv winter, opens its threasury; th' snow descends, an' th' forchnit freeman winds a potato sack around his slippers, puts a newspaper on his chest, ties his old hat over his ears with a towel, borries a shovel fr'm a retired coal heaver, an' goes out to battle with th' ilimints. An' that night there's a chunk iv coal in th' stove, a piece iv ham is singin' in th' fryin' pan, an' hundherds iv families ar-re grateful that Hiven is so far fr'm thim that they look intrhestin' enough to help."

"What'll happen to these sojers whin th' war is over?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I don't know," said Mr. Dooley. "It will be tur-rible f'r thim to face th' hardships iv peace. But I suppose whin their counthry calls thim back to th' battle f'r life they will respond like pathrites."

Making a Criminal

(Continued from page 429)

part of our republican government to feel responsibility for the human being, willing to work.

But the good days are short and few. The ships bring in young men more fortunate. They were not born in a great American city in "the land of opportunity." They were born in some foreign village in some country where they had at least free air and light. And one of them is always there to crowd out this native born product of the American crime factory.

HIS bad days come more and more often. The few dollars earned do not last long. Three places welcome him: the saloon when he has money, and spends it; the park bench, and the jail. He fights against the jail, sleeps on the bench, while the police will let him, listens to the talk of older, harder men, but does not take their advice.

He moves on when the police tell him. A few more pictures and his moving on ends, as regards this civilized world.

In what direction he is to move hereafter that we do not know.

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A Far Country

(Continued from page 428)

ideas?" I demanded, rather vehemently for me.

"Oh, I've been thinking," she said. "I've had to think, since you refuse to, Hugh. You've thrown the responsibility on me, and what you won't see is that we have to get our bearings, somehow. This—this crisis of ours has brought home to me as never before the fact that I've made a mess of my life. I've never achieved any *quality*. And I can't convince myself that what you want me to do—yes, I'll admit it—what I want to do—won't develop, but destroy, the capacity for quality that remains in both of us."

One hot morning early in July I was seated at breakfast in the club when a message was brought from Leonard Dickinson, requesting me to drop in at the bank on the way to my office. I found him looking fresh in spite of the temperature.

"I've had a letter from Watling," Leonard Dickinson announced. "Has he written you?"

"No," I said.

"It came late yesterday afternoon," the banker continued. "I couldn't get hold of you. But I talked it over with Gorse and Grierson and Tallant. The President has asked Watling to become Secretary of State in the fall. The present secretary retires, on account of ill health."

"And is Mr. Watling going to accept?" I asked.

"Yes. He feels that under the former administration the department got into the devil of a mess, as it did, and that the present Secretary hasn't straightened it out much." Dickinson cleared his throat. "The long and short of it all, Hugh, is that you're to be the next United States Senator."

Here, abruptly, I found myself confronted with an honor which no man lightly refuses. This unexpected turn of affairs, Mr. Watling's retirement, was part and parcel of my amazing luck. The Hon. Hugh Paret, United States Senator! But even while I contemplated the glittering prize, I was conscious of a reservation, modifying the thrill; and then, rapidly, this reservation began to define itself. Could I accept the senatorship and get Nancy too?

"Well," I said, "it's something of a proposal—you'll have to admit that. You'll have to give me time to think it over, Dickinson."

Leonard Dickinson laughed. He got up and slapped his hand on my shoulder. "Take all the time you want, my boy, but understand this—you've got to do it."

A day or so later my embarrassment was deepened by the receipt of an affectionate and persuasive letter from Theodore Watling. I had been almost like a son to him, he reminded me, and the thought that I should succeed him in the Senate, as I had succeeded him in his practice, gave him a deeper pleasure than he could express. . . . I felt a thrill of something very like loyalty as I dropped the letter on my desk; and I spent an hour composing an answer, in which acceptance was implied. My ultimate refusal, of course, depended upon what Nancy might do. And even then . . .

Day after day I went to her, and we sat for hours in an emotional tension which it is terrible to look back upon during which I implored, despaired, yet persisted.

"I'm sorry for you, Hugh," she said. "I can't help it. I've got this far, and I'm unable to go any farther. Don't ask me why. I don't know. You mustn't think it's because I don't want to, that I haven't suffered, too."

"It's because you don't love me," I insisted. "If you did, you wouldn't starve and torture me for the sake of scruples which are mere phantoms."

Was she cold, as people said of her? I had always romantically doubted it, persisted in the belief that I alone understood her.

"That isn't worthy of you, Hugh."

"Then how can you stand it?" I exclaimed, straightening up, and moving away from her.

We were sitting on the grass hummock by the stream that evening. It was the middle of July; Friday, the fifteenth, to be exact: an overcast evening, the light a deep amethyst. Already a veil had descended over the hills, and a drop of rain had splashed us, unheeded. Nancy pressed her hands to her face.

"Perhaps I don't love you enough," she



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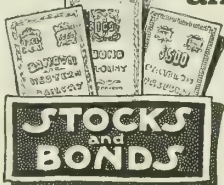
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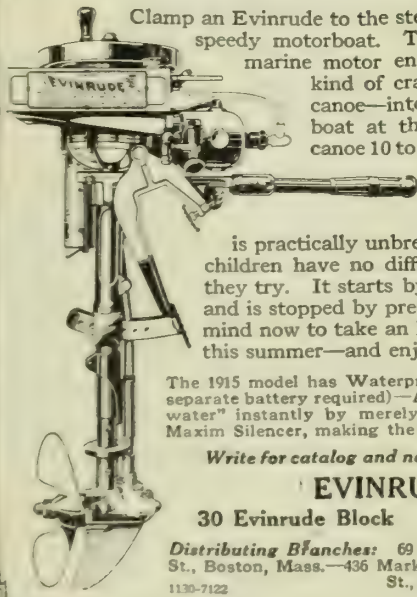
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said. "Perhaps I have been fooling myself. I don't know. It may be that you are right, Hugh, that if I did love you enough I shouldn't care what happened. I have been thinking all along that I resisted you because I loved you too much, that I couldn't bear to risk shipwreck more on your account than my own."

Her hands fell to her lap, her eyes were suddenly rimmed with tears, and through them she smiled at me faintly, incomprehensibly, yet shiningly.

In my distress I could think of nothing to say.

"Do you know how I feel sometimes?" she asked presently. "It is as though you and I had wandered together into a far country, and lost our way. I can't help feeling that we have lost our way, Hugh, it is all so clandestine."

I was, at the time, too profoundly discouraged to answer. The drops were coming faster and faster. Nancy rose. "We must go in, or we shall be drenched," she said.

At dinner, between the intervals of silence, our talk was of trivial things.

The twilight deepened to dusk, to darkness, the persistent rain fell gently on the roof, and from a distance came recurrently the dirge of the frogs. All I could see of Nancy was the dim outline of her head and shoulders. She seemed fantastically to be escaping me, to be fading, to be going; in sudden desperation I dropped on my knees beside her, and I felt her hands straying with a light, yet seemingly agonized, touch over my head.

"Do you think I haven't suffered, too? that I don't suffer?" I heard her ask.

"I can't understand you!" I exclaimed, raising up.

"It's because I can't understand myself," she cried, "Hugh!"

Some betraying note for which I had hitherto waited in vain must have pierced to my consciousness, yet the quiver of joy and the swift, convulsive movement which followed it seemed one. Her strong, lithe body was straining in my arms, her lips returning my kisses. . . .

Her head fell back on the cushion of the chair, and save for her deep, distressed breathing she lay motionless, relaxed, as in a swoon. Clinging to her hands, I strove to summon my faculties of realization.

"I love you, Hugh," she whispered, "I wonder if you can ever know how much!"

Then I knew that not only did I possess her, but that I was possessed. Shall I say, and will it be believed, that I had even in that hour of fulfillment just a tremor of uneasiness?

Again she said: "You will be kind and patient with me, won't you?"

"Because," she went on, in spite of my protest, "it would be terrible, more terrible than if—it had been otherwise. I have nothing but you, now, Hugh."

I shall not attempt to recount the details of our meetings during the week that followed.

We spent an unforgettable Sunday of adventure among the distant high hills, lunching beside a little lake.

I had been talking of our future.

Nancy said: "There are times when my mind refuses to believe in it, Hugh, when I think that something must happen to interfere with it."

"That's being morbid," I insisted vigorously. "We have our lives in our hands, all we have to do is to live them, to take them."

"Well, I shan't be morbid any more," she promised. "I don't want to spoil—to-day."

"Or the days to come," I added. . . . She had brought along a volume by a modern poet. I hadn't known that there were any modern poets, and my knowledge of the classic ones was limited to my reading at college. But this man's verses, as Nancy read them, thrilled me—they were filled with a new faith to which my being responded, the faith of the forth farer.

Nancy, too, yielded to the poet's spell. And I repeated some of the lines as indications of a creed to which I had long been trying to convert her, though lacking the expression.

She let the book fall on the grass. "I wonder if it is true, after all," she questioned, "that we can make our own lives if we refuse to be frightened by the things which always have frightened us?"

"Of course," I exclaimed triumphantly, "they are phantoms, if we can only bring ourselves to realize it. . . ."

It was late when we turned in between the sheets, and made our way up the little



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driveway to the farmhouse. I bade her good night on the steps of the porch.

"You do love me, don't you?" she whispered, clinging to me with a sudden, straining passion, which took me by surprise. "You will love me, always; no matter what happens?"

"Why of course, Nancy," I answered clumsily.

"I want to hear you say it, 'I love you, I shall love you always.'"

I repeated it, with a fervor not wholly free from self-consciousness.

"No matter what happens?" she insisted.

"No matter what happens," I said, trying to speak lightly.

The capriciousness of our climate decreed that Monday should be overcast, and in our city this did not mean mere grayness. At two o'clock in the afternoon the electric light was still burning over my desk, and I was striving to concentrate on the legal problem—though my mind would stray to the excursion of the day before—when the telephone rang. It was Nancy.

"Is that you, Hugh?"

"Yes."

"I have to go east this afternoon." The vibration in her voice communicated her agitation to me.

"Why?" I exclaimed. "What's the matter? I thought you weren't going until Thursday."

"I've just had a telegram," she said. "Ham's been hurt—I don't know how badly—he was thrown from a polo pony this morning at Narragansett, in practice, and they're taking him to Boston to a private hospital. The telegram's from Johnny Shephard. I'll be at the house in town at four."

The Durrett house had been closed, the blinds of its many windows were drawn. Nancy herself had been watching for me, and opened the door when I arrived.

She led me through the dark, shrouded drawing-room into the little salon where the windows were open on the silent city-garden. I seized her in my arms. She did not resist, as I half expected, but clung to me with what seemed a sort of desperation.

"Have you heard anything more?" I managed to ask.

She drew a telegram from her bag, as though the movement were a relief.

"This is from a doctor in Boston—his name is Magruder. They have got Ham there, it seems. A horse kicked him in the head, after he fell. He had just recovered consciousness."

"You'll come back to me?" I demanded.

"Hugh, I am yours, now and always. How can you doubt it?"

She drew my face to hers. . . .

A little later I found myself walking aimlessly past the familiar, empty houses of those streets. . . .

The front pages of the evening newspapers announced the accident to Hambleton Durrett, and added that Mrs. Durrett, who had been lingering in the city, had gone to her husband's bedside.

I could bear no longer the city, the club, the office, the daily contact with my associates and clients. Six hours distant in the train, near Rossiter, was a little resort in the mountains through which I had once passed. I telegraphed Nancy to address me there, notified the office, packed my bag, and waited impatiently for midday, when I boarded the train. At five I changed at Rossiter into an old-fashioned coach drawn by a wheezy engine, which in the course of an hour drew up at a little station where a stage was waiting. The glow of the evening light was fading when I arrived at Callender's Mill.

In my soul hope flowered with little watering. Uncertain news was good news. After two days of an impatience all but intolerable, her first letter arrived and I learned that the specialists had not been able to make a diagnosis. Except that it seemed that the shock had affected the brain. . . .

The letters which followed contained no additional news. There was no change.

The two mails which arrived daily at Callender's Mill were events of the first magnitude.

It was always an effort for me to control my impatience until the clerk's deliberate distribution was finished, and the people had dispersed. On the particular morning of which I am now writing I remember, as I

crossed the office floor, seeing the letter in the "P" box—there were no other P's in the hotel—taking it out and thrusting it in my pocket and walking with attempted nonchalance across the porch and down to the lake. A stiff little breeze ruffled the water blue and stirred the leaves of the gnarled maple that overspread the summer house. I sat down there, drawing the envelope from my coat and gazing at Nancy's angular handwriting before tearing the flap. In spite of the calmness and restraint of the first lines, because of them, I felt creeping over me an unnerving sensation which I knew for dread. . . .

"Hugh, the New York doctor has been here. It is as I have feared for some weeks, but I couldn't tell you until I was sure. Ham is not exactly insane, but he is childish. The accident has precipitated a kind of mental degeneration, but his health, otherwise, will not be greatly affected."

"It has been terribly hard for me to write all this, but I had to do it, in order that you might understand the situation completely. Hugh, dear, I simply can't leave him. This has been becoming clearer and clearer to me all these weeks, but it breaks my heart to have to write it. I have struggled against it. I have lain awake nights trying to find justification for going to you, but it is stronger than I. Write and tell me that you understand, or even if you don't understand, that you trust and pity me, even as I pity you for what you must be suffering as you read this. You will understand, I think, some day. I love you even more, if such a thing is possible, than I have ever loved you. That is my only comfort and compensation, that I have had and have been able to feel such a love, and I know I shall always feel it. Nancy."

The first effect of this letter was a paralyzing one. I was unable to realize or believe the thing which had happened to me.

For several days my torture was so acute compared to anything I had ever known, my thoughts so confused that I cannot follow them. There ensued a second stage. My suffering did not seem to decrease, but I began to ask myself whether it might not be something in me rather than in Nancy which had brought about this disaster. I had been under the vague impression that there were certain psychological laws which were common to all members of her sex, and such treatises as I had read—modern novels—tended to confirm me in the notion that they were not individuals to the extent that men are. Excepting my marriage, my relations with that sex had been confined to women who were not troubled with what are called moral scruples; but I had been led to believe that once these scruples had been overcome in women who had held them they became greater anarchists than men.

Now I was face to face with an experience which contradicted the theory. The thought I was trying to define was very subtle, very elusive, yet very characteristic of my romantic habit. Might not this final refusal of Nancy's be for my sake? The delusion of her sex's inherent morality as morality had long been untenable, but I believed her capable of quixotic self-sacrifice. She had professed to see something in me which she called an ideal, and I too, had fondly acquiesced in its existence, cherished the belief that she would nourish it until it should blossom and bear fruit.

I recall a third phase which tended to retrospection, and I was forced to admit grudgingly that I had made a mess of life. Whose fault had it been? my own? or was the failure and despair of to-day due to the environment in which I had grown up, which put a premium on the kind of success I had achieved?

It were foolish, but possible, to blame my education. Yet would it have been possible to educate for conditions which were unprecedented? I had been educated for conditions which had already gone by. And had my parents made me selfish, or was selfishness inherent in me? And finally, there was the everlasting question of Woman. Great God, when would they begin to educate about Her?

Partly through my own stupidity and partly through that of the preceding generation, I had left love out of my calculations, and it had wrecked me. Not only had conditions changed, but women with them. Even Maude, absorbing ideas which were in the air, had developed a mind and had taken a line of her own.

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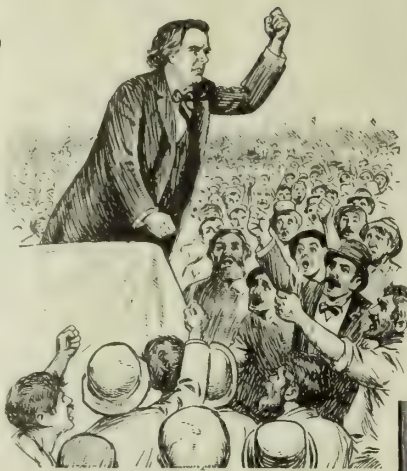
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Heart of the Sunset

(Continued from page 418)

"Oh! I reckon it can be proved all right," confidently asserted Lewis.

"Yes!" Urbina supplemented. "I can swear to all that. And I can swear also that you knew about those calves, the other day."

"This is the worst outrage I ever heard of," gasped "Young Ed." "It's a fairy story—"

There was a moment or two of silence, during which the visitors watched the face of the man whose weakness they both knew. At last Ed Austin ventured to say, apologetically, "I'm willing to do almost anything to help Adolfo, but—they'll make a liar of me if I take the stand. Isn't there some other way out?"

"I don't know of any," said Lewis. "Money'll square anything," Ed urged, hopefully, whereupon Urbina waved his cigarette and nodded. "This Ricardo Guzman is the cause of it all. He is a bad man."

"No doubt of that," Lewis agreed. "He's got more enemies than I have. If he was out of the way there wouldn't be nothin' to this case, and the country'd be a heap better off, too."

"What about that other witness?" Ed queried.

"If Ricardo were gone—if something should happen to him"—Urbina's wicked face darkened—"there would be no other witness. I would see to that."

The color receded from Ed Austin's purple cheeks, and he rose abruptly. "This is getting too strong for me," he cried. "I won't listen to this sort of talk. I won't be implicated in any such doings."

"Nobody's goin' to implicate you," Tad told him. "Adolfo wants to keep you out of trouble. There's plenty of people on both sides of the river that don't like Guzman any better'n we do. Me an' Adolfo was talkin' it over on the way up. I reckon we can fix things up if you'll help."

"And that's just what I won't do," Ed impatiently declared. "Do you think I'm going to be tangled up in a—murder? I've got nothing against Don Ricardo."

"Who said anything about murder? All you've got to do is give me about a thousand dollars."

Austin demurred. "I haven't that much, that I can lay hands on," he said sullenly. "I'm broke; anyhow, I don't see what good it'll do."

"You better dig it up, somehow, just for your own sake."

The two men eyed each other for a moment; then Austin mumbled something about his willingness to try, and left the room. The money which Alaire kept on hand for current expenses was locked in her safe, but he knew the combination.

It was with an air of resignation, with a childish, half-hearted protest, that he counted out the desired amount into Lewis's hand, salving his conscience with the statement, "I'm doing this to help Adolfo out of his trouble, understand? I hope it'll enable you to square things."

JOSÉ SANCHEZ made use of the delay at Pueblo to institute further inquiries regarding his missing cousin, but nowhere could he find the slightest trace.

José swore an oath that he would learn the truth, if it required his whole lifetime, and, if it should turn out that his sainted relative had indeed met with foul play—Well! José told his friends they could judge, by looking at him, the sort of man he was.

José intended to confide his purpose to Mrs. Austin, but when it came time to start for Las Palmas there was a fourth passenger in the automobile, and he was obliged to hold his tongue for the moment.

In spite of the unhealthy fancies that Dave Law had taken to bed within him, he arose this morning in fine spirits and with a determination to put in a happy day. Alaire, too, was in good humor and expressed her relief at escaping from every thing Mexican.

"I haven't seen a newspaper for ages and I don't know what is going on at Jonesville or anywhere else," she confided.

David told her of the latest developments in the Mexican situation, the slow but certain increase of tension between the two governments, and then of home happenings. When she asked him about his

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own doings he informed her of the affair which had brought him to Pueblo.

Of course all three of his companions were breathlessly interested in the story of Pino Garzo's death; Dolores and José did not allow a word to escape them.

"You said your horse saved your life," Mrs. Austin went on. "How do you mean—?" When Dave had explained, she cried quickly: "You weren't riding—Bessie Belle?"

"Yes. She's buried where she dropped." "Oh-h!" Alaire's exclamation was eloquent of pity, and Law smiled crookedly.

Despite the rough roads, they made fair time, and the miles of cactus and scrawny brush rolled swiftly past. Occasionally a lazy jack-rabbit ambled out of his roadside covert and watched them from a safe distance; now and then a spotted road-runner raced along the dusty ruts ahead of them. The morning sun swung higher, and by midday the metal of the automobile had become as hot as a frying-pan. They stopped at various goat-ranches to inquire about Adolfo Urbina, and at noon halted beside a water-course for lunch.

Dave was re-filling the radiator when he overheard José in conversation with Mrs. Austin.

"Nowhere a trace!" the horse-breaker was saying. "No one has seen him. Poor Rosa Morales will die of a broken heart."

Alaire explained to her guest: "José is worried about his cousin Panfilo. It seems he has disappeared."

"So! You are Panfilo's cousin?" Dave eyed the Mexican with new interest.

"Si!"

"You remember the man?" Alaire went on. "He was with that fellow you arrested at the water-hole."

"Oh, yes. I remember him." With steady fingers Dave shook some tobacco into a cigaret paper. He felt Alaire's eyes upon him, and they were eloquent of inquiry, but he did not meet them.

"He was a good man," the horse-breaker asserted. "If he is dead—" The Mexican's frown deepened to a scowl.

"What then?"

José significantly patted the gift revolver at his hip. "This little fellow will have something to say."

Dave looked him over idly, from head to heel, then murmured, "You would do well to go slow, *compadre*. Panfilo made his own quarrels."

NOTHING more was said during the luncheon, but when Alaire had finished eating and her two employees had begun their meal, she climbed the bank of the arroyo ostensibly to find a cool spot. Having succeeded she called to Dave: "There is a nice breeze up here."

The Ranger's face set; rising slowly he climbed the bank after her. When they stood face to face in the shade of a gnarly oak tree, Alaire asked him pointblank, "Where is Panfilo Sanchez?"

Dave met her eyes squarely, his own were cold and hard. "He's where he dropped at my second shot," said he.

"God! He was practically unarmed! What do you call—such an act?"

Dave's lips slowly whitened, his face became stony. He closed his eyes, then opened them upon hers. "He had it coming. He stole my horse. He took a chance."

Mrs. Austin turned away. For a time they were silent, and Dave felt himself pitilessly condemned. "Why didn't you tell me at the time?" she asked. "Why didn't you report it?"

"I'll report it when you give me permission."

"I—? What—?" She wheeled to face him. "Think a moment. I can't tell half the truth. And if I tell everything it will lead to—gossip."

"I go anywhere, everywhere. No one has ever had the effrontery to question my actions," Alaire told him, stiffly.

"And I don't aim to give 'em a chance." Dave was stubborn.

There was another interval of silence. "You heard what José said. What are you going to do?"

Dave made a gesture of indifference. "It doesn't greatly matter. I'll tell him the truth, perhaps."

Such an attitude was incomprehensible to Alaire and brought an impatient frown to her brow. "You don't seem to realize that he will try to revenge himself."

"You might warn him against any such foolishness. José has some sense."

The woman looked up curiously. "Don't you know how to be afraid? Haven't you any fear?" she asked.

Dave's gray eyes were steady, as he answered: "Yes'm, I'm afraid this thing is going to spoil our friendship. I've been desperately afraid, all along, that I might have hurt your reputation. Even now, I'm afraid, on your account, to make public Panfilo Sanchez' death. Yes'm, I know what it is to be afraid."

They returned to the automobile in silence. The windows of Las Palmas were black, the house silent, when they arrived at their journey's end; Dolores was fretful, and her mistress ached in every bone.

When José had helped his countrywoman into the house, Alaire said, "If you insist upon going through, you must take the car. You can return it to-morrow."

"And—about Panfilo?" Dave queried. "Wait—, Perhaps I'll decide what is best to do, in the meantime. Good night."

Blaze Jones had insisted that Dave live at his house, and the Ranger had accepted the invitation; but as it was late when the latter arrived at Jonesville, he went to the hotel for a few hours' rest. When he drove his borrowed machine up to the Jones' house, about breakfast time, both Blaze and Paloma were delighted to see him.

"Say, now! What you doing, rolling around in a gasoline go-devil?" the elder man inquired, and Law was forced to explain.

"Why, Mrs. Austin must have experienced a change of heart," exclaimed Paloma. "She never gave anybody a lift, before."

Blaze agreed. "She's sure poisonous to strangers." Then he looked over the car critically. "These automobiles are all right, but whenever I want to go somewhere and get back I take a team of hay-burners. Mules don't puncture."

"Why didn't Mrs. Austin ask you to stay all night at Las Palmas?" the girl inquired of Dave.

"She did."

"Wonderful!" Paloma's surprise was evidently sincere. "I suppose you refused because of the way Ed treated you? Well, I'd have accepted just to spite him. Tell me, is she nice?"

"She's lovely."

Not long after breakfast Don Ricardo Guzman appeared at the Jones' house and warmly greeted his two friends. To Dave he explained, "Last night I came to town, and this morning I heard you had returned, so I rode out at once. You were unsuccessful?"

"Our man never went to Pueblo."

"Exactly. I thought as much."

"He's probably safe across the river."

But Ricardo thought otherwise. "No. Urbina deserted from this very Colonel Blanco, who commands the forces at Romero. He would scarcely venture to return to Federal territory. However, I go to meet Blanco, to-day, and perhaps I shall discover something."

"What takes you over there?" Blaze inquired.

"Wait until I tell you. *Señor David*, here, brings me good fortune at every turn. He honors my poor thirsty *rancho* with a visit and brings a glorious rain; then he destroys my enemies like a thunder-bolt. No sooner is this done than I receive from the Federals an offer for fifty of my best horses. Such a price, too. Now, *señor*, I have brought you a little present. Day and night my boys and I have worked upon it, for we know the good heart you have. It was finished yesterday. See!" Ricardo unwrapped a bundle he had fetched, displaying a magnificent bridle of plaited horsehair. It was cunningly wrought, and lavishly decorated with silver fittings. "You recognize those hairs?" he queried. "They come from the mane and tail of your *bonita*."

"Bessie Belle!" Law accepted the handsome token, then held out his hand to the Mexican. "That was mighty fine of you, Ricardo. I—you couldn't have pleased me more."

Guzman's delight was keen, his grizzled face beamed, and he showed his white teeth in a smile. "Say no more. What is mine is yours—my house, my cattle, my right hand. I, and my sons, will serve you, and you must come often to see us. Now, I must go." He shook hands heartily and rode away, waving his hat.

"There's a good Greaser," Blaze said with conviction, and Dave agreed, feelingly: "Yes! I'd about go to hell for him, after this." Then he took the bridle in for Paloma to admire.

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The Fire Bird

(Continued from page 421)

Mazie's eyes grew drowsy again. Once or twice they opened on him, blue and languidly inviting, then the white lids drooped.

His arm had become cramped; he stretched, dropped it along the back of the seat again. And presently it lay around her shoulder, the slightest pressure causing her to open her eyes.

But after a moment they closed, and her pliant form insensibly obeyed the pressure, so that her shoulder lay against his. There was a slight smile on her lips.

On Kemper the effect of the contact was curious. What he had done—merely to see whether he *could* do it—had been done idly, mischievously—a lazy idea of amusing himself on a dull journey with a fresh and pretty girl.

And now that he had done it, something in the soft yielding of the girl had subdued the smile in his rather reckless eyes.

For an hour, perhaps, she lay there against his shoulder, never stirring; and whether or not she slept at intervals he did not know.

At last she lifted her head and sat up giving him a shy, almost breathless smile. She turned and looked toward the East.

"There is Lynx Peak," she said.

"Yes. We ought to be at Wild Plum Brook in a few minutes."

Rittenfeldt, hunched up over his horses, straightened his broad back and pointed with his whip stock. And in another minute the horses forded Wild Plum Brook and stood hock-deep in the cool current, drinking, while Kemper sprang out behind and lifted Mazie clear of the tail-board.

At the door of a log house stood a tall, shambling, sullen-faced young fellow; and, as Kemper and Mazie walked up to him, he greeted her, paying no attention to Kemper.

"Waal," he remarked, "so ye made up your mind to come, eh?"

"Yes, I made up my mind, Jim. . . . I brought your kerosene, too."

A dull flush mantled the youth's sunburned visage, and he cast a slow glance at Kemper. Then he slouched down to the wagon which Rittenfeldt had driven up out of the stream, took Mazie's suitcase and the kerosene can.

"Come in an' set," he said briefly.

This cordial invitation did not include Kemper. Mazie turned to him, her plumed hat in one hand. "Good-by," she said. "Good-by."

He held her hand a moment. Suddenly two tears flashed in her eyes.

"Mazie," blustered Billet, "come in and set and rest and make yourself a cup o' tea."

She moved forward, looked up blankly at Kemper as she passed him, but entered the doorway. Then Billet stepped back and slammed and bolted the door leaving Kemper facing it.

Presently, looking over his shoulder, he caught Rittenfeldt's eye, signaled him to drive up, and, when the wagon arrived, he took the horses' heads and turned into the brush-field along the course of a tiny spring brook.

Higher on the slope stood a grove of silver birches, and Kemper, leading the horses, made toward it. It was good camping ground; the trees gave shade; the icy rivulet formed a deep blue under them; dead wood from acres of slashings was handy for fires.

An hour later the horses had been fed and picketed; dinner cooked and eaten; and Rittenfeldt sat on a bleached pine log seizing, chloroforming, and eagerly pinning specimen after specimen of *longicorne* beetle.

But Kemper's troubled thoughts were elsewhere; and finally, when the descending sun hung low above the woods, and already an owl had called from the darkening flank of Lynx Peak, he got up, took a dozen impatient steps to and fro, lifted his shot-gun, and loaded it with a couple of salt cartridges. "I'm going to find out what this fellow Billet is about," he said.

"Shall I go?" asked Rittenfeldt simply.

"Oh, don't disturb yourself, Hugo."

"As you please," said the entomologist, placidly squinting through his held microscope at a tiny speck that kicked.

Kemper, his light fowling piece cradled in his left arm, stepped around the fire. A few sunbeams still reddened the tree-tops. Chancing to glance aloft, he saw a Scarlet Tanager on a hemlock top, glimmering like a live coal of fire in the setting sun.

"Hugo!" he called, pointing; "—a fire-bird!"

"Dot leetle girl of Billet's iss dressed like your fire-bird, too," chuckled the German. "It iss of her you think, not of dot leetle bird. Yess?"

"I am worried about her. . . . I think I'll go to the house and see whether she's all right."

So Kemper sauntered off down the slope, threading his way through the slashings until the squat shape of Billet's shanty rose on his right.

Kemper knocked on the door loudly. And after waiting a reasonable time, and there being no response, no sound from within save a sudden shuffle and the slam of an inside door, he backed off, laid down his gun, picked up the loose door-step, and, swinging it, drove in the door with a crash.

Instantly young Billet rushed toward him, but Kemper, swinging the remains of the door-step, knocked him headlong into a corner.

Then he stepped out of the shattered doorway, picked up his shotgun, and came back. Billet had risen, dazed, and was leaning against the wall, spitting blood.

Mazie sat on the bed, looking at him.

"Well," he said bluntly, "are you married?"

"Me?" she faltered. "No, not yet."

"Is that so!" snapped Kemper savagely, and swung in his tracks. "Billet," he said very distinctly, "you're no good. And turning to Mazie: 'Come,' he said, 'it's getting late.'"

"She shan't stir outen this here house!" yelled Billet.

"Why not?" asked Kemper.

"She's mine!"

"No—she's *mine*. Are you not, Mazie?"

There was a silence, then came a low whisper: "Yes."

"Well, then, by Gawd," screamed Billet in a fury, "she kin take off them clothes an' gimcracks!"

"What!"

"They're mine! I paid for the makin' o' them. Take 'em off, d'ye hear!" he shouted, lurching out into the room. Kemper shoved him back and slapped his face till he howled. Then, turning to the girl, "Mazie, is this true?"

"Yes."

"Have you any clothes of your own?"

"A gingham dress and sun-bonnet in my valise."

"Put them on."

The two men waited in the darkening house while behind the half-closed door the girl exchanged her finery for gingham and sun-bonnet. And in a few moments Mazie came out in her clinging gingham gown.

Scant were her skirts, molding the straight young figure in limp and modest folds; her hair was lovely in its disorder; her eyes all starry with unshed tears.

"There are your duds," said Kemper to Billet. "Now, get out of my way!" And he reached for the can of kerosene. He knew Billet would set fire to the woods with it.

Then in a flash, Billet had snatched it and dashed out of the door, headed for the forest.

"Confound you!" he panted back, "—I'll spile your woods for you before I git out o' this!"

"Stop!" shouted Kemper, leveling his gun. "You won't? Well, then, here's *yours*!"

The room roared with the double explosion; and Billet was down in the grass, screaming and clawing at his trouser's seat.

"Have you killed him?" asked the girl, clutching Kemper's arm.

"No; it's only salt," said Kemper quietly.

"Come, are you ready to go with me?"

"Where?"

"Wherever I take you . . . Will you come?"

"Yes."

Billet, yelling lustily, had run squattering into the bushes. The can of kerosene, uncorked, lay in the dust, the last drops trickling out.

Kemper gave it a kick as he passed, then, drawing his arm around the girl's slender body, moved slowly beside her up the hill.

Through the violet twilight Rittenfeldt's campfire glimmered like a heap of rubies.

"You said," Kemper whispered, "that you didn't know what love was . . . Do you know now, Mazie?"

After a few moments, her small hand, moving, encountered his and clung. It was his answer.

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The Enemy

(Continued from page 432)

ments, a busy and a proud week, for the papers were full of nothing but the marvelous romance of Harrison Stuart.

Honors heaped upon honors! Behold Jean and Tavy Stuart ushered by Tommy Tinkle into the ladies' gallery of the Hotel Nabob and screened behind a Moorish jalousie, upon which, by some magic, had grown a purple-blossomed vine without roots and without earth and without water. Below, under the tons of ceiling gold and stucco, and beneath the tons of crystal chandeliers, and attended by so many waiters that the place is black with them, sits the T-Beam Club.

What a disappointment! Of course the banquet table is shaped like the cross section of a huge T-beam, with the toastmaster and the principal speakers in the center, and the unimportant new members far away at the flanges, but the seating is so arranged that a fat man hides the guest of honor almost completely from the view of the ladies in the gallery.

Now the toastmaster. Ainsley Pulham, of course. He raps for order, with a gavel the head of which is naturally from the cross section of a T-beam; and he drones along for half an hour, with many an elaborate joke, and many a sentimental quotation about their beloved and distinguished fellow member, who has come back to them, out of the great sea of oblivion, to take his rightful place in their hearts. A toast, gentlemen, to our beloved and distinguished fellow member, Harrison Stuart, the most valuable jewel in the glittering diadem of the profession. (Prolonged applause.)

With a will they drink that toast to Harrison Stuart, and he drinks with them in sparkling water, untroubled by the glass of yellow champagne which hisses at his hand.

Now the response. The guest of honor is on his feet, modest, unassuming, but his heart deeply touched by this honor they have paid him—after all that he had done! A neat little speech, but quite short, and in a low voice, and full of thanks.

Ainsley Pulham again. "The Floating Dome," that new marvel of the structural world, and the response will be made by that phenomenally brilliant and successful young engineering architect, William Lane, the partner of the famous Harrison Stuart!

No low voice here. Billy Lane, in a deep, rich baritone, tells them all about the floating dome, its inception, its beauty, its value, its development of a new principle of construction which will revolutionize the science!

More speeches, with Ainsley Pulham in between, sometimes getting his jokes mixed, and sometimes delivering, in advance, the meat out of the next speaker's talk, but always fresh and smiling and tireless, and so abundantly supplied with words that it was a wonder there were any left. The man who had been gone during those fifteen years listened in abstracted concentration, and now and then, as he gave his rapt attention to the speaker, puffing slowly at his cigar, he reached out and took a sip from his glass, not noticing particularly that he was drinking from the champagne, not the water.

There were other speeches, some droning and dry, some frivolous and enlivening, some tensely interesting from a technical standpoint; but late, towards the close of the evening, when the ladies in the gallery were painfully fighting off drowsiness, and Tommy Tinkle was doing everything he could to keep Tavy and Mrs. Stuart awake, there suddenly burst a new voice on the assemblage.

"Whisky!" The voice was startling in its coarse raucousness. "It's the curse of the world!" The voice rose to a senile shriek. "There is no hell but whisky! Drink! It's the enemy of man and God! It burns the body and it sears the brain! Whisky!"

There was a shriek from the ladies' gallery. It was not Harrison Stuart who swayed there, his face flushed and puffed, his bleared eyes half closed, and his lips formless; but a beast, an animal, a thing from another world. It was Bow-Wow!

They wanted to wait for him, those two stricken women in the gallery, to take him home with them, for in their hearts was no resentment, only pity. But Tommy Tinkle would not let them. He sent word to Billy that he had them in charge, and took them home, and said what comforting things he could.

Billy telephoned them shortly after they reached home. Hal was resting quite com-



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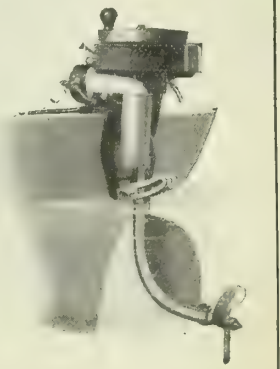
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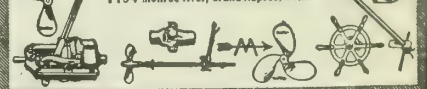
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fortably now. He had not drunk very much. He had sipped at his champagne without knowing it, and then he had taken some of the brandy, and of course, with the taste of that on his tongue, he did not quite realize what he was doing. He'd be fine in the morning, and, after all, it was more the excitement than anything else.

So Billy, heavy-hearted, went to bed, and Burke made himself comfortable in robe and slippers, and put another log on the fire in the big lounging-room, and sat with pipe and paper. Mr. Stuart slept very well, indeed. Burke went in to look at him about twice an hour, and once, by accident, he dropped a metal tray with a terrific clang; but there was no waking the man. Burke went back and sat on the big leather couch, and looked into the fire. So, pleasantly musing, Burke nodded his head lower and lower, and fell into the dead sleep of them who sit up late o' nights.

That numb carcass which was Bow-Wow stirred uneasily. Something was wrong. Bow-Wow opened his eyes. Darkness, shot with glimmering light. He reached out his arms. Space! Groaning, he sat up, painfully, and endeavored to locate himself.

He rose and tottered out of the room. He found himself in a softly carpeted hall. There was a light at the end, a flickering, wavering red glow. With many a stop for breath, and strength, and steadying of nerves, he edged along the wall until he reached a large lounging-room.

Whisky! He looked all about, and now occurred a strange phenomenon. In Bow-Wow's mind there was no memory of this room; but his body remembered! It led him automatically to the lounging-room table, the library table, the buffet, the pantry. No whisky! He must have it!

Automatically he wandered back to his bedroom, and then again that queer memory of the body directed his sudden mind. He knew a barrel-house which kept open all night. Mechanically he opened the cupboard and drew down the first clothes he found, a plain brown business suit, and dressed himself with quick, nervous little jerks.

He passed out through the lounging-room, and, as his eyes fell on the red-headed man asleep on the couch, he moved stealthily. He walks out into the hall, he closes the door softly behind him, he descends the steps, he walks down to the street.

EARLY morning in the Sink. Damp and cold outside, damp and cold inside, but a fire in the big cannonball stove was doing its best to dispel the eternal gloom and the eternal chill which hung in this section of the Inferno. The morning bartender was on duty, a pin-eyed man, with broad cheekbones, and a low forehead, and a thin lipped, wide mouth set so low down that it seemed to cut off his chin when he spoke. A shivering and quaking figure came through the door; Red Whitey, out from whatever warren he infested. They are early risers, these whisky drinkers.

Pittsburg Joe. He slouched in, shivering and rubbing his hands.

Tank Tonkey came presently, as big of girth as ever and as pendulous of chin; then two more of the old winter guard; then Piggy Marshall; and the day's business at the Sink was fairly begun.

The pin-eyed bartender looked up in astonishment as a quite unusual customer came through the door. He was an old man in a neatly pressed suit, but without shirt or collar or tie, his breast being covered by a silk pajama jacket.

"A little whisky," he husked, and threw some money on the counter: a bill—five dollars.

Red Whitey, trembling with the eagerness of a rat terrier, turned to Pittsburg Joe.

"Say; is that Bow-Wow?"

"Naw!" The contempt of Joe for the asker of that question was profound.

"Well, go lamp him, that's all I say," advised Red, his curiosity at the shaking point.

"Go lamp him!"

"Sure," Pittsburg Joe was ready for anything. He looked back and winked three times, as he crossed to the bar and lounged near the stranger. He made a thorough inspection, and still was doubtful, but he nodded prodigiously. "Hello, sport," he ventured.

The new customer, clumsily picking up his change, turned slowly and gazed at the intruder with heavy lidded eyes, swaying and nodding then a careless smile came upon his lips.

"Hello, Joe. Here a little drink," he said. "They were over at the bar

as one man, and he knew them all; he called them by name.

"Have a little drink."

Would they have a little drink! They would, as many as Bow-Wow would buy.

Jerry-the-Limp. He came in more briskly than the others, but when he saw the throng at the bar, his leg shortened, and his mouth took on a piteous droop, and he came forward limping.

"Get in, Jerry!" sang Red Whitey, bold as a lion now. It was he who hung the most on the provider of the feast. "It's Bow-Wow!"

The change in Jerry-the-Limp was instantaneous. His leg came down, the droop went out of his mouth, his beady eyes glittered, and he began to snarl, even as he pushed his way through the industrious men of business.

"So it's Bow-Wow!" he shrilled. "So you've come back, you white-whiskered stiff! So you got drunk, eh, and they gave you the toss!" Jerry-the-Limp had regained his ascendancy. It was the triumph of mind over matter. "We came up for a friendly little call, and you handed us the toss, didn't you, you white-whiskered stiff!"

With a scream of rage, Jerry plunged for him. Bow-Wow backed to avoid the blow. Tank Tonkey, just behind him, stepped aside, and Bow-Wow fell to the floor, hitting his head on the iron foot rail. He lay stunned, for a moment.

Jerry-the-Limp was just drawing his heavily shod foot for the first kick at Bow-Wow's face, when there landed on his shoulder a hand so weighty and a grip so sharp that it nearly extracted the shoulder bone!

"Here you!" came Mike's heavy voice, and he shook Jerry-the-Limp until his teeth chattered. "You duck before I smash you! You're barred from this joint, you shrimp!" and he flung Jerry backwards, without looking where he landed.

In the meantime, Mike Dowd leaned down to pick up the fallen combatant, and as he did so, he stopped, with a catch of his breath.

"St. Patrick, it's—" He paused at the name.

"It's Bow-Wow!" A hoarse and husky chorus apprised him of that fact.

"Get back, you!" roared Mike. "Set down!" and they sat.

He had picked up the fallen man, whose eyes were staring wildly about him, and now led him behind the bar, where there was a chair at the forward end. It was comparatively clean, here. It was Mike's drawing-room.

Harrison Stuart shook his head. "Thank you," he tremulously returned. "I'll be all right." The fall, the slight contusion of his scalp, the slight flow of blood, had shocked him out of his stupor.

"Now you just set still and rest, and I'll call up Billy. He'll fix you," and Mike went to the telephone at the other end of the bar.

So he, Stuart, had failed within two weeks of grasping the crown of his long waiting. Even through the fumes which bewildered his brain, he realized it all. With a moan he rose from his chair and walked down to the center of the bar, to look at himself in the mirror, conscious, while he did it, that, to add to his humiliation, all those decrepit wrecks of humanity over against the wall were watching his every movement and leering at him. He turned to the narrow mirror just above the open cash drawer, and what he saw, in the bleared and distorted face, chilled the blood in his veins.

At last Mike Dowd had his call.

"Billy Lane's?"

"Yes." The sleepy voice of Burke.

"Billy up?"

"No, sir—he says he's awake."

"Well, tell Billy this is Mike Dowd. There's a certain party down here, he'll know who—"

There was a deafening explosion, a concussion, as if all the air in the room had been compressed and then suddenly released, a jingling of glasses, and then a heavy fall. Mike Dowd dropped the receiver and ran to the huddled figure. Harrison Stuart was crumpled on the floor in a shapeless heap, at his hand the revolver snatched from the cash drawer. Harrison Stuart had fought his last battle with drink, and had conquered. He had found the way to keep from ever falling a victim to whisky again. He was dead!

IT was in solid black that the royal princess came home to the beautiful cottage. In the heart of the royal princess there was a sorrow which would never quit

it; but Harrison Stuart, when he passed out under the shadow of tall elms, on his way to rest, took with him the specter of fear, which, for so many years, had shadowed the patient eyes of Jean. And he had given her a parting gift; peace.

After they had come back from that solemn journey to the city of the dead, Billy drew Tavy aside into the little room which was to have been her father's sanctuary.

"I am going away," he told her, holding both her dear hands in his, and gazing down into her dark eyes as if he must look, and look, to fix them within his vision for all time.

"It is because I am not yet free," he went on. "There are men who can drink in safety, many of them; but I am one of those who may not. The taste on the tongue! Tavy, I am not yet secure against it; and there is a reason greater than you or me why I have no right, with this curse upon me, to make you my wife.

"So, Tavy dear, I am going to spend my life, if need be, in the conquering of this enemy, and I have no right to hold you bound. There must be no pledge between us."

Mutely she stripped the ring from her finger and laid it in his palm, and looked up at him. There flowed between them that pure love which is infinitely greater than the giving of self to self. He stooped and kissed her upturned lips; and then he walked out under the shadow of the tall elms. That day the firm of William Lane ceased to exist, and William Lane dropped out of the ken of men as completely as Harrison Stuart had done. And the snows of winter fell on the beautiful cottage of the royal princess and the birds of summer sang in the tall elms outside Tavy's windows.

Spring. Bright color everywhere. Flowers peep up in the woods, flaunt themselves at the roadside, and cluster with particularly loving fondness around the beautiful cottage of the royal princess. Bright color everywhere in the beautiful cottage, for there is scarcely a room which has not its vase of gay flowers. Even on the big mahogany desk there is a huge bowl of apple blossoms, which Tavy places there every season. Her father had been very fond of them, and Billy had been fond of them.

Billy is much in her mind to-day. Perhaps it is because the air has in it that same quality of balminess which it had on that day, so long ago, when she and Billy had walked around and around Vanheuser

THE END

On Secret Service

(Continued from page 413)

ment to the young stranger from the Brooklyn Navy Yard that Lieutenant-Colonel Diehms had failed to attend this dinner. Yet Wilsnach, keeping his wits about him, did not betray his feelings. For before the evening was over he had the satisfaction of seeing Diehms step into the room where he sat. The last notes of "Nights of Gladness" had just died away, and to the young Lieutenant-Colonel's arm clung one of the loveliest women that the man from the Paris Office had ever had the dubious good luck to behold.

Wilsnach, for all the byplay with those about him, studied her closely, but not so closely as he studied the face of the man with her.

"I call that an uncommonly beautiful woman," ventured the lighthearted Wilsnach to the officer on his right as he glanced towards the small table to which a silver cooler filled with chopped ice had just been brought. "Who is she?"

"That's Mme. Garnier," answered the man on Wilsnach's right.

"But why here?" blithely persisted Wilsnach.

"She's rather interested in aviation. They say her husband is Garnier, the French inventor who's getting out that gyroscopic stabilizer for air-craft. She's going to look after the Government trials for him."

Yet as the talk at Wilsnach's crowded table grew louder, and the laughter more convivial the shadowy-eyed woman with the orange opera-cloak looked more than once in the direction of the newly arrived Lieutenant Keys. From under her dark lashes, from time to time, she might even have been detected studying his well-tailored figure with a not altogether impersonal interest. Her companion, it might also have been ob-

Square, listening to the triumphant song of the lone robin. Five years of cheerful purpose had brought to Tavy a new beauty. The black hair is just as curly, the deep gray eyes just as luminous, the oval cheeks are just as delicately tinted, but about the red lips and about the deep eyes there has grown that sweetness which comes only to those who have learned to suffer without bitterness.

Five years have added to the whiteness of Jean Stuart's hair, but they have added nothing more to her, except the reward of her peace. Now she comes into the room now, where Tavy is arranging the apple blossoms in the bowl.

"There's a caller for you, Tavy."

"Tommy Tinkle?"

"No." A peculiar smile on Jean Stuart's lips, and—why are her eyes suddenly so bright, and moist, too, as she slips her arm around Tavy's waist?

"Who then?"

"A gentleman; an old friend."

She withdraws her arm from about her daughter, and takes her by the shoulders and looks deep into her eyes, and kisses her. Then Tavy walks into the hall and up toward the parlor. Then she walks to the parlor door, and stops on the threshold.

There he stands near the window, big, and strong, and handsome, and there is no need to ask him any questions, as she looks into his clear eyes, which somehow, like her own, have grown the better for the cultivation of suffering without bitterness.

For a long, long space they stand motionless, as if their hungry eyes must first be satisfied, then she is in his arms, and he is kissing her over and over and over, and telling her again and again and again that he loves her! And they are never to be parted any more, and she holds out her finger for her ring, and there is no trace in her eyes of the specter of fear!

There is a brisk footstep on the porch, in the hall, in the room. Tommy Tinkle, good old Tommy, with the whimsical grin upon his wide face, and just behind him comes Mummy Stuart, hurrying lest he might say something funny and she not hear it.

"Well Tavy, I suppose Billy's told you that he's been all over the world, and owns a diamond ring, and had a beard when he came home, and shaved it off an hour ago so you'd be sure to know him, and—he hasn't? Why, I don't believe he's told you anything! Mummy Stuart, what do we have for lunch?"

served, lapsed more and more into periods of gloomy silence. And if Mme. Garnier occasionally spoke at greater length to the young French waiter who attended her table than might seem necessary, and if this waiter showed any undue interest in the neighboring table and its noisy officers, no one outside of the alert-eyed Wilsnach seemed to take notice of the matter.

When the technicalities of a wordy argument among his confrères warranted Lieutenant Keys in producing certain papers and specifications from his pocket, and he allowed these to pass from hand to hand about the table, a close observer might also have noticed the minutest tightening of Mme. Garnier's languorous lips. And when these papers were duly restored to the young lieutenant's possession, and later to his pocket, the woman with the ivory-white skin might have been seen whispering certain information to the gloomy-eyed officer beside her. Then as the glasses were refilled and the noisy talk resumed, Mme. Garnier and Diehms left the room.

When, an hour later, the last toast had been drunk and Keys' last companion had bidden him good-night, he wandered disconsolately but warily about those suddenly quieted upper regions off the dancing-floor, he felt his heart come back from his boots to his throat. For as he stepped out of the deserted ball-room he felt his body brushed by the perilous fringes of a golden-orange opera-cloak trimmed with sable. At the same moment a little Watteau-like fan of ivory dropped to the floor. He stood staring down at it stupidly. He heard a small coo of startled laughter and an even softer apologetic murmur of regret. He leaned forward unsteadily, and groped about on the polished



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floor, trying, with the ineffectual struggles of inebriacy, to recover the fan.

The woman at his side laughed a second time, laughed softly and mysteriously, as she stooped and caught it up. Then she crossed the room and passed out through the door into the shadowy darkness of the wide loggia swept by the balmy night sea-breeze.

Wilsnach, with studiously unsteady steps, made his way towards that same door and stepped out upon the same shadowy loggia. There, finding the wide spaces of that balmy-aired veranda unoccupied, he groped his way to a huge rustic chair beside the railing, and after swayingly communing with nature and essaying several fruitless efforts to reform his dangle tie-ends, subsided into a sleep that seemed as untroubled as it was profound.

Out of the shadowy doorway behind the sleeper stole, a few moments later, the equally shadowy figure of a woman in a golden-orange opera-cloak trimmed with sable. She advanced slowly and noiselessly to the railing, close beside the rustic chair. She turned towards the chair, stood motionless, and murmured an almost inaudible sentence or two.

Her words, however, brought no answer from the recumbent figure with the straggling tie-ends. So the woman looked quietly about, stepped closer to the sleeping man, and stooped over him.

A tingling of nerves needled through Wilsnach's cramped body as he felt the touch of that white hand. The fingers slipped like a snake in under his coat, but he neither moved nor lifted an eye-lid. He was conscious of the fact that the woman's breath was fanning warmly on his face, that he lay within the aura of some soft and voluptuous aroma, that there was something perversely appealing about the very nearness of that perfumed body, no matter what mission had brought it so close to his own. He could still feel the slender fingers feeling exploringly about under his coat. He could hear her quiet little gasp of relief as they closed on the packet of papers which he carried there. And he was conscious of her complete suspension of breath as the hand, still holding his papers, was slowly and stealthily withdrawn.

The next moment she was standing at the rail again, as quiet as a statue, staring dreamily out over the moonlit water. Then she turned and with a quickening murmur of drapery passed out of the circle of Wilsnach's hearing and observation.

He waited there, however, for what seemed a reasonable length of time to reckon as the margin of safety.

Yet the tired limbs remained as cramped as before. For at the very moment he had decided to gather himself together he heard the sound of a stealthy step behind him. A man stood at his side, stooped close over his face, and then once more peered cautiously about the darkness. For the second time a tingle of nerves swept through Wilsnach's tired body. And for a second time a hand insinuated itself under his coat, padded quietly about, and then proceeded to explore his lower pockets. But the search proved fruitless. The man swung about, crossed the loggia, and hurried in through the open door.

As he did so Wilsnach twisted quickly about in the rustic chair, and peered after him.

A second later the disappearing figure had passed from Wilsnach's line of vision. His glimpse of the man was a brief one; and the light had been uncertain. But it both angered and amazed him to realize that his second visitor had been an agent so menial, had been, in fact, one of the hotel waiters!

He was still half-kneeling on the chair, with a head craned about its back, when a quicker step sounded beside him and a hand was clamped on his shoulder.

The next moment he saw it was Kestner. "Never mind who he was. You get down to the carriage entrance and head off Diehms if he tries to climb into an automobile. I'll get to the main door and stop him there. If there's no sign of Diehms at your end of the house, put a man on guard and get back into Mme. Garnier's rooms with this pass-key! For if Diehms and that woman ever get out of this hotel we'll never see them alive again!"

WILSNACH, having failed to discover Diehms, and having duly planted a guard at the carriage entrance, took the pass-key from his pocket and quietly yet somewhat dejectedly made his way towards Mme. Garnier's rooms.

He hesitated for several seconds before that none too inviting door, then took a deep breath, fitted the key to the lock, listened intently, and stepped inside.

On his left, he could see, stood a partly

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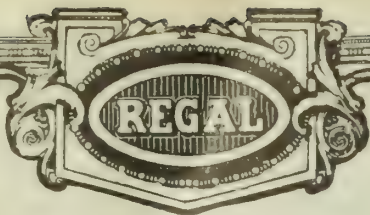
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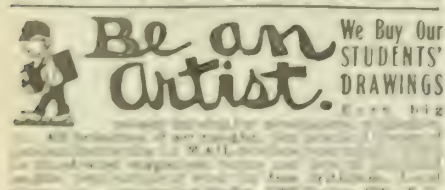
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opened door, and he felt convinced of the fact that it led to a bedroom. This discovery left him a little uneasy and a little uncertain as to how to advance.

Then all thought on the matter suddenly vanished, for a quick sound smote on his startled ear, a sound like that of a window-sash being savagely pried open.

This was followed by a rustle of drapery and the quick, sharp scream of a woman. Then came a silence, followed by the sound of a woman's voice, slightly tremulous with terror. "Who are you?"

It was a man's voice that answered, menacing, deliberate, and not altogether pleasant to hear. "Never mind who I am. But I want those Navy plans you took off that Easterner, and I want them quick!"

"You will never get those papers," was the woman's deliberately defiant reply. "Those papers belong to the Navy Department and they will go back to the Navy Department, no matter what Keudell or any of his spies may do!"

The man, apparently, had advanced further into the room.

"Keep back!"

"Not this—"

The sentence was never finished. The next moment a shot rang out, followed by the sound of an uncertain step or two, and then the dull thud of a falling body.

Wilsnach, with his heart in his mouth, ran across the room and darted in through the half-open door.

In the center of the bedroom he saw an ivory-skinned woman in an evening-gown, with a smoking revolver in her hand. Stretched out on the floor lay the figure of a man. Beside him, on the polished hardwood floor, glistened a small pool of blood. And Wilsnach's first glance told him this was the same man who had stooped over him as he lay in his loggia chair.

The next moment Wilsnach was at the telephone. "Send the house doctor to Mme. Garnier's rooms, at once. At once, please, for it's an emergency case."

Then he called over the wire: "Give me room 427." Frantically as Wilsnach called room 427, he could get no response there from Kestner. And, now of all times, he wanted the guidance and help of his older colleague. For he was in the midst of a tangle which he could not quite comprehend.

"If this is known," still sobbed the woman, "everything will be lost."

Wilsnach stood regarding the tumbled mass of her dusky hair.

"Since we are both working for the same thing, and in the same Service, there are several things we can do. Let in that house doctor, but no one else. Then wait for me here until I get back!"

It was neither at the main door nor at the carriage entrance of the midnight hotel that Kestner finally encountered Lieutenant-Colonel Diehms.

The whereabouts of that officer was not revealed to him, in fact, until the nervously wandering secret agent chanced to peer out across the same loggia where Wilsnach had so miraculously and so recently slept off a somewhat shocking state of inebriation.

It was there that Kestner accosted him. "There's a matter I'd like to talk to you about," announced Kestner.

"Why?"

"Because in this hotel, not an hour ago, Mme. Garnier stole a number of Navy secrets from an officer named Keys."

The two men confronted each other. Their stares seemed to meet and lock, like the antlers of embattled stags.

"I'm from the Secret Service at Washington, and I am here investigating Navy leaks—Navy leaks in which you are involved."

"In which I am involved?" repeated the officer with the great coat.

"Do you know who Mme. Garnier is, and where she comes from?"

"She is a confidential agent of our own government," was the officer's reply. "And she comes from Washington for the same work that you pretend to be doing."

Kestner stood for a moment studying the other man. But his vague look of pity did not desert him.

"I'm sorry for you, Diehms! Truly sorry! Because you've been made a tool of—more than a tool of!"

Diehms swung suddenly about. He caught the other man in a grip as fixed and frantic as the last grip of the drowning.

"By God you'll not say that!" was his passionate cry.

Kestner had no chance to reply to that

cry, for before he could speak a third person came running up to them. That person was Wilsnach, an excited and disheveled Wilsnach with an eye for nothing but the fact that he had at last found his colleague.

That colleague, however, seemed to view the newcomer with anything but approval. "Well?" Kestner demanded.

There was an unspoken question in Wilsnach's glance at the man with the great-coat.

"Colonel Diehms will be equally interested in the occurrence," quietly announced the older man. "You need not hesitate to speak out."

Still Wilsnach hesitated.

"Then I'll do it for you," explained the calm-eyed Kestner. "You were about to announce that Mme. Garnier, to protect certain invaluable Navy secrets, has just shot a man who attempted to force those secrets from her. Is that not true?"

"Yes!" gasped Wilsnach.

"And yet, Wilsnach, entirely for our benefit! Listen to me, both of you. An hour ago Mme. Garnier found she was under observation, when she stole certain papers I've already mentioned. She is a quick-witted woman. She proved this by the promptness with which she pretended she'd taken those papers to forestall their theft by quite another spy. But that spy is her own colleague, once known as Soldier-Ben. For the last three weeks, I find, he has been gay-cattling for her here in this hotel, as a waiter."

"Preposterous!" was the one word that came from Diehms's lips.

"Yet equally true," continued Kestner.

"But that is not all. Mme. Garnier had other evidence, tonight, that her position had become a dangerous one. She realized things had suddenly come to a final issue. She made several discoveries, yet one of them was not the fact that during the last three days a dictaphone had been placed in her room—as my duly transcribed short hand will later show. She knew she was near her last ditch. She had courage, and she had cleverness, so she engineered this particular shooting-scene, promptly and deliberately engineered it with that poor dupe of hers, for the purpose of throwing us off the track, if only for half an hour. During that half-hour, as you very well know, Colonel Diehms, you and she would be out of this hotel and in a motor-car headed for the Mexican border."

Diehms stood with unseeing eyes.

"What," finally asked the young officer, "what will this mean—for her?"

"From twelve to twenty years in federal prison at Atlanta," was Kestner's answer.

A visible muscular twinge ran through the man's rigid body. "And for me?" he added. "Only one thing—court-martial."

The young officer with the premature gray about the temples folded his arms. He stood for several moments staring heavily ahead of him. "I'd prefer . . . ending things . . . in the other way," he slowly announced.

It was late the following afternoon before Kestner emerged from his stateroom on the East-bound Limited. His attempt to snatch a few hours' belated sleep, apparently, had been fruitless. For about his tired face lurked a febrile restlessness which hinted at fatigue-points recently and over-ruthlessly disregarded.

Wilsnach, strolling in from the Pullman steps with an evening paper in his hand, viewed that haggard face with a stare of wondering disapproval.

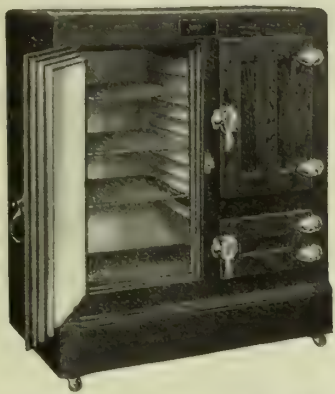
Then he remembered himself. "Let's try a smoke!" he sympathetically suggested. It was not until they were alone that Kestner, glancing down at the sheet in Wilsnach's hand, deigned to speak. "Could I look at that paper?" he asked.

What Kestner read was as follows:—

"To the long list of Pacific Coast aviation accidents must be added still another fatality. Early this morning Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred Diehms, who had been cooperating with the Navy Aviation Corps at San Diego, together with Mme. Theophile Garnier, the wife of a Continental inventor, met their death in the Pacific. The accident occurred while Colonel Diehms was experimenting with the new Garnier gyroscopic stabilizer for air craft. The trial, which was under governmental supervision, involved an altitude-test with passenger. At an estimated height of about five thousand feet the machine was seen suddenly to dip and fall. As, unfortunately, both pilot and passenger had neglected to wear life belt, neither body has been recovered . . ."

(Read the Next "Secret Service" Story in the June Hearst's)

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And the World Goes 'Round

(Continued from page 439)

asked, eagerly, "Do you think he will like her?"

"I think," said Lapidowitz, "that everything will be all right if you give me the twenty-five dollars."

Mrs. Levinsky gave him the money and Lapidowitz took his leave.

Sammis seemed to enjoy Mary's society immensely, and when he asked her mother if he could take her to the theater the following night, Mrs. Levinsky was delighted that Mary joined eagerly in the request.

"When is Mr. Levinsky coming home?" Sammis asked.

"Oh, he's at a lodge meeting. He won't be home until late," said Mrs. Levinsky. "But you'll meet him to-morrow night when you come."

Sammis looked at his watch. "Lapidowitz told me Mr. Levinsky wanted to open an account in my bank," he said, "and I thought I'd like to talk it over with him."

The next night Sammis was exceedingly disappointed to find that Mr. Levinsky had been called away unexpectedly and would not return until very late.

"He didn't say anything about the deposit, did he?" he asked.

"He never discusses business with us," replied Mrs. Levinsky. "But you will be sure to see him soon. He is anxious to meet you."

In the throng in the lobby of the theater Mary became suddenly aware that her escort had entirely forgotten her presence. With parted lips and glowing eyes he was staring straight ahead of him, and, following his gaze, Mary encountered a smile and a nod from a rather good-looking, red-haired girl standing beside an elderly woman. Mary nodded to her and turned to find that Sammis was looking at her with questioning eyes.

"Who is she?" asked Sammis, but Mary did not answer. When they had taken their seats she turned to Sammis and studied his face for a long time. Then:

"Did Mr. Lapidowitz tell you that my father was thinking of putting money into your bank?" she asked.

"Yes. He said Mr. Levinsky didn't like the bank he's doing business with at present."

"Well, my father hasn't a cent to put in your bank or any other bank," said Mary, calmly. Sammis turned red and pressed his lips tightly together. And then he laughed. "What a liar that chap Lapidowitz is! I wonder—" And then he looked sharply at his companion who met his gaze unflinchingly and merely nodded her head.

"I see you have the right idea," she said, smiling. "He was trying to make a match. Honestly, now, you wouldn't dream of marrying me, would you? Without a cent?"

Sammis scratched his head in perplexity. His was not a nature to be easily embarrassed, and yet the directness of the question rather took his breath away. The curtain rising at that moment gave him a respite, and when the first act was over he was prepared with his answer.

"To be perfectly honest with you," he said, "I couldn't afford it. The bank needs money or it'll bust, and if I marry at all it will have to be a girl with enough money to be of some use. I wouldn't tell that to everybody but—but I think you and I could be good friends, anyway. You've got a level head on your shoulders."

Mary smiled at him and held out her hand, which he grasped as one clasps the hand of a comrade.

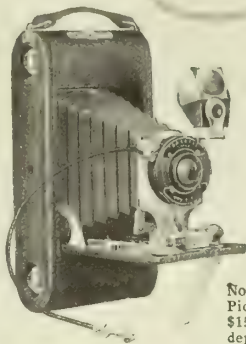
"Now that you've broken my heart," she said, "I'll tell you about that girl. Her name is Sadie Gordon—she's my second-cousin—and she's just crazy to get married. Her father has a banking business just like yours, and she's sure to have money when she gets married. So if you like her—and I'm sure you do—maybe I'll introduce you. I'll be a regular shadchen and I'll tell her all sorts of nice things about you."

Sammis, with sparkling eyes, leaned toward her and whispered into her ear, "You're an angel!"

"I said 'maybe I'll introduce you,'" remarked Mary, staring straight ahead of her.

"What does it depend upon? What are

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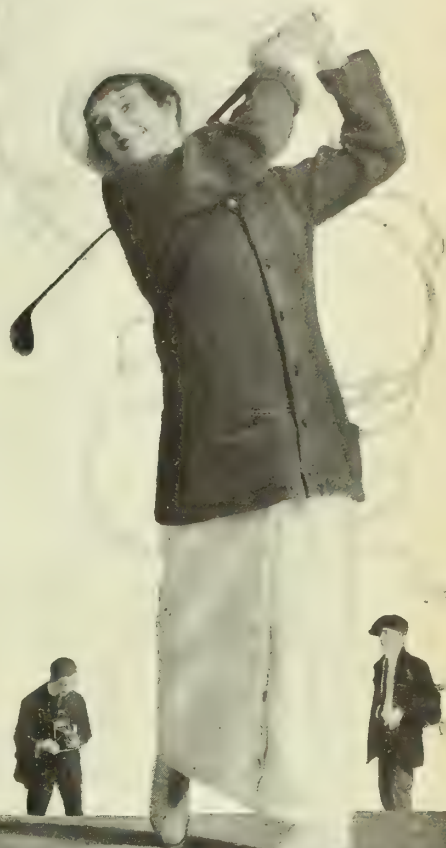
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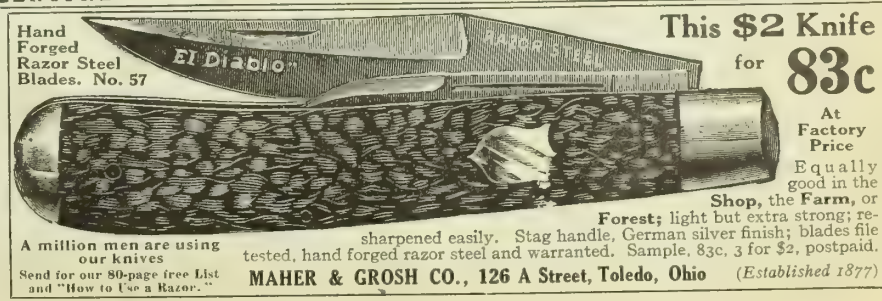
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Her Mother

(Continued from page 448)

others where a woman is not happy, all the devotion which I had longed to give to my stepchild, all the emotion that had been held back by me, as a second wife, were poured out lavishly upon my own baby.

Thus another year passed. Then one night in midwinter, when my husband had been away on business, the tragedy came.

We had allowed Miss Simmons to go to New York to visit friends and spend the night. The maids, Molly, the baby, and I were the only persons in the house.

I do not know how long I had been asleep when I awoke with an acrid taste in my mouth and a choking in my throat. I heard a sound of heavy feet stumbling through the upper hall and I threw open my door just as my servants dashed past me down the stairs. One of them called back: "The house is on fire, ma'am! Run!"

But she did not stop to help me. What primitive beasts servants were, I thought dully. Then, a red glow down-stairs caught my eye and my mind cleared with the shock. I glanced at my baby. She was fast asleep in my bed. I thought of Molly across the hall and ran to her room.

"Molly!" I cried frantically, standing her upon her feet. "The house is on fire! Run, dear—run!"

Somewhere outside, above the dull roar of the flames, I heard men's voices and my husband's shout, and I knew that he was trying to get to us. Molly heard too, and started to her feet.

"There's daddy!" she screamed in a shrill, high voice. "He's coming to get me! I'll wait for him!"

"You mustn't!" I burst forth, seizing her by the shoulder and dragging her toward the hall. "Run—run for the back stairs!"

Then, as she stopped irresolute, I dashed into my room, picked up my baby, threw a crib-blanket about her, and stumbled through the smoke back to Molly's door.

"Daddy's coming for me. I won't go with you!"

Once more I caught her by the arm and tried to drag her to the door, but she snatched her arm from my grasp and struck me.

"Let me alone!" she screamed.

All at once the crackling itself was overwhelmed in a roar as the staircase fell in.

"Molly!" I panted, "for God's sake come!"

"No, no!" she wailed, and running from me threw herself face downward on the bed.

I looked at the baby in my arms and made my decision. The halls were thick with smoke. Staggering to the wash-stand, I caught up a towel and dipped it into the pitcher that stood there, and, laying it across my child's mouth, I fled to the door.

Here the smoke almost drove me back, but, falling on my hands and knees, I threw the child over my shoulder, and, holding her feet with one hand, I crawled to the head of the back stairs. They were hot beneath my bare feet as I ran down them, swaying from side to side. The door at the foot of the stairs was locked, as it always was at night. I beat upon it wildly, and tried to scream. Suddenly, there was a sound of running feet; the door was torn open and my husband and a neighbor caught my child and me as I fell forward.

But my husband did not hold me. Instead, he almost threw me against the other man. "Where is Molly,—my little girl?" he shouted.

"Up-stairs," I gasped,—"she would not come—"

"And you left her!" I heard him groan, as he dashed up the steps.

The firemen found him where he had fallen beside his child's bed, overcome, unconscious. In the fresh air he revived. They brought out Molly with him, but she never breathed again. They said that she was probably dead by the time her father reached her—smothered by the smoke.

When I had recovered sufficiently from the shock to be able to talk to my husband, he told me of his decision. We would be better apart, he said. He would support me and my child, but he did not want to live with me. "Molly's own mother would have died sooner than leave her," he said. "You did not love her—that's all."

I burst into hysterical denial of his accusation—but he did not seem to hear.

Yes, I denied his accusation then. Now, looking at my own child, I wonder if he was not right.

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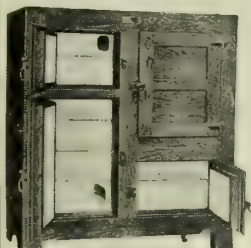
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JUNE

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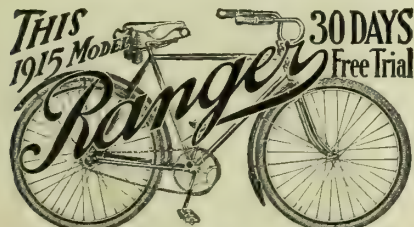
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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



LOOKING-FOR-THE-GOOD



Out of the surplus of happiness, the artist works.

Happy people plant, plan, build, devise, design, invent.

By Elbert Hubbard
Drawing by Charles A. Winter

LOVERS look for the good in each other. The business of love is to idealize. We imagine a thing first and create it afterward. Heaven is right here when we imagine it. And to imagine means to "image"—or see.

Looking for the good in others is the surest way of evolving it in ourselves.

It isn't enough to be good—we must be good for something.

People who are good for something are happy—but not too happy. Very happy people are smug and self-satisfied. Happiness must always be flavored with discontent. *This prevents stagnation.

You can't get happiness by taking it from someone else. You keep happiness by giving it away. The more you pass out the more you have.

Happiness is a mood of the mind. It is a psychological condition where the outlook on the world is bright, kindly, and good-tempered. When we are happy we are generous with our friends, lenient toward our enemies—strong, patient, able, courageous, hopeful, looking for the good.

Happiness is a positive quality, not a mere absence of something.

Misery is a condition of mind where depression, grief, melancholia, and fear are supreme.

Then there may come a condition where indifference prevails, and this would be an absence of misery, but it would not be happiness. It would be merely stupidity, dullness, deadness, heaviness.

You reach Nirvana when nothing matters. It is true that nothing matters much, but everything matters a little. Nirvana is passive, happiness is positive. And positive anything is better than negative nothing.

Yes, happiness is something more than an absence of misery. It is a positive condition where action, motion, hope, expectancy, curiosity, prevail. Happiness is a state of transition. It means that we are going somewhere, moving toward a place that we think is better than this, stepping from this to that.

Complete success is not happiness. Pope said: "Man never is, but always to be blessed."

The anticipation of blessings, and the expectancy that they will arrive, is happiness.

The happy mood is the creative mood. Happy people plant, plan, build, devise, design, invent. Kill happiness and industrialism dies and the bread-line forms.

"Art," said William Morris, "is the expression of a man's joy in his work." We cannot differentiate between happiness and joy, save that joy is a more active principle of happiness.

Happiness is calm, patient, poised, powerful. Joy might well be described as an effervescence or an explosion of happiness—and all explosions are necessarily transient.

Happiness is a deep current moving with irresistible force. Joy is a rippling, dancing, singing stream. Joy does not necessarily imply power, but happiness always means life, and life in abundance.

Happiness cannot be stored up. It must be utilized in order to keep it. Just as the Israelites of old gathered their manna every day, so must we get our happiness.

A smile, a wave of the hand, a word of good cheer, a hand-grasp, a little note of recognition—all these done in happiness bless and benefit other people, and add to the giver's bank balance.

Happiness is contagious. It runs over and inundates everything and everybody in its vicinity. It oozes, leaks—breaks the dam and makes the waste places green.

It is out of this surplus of happiness that the artist paints his picture, carves his statue, writes his song. The raw stock of the actor, orator, and lover is happiness. He who has happiness is rich, though he live in a cottage; he who is without happiness is a beggar, though he live in a palace.

And the recipe for happiness is: Think the good; look for the good; give out the good. Then all the good we deserve is ours.

The Story By David

*The Greatest
Ever Written.
Life Work of an
Illustrated by*



responsible for the rejection of hocus-pocus and the injection of common sense into American medicine. For upward of an hour young Stevens, coat off and shirt sleeves rolled to his shoulders, had been toiling with the lifeless form on the table. He had tried everything his training, his reading, and his experience suggested—all the more or less familiar devices similar to those indicated for cases of drowning. Nora had watched him, at first with interest and hope, then with interest alone, finally with swiftly deepening disapproval, as her compressed lips and angry eyes plainly revealed. It seemed to her his effort was degenerating into sacrilege, into defiance of an obvious decree of the Almighty. However, she had not ventured to speak until the young man, with a muttered ejaculation suspiciously like an imprecation, straightened his stocky figure and began to mop the sweat from his face, hands and bared arms.

When she saw that her verdict had not been heard, she repeated it more emphatically. "The child's dead," said she, "as I told you from the set-out." She made the sign of the cross on her forehead and bosom, while her fat, dry lips moved in a "Hail, Mary."

The young man did not rouse from his reverie. He continued to gaze with a baffled expression at the tiny form, like a whimsical caricature of humanity. He showed that he had heard the woman's remark by saying, to himself rather than to her, "Dead? What's that? Merely another name for ignorance." But the current of his thought did not swerve. It held to the one course: What would his master, the dauntless, the infinitely resourceful Schulze do if confronted by this intolerable obstacle of a perfect machine refusing to do its duty and pump vital force through an eagerly waiting body? "He'd make it go, I'd bet my life," the young man muttered. "I'm ashamed of myself."

As if the reproach were just the spur his courage and his intelligence had needed, his face suddenly glowed with the upshooting fire of an inspiration. He thrust the big white handkerchief into his hip pocket, laid one large strong hand upon the small, beautifully arched chest of the baby. Nora, roused by his expression even more than by his gesture, gave an exclamation of horror. "Don't touch it again," she cried, between entreaty and command. "You've done all you can—and more."

Stevens was not listening. "Such a fine baby too," he said, hesitating—the old woman mistakenly fancied it was her words that made him pause. "I feel no good at all," he went on, as if reasoning with himself, "No good at all, losing both the mother and the child."

"She didn't want to live," replied Nora. Her glance stole somewhat fearfully toward the door of the adjoining room—the bedroom where the mother lay dead. "There wasn't nothing but disgrace ahead for both of them. Everybody'll be glad."

"Such a fine baby," muttered the abstracted young doctor.

THE child's dead," said Nora the nurse.

It was the upstairs sitting-room in one of the pretentious houses of Sutherland, oldest and most charming of the towns on the Indiana bank of the

Ohio. The two big windows were open; their limp and listless draperies showed that there was not the least motion in the stifling humid air of the July afternoon. At the center of the room stood an old oak table; over it were neatly spread several thicknesses of white cotton cloth; backed upon them lay the body of a new born girl baby. At one side of the table nearer the window stood Nora. Hers were the hard features and corrugated skin popularly regarded as the result of a life of toil, but in fact the result of a life of defiance to the laws of health. Her additional peculiarities—that some self-indulgence she had in her massive, stout and hips, thin face and small, hollow, almost dried neck. The young man, blond and smooth-faced, as the other side of the table and facing the light, was Doctor Stevens, a recently graduated pupil of the famous University of Saint Christopher who, as much as any other one man, is

To look at Susan's chin and throat was to know where her lover would choose to kiss her first. The youths of Sutherland longed for the alluring Susan, but they dared not with all the women saying "Poor thing!"

of Susan Lenox Her Fall and Rise

Graham Phillips

*American Novel
The Crowning
American Genius.
Howard Chandler Christy*

"And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more."

"Love children always is," said Nora. She was looking sadly and tenderly down at the tiny, symmetrical form—symmetrical to her, and the doctor's expert eyes. "Such a deep chest," she sighed. "Such pretty hands and feet. A real love child." There she glanced nervously at the doctor; it was meet and proper and pious to speak well of the dead, but she felt she might be going rather far for a "good woman."

"I'll try it," cried the young man in a resolute tone. "It can't do any harm, and——"

Without finishing his sentence he laid hold of the body by the ankles, swung it clear of the table. As Nora saw it dangling head downward like a dressed suckling pig on a butcher's hook, she vented a scream and darted round the table to stop by main force this revolting desecration of the dead. Stevens called out sternly: "Mind your business, Nora! Push the table against the wall and get out of the way. I want all the room there is."

"Oh, doctor—for the blessed Jesus' sake——"

"Push back that table!"

Nora shrank before his fierce eyes. She thought his exertions, his disappointment and the heat had combined to topple him over into insanity. She retreated toward the farther one of the open windows. With a curse at her stupidity Stevens kicked over the table, used his foot vigorously in thrusting it to the wall. "Now!" exclaimed he, taking his stand in the center of the room and gaging the distance of ceiling, floor and walls.

Nora, her back against the window frame, her fingers sunk in her big loose apron, stared petrified. Stevens, like an athlete swinging an Indian club, whirled the body round and round his head, at the full length of his powerful arms. More and more rapidly he swung it, until his breath came and went in gasps and the sweat was trickling in streams down his face and neck. Round and round between ceiling and floor whirled the naked body of the baby—round and round for minutes that seemed hours to the horrified nurse—round and round with all the strength and speed the young man could put forth—round and round until the room was a blur before his throbbing eyes, until his expression became fully as demoniac as

Nora had been fancying it. Just as she was recovering from her paralysis of horror and was about to fly shrieking from the room she was

halted by a sound. "Was that you?" asked Nora hoarsely, "or was it——" She listened.

The sound came again—the sound of a drowning person fighting for breath.

"It's—it's——" muttered Nora. "What is it, doctor?"

"Life!" panted Stevens, triumph in his glistening, streaming face. "Life!"

He continued to whirl the little form, but not so rapidly or so vigorously. And now the sound was louder, or rather, less faint, less uncertain—was a cry—was the cry of a living thing. "She's alive—alive!" shrieked the woman; and in time with his movements, she swayed to and fro, from side to

side, laughing, weeping, wringing her hands, patting her bosom, her cheeks. She stretched out her arms. "My

prayers are answered!" she cried.

"Don't kill her, you brute! Give her to me. You shan't treat a baby that way."

The unheeding doctor kept on whirling until



After supper Susan had to get herself ready for Sam's visit.

the cry was continuous, a low but lusty wail of angry protest. Then he stopped, caught the baby up in both arms, burst out laughing. "You little minx!" he said—or, rather, gasped—a tenderness quite maternal in his eyes. "But I got you! Nora, the table."

Nora righted the table, spread and smoothed the cloths, extended her scrawny eager arms for the baby. Stevens with a jerk of the head motioned her aside, laid the baby on the table. He felt for the pulse at its wrist, bent to listen at the heart. Quite useless. That strong, rising howl of helpless fury was proof enough. Her majesty the baby was mad through and through—therefore, alive through and through.

"Grand heart action!" said the young man. He stood aloof, hands on his hips, head at a proud angle. "You never saw a healthier specimen. It'll be many a year, bar accidents, before she's that near death again."

But it was Nora's turn not to hear. She was soothing and swaddling the outraged baby. "There—there!" she crooned. "Nora'll take care of you. The bad man shan't come near my little precious—no, the wicked man shan't touch her again."

The bedroom door opened. At the slight noise superstitious Nora paled, shriveled within her green and white check gingham. She slowly turned her head as if on this day of miracles she expected yet another—the resurrection of the resurrected baby's mother, "poor Miss Lorella." But Lorella Lenox was forever tranquil in the sleep that engulfed her and the sorrows in which she had been entangled by an impetuous, trusting heart. The apparition in the doorway was commonplace—the mistress of the house, Lorella's elder and married sister Fanny—neither fair nor dark, neither tall nor short, neither thin nor fat, neither pretty nor homely, neither stupid nor bright, neither neat nor dowdy—one of that multitude of excellent, unobtrusive human beings who make the restful stretches in a world of agitations—and who respond to the impetus of circumstances as unresistingly as cloud to wind.

As the wail of the child smote upon Fanny's ears she lifted her head, startled, and cried out sharply, "What's

"We've saved the baby, Mrs. Warham," replied the young doctor, beaming on her through his glasses.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Warham. And she abruptly seated herself on the big chintz-covered sofa

"And it's a lovely child," pleaded Nora. Her woman's instinct guided her straight to the secret of the conflict raging behind Mrs. Warburton's smiling face.

"The finest girl in the world," cried Stevens,

fact," explained Leary, starting up from the couch. "It's a game."

They walked. The young man looked down-
cast, he was reading the emotional side of his
sister's life picture—the consequences to the girl
child of all the relatives.

And then—suddenly! Fanny, sinking to the sofa
under that long, long gaze on his face!

Kindle and answer rose the wail. Fanny,
 with a look as though she would be loosed to the

Susan flung a laughing glance over her shoulder. "Ruth isn't setting her cap for Sam," said she. "Only me. I saw him first, so he's mine. He's coming to see me this evening."

resigned it to the nurse. "Take it into the bathroom," she said, "where everything's ready to feed it—though I never dreamed—" As Nora was about to depart, she detained her. "Let me look at it again."

The nurse understood that Fanny Warham was searching for evidence of the mysterious but suspected paternity whose secret Lorella, with true Lenox obstinacy, had guarded to the end. The two women scanned the features. A man would at a glance have abandoned hope of discovering anything from a chart so vague and confused as that wrinkled, twisted, swollen face of the new born. Not so a woman. Said Nora: "She seems to me to favor the Lenoxes. But I think I *kind o' think* I see a *trace of* of—" There she halted, waiting for encouragement.

"Of Galt?" suggested Fanny, in an undertone.

"Of Galt," assented Nora, her tone equally discreet. "That nose is Galt-like—and the set

of the ears—and a kind of something to the neck and shoulders."

"Maybe so," said Fanny doubtfully. She shook her head drearily, sighed. "What's the use? Lorella's gone. And this morning General Galt came down to see my husband with a letter he'd got from Jimmie. Jimmie denies it. Perhaps so. Again, perhaps the General wrote him to write that, and threatened him if he didn't. But what's the use? We'll never know."

And they never did.

When young Stevens was leaving, George Warham waylaid him at the front gate, separated from the spacious old creeper-clad house by long lawns and an avenue of elms. "I hear the child's going to live," said he anxiously.

"I've never seen anything more alive," replied Stevens.

Warham stared gloomily at the ground. He was evidently ashamed of his feelings, yet convinced that they were human and natural. A moment's silence between the men, then Stevens put his hand on the gate latch. "Did—did—my wife—" began Warham. "Did she say what she calculated to do?"

"Not a word, George." After a silence. "You know how fond she is of babies."

"Yes, I know," replied Warham. "Fanny is a true woman if ever there was one." With a certain defiance, "And Lorella—she was a sweet, womanly girl!"

"As sweet and good as she was pretty," replied Stevens heartily.

"The way she kept her mouth shut about that hound, whoever he is!" Warham's Roman face grew savage, revealed in startling apparition a stubborn cruelty of which there was not a trace upon the surface.

"If I ever catch the — I'll fill him full of holes."

His face became calmer. "That poor little baby! He'll have a hard row to hoe."

Stevens flushed a guilty red. "It's—it's—a girl," he stammered.

Warham stared. "A girl!" he cried. Then his face reddened and in a furious tone he burst out, "Now don't that beat the devil for luck! . . . A girl! Good Lord—a girl!"

"Nobody in this town'll blame her," consoled Stevens.

"You know better than that, Bob! A girl! Why, it's downright wicked . . . I wonder what Fanny allows to do?" He showed what fear was in his mind by wheeling savagely on Stevens with a stormy, "We can't keep her—we simply can't!"

"What's to become of her?" protested Stevens gently.

Warham made a wild vague gesture with both arms. "I've got to look out for my own daughter. I won't have it. I won't have it!"

Stevens lifted the gate latch. "Well—

"Good-by, George. I'll look in again this evening." And knowing the moral ideas of the town, all he could muster by way of encouragement was a half-hearted "Don't borrow trouble."

But Warham did not hear. He was moving up the tan-bark walk toward the house, muttering to himself. When Fanny, unable longer to conceal Lorella's plight, had told him, pity and affection for his sweet sister-in-law who had made her home with them for five years, had triumphed over his principles. He had himself arranged for Fanny to hide Lorella in New York until she could safely return. But just as the sisters were about to set out, Lorella, low in body and in mind, fell ill. Then George—and Fanny, too—had striven with her to give them the name of her betrayer, that he might be compelled to do her justice. Lorella refused. "I told him," she said, "and he—

"I never want to see him again." They pleaded the disgrace to them, but she replied that he would not marry her, even if she would marry him; and she held to her refusal with the firmness for which the Lenoxes were famous. They suspected Jimmie Galt, because he had been about the most atten-

tive of the young men until two or three months before, and because he had abruptly departed for Europe to study architecture. Lorella denied that it was he. "If you kill him," she said to Warham, "you kill an innocent man." Warham was so exasperated by her obstinacy that he was at first for taking her at her offer and letting her go away. But Fanny would not hear to it, and he acquiesced. Now— "This child must be sent away off somewhere, and never be heard of again," he said to himself. "If it'd been a boy perhaps it might have got along. But, a girl—

"There's nothing can be done to make things right for a girl that's got no father and no name."

The subject did not come up between him and his wife until about a week after Lorella's funeral. He was thinking of nothing else. At his big grocery store—wholesale and retail—he sat morosely in his office brooding over the disgrace and the danger of deeper disgrace—for, he saw what a hold the baby already had upon his wife. He was ashamed to appear in the streets; he knew what was going on behind the sympathetic faces, heard the whisperings as if they had been trumpeting. And he was as much

afraid of his own soft heart as of his wife's. But for the sake of his daughter, he must be firm and just.

One morning, as he was leaving the house after breakfast, he turned back and said abruptly: "Fan, don't you think you'd better send the baby away and get it over with?"

"No," said his wife unhesitatingly — and he knew his worst suspicion was correct.

"I've made up my mind to keep her."

Ruth, seated in the hammock, hands in lap, her whole attitude intensely still, was watching her cousin Susan with narrowed eyes.



Howard Chandler Christy, 1915

Warham kissed one of the soft cheeks swelling like a ripening apple.

There was no more talk of sending her away, from either George Warham or his wife.

NOT quite seventeen years later, on a fine June morning, Ruth Warham issued hastily from the house and started down the long tan-bark walk from the front veranda to the street gate. She was now nineteen—nearer twenty—and a very pretty young woman indeed. She had grown up one of those small slender blondes, exquisite and doll-like, who can not help seeming fresh and sweet, whatever the truth about them, without or within. This morning she had on a new summer dress of a blue that matched her eyes and harmonized with her coloring. She was looking her best, and she had the satisfying, confidence-giving sense that it was so.

Like most of the unattached girls of small towns she was always dreaming of the handsome stranger who would fall in love—thrilling, love-story kind of love—at first sight. The weather plays a conspicuous part in the romancings of youth; she felt that this was precisely the kind of day fate would be most likely to select for the meeting.

Ruth glanced furtively to see if Sam was looking at her. He was. "I must wear low-necked dresses more in the evenings," she said to herself. "It's foolish for a girl to hide a good neck."

She had got only far enough from the house to be visible to the second story windows when a young voice called: "Ruthie! Aren't you going to wait for me?"

Ruth halted; an expression anything but harmonious with the pretty blue costume stormed across her face. "I won't have her along!" she muttered. "I simply won't!" She turned slowly, and as she turned effaced every trace of temper with a dexterity which might have given an onlooker a poorer opinion of her character than perhaps the facts as to human nature justify. The countenance she presently revealed to those upper windows was sunny and sweet. No one was visible; but the horizontal slats in one of the only closed pair of shutters and a vague suggestion of movement rather than form behind them gave the impression that a woman, not far enough dressed to risk being seen from the street, was hidden there. Evidently Ruth knew, for it was toward this window that she directed her gaze and the remark, "Can't wait, dear. I'm in a great hurry. Mama wants the bill right away, and I've got to match it."

"But I'll be only a minute," pleaded the voice—a much more interesting, more musical voice than Ruth's rather shrill and thin high soprano.

"No. I'll meet you up at papa's store."
"All right."

Ruth resumed her journey. She smiled to herself. "That means," said she, half aloud, "I'll steer clear of the store this morning."

But as she was leaving the gate into the wide, shady, sleepy street, who should come driving past in a village cart but Lottie Wright? And Lottie reined her pony in to the sidewalk and in the shade of a symmetrical walnut tree proceeded to invite Ruth to a dance—a long story, as Lottie had to tell all about it—the decorations, the favors, the food, who would be there, what she was going to wear, and so on and on. Ruth was intensely interested—but kept remembering something that caused her to glance uneasily from time to time up the tan-bark walk under the arching boughs toward the house. Even if she had not been interested, she would hardly have ventured to break off; Lottie Wright was the only daughter of the richest man in Sutherland and, therefore, social arbiter to the younger set.

Lottie stopped and abruptly said: "Well, I really must get on. And there's your cousin coming down the walk. I know you've been waiting for her."

Ruth tried to keep in countenance, but a blush of shame and a frown of irritation came in spite of her.

"I'm sorry I can't ask Susie, too," pursued Lottie, in a voice of hypocritical regret. "But there are to be exactly eighteen couples—and I couldn't."

"Of course not," said Ruth heartily. "Susan'll understand."

"I wouldn't for the world do anything to hurt her feelings," continued Lottie with the self-complacent righteousness of a deacon telling the congregation how good "grace" has made him. Her prominent commonplace brown eyes were gazing up the walk, an expression distressingly like envious anger in them. She had a thick, pudgy face, an oily skin, an outcropping of dull red pimples on the chin. Many women can indulge their passion for sweets at meals and sweets between meals without serious injury—to complexion; Lottie Wright, unluckily, couldn't.

"I feel sorry for Susie," she went on, in the ludicrous patronizing tone that needs no describing to anyone acquainted with any fashionable set anywhere from China to Peru. "And I think the way you all treat her is simply beautiful. But then everybody feels sorry for her and tries to be kind. She knows—about herself, I mean—doesn't she, Ruthie?"

"I guess so," replied Ruth, almost hanging her head in her mortification. "She's very good and sweet."

"Indeed she is," said Lottie. "And father says she's far and away the prettiest girl in town."

With this parting shot which struck precisely where she had aimed, Lottie gathered up the reins and drove on, calling out a friendly, "Hello, Susie dearie," to Susan Lenox, who, on her purposely lagging way from the house, had nearly reached the gate.

"What a nasty thing Lottie Wright is!" exclaimed Ruth to her cousin.

"She has a mean tongue," admitted Susan, tall and slim and straight, with glorious dark hair and a skin healthily pallid and as smooth as clear. "But she's got a good heart. She gives a lot away to poor people."

"Because she likes to patronize and be kowtowed to," retorted Ruth. "She's mean, I tell you." Then, with a vicious gleam in the blue eyes that hinted a deeper and less presentable motive for the telling, "Why, she's not going to ask you to her party."

Susan was obviously unmoved. "She has the right to ask whom she pleases. And"—she laughed—"if I were giving a party I'd not want to ask her—though I might do it for fear she'd feel left out."

"Don't you feel left out?"

Susan shook her head. "I seem not to care much about going to parties lately. The boys

"It isn't fair to Ruth."

Anywhere. Get it adopted in Chicago—
Cincinnati—Louisville—
Cincinnati—Louisville—
Cincinnati—Louisville—

"When she and Ruth grow up—what then?"
"I don't know, but I'll be there."

The sins of the parents are visited on the
children—
"I don't care," interrupted Fanny. "I
don't care, I'm going to keep her. Wait here
a minute."

When she was born, she had the baby in her
arms. "Just look," she said softly.
George frowned, tried not to look, but was
convinced and looking for the worst, Lottie, blushing
deep, as smoothly, as a shining silver coin.

And think how she was sent back to life—
from beyond the grave. It must have been for
some purpose.

Warham groaned. "Oh Lord, I don't know
what to do. But—It isn't fair to our Ruth."

"I don't see it that way," Elizabeth Gray.

don't like to dance with me, and I get tired of sitting the dances out."

This touched Ruth's impulsively generous heart and woman's easy tears filled her eyes; her cousin's remark was so pathetic, the more pathetic because its pathos was absolutely unconscious. Ruth shot a pitying glance at Susan; but the instant she saw the loveliness of the features upon which that expression of unconsciousness lay like innocence upon a bed of roses, the pity vanished from her eyes to be replaced by a disfiguring envy as hateful as an evil emotion can be at nineteen. Susan still lacked nearly a month of seventeen, but she seemed older than Ruth because her mind and her body had developed beyond her years—or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say, beyond the average of growth at seventeen. Also her personality was stronger, far more definite. Ruth tried to believe herself the cleverer and the more beautiful, at times with a certain success. But, as she happened to be a shrewd young person—an inheritance from the Warhams—she was haunted by misgivings—and worse. Those whose vanity never suffers from these torments will, of course, condemn her; but whoever has known the pain of having to concede superiority to someone with whom she—or he—is constantly contrasted, will not be altogether without sympathy for Ruth in her struggles, often vain struggles, against the mortal sin of jealousy.

The truth is, Susan was beyond question the belle of Sutherland. Her eyes, very dark at birth, had changed to a soft dreamy violet gray. Hair and coloring, lashes and eyebrows remained dark; thus, her eyes and the intense red of her lips had that vicinage of contrast which is necessary to distinction. To look at her was to be at once fascinated by those violet gray eyes—by their color, by their clearness, by their regard of calm, grave inquiry, by their mystery not untouched of a certain sadness. She had a thick abundance of wavy hair, not so long as Ruth's golden braids, but growing beautifully instead of thinly about her low brow, about her delicately modeled ears and at the back of her exquisite neck. Her slim nose departed enough from the classic line to prevent the suggestion of monotony that is in all purely classic faces. Her nostrils had the sensitiveness that more than any other outward sign indicates the imaginative temperament. Her chin and throat—to look at them was, to know where her lover would choose to kiss her first. When she smiled, her large even teeth were dazzling. And the smile itself was exceedingly sweet and winning, with the violet gray eyes casting over it that seriousness verging on sadness which is the natural outlook of a highly intelligent nature. For, while stupid vain people are suspicious and easily offended, only the intelligent are truly sensitive—keenly susceptible to all sensations. The dull ear is suspicious; the acute ear is sensitive.

The intense red of her lips, at times so vivid that it seemed artificial, and their sinuous, sen-

sitive curve indicated a temperament that was frankly proclaimed in her figure—sensuous, graceful, slender—the figure of girlhood in its perfection and of perfect womanhood too—like those tropical flowers that look innocent and young and fresh yet stir in the beholder passionate longings and visions. Her walk was worthy of face and figure—free and firm and graceful, the small head carried proudly without haughtiness.

This physical beauty had as an aureole to illuminate it and to set it off a manner that was wholly devoid of mannerisms—of those that men and women think out and exhibit to give added charm to themselves—tricks of cuteness; as lip and baby stare; tricks of dignity, as grave brow and body always carried rigidly erect; tricks of sweetness and kindness, as the ever ready smile and the warm hand clasp. Susan the interested in the world about her, Susan the self-unconscious had none of these tricks. She was

at all times her own self. Beauty is anything but rare, likewise intelligence. But this quality of naturalness is the greatest of all qualities. It made Susan Lenox unique.

It was not strange or inexcusable—that the girls and their parents had begun to pity Susan as soon as her beauty developed, and this personality began to exhale its delicious perfume. It was but natural that they should start the whole town to "being killed to the poor thing." And it was equally the matter of course that they should have achieved their object—should have impressed the conventional masculine mind of the town with such a sense of the "poor thing's" social isolation and "impossibility" that the boys ceased to be her eagerly admiring friends, were afraid to be alone with her, to ask her to dance. Women are conventional as a business; but with men conventionality is a groveling superstition. The youths of Sutherland longed for, sighed for, the alluring, sweet, bright Susan; but they dared not, with all the women saying

"Poor thing! What a pity a nice man can't afford to have anything to do with her." It was an interesting typical example of the profound snobbishness of the male character. Rarely, after Susan was sixteen, did any of the boys venture to ask her to dance and, so, give himself the joy of encircling that lovely form of hers; yet from babyhood her fascination for the male sex regardless of age or temperament had been uncanny—"naturally, she being a love child," said the old women. And from fourteen on, it grew steadily.

It would be difficult for one who has not lived in a small town to understand exactly the kind of isolation to which Sutherland consigned the girl without her realizing it, without their fully realizing it themselves. Everyone was friendly with her. A stranger would not have noticed any difference in the treatment of her and of her cousin Ruth. Yet not one of the young men would have thought of marrying her, would have regarded her as his equal or the equal of his sisters. She went to all the general entertainments. She was invited to all the houses when failure to invite her would have seemed pointed

—but only then. She did not think much about herself; she was fond of study—fonder of reading—fond of, perhaps, of making dresses and hats, especially for Ruth, whom she thought much prettier than herself. Thus, she was only vaguely, subconsciously conscious of there being something peculiar and mysterious in her lot.

This isolation rather than her dominant quality of self-effacing consideration for others was the chief cause of the extraordinary innocence of her mind. No servant, no girl, no audacious boy ever ventured to raise with her any question remotely touching on sex. All those questions seemed to Puritan Sutherland in any circumstances highly indelicate; in relation to Susan they seemed worse than indelicate, dreadful though the thought was that there could be anything worse than indelicacy. It was generally assumed that she knew all about her origin, that someone had, some time or other, told her. Even her Aunt Fanny thought so, thought she was hiding the knowledge deep in her heart, explained in that way her content with the solitude of books and sewing.

(Continued on page 536)



"My, but you're looking fine, Susie," exclaimed Sam. "I haven't seen anyone that could hold a candle to you—even in the East." Susan laughed and blushed with pleasure. "Go on," she said with raillery; "I love it." "Come in and sit under the trees, and I'll fill all the time you'll give me," replied Sam.

Dividends

Illustrated by

NOWADAYS so many pretty stories open with a limousine waiting at the door, one is almost constrained to believe that such a touch of suggested opulence must be universally pleasing as a preface. Maybe its general appeal lies in the fact that those who own their own town-cars find a more or less cozy satisfaction in mingling mentally with their own people—in seeing themselves mirrored in the street, as it were. And as for the other nine hundred and ninety, who walk to save their car-fare nickel and can never hope to roll down the avenue behind a quartet of purring cylinders—well, they no doubt are greedy even for the printed proxy. They get enough of the other side of the thing at home, without seeking it with any real avidity in current literature.

Very few have ever scored a consistent success in the purveyance of human woes, except perhaps the newspapers which have systematized the business. Even one's best friend is liable to yawn at a prolonged tale of misfortune, or plead an early and pressing engagement. And since this story is scarcely a pretty one, as an introduction the limousine will perhaps serve better than anything else would. It may lend tone.

Then, too, the Gresham town-car was quite above cavil or criticism. It reflected, so people said, Fanny Gresham's own exquisite self in its luxurious silk-cord, rose-tinted upholstery, and lacquered interior; somehow it suggested, with its bulging, plum-colored body and bright brass-work, Mortimer Gresham's well-fed person—savored also of his well advertised financial solidity.

Precisely on the stroke of nine, the car rolled solidly up under the white porte-cochère overlooking the Hudson, at the same instant that the outer doors swung noiselessly open and Mortimer Gresham and his wife appeared. Absolute precision was one of Mortimer Gresham's habits, and both he and Mrs. Gresham were ready that morning on the stroke of the hour—both were garbed with equal punctiliousness for those activities which Thursday always brought round with it.

On Thursdays it was Fanny Gresham's custom to eschew the more frivolous things of existence, to make the rounds of those addresses on the list with which her husband supplied her unfailingly every Wednesday. No matter how overcrowded her week was, no matter how illustrious or brilliant or delightfully wicked of reputation the personage might be who was to grace and adorn this drawing-room or that, if the date happened to fall upon Thursday she turned her own hand to its allure with an uncompromising finality that was almost Chaucerianly prime. She was intensely formal in the discharge of her self-imposed charities and as formal in the matter of her own attire on these weekly descents into that unromantic, crowded section of Manhattan known by the wrong name of Fifth Avenue.

For Fanny Gresham had her own working theory concerning the distressing poverty of that district, and the sullen lack of industry which, she was very certain, went hand in hand with it. She argued, very clearly it must be admitted, that the surest way to act it was to illustrate by personal example just how desirable

the fruits of toil might be. No woman, she insisted with pretty emphasis, was quite so likely to be stupidly satisfied with the nauseating odor of stale sleeping-rooms, and staler kitchen of a three-room apartment in a red brick, river tenement, after she had encountered the influence of her (Mrs. Gresham's) own perfumed and perfect body—not quite so likely to endure in dull-eyed silence, flannel garments, as greasy as they were shapeless, after they had glimpsed her own lithe-lined immaculateness.

Of course Mrs. Gresham did not phrase it in exactly that fashion—for that might have savored a trifle of conceit or self-satisfaction. But, as she very logically put it to the bishop, indolence and torpid ambition quite plainly lay at the root of the evil. Most epigrammatically she stated

that covetousness after all was a sin only in a matter of degree, and if the obvious excellence of her own possessions, even though they were of a worldly nature, could awaken those unfortunates from their stubborn resignation to the squalid surroundings, wasn't it then merely fighting



"Will not work," Mrs. Peters murmured as she turned with slow and ponderous surprise. "Will not work! Why, it ain't that Jim won't work. They—they just ain't nothing steady be can get to do!"

by Larry Evans

A.B. Wenzell

the devil with his own weapons? The cleverness of her reasoning never failed to draw a benign and flattering smile from her bishop, or a well-rounded pronunciamiento for her acumen. He supplied her with the lists of the needy—or indolent, as she insisted—with unfailing regularity.

She was dressed that morning with every care, every attention to detail. A narrow, satiny skirt clung caressingly to her slender body; the ruddy furs that cradled her chin hung full to her waist in back. And a little toque-like hat with a grenadier feather topped a beautifully simple and wondrously soft coiffure. And, as she stepped daintily into the waiting car the tight skirt slid smoothly up from fawn-topped patent boots—slid with a silken sigh high above the rounded shimmer of silken ankles.

It was all, all quite perfect—as flawless as was her lineless face—and Fanny Gresham's face was flawless beyond a doubt. Often, gazing at her, watching her in moments of animation or abstraction, one found one's self marveling at the petal like softness of lip, at the ivory smoothness of cheek, the elusive mistiness of tip-tilted eyes. Devereau, who had painted her, had termed the latter spirituelle, and somehow in spite of her exquisite smartness, she managed, on Thursday mornings, to emphasize that rather intangible quality.

Mortimer Gresham's own little gray-green eyes lighted peculiarly with approval of this slender silken, scented person who shared his name, as he followed her into the limousine. Gresham was a big man, large in every proportion and feature, save his eyes. His lips were wide and full and strikingly red—his waist and cheeks both comfortably bulbous. But his eyes were small—almost noticeably small and squinting in the broad, smooth-shaven pink of his face.

He, too, was garbed with careful regard for the duties to

which he always consecrated the working hours of every Thursday, even though the note which he struck was one totally at variance with that emphasized by his slimmer wife. He was dressed with almost clerical soberness in a dark gray suit;

he had laid aside, temporarily, his fur-lined coat, which on other days protected him from the raw gusts that blew in off the bay. And his thick-soled, black-calf boots, even though they were beautifully polished, nevertheless showed the signs of more or less wear. They were seamed and a trifle wrinkled, and a bit run over at the heels—just enough worn in fact to need the spotless polish to save them from being shabby. And this effect which his boots achieved was the key-note of his entire attire.

For Gresham—THE Gresham of Gresham, Incorporated—customarily gave over the almost priceless hours of Thursday to the woes and perplexities of his employees in the department store that bore his name. He was fond of calling them his "boys and girls"—was Gresham; fond of boasting, with pardonable pride perhaps, that they were all "just one big family," and philanthropists and more or less complacent students of sociology often applauded that custom of his. They bewailed the fact that others as high in the commercial world did not take a lesson from his jovial benevolence.

Mortimer Gresham received his clerks in a little warm, gilt and mahogany office and listened very patiently to their troubles and complaints. For quite a year he had been doing so, and because the complaints, from the very first, had developed a tedious sameness, he had been forced, willy nilly, to dress the part he played.

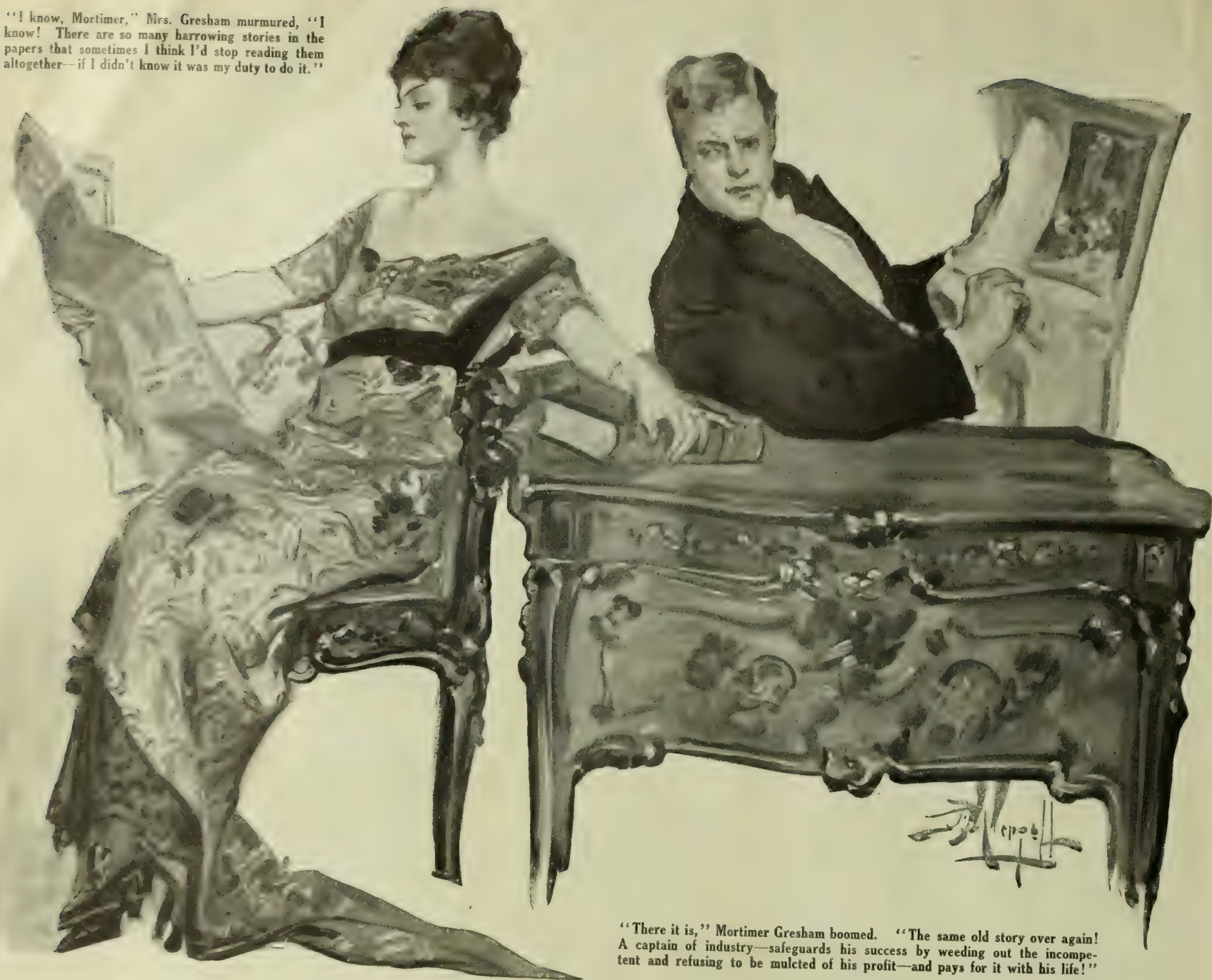
Instead of flatly refusing an increase in wages, which was all they ever asked, except for the one petition for low stools behind the counters, he found the bluffly, fatherly attitude less wearing. He found it easier to chide them with fatherly severity for their extravagances, meanwhile pointing out the economies which even he, Mortimer Gresham, practised—than to turn them down flat. So he saw to it that his talking points were well prepared beforehand. Take, for example, his own boots—and at that point he would thrust out a heavy, black-calf clad foot for inspection—take, for example, his own shoes! Why, they would be positively shabby, were it not for the care he took of them.

They were worn and wrinkled and just a trifle run over, to be sure—but irreproachably neat! The object lesson was so vivid that the girl from the crockery department or the hair goods counter, or whatever part of the huge shop it might be, could almost see him down on his knees in the morning, a shoe in one hand and a brush in the other, applying that gloss himself. And when he chided her for her own too-gaudy, pitifully flimsy footwear upon which she had squandered her money, instead of investing in something serviceable, she almost invariably withdrew retortless with embarrassment, already resolved, no doubt, to be less spendthrift in the future.

The soberness of Mortimer Gresham's Thursday attire was quite as much the fruit of careful thought, quite as carefully planned for effect as was that of his perfectly appointed wife. And if it had ever occurred to the one or the other that the discrepancy in

"Oh, I see!" smiled Mrs. Gresham mirthlessly. "There's just nothing that Jim can find to employ his time?"

"I know, Mortimer," Mrs. Gresham murmured, "I know! There are so many harrowing stories in the papers that sometimes I think I'd stop reading them altogether—if I didn't know it was my duty to do it."



"There it is," Mortimer Gresham boomed. "The same old story over again! A captain of industry—safeguards his success by weeding out the incompetent and refusing to be mulcted of his profit—and pays for it with his life!"

the motives which lay behind their careful costuming was so great as to be ludicrous, he and she had ignored that commonplace vulgarity with all the lofty disregard of non-essential details which must be the hall-mark of fine breeding. Mortimer Gresham and his wife, it might be added, were noted for their congeniality.

She set him down that morning at the cave-like entrance of the great shop that squatted over an entire block. With the red-trousered, obsequious carriage man looking on, she kissed him very carefully and solicitously bade him spare his own nerves too great a tax; and then, with his furry-voiced command not to wear herself out in her ears, she rolled away and across the avenue.

The first number upon the bishop's list was in a particularly atrocious neighborhood. When the car paused, and the gaitered chauffeur ran around and assisted her to alight she hesitated a moment at the edge of the broken pavement, irresolute and just a little crest and displeased with the block. It was quite unlike his usual consideration for her to despatch her into a district so small and so unkempt and squalid.

The sidewalk, where it was not cracked and crumpled, was unnecessarily filthy and crusted with mud. From the old and shabby day, the entrance of the frowsy tenement before which they had paused stood open, yawning wide upon a length of yellowish clay, an abyss of semi-gloom, black with utter blackness. The walls were brown with mud, the floor a tangle of matted rubbish, and the stairs that led upward at an alarming pitch, a narrow, crooked, and dry run.

Fanny Gresham hesitated, and bit her lip and looked back. Then, finally, she descended the

went intrepidly forward with Eric, the driver of the car, summoned to accompany her. He found the door for which she was seeking after they had struggled up two flights of stairs, and after his mistress had knocked and been admitted, he lit a cigaret to temper the unbearableness of the dead air in the corridor and composed himself to wait.

Mrs. Gresham paused just beyond the threshold, even before she vouchsafed the woman who had opened the door so much as a word or a glance, and looked calmly about her. She had never allowed her charities to be governed by the mistaken impulses of a too-tender heart, and never meant to do so. That first keen-eyed survey of a room was part of her system; she scanned the ground over, much as a general might survey the field of a coming encounter, and the scrutiny rarely failed to disclose something radically wrong upon which to base her opening words.

It proved quite so in this instance.

There was a stove in one corner of that room—fireless, she noted—and gray with grease and rust—and a double bed and a cot occupied the space against the opposite wall. A table and two chairs and a soapbox on end for a stool completed the total of furnishings—but it was upon the bed that Fanny Gresham's eyes dwelt in unmistakable condemnation. Her patricianly fine nose wrinkled in repulsion at the color of the blankets; her eyes dwelt a moment upon the unpeppably dirty face of the child on the cot, who had stopped whimpering to stare round-eyed at the vision she made; then she wheeled toward the woman who was watching her from numb, uncomprehending eyes, one hand still clinging to the door-knob.

"You—you don't mean to tell me," she began at last, "to tell me that you sleep here—in the same room in which you do your cooking?"

The dull-eyed woman stared back at her as if she had only half heard the question. She, too, was slender, but her slimness was not the lithe-lined, rounded thing that Mrs. Gresham's irreproachable garb half hid and wholly emphasized. There were hungry hollows in her throat and shoulders, hungry angles where the curves should have been, and her face, at one and the same time was too white, and not white enough. Perhaps it might better be described by saying that there was too much blue showing beneath the waxed lily pallor of her cheeks and throat. But the clothes she wore yield more simply to description. The cotton "wrapper" that draped her angular body had once been blue and white, too. It was gray now—a bleached, toneless, patternless gray, what with too much washing. And yet, at that, as her gaze went slowly over Mrs. Gresham's slender satin-swathed figure, from the grenadier hat to the pointed, gleaming boots, her eyes failed to light with any appreciation of that perfect toilette. Envy, cupidity, covetousness—not one single hopeful gleam of dissatisfaction with her own wretched state showed in her eyes. She seemed only to be wrestling with her strange visitor's stranger question.

"Cook in the same room we sleep in," she echoed gravely. And then, a little less colorlessly: "Oh, yes, we only got one room."

The statement was so listless, so lifeless, somehow, that Fanny Gresham sighed to herself. It was the old, old problem—the utter lack of spirit

(Continued on page 512)

Heart of the Sunset

by
Rex Beach

Illustrated by
Charles Dana Gibson

SYNOPSIS: Alaire Austin, called the "Lone Star of Texas" because of her beauty, loses her way in the desert. Just as the night closes in, she staggers to a water-hole, and into the arms of a stranger, David Law, a ranger, waiting there to capture a Mexican murderer. Those two, Alaire and Law, spend the night together in the open. On the evening of the morrow Law captures two Mexicans. One is Panfilo Sanchez, a ranch hand of Alaire's. Law releases him at her request, but the man tries to steal his horse, and Law shoots him. Arriving home, Alaire and her husband, "Young Ed," quarrel about Law. Then Alaire goes to La Feria, her ranch in the war zone of Mexico. On the way she meets General Longorio, who falls in love with her. Meanwhile Law is riding out with Ricardo Guzman upon the trail of two cattle-thieves; one almost kills him; the other he follows back to "Young Ed," who lies himself out of the affair. Later Ed's neighbor, Tad Lewis, and the cattle-thief, Urbina, return, and Ed robs Alaire's safe to furnish them with money to get Guzman out of the way. Law goes to Pueblo in search of Urbina, and meets Alaire, eagerly escaping from the too-flattering attentions of Longorio. She and Law go North together; he refuses the hospitality of her ranch for the night at the journey's end, and goes on to Blaze Jones's.

IT was with a feeling of some reluctance that Dave drove up to Las Palmas, shortly after the lunch hour, for he had no desire to meet "Young Ed." However, to his relief, Austin did not appear, and inasmuch as Alaire did not refer to her husband in any way Dave decided that he must be absent, perhaps on one of his notorious sprees.

The mistress of the big ranch was in her harness, having at once resumed her neglected duties. She came to welcome her caller in a short khaki riding-suit; her feet were encased in tan boots, she wore a mannish felt hat and gauntlet gloves, showing that she had spent the morning in the saddle. Dave thought she looked exceedingly capable and business-like, and not less beautiful in these clothes; he feasted his eyes covertly upon her.

"I expected you for luncheon," she smiled, and Dave could have kicked himself. "I'm just going out now. If you're not in too great a hurry to go home, you may go with me."

"That would be fine," he agreed.

"Come, then. I have a horse for you." As she led the way back toward the farm buildings she explained: "I'm selling off a bunch of cattle. Benito is rounding them up and cutting out the best ones."

"You keep them, I reckon."

"Always. That's how I improve the grade. You will see a splendid herd of animals, Mr. Law—the best in south Texas. I suppose you're interested in such things."

"I'd rather watch a good herd of stock than the best show in New York," he told her.

When they came to the corrals, an intricate series of pens and chutes at the rear of the out-buildings, Law beheld two thoroughbred horses standing at the hitching rail.

"I'm proud of my horses, too," said Alaire.

"You have reason to be." With his eyes alight Dave examined the fine points of both animals. He ran a caressing hand over them, and they recognized in him a friend.

"These beauties were raised on Kentucky blue-glass. Brother and sister, aren't they?"

"Yes. Montrose and Montrosa are their names. The horse is mine, the mare is yours."



Alaire Austin, pausing to give a final touch to the table, was a radiant vision in evening dress.

Seeing that Dave did not comprehend the full import of her words she added: "Yours to keep, I mean. You must make another Bessie Belle out of her."

"Mine? Oh—ma'am!" Law turned his eyes from Alaire to the mare, then back again. "You're too kind. I can't take her."

"You must."

Dave made as if to say something, but was too deeply embarrassed. Unable to tear himself away from the mare's side, he continued to stroke

her shining coat while she turned an intelligent face to him, showing a solitary white star in the center of her forehead.

"See! She is nearly the same color as Bessie Belle."

"Yes'm! I—I want her, ma'am; I'm just sick from wanting her, but—won't you let me buy her?"

"Oh, I wouldn't sell her." Then, as Dave continued to yearn over the animal, like a small boy tempted beyond his strength, Alaire laughed.

"I owe you something, Mr. Law, and a horse more or less means very little to me."

He yielded; he could not possibly continue his resistance, and in his happy face Alaire took her reward.

The mare meanwhile was doubtfully nosing her new master, deciding whether or not she liked him; but when he offered her a cube of sugar her uncertainties disappeared, and they became friends then and there. He talked to her, too, in a way that would have won any female heart, and it was plain to anyone who knew horses that she began to consider him wholly delightful. Now, Montrosa was a sad coquette, but this man seemed to say, "Rosa, you rogue, if you try your airs with me I will out-flirt you." Who could resist such a person? Why, the touch of his hand was positively thrilling. He was gentle, but masterful, and—he had a delicious smell. Rosa felt that she understood him perfectly, and was enraptured to discover that he understood her. There was some satisfaction in knowing such a man.

"You *do* speak their language," Alaire said, after she had watched them for a few minutes. "You have bewitched the creature." Dave nodded silently, and his face was young. Then half to herself the woman murmured: "Yes, you have a heart."

"I beg pardon?"

"Nothing. I'm glad you like her."

"Do you mind if I call her something else than Rosa, just to myself?"

"Why, she's yours. Don't you like the name?"

"Oh, yes! But—see!" Dave laid a finger upon Montrosa's forehead. "She wears a lone star, and I'd like to call her that—The Lone Star."

Alaire smiled in tacit assent; then when the two friends had completely established their intimacy, she mounted her own horse and led the way to the round-up.

Dave's unbounded delight filled the mistress of Las Palmas with the keenest pleasure. He laughed, he hummed snatches of songs, he kept up a chatter addressed as much to the mare as to his companion, and under it Montrosa romped like a tomboy. It was gratifying to meet with such appreciation as this; Alaire felt warm and friendly to the whole world, and decided that out of her abundance she must do more for other people.

Of course Dave had to tell of Don Ricardo's thoughtful gift, and concluded by saying:

"I think this must be my birthday, although it doesn't fit in with the calendar."

"Don Ricardo has his enemies, but he is a good-hearted old man."

"Yes!" Dave agreed, then more gravely; "I'm sorry I let him go across the river." There was a pause. "If anybody harms him I reckon I'll have a feud on my hands, for I'm a grateful person."

"I believe it. I can see that you are loyal."

"I was starved on sentiment when I was little, but it's in me, bigger than a skinned ox. They say gratitude is an elemental, primitive emotion."

"Perhaps that's why it is so rare, nowadays," said Alaire, and more than half in jest.

"You find it rare?" Dave looked up keenly.

"Well! You have certainly laid up a store of it, Dave."

Benito and his men had rounded up perhaps three thousand head of cattle, when Alaire and Montrosa appeared, and they were in the process of "cutting out." Assembled near a feeding well which gave rise to a shallow pond, the herd was held together by a half-dozen men on the outside, heading off and driving back the strays. Other men, under Benito's personal direction, were isolating the best animals and sending them back to the pasture. It was an unusual scene, one fitted to excite enthusiasm in any plainsman, for the stock was fat and healthy, there were many calves, and the incessant, rumbling complaint of the herd was almost stirring. The Las Palmas cowboys rode like centaurs, crouching, dodging, yelling, and blowing their horns like whistles, the air was drum-

ming to swift hoof-beats, and over all was the hoarse, unceasing undertone from countless bovine throats. Out near the grub-wagon the *remuda* was grazing, and thither at intervals came the perspiring horsemen to change their mounts.

Benito, wet, dusty and tired, rode up to his employer to report progress.

"*Dios!* This is hot work for an old man. We will never finish by dark," said he, whereupon Law promptly volunteered his services.

"Lend me your rope, Benito, 'til I get another *caballo*."

"Eh? That Montrosa is the best cutting horse on Las Palmas."

But Dave shook his head, vigorously. "I wouldn't risk her among those gopher holes." He slid out of his seat and, with an arm around the mare's neck, whispered into her ear, "We won't have any broken legs and broken hearts, will we, honey girl?" Rosa answered by nosing the speaker over with brazen familiarity, then when he had removed her equipment and turned away, dragging her saddle, she followed at his heels like a dog.

"*Diablo!* He has a way with horses, hasn't he?" Benito grinned. "Now that Montrosa is wilder than a deer."

Alaire rode into the herd with her foreman, while Dave settled his loop over a buckskin, preparatory to joining the cowboys.

The giant herd milled and eddied, revolving like a vast pool of deep, swift water. The bulls were quarrelsome, the steers were stubborn, and the wet cows were distracted. Motherless calves dodged about in bewilderment. In and out of this confusion the cowboys rode, following the animals selected for separation, forcing them out with devious turnings and twistings, and then running them madly in a series of break-neck crescent dashes over flats and hummocks, through dust and brush, until they had joined the smaller herd of choice animals which were to remain on the ranch. It was swift, steady, exhausting work, the kind these Mexicans loved, for it was not only



"What's this I hear? Ricardo Guzman's body?" It was the Mexican general who spoke.

spectacular, but held an element of danger. Once he had secured a pony, Dave Law made himself one of them.

Alaire sat her horse in the heart of the crowding herd, with a sea of rolling eyes, lolling tongues, and clashing horns all about her, and watched the Ranger. Good riding she was accustomed to; the horses of Las Palmas were trained to this work as bird-dogs are trained to theirs; they knew how to follow a steer and, as Ed Austin boasted, "turn on a dime with a nickel to spare." But Law, it appeared, was a born horseman, and seemed to inspire his mount with an exceptional eagerness and intelligence. In spite of the man's unusual size he rode like a feather; he was grace and life and youth personified; now he sat as



"Ed," cried Alaire, as she turned from her husband, telephoning that Americans had crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico after Ricardo's body.

erect in his saddle as a swaying reed; again, he stretched himself out like a whiplash. Once he had begun the work, he would not stop.

All that afternoon the cowboys labored, and towards sundown the depleted herd was driven to the water. It moved thither in a restless, thirsty mass; it churned the shallow pond to milk, and from a high knoll, where Alaire had taken her stand, she looked down upon a vast undulating carpet, many acres in extent, formed by the backs of living creatures. The voice of these cattle was like the bass rumble of the sea, steady, heavy-droning, ceaseless.

Then through the cool twilight came the drive to the next pasture, and here the patience of the cowboys was taxed to the utmost, for as the

stronger members of the herd forged ahead, the wearied, worried, littlest members fell behind. Their joints were limber, and their legs unsteady; one and all were orphaned, too, for in that babel of sound no untrained ears could catch a mother's low. A mile of this, and the whole rear guard was composed of plaintive, wet-eyed, little calves, who made slower and slower progress. Some of them were stubborn and risked all upon a spirited dash back towards the homes they were leaving and towards the mothers who would not answer. It took hard, sharp riding to run them down, for they fled like rabbits, bolting through prickly-pear and scrub, their tails bravely aloft, their stiff legs flying. Others, too tired and thirsty to go further, lay down and refused to budge, and these

had to be carried over the saddle-horn, until they had rested. Some hid themselves cunningly in the mesquite clumps or burrowed into the coarse *saguiasta* grass.

But now those swarthy, dare-devil riders were as gentle as women; they urged the tiny youngsters onward with harmless switches or with painless blows from loose-coiled riatas; they picked them up in their arms and rode with them.

Once through the gate and safe inside the restraining pasture fence, the herd was allowed to settle down. Then began a patient search by outraged mothers, a series of mournful quests that were destined to continue far into the night; endless nosings and sniffings and caressings, which would keep up until each cow had found her own, until each calf was butting its head against maternal ribs and gaining that consolation which it craved.

A new moon was swinging in the sky as Alaire and Dave rode back towards Las Palmas. The dry, gray grass was beginning to jewel with dew; the paths were ribbons of silver between dark blots of ink where the bushes grew. Behind rose the jingle of spurs and bridles, the creak of leather, the voices of men. It was an hour in which to talk freely, an environment suited to confidences, and Dave Law was happier than he had been for years. He closed his eyes to the future, he stopped his ears to misgivings; with a song in his heart, he rode at the stirrup of the woman he adored.

How or when Alaire Austin came to feel that this man loved her, she never knew. Certainly, he gave no voice to his feeling save, perhaps, by some unconscious tone or trick of speech; rather, the knowledge came to her intuitively, as the result of some subconscious interchange of thought, some responsive vibration, which only a psychologist could analyze. However it was, Alaire knew to-night that she was dear to her companion, and strange to say this certainly did not disturb her. "Inasmuch as the thing existed, why deny its right to exist?" she asked herself. Since it was in nowise dishonorable, how could it be wrong, provided it went no farther? Alaire had been repelled by Luis Longorio's evident love for her, but a similar emotion in this man's breast had quite the opposite effect. She was eager for friendship, hungry for affection, starved for that worship which every woman lives upon. Having a wholesome confidence in her own strength of character, and complete faith in Law's sense of honor, she was neither alarmed nor offended.

For the first time in years she allowed her intimate thoughts free expression, and spoke of her hopes, her interests, and her efforts; under the spell of the moonlight she even confided something about those dreams that kept her company and robbed her world of its sordidness. Dave Law discovered that she lived in a fanciful land of unrealities, and the glimpse he gained of it was delightful.

Supper was waiting when they arrived at Las Palmas and Dolores announced that "Young Ed" had telephoned from the Lewis ranch that he would not be home. Yielding to a sudden impulse, Alaire said to her companion: "You must dine with me. Dolores will show you to a room. I will be ready in half an hour."



Paloma Jones's delight that Alaire had come to see her, pleased and shamed the elder woman, who hesitatingly confessed the object of her visit. "Oh, I thought you were calling on me." Paloma pouted her pretty lips. "Dave isn't here," she continued, "he and father—have gone away." "But he must be warned at once," protested Alaire.

Dave hesitated, but it was not in human nature to refuse. Later, as he walked himself and pondered his loss, he had a moment of misgivings, but the next instant he asked himself wherein he was doing wrong. Surely there was no law which denied him the right to live, provided he kept that love a secret. The inner voice did not argue with him, yet he was restless and restless he passed the day living room waiting for his chance.

The house and its surroundings offered a contrast to the modest life of Texas country homes. "Vinegar" had been almost a mansion for his kind,

and in the latter years Alaire had remodeled and changed it to suit her own ideas. The verandas were wide, the rooms large and cool and open; polished floors, brilliant grass mats, and easy wicker furniture gave it a further airiness. The place was comfortable, luxurious; yet it was a home, and it had an atmosphere.

Not for many years had Dave Law been a guest amid such surroundings, and as the moments dragged on he began to feel more and more out of place. With growing discomfort he realized that the mistress of this residence was the richest woman in all this part of Texas, and that he was

little better than a tramp. His free life, his lack of care and responsibility, had bred in him a certain contempt for money; nevertheless, when, through the door to the dining-room he saw Alaire pause to give a final touch to the table, he was tempted to beat an ignominious retreat, for she was a radiant vision in evening dress. She was stately, beautiful; her hair was worn high, her arms were bare underneath a shimmer of lace, her gown exposed a throat round and smooth and adorable. In reality, she was simply clad, but to the Ranger's untrained eye she seemed regal, and

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Making a Criminal

By
A. Brisbane

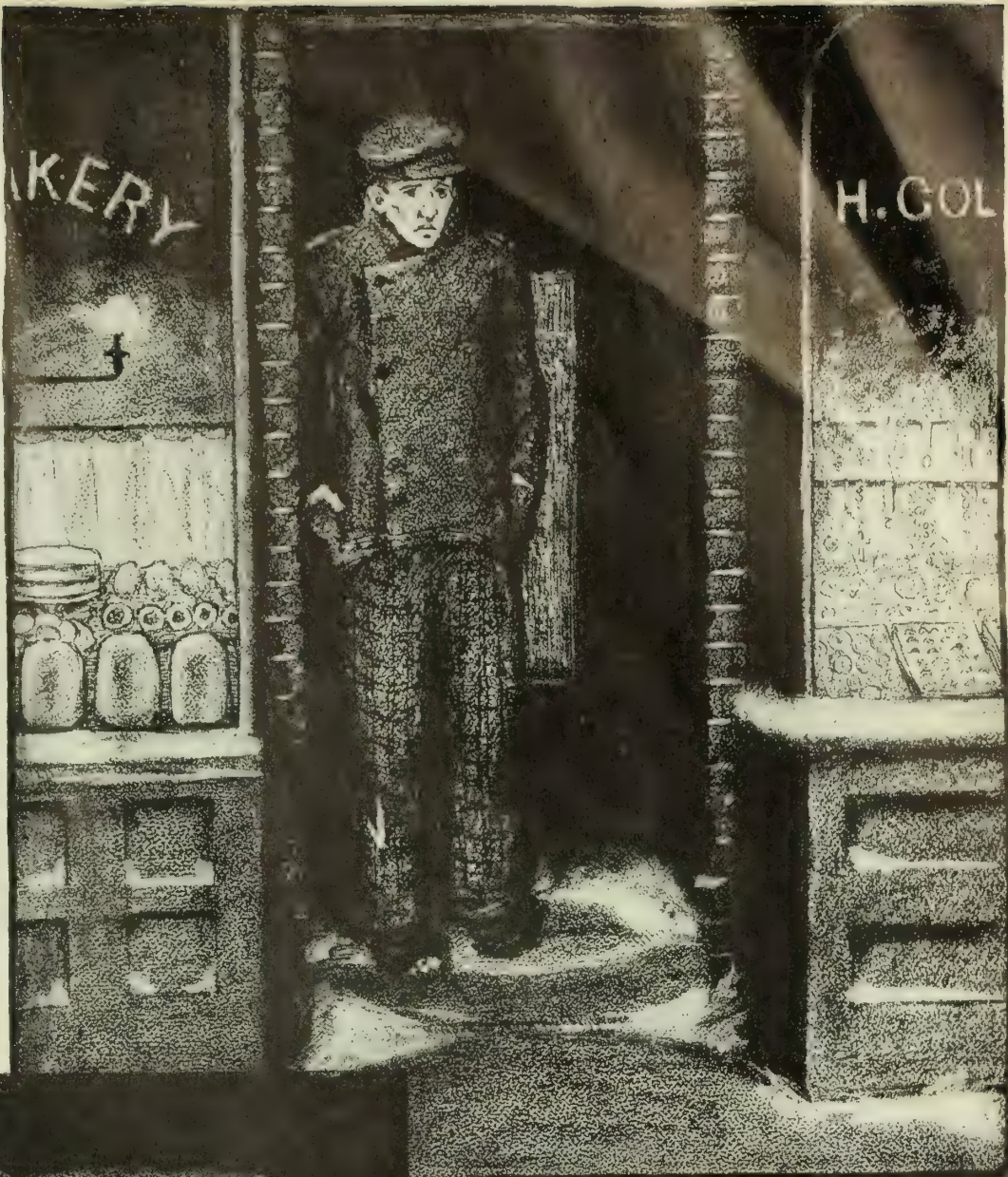
Drawings by
Mary Ellen Sigsbee

YOU have seen six of ten pictures that tell the "Making of a Criminal." You see two more today.

Making a Criminal is simple, far simpler than making a biscuit or a beer bottle.

You have seen the criminal at his birth. For a few moments, not more, of his entire life, he was a normal, healthy human being. Nature gave him the start, but civilization refused him all the rest.

He was born in a one-room tenement, with little air and no sunlight. Five or six children had been born of his mother in the same room before him. Before he could walk he was carried down by an older sister to play in the filth of the gutter. Later he moved from the gutter to the sidewalk where his childish "Sport" was learning to gamb'le for the few pennies that he and



His Temptation

Cold and hungry, the future criminal stands in the presence of temptation: the glass protecting the jewelry is thin. He breaks in and steals.

his friends could get. He passed from the sidewalk into the saloon when he was old enough, and that became his club.

At every step he had too little to eat and the wrong food, too little fresh air, too little exercise, too little sunlight, too little kindness.

Occasionally he worked, a little. The making of a criminal does not build up a body fit for hard work. Criminals are weak and feeble, as you will learn if you sit on the bench with some judge and watch him send to jail with solemn rebuke "fierce burglars," white-faced and weighing about 125 pounds each.

You have seen this particular criminal in his good days, when he had worked. You have seen him in his bad days, sleeping out of doors at night in the cold, because, weak and not desirable, he was the first to be discharged, or because, weak in purpose as in body, he could not stick to his job.

The first cold season of sleeping out of doors on a bench, under a bridge arch, or beneath an empty truck is a very important period, in the making of a criminal.

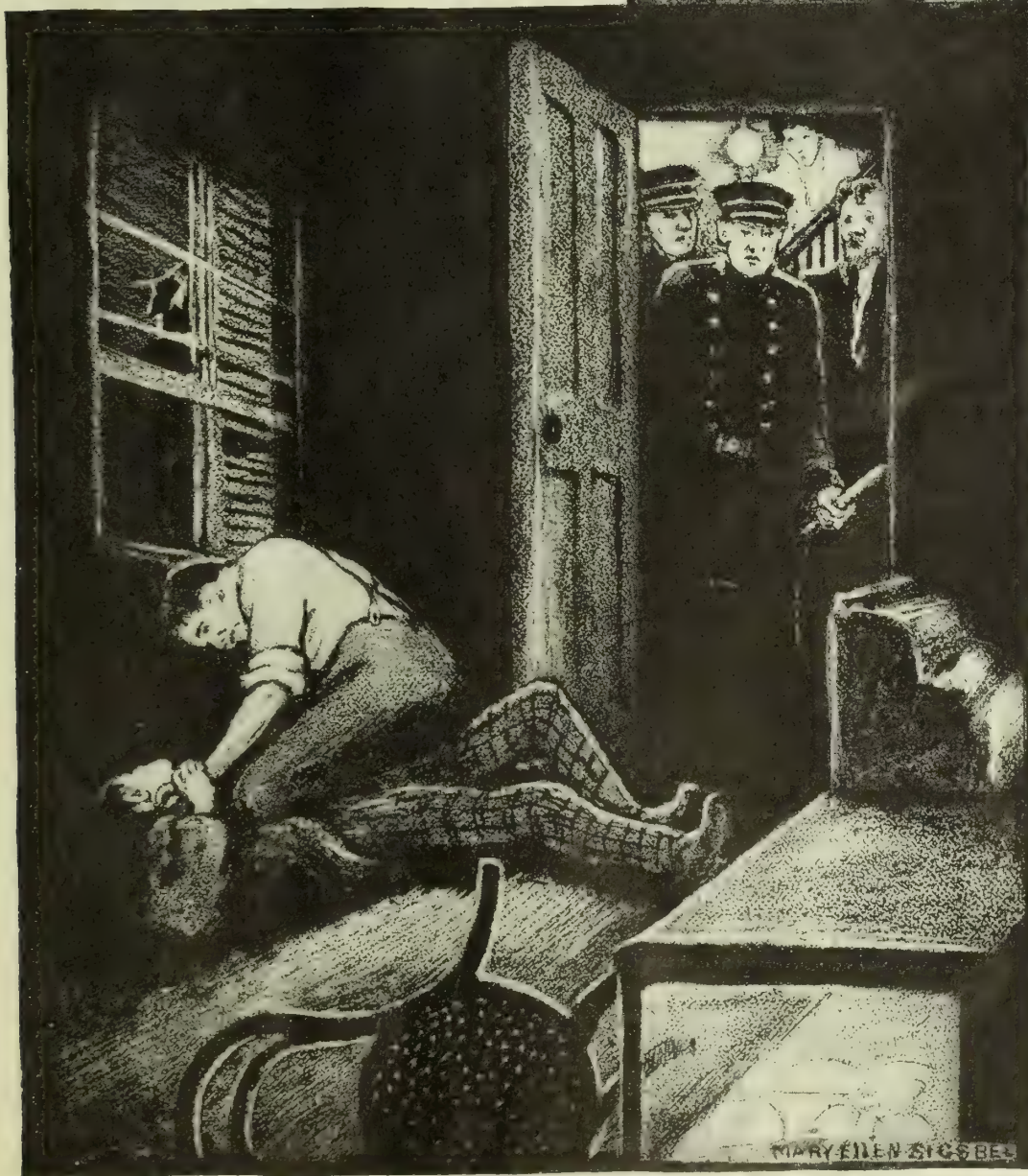
Finally, when the starved brain begins to mutter "I couldn't be worse than I am," the criminal takes the step that does make him worse than he was. Worse for society at least, for he ceases to be a harmless, starved creature.

IN the first of today's pictures you see your criminal in the making, about to make civilized society become interested in him.

When he first lay beside his mother in the filthy bed, gasping for breath in foul air, society was not at all interested in the fact that a human being might be saved by a little food, fresh air, and sunlight.

When he rolled in the filth of the gutter, with the mud on his white baby face, and the scab in his hair,

(Continued on page 528)



His Capture

Our city criminal is a combination of weak muscle and tubercular germs. And before long his career is interrupted.

The Silent Drama

Illustrated by



And there Lindley was, once a gentleman, now a rough-rider, writhing in boredom. The only luxury he had was the remembrance of the girl who had said: "Ah!"

THE lonely young man, flat on his back in the vast Western prairie, was displeased with the prairie in particular and the universe in general. He was not afraid of the blasphemy of saying so. Usually his protests were confined to the mute protests of meditation. Sometimes he growled aloud for company, and the cattle were used to his mumbling. But to-night—suddenly he sat up in his blanket and exclaimed with delight: "Ah!"

The nearest of the herd stopped chewing the cud at the sound of his voice, then went on chewing. The broncho lifted his lawn-mower head and grinned across a mouthful of alfalfa; then went on mowing. The young man paid them no heed. He spoke again with different inflections, both rising and falling.

"A-ah? No! A-ah!"

He said "Ah!" several times in various ways with various smiles, invisible in the dark, but audible in his tone. If a man had heard him he would have tapped his forehead and murmured with pity: "Too bad. Nobody home!"

The cattle could not tap their foreheads except with their hind feet, and that did not mean the same thing quite. Still the cattle knew he was crazy. They knew that all bipeds were crazy. But they had to be reasonable.

After a while the young man ceased to chortle "Ah!" He looked about him, growled something that sounded like "Oh well!" but wasn't. Then he flopped back on his back, cursing the flat earth which had no horizon but merely spread about him in all directions. It was like an enormous, ugly, dirty jute rug fringing out to the weather-guarding of a common-sense sky, blue when without moon & moon, a flat, white, slimy thing resembling some of the

impossible fish that gape in the Aquarium in New York.

Young Lindley would have been glad to be even in the Aquarium for the sake of being in New York, or anywhere but where he was. He was homesick for a sky-line or a horizon and a lot of people. He hated the life he led. He hated the immense herd that cumbered the ground, sleeping or grazing in the dark; it was like a multitude of locomotives with steam always up and no engineers on board; gifted with the power to get going but without sense enough to stop.

The other day there had been a wild stampede about nothing at all. One cowboy and a hundred steers had been trampled to death before the idiots forgot what had frightened them and fell to grazing.

Last winter in a blizzard there had been a "drift." The herd had stampeded with hardly more speed than a glacier and hardly less power. The cowboys could save it from one wholesale suicide only by driving it in a circle till it was exhausted, and filled a gully level with its own dead.

So young Lindley abominated the herd, despised and feared it.

To-night he was off watch, and off his feed, and the prairie ennui of the pitiless levels had flattened him out, soul and body.

Here he was what he had hoped to be—a cowboy; and his cake was dough.

He wondered why he had been lured across a continent to this hideous place. He might have stopped at home and had some pleasure and profit out of his little patrimony, instead of sinking it in this never-to-be sufficiently cursed ranch. He had spent all he had inherited, or should ever inherit, and all he had to show for it was a half-brother in a smelly cowyard, and a bunch of

beeves. And the glory he had purchased was the privilege of being the bally valet of a cattle community.

He laid the blame for this downfall on popular fiction. Lying authors had been the press-agents of this prairie-bunco.

For literature has its come-ons no less than other forms of deception. It is a sort of green goods that looks like the real thing till you try to pass it. In Lindley's jaded eyes the cowboys of fiction had no kinship with the cowboys of life. The cowboys were the invention of the book boys, as much of a legend as the fairies of Ireland.

The cattlemen Lindley had met up with were just what he might have expected of persons whose time was spent in intimate and almost exclusive association with cattle. He had listened in vain for some of that fascinating dialect or that alluring metaphor the cowboys use in print. The humor he had heard was humor by intention and acclamation. The food was tough and dirty and indigestible. The coffee was dish-water, "het up" on fires built of "buffalo chips"—the one poetical term he had encountered. Blankets were dirty, hot in hot weather, cold in cold. Baths?—who ever bathed? and if so, when, where, how?

Where were those calm, classic gamblers and those fatal hells where smoking revolvers barked and bit? There was a little card-playing on the prairie, some dominoes and checkers in the ranch house, and in town a little village poker in the back room of saloons where men in shirt sleeves and suspenders splashed tobacco juice copiously, and lost small stakes and lost them hard.

The guns, which played such a part in the illustrations, were as forbidden here as in Boston. In one week of New York there was more street-shooting than in a cycle of Out Here.

by Rupert Hughes

James Montgomery Flagg



She seemed to come and sit down before the little fire. He could see the stars and the moon, through her as he looked up. But she was there.

Not once had he seen a sombrero or a pair of those flaring laced-up trousers that looked so fetching in half-tone.

The dashing cowgirl was a myth too; the women of the region were but farmers' wives and daughters after all; their complexions showed the usual influence of sun and wind on human hide.

The belle of the region was the foreman's daughter, Patience Gorse, known as "Patsy Goose." She was the belle because there were almost no rivals.

Patsy had made great fun of young Lindley when he first arrived with a suitcase full of revolvers and a heart full of illusions. He had thought her a gawky farmhand then. But the longer he stayed and the less he saw of other women the more beautiful Patsy became. The longer he stayed, and the more she saw of other men the better she liked him.

Robinson Crusoe would have thought the Swedish giantess a Venus, and Lindley had been gradually idealizing Patsy. He was beginning to believe that he could not live without her. Last night he had even taken her to town to "see a show." They had ridden in in the buggy with a team of broncos that bucked in opposite directions like chained birds rather than horses. But they meant nothing wrong and rarely spilled their passengers.

Lindley had ridden in alone to see many shows, and returned to Patsy, comparing her, all to her advantage, with the worn-out exuberant burlesque "queens" that visited the Beatonsburg "Opera House." He had taken Patsy to see last night's show because it was announced as respectable.

Beatonsburg was a notoriously bad theater-town for good plays. It was visited by first-class companies only when it saved an all-night jump on

the way to and from the Pacific Coast. Last night no less a star than Mrs. Clare Macready had appeared there for that reason, fresh from her New York and Chicago triumphs in "Cowardice" and on her way to San Francisco.

The poor actors, many of them famous on Broadway, were ill at ease in Beatonsburg, and Beatonsburgers were ill at ease with them. Lindley alone had delighted in them.

The theater, as is the case in those towns where opera is never housed, was called an opera house. It had been built for a barn. Later a magnificent hayloft had been turned into a highly inflammable auditorium, and the comfortable stalls below had been made into dressing-rooms for actors. But it might have been the Comédie Française for all Lindley knew once the curtain rose.

There had always been for him a reality beyond realism in the world beyond the footlights. He who never shed a tear for any of his own woes, wept like a girl at stage griefs. Even a beautiful line or an exquisitely chosen word would bring the wet to his eyelids. He was ashamed always, but rapturously ashamed.

It had been a long while, and it seemed a longer while, since he had seen a good example of the modern drama. He had never thrilled at the classics, where each character in the author's oil-smelling rhetoric, pumps out his emotions. Soliloquy and aside were to him as unreal on the stage as off—always excepting Shakespeare, to whom he granted a god-like license because of his god-like utterances.

Lindley believed that the blank verse drama belonged to the past and should be left there. It was as immortal as the Pyramids and as undesirable to imitate. He admired the modern drama with its emotions vividly implied, as silent volcanoes imply their subterranean hells, only by the

bitter reticence about their mouths. He felt that it was quite as great to be real as to be ideal. He believed that there was as much art in expressing an emotion by a noble silence, or a shrug of the shoulders, or a clenching and unclenching of the hands as in spouting forth in flowery metaphors.

Last night he had seen the very model of the modern ideal when, with one syllable, a volume of meaning had been delicately exploded. It was not the famous star who had stirred him. It was one of the least of her cast. She played the girl the hero was engaged to, the girl he jilted for the heroine—as Lindley feared he himself was going to jilt Patsy.

In the play the hero befriended a woman in distress and disrepute. Later he was justifying himself to the family of his betrothed. He had much to say of lofty motives, of humanity, of Christlike forgiveness, and Samaritanism. At the height of his eloquence he made a casual reference to the fact that the woman was pretty.

The innocent and silent fiancée said: "Ah!"

That was all. Just "Ah!" Simply that and nothing more.

What more was needed? It was like a sudden searchlight flashed on a dark place. It crumpled up the hero, dismayed him by revealing motives that even he had not suspected. And it illuminated the fiancée with the vividness of a spotlight. She was nobody's fool. She knew a thing or two. She was not garrulous. She could let well enough alone. She had an exquisite sense of humor.

To Lindley this one "Ah!" was the very symbol and triumph of the modern drama. He would like to play in plays like that—especially if he could play in the same company with the girl who achieved that tremendous "Ah!"

It was her first speech in the play and almost her last, but her beauty had been holding his eyes from the moment she entered the room. Even her greeting of the hero had been only a pleasant lifting of the eyebrows and a smile, and a quiet thrusting out of her hand to clasp his.

But she knew how to do those extraordinarily difficult things—to enter a room and look pleased, to say "How d'you do?" with the eyes; to sit down and stay put; to listen and not fidget; to paint character with a gesture and to give importance to a glance. For the first time Lindley realized how marvelous a thing motion is, how glorious it is to walk or look with eloquence and with grace. How little of either poor Patsy had! He had grown used to Patsy and to the absence of dozens of things that he had once thought all important. In the theater he grew abruptly homesick, so homesick that he wanted to dash for the eastbound express, instead of untying those maniac mustangs from the hitching rail outside the Court House, and taking Patsy back to the ranch house.

But he took Patsy home, of course. Patsy did not like the play. Her inability to rise to it discouraged him more than anything she had done or failed to do since he had—yesterday he would have said "fallen in love with her," now he said, "got accustomed to having her around all the time."

Patsy had scented Lindley's excitement over the girl who said "Ah!" She had seen him sit up and take notice when the creature came on. She had studied his face when it brightened with interest as with a ray of limelight.

She had been jealous for a while, then she had realized that the actorine was going on about her business and would not trouble Beatonsburg again. She was not one to "make a fuss about something that was over and done with."

The drive home was long enough for Patsy to grow sentimental again. It was the ancient and honorable custom for a fellow who took a girl driving to keep his free arm around her when they were not passing anybody. Buggy riding meant huggy riding. Lindley had always obliged her. To-night he was strangely neglectful.

She gave him all the encouragement and reminders that even her notions of tact permitted. But he drove with both hands. He knew what she expected, but he was helpless with lack of enthusiasm. He tried to be polite, but he simply could not spoon. And he was not exactly a fiancé, though it had been more or less assumed that he was "going with" Patsy. It had been assumed by Patsy and her "Paw."

One day her Paw had said to the two of them: "How long are you all allowed to idly molly this town? When I was young, folks were to had more gumption."

Lindley had mistrusted something like it had not been a small of the will

impeachment. Patsy had not denied it either. She had given her Paw a shove like a coquettish cinnamon bear and giggled: "Aw, you go on!"

That was about all the engagement ceremony there had been. Lindley had been more or less content. It was nice to hug Patsy of lonely evenings. There was a dearth of girls and the other men envied him, especially his partner, Martin Beal. Beal had been hopping mad about it. That had made Patsy more interesting.

But, after the play, after the view of the mimicry of the life he had been used to "on East," after the passing of that "Ah" girl across his horizon, Patsy had suffered eclipse. He wanted to hug her like a gentleman and a fiancé but his arm wilted. He tried to blame it on the ponies, but though they behaved like dolphins in harness, Patsy understood, and she was hurt in a hangdog, disgusted sort of way.

THE next morning's sunlight was even less becoming to Patsy. Lindley wondered why he had once enjoyed holding her fingers. He thought of them now in the words of Shakespeare: "I did think that her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands."

Recently he had thought of many things in Shakespeare's words, because, one day in town, he had bought a little volume containing two or three of the plays. He had carried it in his pack, and read from it now and then as he lounged in the saddle. He had tried one of the plays on Patsy. It had put her to sleep. She complained: "Shakespeare may a' been all right in his time, but that was a long while back, I reckon. Anyway he's too highbrow for Patsy. Gimme up-to-date high society novels."

Sometimes Lindley had recited pages of Shakespeare to the herd, for want of other audience. They stood it better than Patsy did, but just

at the wrong moment some imbecile was sure to lift her fatuous head and exclaim: "Moo!" or "Baw!" like a confounded critic.

To-night he was out with the cattle again. He was not practicing Shakespeare on them. He was thinking "of many things and others." In the distance he heard a voice singing. But after all it was only a drowsy cowboy riding round the herd and whining or grunting a long forgotten favorite of the music halls. And the song was muffled and punctuated by the exigencies of the lump of tobacco stuffed in one cheek.

"Even the cowboys chew the cud," Lindley groaned, as he shook his blanket round his cold shoulder. His whole soul turned a cold shoulder on the cattle career.

And there he was, in the dirt, a gentleman habituated to books, to tubs, and to marmalade for breakfast. There he was, four and twenty of age, land-owner, cattle-baron, rough-rider, writhing in boredom, grinding his teeth against his folly. The only luxury he had was the remembrance of the play he had seen the night before, and of the girl who had said: "Ah!"

She seemed to come and sit down before the little fire. He could see the stars and the moon through her as he looked up, and her voice was only the breeze. But she was there. He tried to repeat her word and catch its intonation. But she only smiled at him with a kind of taunting kindness, and shook her head, yet encouragingly.

He fell so bemused with the memory of the Ah-girl that discontent vanished from him. It grew pleasant now to lie there under the wonder-



Lindley rose in wild confusion and mumbled, "Won't you chair my take?" Miss Knowles said nothing at all. She raised her eyebrows a little, and accepted.

ful sky on the serene majestic prairie, with the silence rather enriched than marred by the hushed sounds of the amiable herd. It was an ideal place to ponder upon nature, and art, its mirror, and that beautiful, graceful young actress—Miss what was her name?—Oenone Knowles. That was it, Oenone Knowles. It had a rhythm to it and an alliteration that were suspicious. Probably she had taken a stage name to conceal her own high lineage, and the necessity that drove her to the place where she belonged.

He wondered who she was, and how she came to the stage. She must have been well-born and well-bred, for her manner was that of the aristocracy. Lindley knew the aristocracy. He had been a long while away from places where people were waited on, butlered, and entertained, but he could still remember what was what, and more important, how was how.

While Miss Knowles was acting she had let her eyes wander vaguely about the audience. He had been sure that her eyes had rested on him. Clouded as they were with reverie, they had found him so full of admiration that he blushed to be caught. Could she have noticed him? Of course she could not, because the stage was brilliant and the house was dark. Still perhaps she had tried to send a message along the throbbing shaft of her gaze. How could she have ignored the fire of adoration that leapt in his eyes?

He had been tempted to write her a note and tell her how fascinating she was, but he had no chance or place to write. He had wanted to wait

at the stage door and see her come down the alley. He would have been glad to lay his coat over the muddiest spots. But he had Patsy with him.

For an hour Lindley lay awake reveling in his thoughts. He made a lullaby of the reiterated name of "Oenone Knowles." He changed it to "Nonie Knowles, Nonie Knowles" and fell asleep to its cradling cadence.

He dreamed of playing a love scene with her. And now he swung back to the blank verse play. He wanted none of the modern love scenes, where a cigar-chewing business man says to a cigaret-smoking girl, that he's just got time to tell her he's crazy about her and would she take a trip with him in the matrimonial express. No, for this sort of scene Lindley preferred to enact the fervid Romeos with an ardent Juliet clinging to him—the sort of girl that inspired such lines as these:

"Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow:
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads."

At that point someone kicked him in the ribs. He felt himself falling, falling like a shot lark or a Romeo whose rope ladder has broken under him. He woke up, clutching at the earth from which only his soul had aspired.

His eyes were still blurred with slumber, but his vision dimly made out his partner, Martin Beal.

LINDLEY had fallen asleep with his eyes hidden in the crook of his arm. He had been so absorbed in the cruelly beautiful moonlight of Verona that he had not observed the cruelly plain sunrise over Beatonsburg and environs. Martin Beal was a poor substitute for the Juliet plus Oenone that vanished from his arms.

Lindley woke up mad, and his words were not in the least Shakespearean; they were in the dialect he used with Beal: "Whadja mean by handin' me a kick in the slats?"

Beal grinned down at him: "I heard you tryin' to bust a buckin' nightmare, and I brung you safe to earth. That's the thanks I get."

Beal's cayuse bent his head and sniffed Lindley's hair with the moist curiosity of a Saint Bernard. Lindley smacked it on the nose, and disentangling himself from his blanket, stood up yawning.

"Got the makin's?" said Beal.

"Yes, damn you!" said Lindley.

While one hand was hunting out his tobacco pouch and book of cigaret papers, the other hand was hiding his yawns. He had not yet forgotten that much of his early training. Beal, who had had no training at all, smiled at the "dude-trick." But he admired Lindley for being big, strong, fearless, and sensible in spite of his education. He had ridden in the park manner when he first came West, but Beal had laughed him out of that and now he could ride anything—even his own bronco, which was well-named Pinwheel.

Lindley was tall and compact, and his muscles were like braided rawhide. As he stretched himself in the early sun, his shadow was as long as a fallen telegraph pole. But the prairie and the herd looked more than ever hideous to him in the trite and bleached aurora of that sky. He could not but contrast them with the dream realm he had just been ousted from.

When Beal had rolled himself a cigaret, Lindley took it from him before he could lay his tongue to it. He sealed it for himself and yawned: "Roll yourself another—on me."

Beal compiled a cigaret in haste, and took a match from the band of Lindley's hat. Both men were soon shooting smoke from their nostrils. Beal spoke first. "I hear you got stung night 'fore last."

"Stung?"

"Yep. At the show. Patsy was sayin' it was the bummiest entertainment ever struck this town. No zip into it at all; just dress soots and tea-talk."

"Well, she ought to know."

Lindley picked up his saddle to throw it on his bronco. It was like saddling a comet. He swore unusually well. Beal laughed and queried: "Say, just about how much do you love this ranch?"

"About as much as Dives loved hell."

"I don't know the party—but—well, I reckon hit wouldn't exactly break your heart to quit out of here."

"Break it! It would be the makin's of it. What you getting at?"

"We got a chance to sell out."

"Go on!"

"Gospel!"

"Lead me to it."

Lindley landed the saddle in place and secured it. Then

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JOHN MONTGOMERY FLAGG

All about Lindley in the theatrical agency office were the has-beens, the may-bes, the never-wases, and the never-will-bes, with clippings they would show.

MY LIFE'S STORY



"Mrs. Carter is not a public favorite," I was told on all sides.

MRS. CARTER and her mother took an apartment on Clinton Place—63 Clinton Place—near the Brevoort House, and there we continued the daily work. We were now poorer than ever. In the attempt to bring Mrs. Carter before the public I had used every cent I owned, and Mrs. Carter and her mother had given up everything. All I possessed was an idea, an idea for a play to be called "The Heart of Maryland." I may safely say of this piece that it was written in the shadow of the direst poverty. By giving private lessons I provided for my family, but as for myself, I was glad to keep body and soul together. As I had no studio, I used a room in Mrs. Carter's apartment for that purpose; and when my family was in San Francisco, Mrs. Dudley, Mrs. Carter, and I dined at a twenty-cent table d'hôte on Fourth Avenue. As soon as dinner was over, I was back at work on the play. Mrs. Carter's courage nearly failed her, and had it not been for the thought of her boy and her ambition to help him when he came of age, she could not have endured the strain.

It so happened that at this time the first of the "beauty doctors" and the "facial-massage" boom was in vogue. Mrs. Carter was sorely tempted to enter this field and bring out a preparation for the complexion. In fact she negotiated with a well-known chemist who advised her to carry out her idea. Lack of necessary capital prevented, however, and she kept to the stage instead of becoming a business woman. The world may have lost a very good "skin-fac" had it passed a fine actress.

When "The Heart of Maryland" was produced, all the usual rules were made and I found myself with a play and a star—but no financial



When Mrs. Carter scored as *Miss Helyett* I was rewarded beyond all expectations.

A scene from "The Heart of Maryland." "I may safely say of this piece that it was written for Mrs. Carter in the shadow of the direst poverty."

manager. Every one to whom I read the manuscript was eager to accept it, but no one wanted Mrs. Carter, despite the success she had made. Every manager had a leading woman far, far better suited to the part of "Maryland." I never heard of such wonderful leading women! The town was alive with them! "Mrs. Carter is not a public favorite," I was told on all sides. "However, the play was written for her, and I've made up my mind not to take it away from her," I answered. The Lord knows she had suffered enough while waiting for it.

Finding it impossible to interest the New York managers, I went to my old friend R. M. Hooley of Chicago, who has already appeared in my

story. Harry Powers, his house-manager, was very much opposed to the idea: "I've advised Mr. Hooley to have nothing to do with your venture," he said. "This is the most fashionable theater in Chicago and we can't afford to make enemies." This greeting did not discourage me, especially as Mr. Hooley gave me a cordial reception. "I have faith in your judgment, David," he said, "and if you believe in Mrs. Carter, I am satisfied." With this hopeful beginning, I read the play to him, and he decided to take it. "I like it and I'll produce it with Mrs. Carter in the cast, but on one condition: that you agree to let me have all your plays in the future. I'm going to bring out my own attractions, and let the Eastern producers go hang," he said. I was glad to hear this; the presence of a controlling power was to be seen on New York's theatrical horizon.

Mr. Hooley made liberal terms with me, giving me a large interest in the play, and we signed the contracts at once. "The Heart of Maryland" was to be his season's opening attraction. As I was leaving, Mr. Hooley told me to send him a portrait of Mrs. Carter to hang in the lobby of his theater. Here, indeed, was a big feather in my cap, and I returned to New York with a pleasant feeling of victory. I went to work with renewed energy, polishing and shaping the play and selecting the cast. I read the script to Maurice Barrymore and E. J. Henley and engaged them both. It was nearly time for the first rehearsal when, alas! poor Hooley died. I had the contract, but I knew Powers' attitude, and I was confident he would not carry out the plan. Consequently, I was not at all surprised to receive his message to say the administrator of the estate had turned the control of the house over to him, and it was his intention to change its name to the "Powers" Theater; and out of the "Powers" Theater I was politely kicked when he told me he had made a long-term contract with Klaw & Erlanger, who were to supply all his attractions. Under the circumstances, there was nothing to be done but cancel the arrangements I had made with Mr. Hooley. By this time it was too late in the season to make any other plans, so Micawber-like, I waited patiently for something to "turn up," while Mrs. Carter and her mother went on eating twenty-cent dinners.

Then, for the second time, I decided to rewrite "The Heart of Maryland." While I was at work,

BY DAVID BELASCO



The famous belfry-curfew scene from Belasco's "The Heart of Maryland."

Mr. Charles Frohman asked me to write a play for the new Empire Theater. Rich and Hayman were about to build this house for him and he had no play for the opening. I felt in duty bound to finish "The Heart of Maryland," and explained to "C. F." how matters stood. Despondent as Mrs. Carter was, she was not blind to my interests; so without consulting me, she went to "C. F.," told him I must write his play and expressed a willingness to wait her turn. Her unselfishness touched Mr. Frohman, and she won a friend by her generous action. During a dinner given at Claremont, on the bank of the Hudson, he promised her that as soon as the "Empire" was safely launched he would give us every assistance in his power—and he did. Under the circumstances, I felt free to go on with his new play. This work was done in collaboration with Franklyn Fyles, at that time dramatic critic on the "Morning Sun."

While Fyles and I worked over the manuscript of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," Mrs. Carter devoted her time to the study of Shakespearean and classic parts. I worked with her during my spare moments. A year passed by, before I took up the manuscript of "The Heart of Maryland" again. During that year "The Girl I Left Behind Me" was finished and produced; then Mr. Frohman rewarded Mrs. Carter for her self-denial. He said to me: "A musical

At last Mrs. Carter turned to me with: "Mr. David, I'm in the way. Let someone else have my part." But I refused.

play called 'Miss Helyett' is being given at the Bouffes Parisienne in Paris. It seems to have made a sensation. The leading characters are a Quaker father and his Quaker daughter. Can Mrs. Carter sing?" On the spur of the moment, I said she could, although I was not quite certain whether she sang well enough to play a part in comic opera. Mr. Frohman said: "The American rights are owned by Charles Wyndham. I'll get an option, and you and Mrs. Carter go to Paris as soon as you can. After you have heard the piece, cable to me and tell me what you think of it. If she can play the part, we'll produce it together, if you like."

It did not take us long to make up our minds to go. If we could make a success of "Miss Helyett,"

"The Heart of Maryland" would have a better chance. When we reached Paris, we found the Bouffes Parisienne selling out and

"Miss Helyett" the talk of the town. It was so full of possibilities that I cabled "C. F." to secure the rights and sent the message before I saw the last act.

To make sure of Mrs. Carter's singing voice, I called on Audran, the real successor to Offenbach, and composer of the music of "Miss Helyett." I asked him to hear Mrs. Carter, and if he thought well of her, to teach her the songs in "Miss Helyett." He was charmed with her ability and gave her a number of rehearsals. Then he recommended an instructor and even wrote an extra musical number for her. I thought this a great compliment, coming as it did from the author of "Olivette" and "The Mascot." I asked him to give me a letter in praise of the singer who was to play the part but without mentioning her name, for not only

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On Secret Service



"Hully gee!" the mystic-eyed seeress suddenly ejaculated. Then she sank limply back in her chair.

THE funereal old figure in black came to a stop as he studied the sign that adorned the shabby side-street house-front. He hesitated a moment at the foot of the iron hand-rail, red with rust. Then he glanced pensively westward towards Broadway, and then as pensively eastward towards Eighth Avenue. Then the fulminant eyes blinked once more up at the sign-board which announced:

MME. FATICHARA,
Palmist and Astrologist.

The old woman, the man in black ascended the broken, mutilated house-steps and rang the bell. He stood in the doorway, pensive and armed with the rusty umbrella in his hand. About his arm was a coat of crape, faded to a lead-grey, and on the immediate face was a look of morose ambivalence.

He went down, apparently quite uninterested in having been asked to enter from a shrewd pair of eyes that stared out through the shattered

grill-work of the door itself. Then he sighed heavily, and was about to ring for the third time, when the door opened and he found himself confronted by a large negress who, while arrayed in a costume that was unmistakably Oriental, still bore many of the earmarks of Eighth Avenue origin.

"Mme. Fatichara?" the visitor ventured, with a timid glance at the imperturbable turbaned figure.

The negress solemnly nodded, stepped aside, and

black velvet, on which still another suggestively reptilious design was worked in beryl green, the emblem in this case being that of a diamond-back rattler engaged in biting its own tail. On the table behind which the woman sat as motionless as an Egyptian idol stood a green jade vase in which smouldered three Japanese punk-sticks. Beside it, on a bronze tripod embossed with snakes, stood a glass globe, iridescent in the shadowy and uncertain light of the curtained room. Facing it was a human skull on a black plush pad embroidered with the signs of the Zodiac, while behind the skull stood a planchette, a pack of green-backed playing-cards, a lacquer tray of what appeared to be "mad-stones," and an astronomical chart of the heavens, framed and under glass.

The newcomer's pensive gaze, however, was directed more towards the woman than towards her significantly arrayed accessories. As this woman's figure was backed by the dusky curtains of a materializing-cabinet, and her heavily massed hair was itself as dark as these curtains, the contrasting pallor of her face, well whitened with rice-powder, produced an impression that approached the uncanny.

This impression of uncanniness was in no way mitigated by the blue pigment which had been added to the elongated eye-lids or by the woman's studied attitude of languor and aloofness or by the fixed stare with which her mysterious and half-closed eyes accosted her crow-like visitor in rusty black.

This visitor, however, dropped into a chair facing the young seeress. He regarded her and her surroundings with a nod of pensive approval. Then he took out a cigar and proceeded to light it.

For one brief moment the mystic-eyed seeress watched that unlooked-for movement. Then she sank limply back in her chair.

"Hully gee!" she suddenly ejaculated. The blue-lidded eyes were now staring and wide-opened. Their owner's air

of esoteric mystery suddenly evaporated, pricked like a soap-bubble by that one betraying exclamation. "Hully gee, if it ain't Mista Kestner himself!"

Kestner looked quickly but casually about, to make sure they were alone. "Sadie," he solemnly murmured, "you're fine!"

Kestner's declaration of approval had small effect on Sadie Wimpel, *alias* Cherry Dreiser, *alias* Puggy Mason. She leaned forward with sudden heat.

"Fine!" she cried with an abandoned rush of words that contrasted strangely with her earlier immobility. "I was more'n that! I was dog-goned near *fined*!"

"Fin'd for what?"

"I hadn't been stuck up in this drum three hours b'fore a flatty lamp'd me street-sign and blew in fur a two-dollar palm-readin'!" protested the seeress. "I took 'im by the mitt and said he was sure goin' to make a journey soon. And he sez to me, 'Excuse me, Miss, but yuh're the guy who's goin' to do the travelin'! And it's goin' to be right over to the Island,' he sez, 'fur I'm a plain-clothes man from Headquarters!' Secin' yuh'd told me the Feds had ev'rything fixt,

motioned for him to advance. This movement was made with an arm far too athletic to be lightly disregarded. Then the door was closed behind him, and another door at the rear, suggestively presided over by a stuffed owl with two small ruby lights set in its head, was silently opened.

The visitor sidled in past a screen embossed with a skull-and-cross-bones surrounded by an ample parade of what appeared to be interlocked copperheads worked in lemon yellow. Then he edged about a bowl of gold fish suspended from a black tripod and found himself confronted by a silent and motionless woman in an ebony black pelmet.

This woman sat behind a table draped with

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by Armand Both

I give him the glassy eye and sez, 'Nix, honey-boy, nix! Save that fur the web-foots,' sez I, 'fur I'm hep to this burg and what yuh kin pull over on the Chief! I ain't been hibernatin' up-state wit' the hay-tossers, son, and I wouldn't be exhumin' this ol' stuff if I didn't have purtection!' 'Well,' sez the flatty, showin' his badge, 'yuh'd better send in a hurry call fur them purtectin' spirits, fur I'm goin' to gather yuh in, and I'm goin' to do it right now! So git your street-rags on!'"

"Why didn't you do as I said and 'phone Hendry?"

"That gink wouldn't let me git near a 'phone, nor git long enough out'n his sight to stow away a box o' smokes. He towed me acrosst to Eight' Avenoo b'fore he even melted enough to let me call a taxi. He was jus' swingin' the door open when a cop come along. That cop sez, 'Whadda yuh doin' wit' the skirt, Tim?' The gink climbs in beside me. 'Pinchin' her fur palm-readin',' he sez as he waves fur the driver to git under way. And that cop was all that saved me from being disgraced fur life! He put a hand on me friend's arm and sez, 'Nuttin' doin', Tim! If they hadn't jus' brought yuh in from the goat-cliffs yuh'd a-knowed the green lamps was givin' this lady the wink! She's a Federal plant, son, and yuh'd better git her back before the whole ward gives yuh the laugh!' And he got me back. But when I got back I was so hot under the collar I cudda jumped the Service fur life!"

"We all have our troubles, Sadie, at work like this," soothed Kestner as his indolent eyes studied her pert young face. He realized, as he watched her, that the very audacities which had once made her a trying enemy might convert her into an invaluable colleague.

"But this stall's bin trouble from the first crack out o' the box!" complained the young seeress as she lighted a cork-tip cigaret. "It's easy enough to say not to talk and jus' feed your sucker list on a few *Mong-jews* and *Wollas* and *Sack-rays*, fur to make 'em think I'm French. But I ain't no more French 'n a Frankfurter, and I can't git away wit' it! I jus' can't!"

"Then you've already had visitors?"

"Visitors? Say, a street-sign like mine brings the nuts down like an October black-frost! Gee, but the ginks yuh bump into at this game! The first ol' guy who got a dollar readin' turned confidential and said he was a widower and wanted me to join him in a Back-To-Natcher Society and take dew-baths in his back-yard. Then a fat Swede who'd been a ring-thief in a Turkish-bath joint wanted me to work the Riviera wit' him as a hotel-sneak. Then a fat woman wit' three chins and no lap, the same claimin' to be the slickest clairvoyant on the Island, pleaded to know jus' how I could git p'lice purtection, especially wit' a face like mine! The ol' cat! Then a yellow-faced undertaker wit' a front-yard full o' spinach and a white string-tie wanted me fur his housekeeper up in Syracuse. Natcherally, I said nuttin' doin', Grandpaw!"

"Go on!" prompted Kestner.

"Then a mutt in the sash, door, and blind trade wanted to move in wit' his trunks, bein' soused to the gills and tempor'ry furgittin' home and mother up in Ithaca. Zuleika rolled him down

the steps and left him cryin' against a hydrant. Then a mulatto lady bookmaker come in to git me to dream track-numbers fur her. So in me off time I'm makin' a stab at pickin' the circuit winners. Then another washed-out ol' guy wit' a patented Elixir o' Life wanted me to run his Second Ark o' the Sacred Elect and be his spirit-wife on the side. I told him to git ready fur the grave b'fore his mind went any worse!"

"Is that all?"

"Not by a long shot! Yesterday a couple o' promoters dropped in. One wanted me fur a come-on to a company o' his to make blood oranges by stabbin' 'em wit' a needle full o' saccharine and red aniline. The other had doped

out a scheme fur makin' a million or two importin' the Guatemalan kelep-ant to kill all the boll-weevil out o' the cotton states. He offered to split even and pay travelin' expenses if I'd lobby fur state grants.

Then a widow come in fur a message from her husband, and got cryin' all over the place until I hadda warn her she was spottin' me plush-goods. I give her back her money and told her this spirit-rappin' game was all bunk. Then a couple o' sailors come in from the Navy Yard, and——"

"Sailors?" snapped out Kestner.

Sadie dashed his hopes. "They was soused to the gills—worse'n the sash and door guy! They was so lit up I short-changed 'em a couple o' bones, jus' fur squeezein' me hand durin' business hours!"

"There doesn't seem to be much to work on in that group," meditated Kestner, after a moment or two of silence.

"What I wantta know," demanded Sadie, fixing him with a rebellious eye, "is jus' why I'm planted here, and jus' what good I'm doin' at this palm-readin' guff!"

"There's a reason for it, Sadie, and the reason is this: We're raking this city for a man named Dorgan. We don't know where he is, or where he's headed for. All we know is that he's hidden away somewhere in New York."

"But where d' I come in?" demanded the seeress.

"You come in as the wooden decoy-duck who's going to persuade the gun-shy stranger to dip down into your neighborhood. For before this man came to our city he'd been consulting a fortune-teller named Mme. Fatichiara."

"Then I ain't the one and only?" demanded Sadie Wimpel, with a distinct note of disappointment.

"No, you're merely the one particular kind of fly our particular kind of fish will rise to. I mean by that, Sadie, that if our man sees your sign, or stumbles across your newspaper advertising, it's

The struggles of the man had brought his leg forward so that it fell within the line of Sadie Wimpel's vision at the same moment that her exhausted gun-hand went down. Instinctively she pulled the trigger, even while the garroting arm about her throat constricted until her very breath of life was shut off.

reasonable to assume he'll come out of hiding and try and have a talk with you."

"I don't quite git that!" objected Sadie.

"You're his friend of other days," explained Kestner. "You were his adviser before he went under cover."

"Then why'd he go under cover?"

"Because four days ago when he was fired from the Sinclair Steel Plant he stole a bundle of chart-plans of one of our navy boats. That boat's our new long-cruising submarine known as the Carp-Mouth Submersible. It's called that because it has a system of air-valve ejectors for mine-laying and a perfected mechanism for taking on fresh supplies along the sea-bottom. That gives it a ninety-day cruising radius without any need of returning to its base, in time of war. Dorgan got those plans. In the same bunch he also got the new Dupont Magnetic Detector, for indicating under water the approach of any iron-clad. They were all plans and specifications from which decently qualified experts could finally work out models."

"Then this guy Dorgan's a spy?"

"Old man Sinclair contends Dorgan isn't a paid agent, but merely a sore-head who tried to get even with the company by sniping any office-papers he could grab while waiting round for his pay-envelope, after being fired. Sinclair says he can't even know the value of those papers, for most of the work was done in bond and under government inspectors. That's a matter we can't be sure of. But there is one matter we can be sure of, and that is that for these papers Dorgan could get a quarter of a million in cold cash!"

"Hold me up!" breathed out the amazed Sadie Wimpel.

"My own belief is that Dorgan was actually planted at the Sinclair Works. There's a kink or two in his record. We know that he originally came from the Government gun factories at Watervliet, that he was some six months at Newport News, and that he even did work on the new Arizona in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. That doesn't look like a plant. But he may have been after something worth waiting a couple of years for. The worst kink in his record, though, is that Dorgan became a poolroom habitué. Through his neglecting his work and was mostly discredited. It was this woman named Fannie who gave him his track-return tips. That's about all we know, except one thing. And that one thing is that Keudell and his gang would cut this man's throat so much as they'd strike a match, once they decided those plans were within their reach."

"How'd you know he ain't gay-cattin' fur Keudell right along?" demanded Sadie.

"Keudell hasn't been in this trail one month, let alone two years," Kestner explained. "There may have been others. It's this,

That's what complicates the issue. But however things stand, those charts have to be recovered, at any cost."

"That's dead easy to say," announced Sadie. "But jus' how're yuh goin' to do it?"

"That's what we've got to find out," was Kestner's answer. "All our hopes hang on this one thin thread: that somewhere in this city is a thief who's stolen papers which he can't unload, unless he unloads them on Keudell. And if we can't find the thief, we've got to find Keudell, or the people who are acting for Keudell."

about the table and lifted the black velvet drapery of the cabinet.

"I'll wait here until your man goes," he quietly announced.

Sadie, reverting to her posture of esoteric impassivity, intoned a solemn "Ong-tray-vo!" in answer to the questioning knock on the door.

That door promptly opened and a man stepped into the room. He carried his hat in his hand, and Sadie could see the black hair that curled about the edges of his outstanding ears. He was half-way across the room before he stopped, hesitated, and then slowly advanced towards the vacant chair which faced the table, groping for it with an abstracted hand as he stared into the woman's heavily powdered face. Then he sat down in the chair.

"You ain't Fannie Fatichiara!" he suddenly and deliberately announced.

"Ain't I?" murmured the impassive-eyed Sadie.

"You're a faker!" announced the stranger, suddenly leaning forward in his chair.

Sadie's somnolent eye was languid with scorn.

"If any she-cat's been crabbin' my name," she majestically proclaimed, "I'll put her outta business b'fore she kin squeal fur help!"

The man sniffed. "You smoke cigars?" he demanded.

"No," was Sadie's languid retort. "But I guess that pool-room king I'm pickin' winners fur kin maybe blow hisself to an occasional pur-fecto!"

"You ain't Fannie Fatichiara!" doggedly repeated the newcomer.

The woman behind the black-draped table suddenly lost the last of her majestic mien.

"Well, if I ain't Fannie Fatichiara," she challenged, "I jus' wish yuh'd lead me to her!"

The man pondered this for a moment. He seemed puzzled. "All right," he suddenly announced.

It was Sadie's turn to ponder the problem so unexpectedly confronting her. "When?" she inquired.

"Any old time!" promptly declared the visitor. Again Sadie pondered. "How'll we go?" she temporized.

"We'll go in a taxi, by gum," was the altogether reckless answer, "and the sooner the better!"

Sadie drew her sable wrappings together and rose with both dignity and determination to her feet. "Then yuh wait until I grab me hat and mits," she explained to him.

She stepped back and slipped in under the draped black curtains of the cabinet front. There Kestner caught her by the arm, and, with his lips close to her ear, whispered, "Follow that man. Keep

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"How'd this do for a reference!" Sadie Wimpel casually inquired. Keudell looked up scornfully and a little heavily—till he found himself staring into a revolver.

There's Julius for Instance by Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker



But Sadie had already been married to Julius for two weeks.



Julius Finkelstein received his check for two thousand dollars, to marry Sadie Morris.

CHAPTER I

PUNCTUATION has always been a mysterious science to me. People seem to place commas, colons, and semicolons just where they feel like placing them, and no two writers, apparently, agree on the subject. And when it comes to chapters they seem to embark upon a chartless sea without sail or rudder. Some chapters are long and some are short, some are connected and some are unconnected, but there never seems to be any foundation of reason in their division. Occasionally you find one chapter ending with a knock at the door and in the next chapter, after a few words about the weather or the scenery, somebody enters. Is it not reasonable to expect that a person would enter in the same chapter in which he knocks at a door?

Sometimes, perhaps, a writer gets weary of laboring over a chapter and starts another just for a change.

Well, I, for one, believe they are not always to be blamed too severely.

dyspeptic bachelor, remained in charge of the firm's affairs. Julius Finkelstein, the only son of the senior partner, was in the firm's employ, but Julius's father and his Uncle Isaac agreed that Julius was hopeless.

CHAPTER III

THIS chapter shall be devoted principally to Julius Finkelstein. It is a poor specimen of humanity who is not worth, at least, a chapter of his own. He was twenty-three; his face was always pale, his eyes were somewhat red around the lids, and his hair was thin and straw-colored. He was very quiet and never took the trouble to contradict anyone. Nobody ever spoke of him with enthusiasm but, at the same time, no one ever actually disliked him. His mother firmly believed that Julius was disappointed because a cruel world failed to appreciate him. His father had long come to the conclusion that Julius was incorrigibly lazy and that he hadn't an original idea in his head. Taken all in all, he was the kind of a chap that you would never hesitate to leave alone with your best girl. And yet—Sadie Morris loved him.

CHAPTER II

FINKELSTEIN BROS., on Canal street, dealt in wool. Very good wool it was, too, which is more than you can say of all wool

dealers. Their business was principally wholesale but they also ran a little store in which they sold a few varieties of woolen articles at retail. The firm consisted of Meyer Finkelstein and his brother Isaac Finkelstein. Meyer Finkelstein had decided to take a trip to Europe with his wife in order to reduce his weight at Marienbad, and make arrangements with European wool exporters on the best possible terms. His brother Isaac, a

CHAPTER IV

WHAT a blessed dispensation of Providence it is, that, no matter how homely or stupid or insignificant a man may be, he is sure, sooner or later, to find a woman who will love him! How awful it would be if only the handsome ones were loved! Or the brilliant ones! What a dreary world it would be if the great majority of us—I'm pretty sure that the homely and uninteresting and mediocre are in the majority—were compelled to stand by, like the Peri at the gate of Paradise, and look on while the women all went crazy over the few who had good looks and genius? Life is not quite as dreary as you may be inclined to think.

CHAPTER V

THE love affair of Julius Finkelstein and Sadie Morris—or, at least, that part of it that came to the knowledge of Julius's parents—was short and stormy. Sadie had been employed as a book-keeper in the office of Finkelstein Bros., and no one had noticed that Julius paid her the slightest attention. When, therefore, Julius told his father that he loved the girl and wanted to marry her, Mr. Finkelstein was considerably surprised. In fact, he almost exploded. The first thing he did was to discharge the girl. Then he reduced Julius's salary to a minimum. Then he told his son he would discharge him and disinherit him if he ever opened his mouth about Sadie Morris again. And, in conclusion:

"Another thing," said he. "Every week I get from Friedman's Bank a statement that you overdrew your account, and I have to make it good. I made it good yesterday and it's the last time. You got to learn business methods. If you ever overdraw another cent you march out of the office. No son of mine should spend money what he hasn't got. While I'm gone in Europe the bank will report to Uncle Isaac. He got my instructions what to do."

Julius stared at his father without the slightest change of expression, excepting that his eyes blinked a great many times.

"Is that all?" he finally asked.

"That's all," said his father.



Suggestions for the Finkelstein Bros. store-sign came pouring in by the bushel—the whole East Side seemed to have interrupted its labors to suggest ideas. Lapidowitz, too, handed in his suggestion; it was: "Woolly, Woolly Wool."

CHAPTER VI

MRS. FINKELSTEIN had never seen Sadie Morris and really knew nothing about her excepting that she was a book-keeper. But what woman with an only son would not instinctively rebel at the thought of his wasting his precious affections upon a book-keeper? Is it not for such as he that we have queens, princesses, and duchesses—to say nothing of millionaires' daughters?

CHAPTER VII

JULIUS FINKELSTEIN, after long contemplation of the unsatisfactory condition of his affairs, decided to become rich. He had never given the matter a thought before and did not know exactly how to go about it. Many people in this world have given this same matter a great deal of thought and, in the end, had no clearer idea of how to proceed than had Julius Finkelstein—so you must not imagine Julius as being stupid on that account. Julius had always taken it for granted that he would ultimately inherit his father's money and take his position as head of the firm, but the affair of Sadie Morris had upset the equilibrium of his calculations, and Julius intended to start all over on new lines.

It was in this frame of mind that he became acquainted with a black-bearded, bright-faced, impressive-looking chap by the name of Lapidowitz. Julius had seen him occasionally in Milken's coffee-house but had never spoken to him. This time Milken, himself, brought Lapidowitz to Julius's table.

"Mr. Lapidowitz," explained Milken, "says your face is familiar and he would like to get acquainted. He came to it alone."

Julius rose and shook hands with Lapidowitz and treated him to a cup of coffee.

"I know your father well," said Lapidowitz. "I hear he went to Europe."

"Yes," said Julius. "But I never heard him back of you."

"Oh, we had a little difference once," said Lapidowitz, lightly. "But I have great respect for him and if I could ever do his son a favor I'd be glad to do so."

Julius bowed and held out his hand. He was most delighted to meet Lapidowitz. If there was anything in the world that he wanted, just then, it was to meet people who would like to do him a favor.

CHAPTER VIII

"IF you are willing to begin in a modest way," said Lapidowitz, "I can help you make about fifty dollars this afternoon."

They had been chatting for a quarter of an hour during which Lapidowitz had adroitly drawn from the young man a rather clear picture of his condition and his aspirations. Julius, you must remember, was only twenty-three years old. Most of us were twenty-three, ourselves, once.

"That's fine!" exclaimed Julius. "But how? I'd just love to start in by making fifty dollars."

Lapidowitz drew out a note-book and consulted it. Then he drew out a pocket-book and counted his money. It was impossible for Julius to see whether it contained a thousand dollars or a dime. Then he said,

"If you will give me fifty dollars you'll get back a hundred by 4 o'clock this afternoon. Only I would have to hurry."

Julius consulted his pocket check-book. His balance at Friedman's Bank was exactly \$40.

"By 4 o'clock did you say?" Lapidowitz nodded.

"Well," thought Julius, "if I can deposit a hundred dollars in the bank to-morrow morning it won't do any harm to overdraw my account ten dollars for a few hours."

"You'd better get it cashed here," said Lapidowitz, as Julius began to write out his check. "It will save time if I have the money. Milken will cash it for you."

"Remember," Lapidowitz added, as he rose to go with Julius's money in his pocket, "I wouldn't do this for everyone. It's on your father's account that I'm taking an interest in you."

"Oh, that's all right," said Julius. What young man ever declined a favor that was extended on his father's account?

CHAPTER IX

"IF I'd known you were going to lend Lapidowitz the money," said Milken, a few minutes later, "I wouldn't have cashed your check." "I didn't lend it to him. He's investing it for me."

Milken gazed at the young man in amazement. "Say! You know all about Lapidowitz, don't you? I mean, you've heard of him, of course. You know what he is?"

Julius shook his head. "He's a business man of some kind, I suppose?" Milken's face became very red.

"Lapidowitz a business man?" He seemed to choke a bit. "Why that fellow is the biggest schnorrer and loafer and good-for-nothing on the East Side. Why—I thought everybody knew him. I like him—we all like him—but fifty dollars—an investment—Ts! Ts! Ts! What was the scheme?"

Julius's complexion did not change. Being naturally pale he could not easily turn paler. But he rose hastily, went to the door and looked up and down the street. The schnorrer was nowhere to be seen. Then he returned to his table and called for his bill.

"Oh, I guess it's all right," he said, with a smile. "It's only fifty dollars."

CHAPTER X

THREE hours later, a man sitting in Milken's coffee-house called to a waiter, "Bring me pen, ink, and paper!"

Could Homer have done more? Or Shakespeare? Think of it!—pen, ink, and paper—utensils by means of which the greatest thoughts of the human mind may be expressed in imperishable form and handed down through the ages to instruct and to delight countless generations. With pen, ink, and paper Sir Isaac Newton figured out the law of gravitation and with no other tools Goethe and Bacon imparted their wisdom to the world. Even Beethoven asked for no better instruments to record his greatest sonatas nor would Rockefeller need more to transfer a million dollars

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The Greatest of These

By James J. Montague
 Decoration By V. Adrente

WHEN, on the land and on the sea,
 The deadly guns are mute,
 And Peace shall come to bind the wounds
 Of rancor and dispute,
 With outstretched hands and shining eyes,
 And pity in her heart,
 The youngest of the sisterhood
 Shall play a sister's part.

The youngest nation of them all,
 Who, from a far off shore,
 Has seen her sisters crushed beneath
 The ruthless hand of war,
 Shall comfort those who trod so long
 In sorrow's barren ways,
 And teach their tear-dimmed eyes to see
 The dawn of happier days.

And through her gentle ministry
 The hungry shall be fed,
 And hope shall come to those who mourn
 Beside the legions dead;
 And banished shall be Fear and Hate
 And Bitterness and Crime,
 That Love may mount again her throne
 To reign throughout all time.



I saw Biddy, playing in the sand on the beach; and Maude herself in her chair on the beach, a book lying in her lap, its pages whipped by the breezes from the sea.

A Far Country

By Winston Churchill
Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

I TOOK the afternoon stage from Callender's Mill, went back to the city and plunged into affairs again. And in those days I watched myself as a physician watches a patient. Was I any better? Presently I came to the conclusion that I was a little better. I continued to suffer to wake up in the night with the feeling that something terrible had happened to me, and then to identify the cause. But was my life completely shattered, as I had at first imagined? That resiliency which I shared with most of my compatriots, and which I once heard a college president define as "a charming optimism," by

SYNOPSIS: Hugh Paret's school days came and went in disappointment and failure. At Nancy's challenge Hugh studies day and night and enters college. Then his graduation and his first position with Watling, biggest lawyer in the city—and Hugh's career is on. Hugh forgets Nancy—until she announces her engagement to another man. But politics and business crowd love out of his life until he meets Maude and marries her. But Hugh plunges into money-making, which is disturbed only by the upcropping of Krebs, who believes in the people's rights. Maude refuses to become worldly and grows away from him. In Nancy alone does Hugh find comradeship. When Maude takes the children to Europe for "an indefinite stay," Hugh and Nancy, very much in love with each other, begin to think of divorce and marriage—until Nancy's husband is injured so badly she says she cannot leave him. This completely upsets the old, well-poised Hugh Paret.

degrees alleviated my depression. Some preservative in the modern atmosphere had kept both Nancy and me remarkably "young," physically and mentally, at an age when our parents had long been resigned to the humdrum.

It would be an exaggeration to declare that I became reconciled to the thought of a period of

waiting, but I grew reasonable enough to see that Nancy could not have acted otherwise than she had. Ordinary human decency, as she had said, compelled her to go to Ham; and in view of his condition—which the fates themselves could not more ingeniously have contrived—she could scarcely take steps at this

time to divorce him. Later on . . . ? Delicacy, I argued, had made her refrain from mentioning this. She had begged me not to write to her at present.

Nevertheless, that September is a month upon which it gives me no pleasure to look back, and I can never recall being free from gnawing desire.

Hitherto my imperative needs had always been satisfied—with some little delays, perhaps, but never with much slackening of speed. This time there had been a head-on collision. Yet the machinery which I had believed shattered *did* show signs of mending, of an ability to push forward once more. Forward, where? I was to discover that the principal effect of the shock had been a loss of "tone." Heretofore I had pressed onward towards a concrete and desirable goal, conscious of being a definite person: now I missed the satisfying tingle of that former assurance. Some disintegration had taken place; or it would be better to say that I had rather remarkably relapsed into one of those states of questioning to which I had been subject in earlier years, and which I have recorded in these pages. It was a sense of deep uneasiness at being a prey to accidents, subject to such fearful ravages of feeling, of despair, as that which I was going through. And this uneasiness possessed me more completely when my energy ran down, when I found it hardest to be hopeful about the future.

In other words, I had made the discovery that there were spheres into which the soul might wander, and had wandered, where the philosophy of enlightened self-interest was powerless to protect it. Had I been ordinarily observing, I might before then have reflected upon a phenomenon in the world of high finance, when certain of its protagonists had been stricken down suddenly and mysteriously, seized by a lurking disease, and had died—crumbled up like leaves in a fire. The newspapers merely men-

tioned the disease, but those of us who were "on the inside" learned the real cause; and most often there was a woman at the bottom of it. Enlightened self-interest was a philosophy of prosperity.

I am not quite clear in my own mind why I have not mentioned the letters which I had been receiving at intervals during the summer from Maude and the children. Of this I am sure, that I have not abstained from any wish to spare myself. I was a husband and a father acting as though these relationships did not exist, wholly absorbed in the pursuit of another woman. This was the situation, and written down thus baldly it has, to say the least, a distasteful aspect: it would seem to violate all the higher instincts of human nature. There was, indeed, no conscious effort of readjustment, since I was wholly in the grip of a force more powerful than any other in the world. It is quite true that I did not attempt to avoid, while it was as yet possible, possession by this force. I make no comment upon all this, but confine myself to recording the facts.

Maude's were the letters of a friend, containing no references to the life we had lived together. This attitude was a relief: I might have been said to be grateful for it were it not for the fact

that I found it easy to be convinced that the tone was genuine, that she had ceased to love me, that the separation had brought contentment to her. I warmed towards her: I admired now those independent and self-sufficient elements in her character which she had developed. She had become, I reflected, an extraordinarily sensible woman.

She found her life at Etretat delightful, living quietly, but making friends with some American and English, and one French family, of the same name, Buffon, as the great naturalist. The father was a retired silk manufacturer; they now lived in Paris, and had been very kind in helping her to get an apartment in that city for the winter. She had chosen one on the Avenue Kléber, not far from the Arc.

Such was the quiet note she struck, and the

that her accent would never be good. The boys, especially Moreton, did not take kindly to it, but Biddy's progress was encouraging. . . .

I come now to a strain in her letters which I confess had had a disquieting effect. I mean her references to the children. Sudden, unheralded pangs would shoot through me. This current alone was strong enough to pierce the electric atmosphere of my passion and to make itself felt—temporarily, at least. I have already mentioned my faculty of putting out of my mind what I did not wish to remember; and there were many letters of Maude's I did not read twice.

She related the doings of the children with vivid simplicity, with the genius of love, and through the medium of herself communicated that love to me. I saw Biddy, her dresses tucked above slim little knees, playing in the sand on the beach, her hair flying in the wind and lighted by the sun which gave sparkle to the sea. I saw Maude herself in her beach chair, a book lying in her lap, its pages whipped by the breeze. And there was Moreton, whose detestation for the French language was probably an inherent Anglo-Saxon instinct. Mademoiselle Gravière, the governess Maude had employed, called him *un type*. Her tribulations must have been legion; indeed, it was clear that the two women found the boy a handful. His natural aggressiveness seemed to have expanded in the foreign surroundings; he quarreled with the English boys on the subject of the American Revolution, and was rescued by an English tutor from an encounter in which history was not bidding fair to repeat itself, a youthful champion of St. George having given him a black eye. On another occasion, from materials mysteriously procured, he made a sling shot and broke a window in the villa of the Buffon family. Once in a while I received a communication, evidently written under duress, the letters painfully leaning away from one another as though marshalled against their will, some reluctantly inserted to conform to ridiculous standards of spelling.

"Dear Father," (e inserted), "Mother says you will want to (k)no(w) what we are doing. I don't like it as well as America, by a good deal. All the kids have nurses or tutors or governesses" (achieved after much scratching) "who are always Around, and it isn't free like our seashore. It is all fenced in except the beach, which is full of people. French is a bum language. Your affectionate son Moreton."

On the back was a line from Maude. "I have let him send it as he wrote it—except the spelling—since it is his own expression."

This letter reached me a fortnight or so after I had returned to the city from Calender's Mill.

Although a notion—at least a shadow of one—might have crossed my mind that Moreton needed a man's discipline and affection, it was as always, the thought of Matthew which disturbed me most. Seen in the

reflection of the boy, my own life, which I had regarded as a success, took on an aspect of pathos—I had almost said of tragedy. There was scarce an experience of my manhood I would not have wished to spare him, the white-hot flame of this last experience above all. In spite of the fact that my love for Nancy was stronger than any other feeling, my desire for her above all other considerations, the thought that Matthew was now beyond me, had passed from my life and guid-

Maude's letters were those of a friend, containing no references to the married life we had lived together. There were letters I did not read twice.

circumstances of her life were written out conscientiously in her clear handwriting. Unlike most modern women, she had never cultivated eccentricity in the forming of her letters; there were no angles, no heavy lines. She was learning to speak French, though convinced



ance, gave me pain. The old feeling that he was a part of me began to recur more frequently, and became intensified, especially when I sat with his letters in my hand. Who was to warn him, as I could, of what

stroyed! On the other hand, properly nurtured and fortified against the storms and flaming, withering surprises it might grow into one of those strong and beautiful trees which mark the path of humanity and cast grateful shadows across the hot and toilsome highway.

Some such vision I saw, though dimly, even then, torn as I was by misery, doubt, hope and desire, never really relinquishing hope or rebuking longing. The reflection was unwelcome, but fairly persistent. I might warn, but who was I to nurture? . . .

I took a photograph from the drawer and put it on the dressing-table of my room at the Club. The face was thoughtful, though boyish, its length and rather pronounced cheekbones inherited from Scotch ancestors, whose expression and features were subtly changed by indeterminate influences of environment. The nose was firm, the nostrils fine, and in the gray eyes and wavy hair was the touch of sunlight. In my fancy I thought of the boy's face as suggesting unrealized and as yet unimagined American ideals. What *did* I wish him to become? Certainly not what I had become. But my own life was not yet lived out, my hope not dead, I was still ready to embark in quest of the Golden Fleece, I still believed in its existence. An incurable Argonaut! What, then, were these new ambitions over-laying and blending with

the old, lending them new colors and new pains?

The thought of his suffering troubled me. He had always been self-contained, hiding such little hurts and wounds as a sensitive child receives; and this quality, which I had not possessed, enhanced his appeal. He could not be called a mollycoddle, but measured by the mass of standards of the modern world as I vaguely sensed them, a mass as yet inchoate, his very virtues became defects. He had not enough self-assertion, he was, if anything, too thoughtful, too considerate of others.

Was this a sentimental appeal which would evaporate if I had him back? And if he were back would I neglect him again? Let these questions suffice to call attention to a dawning suspicion within me. At any rate, the boy's faithful letters revealed no dawning doubts of his father, and I was at a loss whether to be grateful or troubled because Maude, apparently, had not as yet given him any hint of our separation. I was, indeed, both grateful and troubled in turn. What effect would it have on him when it should be revealed to him? He had always trusted me; and in spite of my neglect of him he had always shown a sympathy, an understanding of me. It was as though he were precociously aware of my defects and discounted them. . . .

I began to apprehend through Matthew certain qualities in Maude which had not hitherto been manifest. Now that she was gone from me little mannerisms which had jarred, habits of thought which had exasperated, were forgotten. If I didn't love her, my respect for her grew unconsciously, and I was forced to admit that she had a magnificent dignity. It was the very magnificence of this dignity, I slowly perceived, that put me in a quandary. I had no intentions of relinquishing my determination to marry Nancy, but Maude's dignity made my road harder. Her letters betrayed neither ill-will nor resentment, and tacitly acknowledged that I still had rights and an interest in the children. This attitude of hers was, after all, rather a remarkable achievement.

I lived that autumn, as it were, in fragments, never the same person for more than a few consecutive hours, now a prey to doubts and misgivings, even despairs, and again unexpectedly remagnetized into that old Hugh Paret whose oyster was the world. . . .

The decision which I had to make shortly after coming back to the city was one of the reinforcing events. I had not revealed my refuge to my friends, who maintained a considerate silence in regard to my flight. I was aware of an undercurrent of gossip. But Dickinson did reproach me for not having given a definite answer to their behest—if such a mild term may be used—that I should accept Theodore Watling's place as a representative of enlightened-self-interest in the Senate. The Governor, of course, had not been able to resist the persuasions of such distinguished citizens; he was ready to appoint me during the interval, and my ultimate election by the legislature need not worry me. Mr. Watling, in another letter I had received from him, took it for granted that I would not refuse.

I was flattered, and at a crisis when such reinforcement was grateful. After all, to be United States Senator was to have my life officially and therefore triumphantly vindicated in the eyes of those who carped at my career. Owing to the comparatively recent unreasonable twist of a portion of public opinion, a much sought after and comparatively wealthy corporation attorney was regarded with a certain distrust. I had climbed to the top of *that* pinnacle to realize that its foundations had been somewhat eroded. Once in the Senate, I rested on the endorsement of a majority of my fellow citizens in the state; a somewhat fictitious endorsement, but none the less valid in the case of the muddle-headed who were dazzled by success, to whom a senator was a senator in spite of the muck rakers who increased the circulation of the magazines. I could

When I reached the door of Krebs' room he was alone. I hesitated just a second, swept by the heat wave which follows sudden shyness, embarrassment, a sense of folly which it is too late to avert.

the man of whom
the man.

Instinctively I recognized in him the resemblance to something how which came had been in me. Folly in Matthew it was true, and might have been linked in a way that pointed forth without doubt to the man, gathering confidence from the success elements of the atmosphere of the world. A plant which could so easily be poisoned, crushed and de-

afford to regard criticisms with a certain tranquillity.

Besides, after the first storm of my protest against Nancy's decision had worn itself out and I became more reconciled to the idea that I should have to wait for her, the calculations I made convinced me that my appointment and subsequent election to the Senate would not greatly delay matters, since she would now remain with her husband for a conventional period. The election was not much more than a year distant, and as a senator I should be in a stronger position even in regard to her: I still clung tenaciously to a belief that there were no relationships in life wholly unaffected by signal worldly triumphs. Nor did I reflect that this was precisely the course I had pursued with Nancy when in my teens.

I met Mr. Watling in Washington, and saw the President. The city was as yet deserted in the social sense, but we drove in a motor through its beautiful avenues, and I went so far as to select—tentatively, of course—near one of the fashionable circles, a house which chanced to be one of those simple and good instances of the Georgian which are creeping in and helping to redeem the polyglot residential aspect of our capital.

This visit, which took place in a spell of cool weather, had a certain bracing effect. My old chief, still vigorous, still kindly, would shortly be established in the Department of State, and I in a position of power and dignity. It all seemed a fitting and rather impressive culmination of our relationship. Mr. Watling seemed to think that, with the fortunate advent of this new President who represented a genial compromise between progress and conservatism (with a leaning towards the latter, and with a lawyer's love for the Constitution), that the wind had been taken out of the reformers' sails.

"We are the men to run this country, Hugh, because we know how," he said, as we dined together, looking out over the green expanse of the golf course of a country club, "if you doubt it, all you have to do is to look at the men 'the people' have elected and sent here to the House and Senate."

I didn't doubt it.

"I wouldn't trust one of them to run a dairy-farm for me," he continued, smiling, and stroking the white moustache that so nicely balanced his broad chin. I thought him more distinguished, more sane and forceful than ever. I renewed my loyalty, and I had a twinge of pride at the thought that the foreign relations of our country were to be confided into his hands. "If this radical movement had gone on we should soon have been in the hands of amateurs and theorists and self-deceivers, and the men of real ability, who understand the world and know how to do things would have been thrust into the background. We'll handle the progressive trend, not by crushing it, but by guiding it. I have come to the conclusion that there is a true instinct in it, and that there are certain things we have done which have been mistakes, and which we can't do any more. But as for this theory that all wisdom resides in the people, it is buncombe. What we have to do is to work out a practical program. . . ."

More than ever before I was ready to follow his lead. He spoke, rather tactfully, I thought, of Maude and the children, and ventured the surmise that they would be returning in a few months. I interpreted it, indeed, as in rather the nature of a kindly hint that such a procedure would be wise in view of the larger life now dawning for me, but I made no

comment. He even sympathized with Nancy Durrett.

"She did the right thing, Hugh," he said, with the admirable casual manner he possessed of treating subjects which he knew to be delicate. "Nancy's a fine woman. Poor devil!" This in reference to Ham.

His point of view was that of responsibility of a class, but of a class which should always be open to reinforcement from the able, level-headed and generally worthy of the heterogeneous ranks below. An Anglo-Saxon view. Perhaps I have lived long enough, as I write these words, to realize that his main contention cannot be bettered, but that the "class" must be reorganized, regenerated and renamed. . . .

I traveled homeward, away from the spaciousness of Washington with its dignified Presidential Mansion among the trees, its granite shaft that drew the eye upward to the spacious blue, its domed capitol serenely sitting on the hill with enfolding wings, undisturbed by the turmoil and the shouting, its solid, classic Treasury. Even the Mansard Departments to the west had a character and dignity of their own. Should we deliver over these heirlooms to the mob? Surely Democracy was more than that! The mob was the source, the soil. It must learn to respect what it had produced. . . .

Despite my lack of peace, my yearning for the woman who would give me significance and unity, I went back with a new sense of

spaciousness within me, and this sense associated in some indefinable manner with Theodore Watling. I remembered his telling me that his grandfather had been a blacksmith. It was as though a picture had been flashed on the screen of my mind, and tantalizingly withdrawn before I could gather its details.

Beside all this, I was conscious of a changed attitude towards my associates at home—Grierson, Bellinger, Tallant, Miller Gorse, Dickinson, though Dickinson least of all; of a newly-created feeling that did not amount to antipathy, but was a slight distaste. They lacked the capacity for the outlook, the larger sweep of Theodore Watling, who had always, I reflected, been greater.

Could I achieve that outlook? . . .

The campaign of the "Citizens' Union" that autumn was, save in one respect, like dozens of attempts of amateurs in other cities of our country to capture and hand over to a bewildered electorate as their own the stronghold which was held by "privilege and corruption." The respect in which this struggle was unique may be summed up in Hermann Krebs. He was as one born out of his time. He was misunderstood

(Continued on page 532)



Krebs was propped up by pillows. "Well, this is good of you to call, Paret," he said. "I feel all right now—it's queer, but I do." As he spoke I realized that the mysterious force which had drawn me to him against my will was an intellectual rather than a sentimental one.

"Un Peu d'Amour"

WHEN I returned to the plateau from my investigation of the crater, I realized that I had descended the grassy pit as far as any human being could descend. No living creature could pass that barrier of flame and vapor. Of that I was convinced.

Now, not only the crater but its steaming effluvia were utterly unlike any I had ever before beheld. There was no trace of lava to be seen, or of pumice, or ashes, or of volcanic rejecta in any form whatever. There were no sulphuric odors, no pungent fumes, nothing to teach the olfactory nerves what might be the nature of the thin silvery steam rising from the crater incessantly in a vast circle, ringing its circumference half-way down the slope.

Under this thin curtain of steam a ring of pale yellow flames played and sparkled, completely encircling the slope.

The crater was about half a mile deep; the sides sloped gently to the bottom.

But the odd feature of the entire phenomenon was this: the bottom of the crater seemed to be entirely free from fire and vapor. It was disk-shaped, sandy, and flat, about a quarter of a mile in diameter. Through my field-glasses I could see patches of grass and wild flowers growing in the sand here and there, and the sparkle of water, and a crow or two, feeding and walking about.

I looked at the girl who was standing beside me, then cast a glance around me at the very unusual landscape.

We were standing on the summit of a grassy mountain some two thousand feet high, looking into a cup-shaped depression or crater, on the edges of which we stood.

This low, flat-topped mountain, as I say, was grassy and quite treeless, although it rose like a truncated sugar-cone out of a wilderness of trees which stretched for miles below us, north, south, east, and west, bordered on the horizon by towering blue mountains, their distant ranges enclosing the forests as in a vast amphitheater.

From the center of this enormous green floor of foliage rose our grassy hill, and it appeared to be the only irregularity which broke the level wilderness as far as the base of the dim blue ranges encircling the horizon.

Except for the log bungalow of Mr. Blythe, on the eastern edge of this grassy plateau, there was not a human habitation in sight, nor a trace of man's devastating presence in the wilderness around us.

Again I looked questioningly at the girl beside me—a slender, young, red-lipped thing—and she looked back at me rather seriously. "Shall we seat ourselves here in the sun?" she asked.

I nodded.

Very gravely we settled down side by side on the thick green grass. "Now," she said, "I shall tell you why I wrote you to come out here. Shall I?"

She was most enchanting.

By all means, Miss Blythe," I replied.

Sitting cross-legged, she gathered

her slim ankles into her hands, settling herself as snugly on the grass as a bird settles on its nest.

"The phenomena of nature," she said, "have always interested me intensely, not only from the artistic angle but from the scientific point of view.

"It is different with father. He is a painter; he cares only for the artistic aspects of nature. Phenomena of a scientific nature bore him.

Also, you may have noticed that he is of a—slightly impatient disposition."

I had

noticed it.

He had been anything but civil to me when I arrived the night before, after a

five-hundred-mile trip on a mule from the

nearest railroad—a

journey performed entirely alone and by compass, there being no trail after the first fifty miles.

To characterize Blythe as slightly impatient was letting him down easy. He was a selfish,

bad-tempered old pig.

"Yes," I said, answering her, "I did notice a negligible trace of impatience about your father."

She flushed. "You see I had not told my father that I had written to you. He doesn't like strangers; he doesn't like scientists. I did not dare tell him that I had asked you to come out here. It was entirely my own idea. I felt that I *must* write you because I am positive that what is happening in this wilderness is of vital scientific importance."

"How did you get a letter out of this distant and desolate place?" I asked.

"Every two months the storekeeper at Wind-flower Station sends in a man and a string of mules with staples for us. The man takes our further orders and our letters back to civilization."

I nodded.

"He took my letter to you—among one or two others I sent—"

A faint but charming color came into her cheeks. She was really extremely pretty. I liked that girl. When a girl blushes when she speaks to a man he immediately likes her, accepting her softly heightened color as a personal tribute. This is not vanity; it is merely a proper sense of personal worthiness.

She said thoughtfully: "The mail-bag which that man brought to us last week contained a letter which, had

I received it earlier, would have made my invitation to you unnecessary. I'm sorry I disturbed you."

"I am not," said I, looking into her beautiful eyes.

I twisted my mustache into two attractive points, shot my cuffs, and glanced at her again, smilingly and receptively.

She had a far-away and dreamy expression in her eyes. I straightened my necktie with pardonable complacency. A man, without being vain, ought to be conscious of his own worth.

"And now," she murmured thoughtfully, "I am going to tell you the various reasons why I asked so celebrated a scientist as you to come here."

I thanked her for her encomium.

"Ever since my father retired from Boston to purchase this hill and the wilderness surrounding it," she continued, "and came here to live a hermit's life—a life devoted solely to painting landscapes—I also have lived here all alone with him.

"That is three years, now. And from the very beginning—from the very first day of our arrival, somehow or other I was conscious that there was something abnormal about this corner of the world."

She bent forward, lowering her voice a trifle. "Have you noticed," she asked, "that so many things seem to be *circular* out here?"

"Circular?" I repeated, surprised.

"Yes. That crater is circular; so is the bottom of it; so is this plateau, and the hill; and the forests surrounding us; and the mountain ranges on the horizon."

"But all this is natural."

"Perhaps. But in those woods, down there, there are, here and there, great circles of crumbling soil—*perfect* circles a mile in diameter."

"Mounds built by prehistoric man, no doubt."

She shook her head. "These are not prehistoric mounds."

"Why not?"

"Because they have been freshly made."

"How do you know?"

"The earth is freshly upheaved; great trees, partly uprooted, slant at every angle from the sides of the enormous piles of newly upturned earth; sand and stones are still sliding from the raw ridges."

She leaned nearer and dropped her voice still lower. "More than that," she said, "my father and I both have seen one of these huge circles *in the making!*"

"What!" I exclaimed, incredulously.

"It is true. We have seen several. And it enrages father."

"Enrages—?"

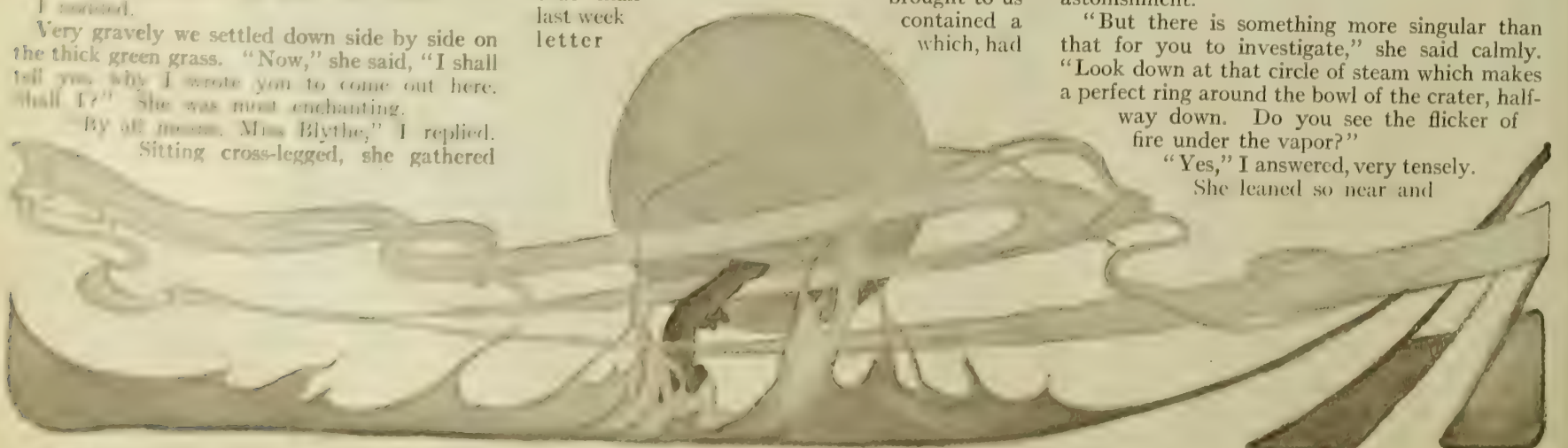
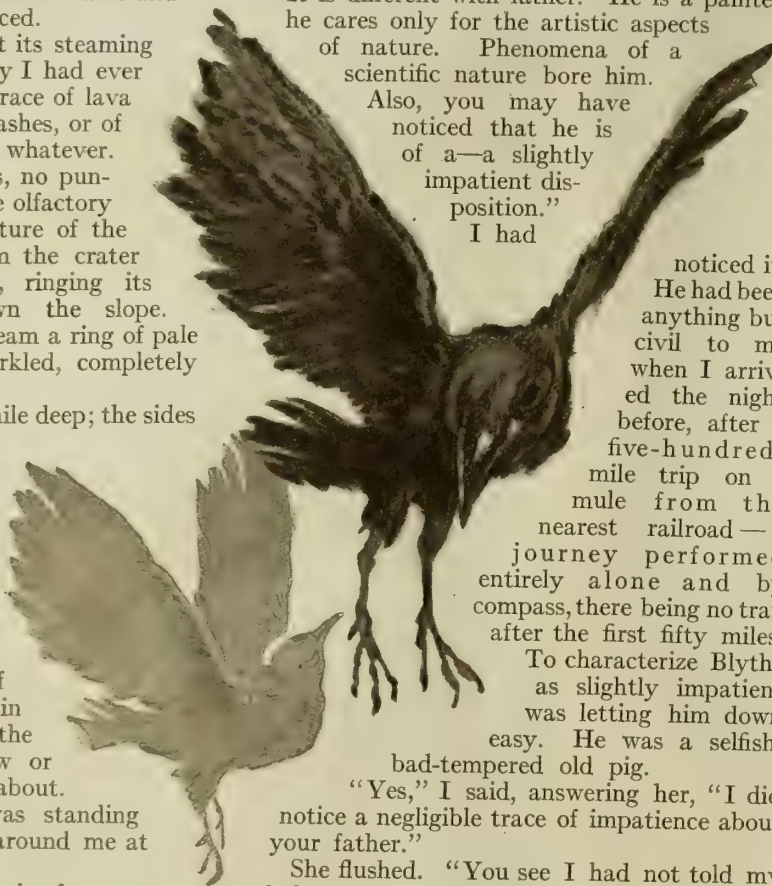
"Yes, because it upsets the trees where he is painting landscapes, and tilts them in every direction. Which, of course, ruins his picture; and he is obliged to start another, which vexes him dreadfully."

I think I must have gaped at her in sheer astonishment.

"But there is something more singular than that for you to investigate," she said calmly. "Look down at that circle of steam which makes a perfect ring around the bowl of the crater, half-way down. Do you see the flicker of fire under the vapor?"

"Yes," I answered, very tensely.

She leaned so near and



By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

spoke in such a low voice that her fragrant breath fell upon my cheek: "In the fire, under the vapors, there are little animals."

"What!!!!"

"Little beasts live in the fire—slim, furry, lithe creatures, smaller than a weasel. I've seen them peep out of the fire and scurry back into it. . . . Now are you sorry that I wrote you to come? And will you forgive me for bringing you out here?"

An indescribable excitement seized me, endowing me with a fluency and eloquence unusual. "I thank you from the bottom of my heart!" I cried; "from the depths of a heart the emotions of which are entirely and exclusively of scientific origin!"

In the impulse of the moment I held out my hand: she laid hers in it with charming diffidence.

"Yours is the discovery," I said. "Yours shall be the glory. Fame shall crown you; and perhaps if there remains any reflected light in the form of a by-product, some modest and negligible little ray may chance to illuminate me."

Surprised and deeply moved by my eloquence, I bent over her hand and saluted it with my lips.

She thanked me. Her pretty face was rosy. She dropped me a curtsy, too.

It appeared that she had three cows to milk, new-laid eggs to gather, and the construction of some fresh butter to be accomplished.

At the bars of the grassy pasture slope she dropped me another curtsy, declining very sweetly to let me carry her lacteal paraphernalia.

So I continued on to the bungalow garden, where Blythe sat on a camp-stool under a

pictures, nobody was likely to share his enjoyment. Of that fact I felt absolutely certain.

"Your work," said I, politely, "is—is——"

"Is what!" he snapped. "What is it—if you think you know?"

hands and peered intently through it at the picture. A menacing murmuring sound came from him.

"Satisfying—exquisitely satisfying," I concluded. "I have often seen such sunsets——"

"What!"

"I mean such prairie fires——"

"Damnation!" he exclaimed. "I'm painting a bowl of nasturtiums!"

"I was speaking purely in metaphor," said I with a sickly smile.

"To me a nasturtium by the river brink is more than a simple flower. It is a broader, grander, more magnificent, more stupendous symbol. It may mean anything,



green umbrella, painting a picture of something or other.

"Mr. Blythe!" I cried, striving to subdue my enthusiasm, "the eyes of the scientific world are now upon this house! The searchlight of Fame is about to be turned upon you——"

"I prefer privacy," he remarked ungraciously. "That's why I came here. I'll be obliged if you'll turn off that searchlight. I'm accustomed to 'em, and I hate 'em!"

"But, my dear Mr. Blythe——"

"I want to be let alone," he repeated irritably. "I came out here to paint and to privately enjoy my own paintings."

If what stood on his easel was a sample of his

"Do you see the flicker of fire under the vapors?" she asked—"in that fire, under the vapors, are little slim, furry, lithe animals!" "What!" I cried.

"It is entirely, so to speak, *per se*—by itself——" I just managed to tell him in reply. "What the devil do you mean by that?"

I looked at his picture, appalled. The entire canvas was one monotonous vermilion conflagration. I examined it with my head on one side, then on the other side; I made a funnel with both

everything—such as sunsets and conflagrations and Götterdämmerungs! Or——" and my voice was subtly modulated to an appealing and persuasive softness—"it may mean nothing at all—chaos, void, vacuum, negation, the exquisite annihilation of what has never even existed."

He glared at me over his shoulder. If he was infected by Cubist tendencies he evidently had not understood what I said.

"If you won't talk about my pictures I don't mind your investigating this district," he grunted, dabbing at his palette and plastering a wad of vermilion upon his canvas; "but I object to any public invasion of my artistic privacy until I am ready for it."

"When will that be?"

He pointed with one vermilion-soaked brush toward a long, low, log building.

"In that structure," he said, "are packed one thousand and ninety-five paintings—all signed by me. I have executed one or two every day

G. PATRICK NELSON

since I came here. When I have painted exactly ten thousand pictures, no more, no less, I shall erect here a gallery large enough to contain them all.

"Only real lovers of art will ever come here to study them. It is five hundred miles from the railroad. Therefore I shall never have to endure the praises of the dilettante, the patronage of the idler, the vapid rhapsodies of the vulgar. Only those who understand will care to make the pilgrimage."

He waved his brushes at me:

"The conservation of national resources is all well enough—the setting aside of timber reserves, game preserves, bird refuges, is very good in its way. But I have dedicated this wilderness as a last and only refuge in all the world for true Art! Because true Art, except for my pictures, is, I believe, now practically extinct! . . . You're in my way. Would you mind getting out?"

I had sidled around between him and his bowl of nasturtiums, and I hastily stepped aside. He squinted at the flowers, mixed up a flamboyant mess of color on his palette, and daubed away with unfeigned satisfaction, no longer noticing me until I started to go. Then: "What is it you're here for, anyway?" he demanded abruptly.

I said earnestly, "I am here to investigate those huge rings of earth thrown up in the forest as by a gigantic mole."

"Well, go and investigate 'em," he snapped. "I'm not infatuated with your society."

"What do you think they are?" I asked, mildly ignoring his wretched manners.

"I don't know and I don't care, except, when I begin to paint several trees, the very trees I'm painting are suddenly heaved up and tilted in every direction, and all my work goes for nothing. That makes me mad! Otherwise, the matter has no interest for me."

"But what in the world could cause——"

"I don't know and I don't care!" he shouted, waving palette and brushes angrily. "Maybe it's an army of moles working all together under the ground; maybe it's some species of circular earthquake! I don't know! I don't care! But it annoys me. And if you can devise any scientific means to stop it, I'll be much obliged to you."

"The mission of Science," said I

solemnly, "is to alleviate the inconveniences of mundane existence. Science, therefore, shall extend a helping hand to her frailer sister, Art——"

"Science can't patronize Art while I'm around!" he retorted. "I won't have it!"

"But, my dear Mr. Blythe——"

"I won't dispute with you, either! I don't like to dispute!" he shouted. "Don't try to make me. Don't attempt to inveigle me into discussion! I know all I want to know. I don't want to know anything you want me to know, either!"

I looked at the old pig in haughty silence, nauseated by his conceit.

After he had plastered a few more tubes of vermilion over his canvas he quieted down, and presently gave me an oblique glance over his shoulder.

"Well," he said, "what else are you intending to investigate?"

"Those little animals that live in the crater fires," I said bluntly.

"Yes," he nodded, indifferently, "there are creatures that live somewhere in the fires of that crater."

"Do you realize what an astounding statement you are making?" I asked.

"It doesn't astound me. What do I care whether it astounds you or anybody else? Nothing interests me except Art."

"But——"

"I tell you nothing interests me except Art!" he yelled. "Don't dispute it! Don't answer me! Don't irritate me! I don't care whether anything lives in the fire or not! Let it live there!"

"But have you actually seen live creatures in the flames?"

"Plenty! Plenty! What of it? What about it? Let 'em live there, for all I care. I've painted pictures of 'em, too. That's all that interests me."

"What do they look like, Mr. Blythe?"

"Look like? I don't know! They look like weasels or rats or bats or cats or—stop asking me questions! It irritates me! It depresses me! Don't ask any more! Why don't you go in to lunch? And—tell my daughter to bring me a bowl of salad out here. I've no time to stuff myself. Some people have. I haven't. You'd better go in to lunch. . . . And tell my daughter to bring me seven tubes of Chinese vermilion with my salad!"

"You don't mean to mix——"

I began, then checked myself before his fury.

And then a terrible thing occurred; for, before I could even shriek, Wilna had put both arms around that young man's neck, and both his arms were clasping her waist.

"I'd rather eat vermilion paint on my salad than sit here talking to you!" he shouted.

I cast a pitying glance at this impossible man and went into the house. After all, he was *her* father. I *had* to endure him.

After Miss Blythe had carried to her father a large bucket of lettuce leaves, she returned to the veranda of the bungalow.

A dainty luncheon awaited us; I seated her, then took the chair opposite. A delicious omelette, fresh biscuits, salad, and strawberry preserves, and a tall tumbler of iced tea imbued me with a sort of mild exhilaration.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see Blythe down in the garden, munching his lettuce leaves like an ill-tempered rabbit, and daubing away at his picture while he munched.

"Your father," said I politely, "is something of a genius."

"I am so glad you think so," she said gratefully. "But don't tell him so. He has been surfeited with praise in Boston. That is why we came out here."

"Art," said I, "is like Science, or tobacco, or tooth-wash. Every man to his own brand. Personally, I don't care for his kind. But who can say which is the best kind of anything? Only the consumer. Your father is his own consumer. He is the best judge of what he likes. And that is the only true test of Art, or anything else."

"How delightfully you reason!" she said.

"How logically, how generously!"

"Reason is the handmaid of Science, Miss Blythe."

She seemed to understand me. Her quick intelligence surprised me, because I myself was not perfectly sure whether I had emitted piffle or an epigram.

As we ate our strawberry preserves we discussed ways and means of capturing a specimen of the little fire creatures that, as she explained, so frequently peeped out at her from the crater fires, and, at her slightest movement, scurried back again into the flames. Of course I believed that this was only her imagination. Yet, for years I had entertained a theory that fire supported certain unknown forms of life.

"I have long believed," said I, "that fire is inhabited by living organisms which require the element and temperature of active combustion for their existence—micro-organisms, but not," I added smilingly, "any higher type of life."

"In the fireplace," she ventured diffidently, "I sometimes see curious things—dragons and snakes and creatures of grotesque and peculiar shapes."

I smiled indulgently, charmed by this innocently offered contribution to science. Then she rose, and I rose and took her hand in mine, and we wandered over the grass toward the crater, while I explained to her the difference between what we imagine we see in the glowing coals of a grate fire and my own theory that fire is the abode of living animalculæ.

On the grassy edge of the crater we paused and looked down the slope, where the circle of steam rose, partly veiling the pale flash of fire underneath. "How near can we go?" I inquired.

"Quite near. Come; I'll guide you."

Leading me by the hand, she stepped over the brink,



and we began to descend the easy grass slope together.

There was no difficulty about it at all. Down we went, nearer and nearer to the wall of steam, until at last, when but fifteen feet away from it, I felt the heat from the flames which sparkled below the wall of vapor.

Here we seated ourselves upon the grass, and I knitted my brows and fixed my eyes upon this curious phenomenon, striving to discover some reason for it.

Except for the vapor and the fires, there was nothing whatever volcanic about this spectacle, or in the surroundings.

From where I sat I could see that the bed of fire which encircled the crater, and the wall of vapor which crowned the flames, were about three hundred feet wide. Of course this barrier was absolutely impassable. There was no way of getting through it into the bottom of the crater.

A slight pressure from Miss Blythe's fingers engaged my attention; I turned toward her, and she said, "There is one more thing about which I have not told you. I feel a little guilty, because *that* is the real reason I asked you to come here."

"What is it?"

"I think there are emeralds on the floor of that crater."

"Emeralds!"

"I think so." She felt in the ruffled pocket of her apron, drew out a fragment of mineral, and passed it to me.

I screwed a jeweler's glass into my eye and examined it in astonished silence. It was an emerald; a fine, large, immensely valuable stone, if my experience counted for anything. One side of it was thickly coated with vermilion paint.

"Where did this come from?" I asked in an agitated voice.

"From the floor of the crater. Is it *really* an emerald?"

I lifted my head and stared at the girl incredulously.

"It happened this way," she said excitedly. "Father was painting a picture up there by the edge of the crater. He left his palette on the grass to go to the bungalow for some more tubes of color. While he was in the house, hunting for the colors which he wanted, I stepped out on the veranda, and I saw some crows alight near the palette and begin to stalk about in the grass. One bird walked right over his wet palette; I stepped out and waved my sunbonnet to frighten him off, but he had both feet in a sticky mass of Chinese vermilion, and for a moment was unable to free himself.

"I almost caught him, but he flapped away over the edge of the crater, high above the wall of vapor, sailed down onto the crater floor, and alighted.

"But his feet bothered him; he kept hopping about on the bottom of the crater, half-running, half-flying; and finally he took wing and rose up over the hill.

"As he flew above me, and while I was looking up at his vermilion feet, something dropped from his claws and nearly struck me. It was that emerald."

When I had recovered sufficient composure to speak steadily, I took her beautiful little hand in mine.

"This," said I, "is the most exciting locality I have ever visited for purposes of scientific research. Within this crater may lie millions of value in emeralds. You are probably, to-day, the wealthiest heiress upon the face of the globe!"

I gave her a winning glance. She smiled, shyly, and blushing withdrew her hand.

For several exquisite minutes I sat there beside her in a sort of heavenly trance. How beautiful she was! How engaging—how sweet—how modestly appreciative of the man beside her, who had little besides his scientific learning, his fame, and a kind heart to appeal to such youth and loveliness as hers!

There was something about her that delicately appealed to me. Sometimes I pondered what this might be; sometimes I wondered how many emeralds lay on the floor of sandy gravel below us.

Yes, I loved her. I realized it now. I could even endure her father for her sake. I should make a good husband. I was quite certain of that.

I turned and gazed upon her, meltingly. But I did not wish to startle, so I remained silent, permitting the chaste language of my

eyes to interpret for her what my lips had not yet murmured. It was a brief but beautiful moment in my life.

"The way to do," said I, "is to trap several dozen crows, smear their feet with glue, tie a ball of Indian twine to the ankle of every bird, then liberate them. Some are certain to fly into the crater and try to scrape the glue off in the sand. Then," I added, triumphantly, "all we have to do is to haul in our birds and detach the wealth of Midas from their sticky claws!"

"That is an excellent suggestion," she said gratefully, "but I can do that after you have gone. All I wanted you to tell me was whether the stone is a genuine emerald."

I gazed at her blankly.

"You are here for purposes of scientific investigation," she added sweetly. "I should not think of taking your time for the mere sake of accumulating wealth for my father and me."

There didn't seem to be anything for me to say at that moment. Chilled, I gazed at the flashing ring of fire.

And, as I gazed, suddenly I became aware of a little, pointed muzzle, two pricked-up ears, and two ruby-red eyes gazing intently out at me from the mass of flames.

The girl beside me saw it, too. "Don't move!" she whispered. "That is one of the flame creatures. It may venture out if you keep perfectly still."

Rigid with amazement, I sat like a stone image, staring at the most astonishing sight I had ever beheld.

For several minutes the ferret-like creature never stirred from where it crouched in the crater fire; the alert head remained pointed toward us; I could even see that its thick fur must have possessed the qualities of asbestos, because

here and there a hair or two glimmered incandescent; and its eyes, nose, and whiskers glowed and glowed as the flames pulsated around it.

After a long while it began to move out of the fire, slowly, cautiously, cunning eyes fixed on us—a small, slim, wiry, weasel-like creature

(Continued on page 546)



The LAW of the LAND

*Harding (Charles Lane) —
What concern is it of yours
how I whip my boy?*

*Morton (Milton Sills) — My
God, Harding, you wouldn't
whip him with that!*

*Harding —
And why won't
you let me? (pause)
Well?*

*Morton — Be-
cause—! (there is
a pause)*

*Harding—Well?
(there is a pause)*

*Mrs. Harding—
(to Morton) Don't
interfere. Let
me! Let me!*

*Morton—But to
stand by and
see—*

*Mrs. Harding
—For my sake.*

*Morton—How
can I—!*

*Mrs. Harding
—And—his sake.
(she points to
Bennie. There
is a pause. Mor-
ton yields. With
a gesture to*

*Bennie to follow him
Harding starts toward
the door. Mrs. Har-
ding intercepts him)
Don't do it. For God's
sake don't! Whip him if
you must but not with that.
(Harding exits without a word.)*

*Bennie goes to his mother. She drops down and embraces
him. There is a pause)*

*Morton—I can't stand it. I've got to interfere.
I've got to.*

*Mrs. Harding—No, no! Think
what it might mean.*

*Harding—(off) Are you com-
ing?*

*Mrs. Harding—(going) Listen
to me. You must listen—(she
exits, but continues talking—off
stage) I can't let you do it, I
can't. It isn't his fault. He's
done the best he could. He's*

*tried so hard and—(during
this speech Morton picks
up the boy, holds him in
his arms and kisses him)
I've tried too. Oh, it's
terrible to think of your
doing such a thing. Don't
do it. Oh, don't! Don't!*

*Harding—(off) I told
him last month. Send him
to me.*

*Mrs. Harding—(off) I
can't.*

*Harding—(off) Then
I'll fetch him.*

Julia Dean starring as
Mrs. Harding in
"The Law of the Land."

THE calculating law of the land and of a husband clashes with the instinctive law of a woman's love for her child and for her lover in George Broadhurst's "The Law of the Land." The resulting case is settled out of court by the common law of compassion and humanity.

When Geoffrey Morton returns to America after a two-year absence abroad, he is surprised to discover that Robert Harding, a lawyer of note, has injured him by spreading reports to the public that he is a scoundrel. Morton, who has been in the law since he was a boy, is naturally indignant. He has promised his mother, Mrs. Harding, to marry her daughter, but she has been told by Morton that he is a scoundrel. Morton, who has been in the law since he was a boy, is naturally indignant. He has promised his mother, Mrs. Harding, to marry her daughter, but she has been told by Morton that he is a scoundrel. Morton, who has been in the law since he was a boy, is naturally indignant. He has promised his mother, Mrs. Harding, to marry her daughter, but she has been told by Morton that he is a scoundrel.



The PLAY of the MONTH

By George Broadhurst



Inspector
(George Fawcett)—How are you, Coroner? About Harding's death—nothing doing. It was an accident, that's all.

the struggle the men apparently come from the boy's bedroom into the hall. One man apparently backs the other against the wall and chokes him. Then Morton re-enters carrying the whip which has been broken during the struggle. He throws the whip across the stage. There is a pause. Harding enters) Mrs. Harding—I'm coming, Bennie. I'm coming. (Mrs. Harding exits. There is a pause)

Harding—Well, I've learned what I wanted to know. He isn't my son. He's yours.

Morton—It's a lie.

Harding—It's the truth but it never came

to me till I saw the three of you there together.

Morton—You're mad.

Harding—Then it came to me—like a flash—(he indicates his breast) And I knew it—I knew that it was so.

Morton—You're mad, I tell you.

Harding—In spite of what was in my heart my brain was never so keen as at that minute. I realized that the only way I could prove the truth was to make you betray yourself and instantly I thought of the boy.

Then the whole scheme leaped into my mind. I would beat him—beat him in a way that no father with blood in his veins could stand. And I did it, and it worked, it worked as I had planned and you betrayed yourself as I had planned.

Morton—I did just what any other man would have done. (Mrs. Harding re-enters) Harding—But not in the same way! You weren't a man protecting a child, you were a father fighting for his child. And he is your child. He is.

Morton—It's a lie. Harding—It's the truth. (to Mrs. Harding) Isn't it? Isn't it?

Mrs. Harding—Yes, it is the truth—Morton—Margaret! (Harding gasps)

Mrs. Harding—What's the use of denying it any longer? Why continue this life of deception and horror! Harding—You admit it! Mrs. Harding—Yes, I admit it. Morton—And so do I.

Master Macomber, who plays the pathetic rôle of Bennie Harding.

Morton—(off stage) Let that boy alone.

Harding—(off) Take your hands off me.

Morton—(off) Let that boy alone.

Harding—(off) Take your hands off me. (there is a pause) You won't, eh? (there are sounds as of a struggle between the two men. In

Desperately, as Harding goes to whip her boy, Mrs. Harding shoots. Harding drops. Brockland (George Graham) examines the fallen man, as she gasps: "Is he dead?"

Harding—Ha!

Morton—You knew I was in love with her five years ago—I told you that before I left—yes, and it was the cause of your hatred of me—and you knew as well that she was in love with me—what you didn't know was that we had been in love for four years.

Harding—For four years—

Morton—Yes.

Mrs. Harding—Within three months of our marriage I was nothing in your life, and in less than a year your cruelty, your coldness, and your neglect had killed whatever affection I had had for you, and you knew it. There has never been any deception on that point between us. Has there? (there is a pause) You know there hasn't! Well, later—we met—when I was away for the summer, and you were too much occupied even to write to me. Then for the first time—I loved.

Morton—And I.

Mrs. Harding—Before the summer was over he was called away to South America, and before he returned the boy was born.

Harding—And when he returned you pretended you had never met before.

Mrs. Harding—Yes.

Morton—To avoid any possible scandal in case you would consent later to a divorce.

Harding—I see.

Morton—But you wouldn't consent.

Mrs. Harding—You refused although you knew that I cared for him.

Morton—And we agreed to try to kill our love by separation and silence. And so I went abroad—and stayed there for five years.

Mrs. Harding—Without sending me a word.

Morton—But my love didn't die. It lived.

Mrs. Harding—And mine.

Morton—And now—you know.

Harding—As you say—now I

know! (there is a pause)

Morton—I'll phone my sister. You get the boy, dear, and come with me.

Mrs. Harding—Yes. (Mrs.

Harding starts as if to go)

Harding—Just a minute.

(Mrs. Harding stops)

Morton—Well?

Harding—Please remember that you are speaking of my wife and of my son.

Morton—He is not your son.

Mrs. Harding—No.

Harding—He was born in wedlock, and he is my son—till you prove to the contrary in a court of law! When you have done that I shall be very pleased to surrender him to you. Till you have done it—he stays with me.

Morton—He will not stay with you.

Harding—(sarcastically) How will

you prevent its abduction? How the press would

round the matter!

Mrs. Harding has to listen to the Inspector's cross-examination of her small boy.

Mrs. Harding—No We can't have that—the scandal!

Morton—It is the fear of scandal that has caused us all these years of unhappiness. We have got to face it sometime, why not now? Besides the story has to come out soon anyway.

Harding—Why?

Morton—The divorce.

Harding—What divorce?

Morton—Yours.

Mrs. Harding—From me.



Inspector—And who is Uncle Geoffrey? Bennie—I thought everybody knew about Uncle Geoffrey.

Harding—Don't you think you are hurrying things?

Mrs. Harding—You mean you won't give me a divorce?

Morton—Even now?

Harding—Why should I? What advantage would it be to me? (there is a pause) So you thought this time I would say "Take her and my blessing with her." You thought

I would be willing to make myself a laughing stock for all my friends and acquaintances, and do it merely for your convenience, and so that you two could live the rest of your days in peace and happiness. You flatter me, really you do. Altruistic though I am, believe me, please, I am not so altruistic as that.

Mrs. Harding—Oh, my God! (Harding goes to the house 'phone. Morton comforts Mrs. Harding)

Harding—(at the 'phone) Hello! Is that you, Chet-woode? Mr. Morton is going. Come up and show him the way out. (Harding replaces the 'phone)

Morton—I could kill you, Harding.

Harding—And I could kill you and do it with pleasure.



Mrs. Harding—No! No! I can't let you do it, Geoffrey. Mr. Inspector, he didn't kill my husband. I did!

But I prefer peace and quiet and the comforts of a domestic life with my beloved wife and son.

Morton—He's not yours. He's mine, do you hear, mine.

Harding—She is my wife, and he is my son.

As my wife my home is still open to her. She can of course desert me if she pleases and go with you but if she does—my son stays here with me.

Morton—Damn you, I'll—(a knock is heard on the door. There is a pause)

Harding—Well? (There is a pause. Morton in pantomime shows that he is beaten) Come. (Chetwoode, the butler, enters) Good-by, Mr. Morton. I am glad your visit has been so pleasant and satisfactory.

Morton—(to Mrs. Harding) You'll hear from me in the morning. Good-by.

Mrs. Harding—Good-by. (Morton exits, followed by Chetwoode. There is a pause. Harding laughs)

Harding—Well, my dear, I don't think you two had much the better of that exchange. (he laughs again) He imagines that I intend to go through life supporting you and his son! It would be a pretty revenge, I admit, but I don't care for revenge at that price. (his manner changes. He becomes vindictive and vengeful) There'll be no divorce, but there will be a suit for separation! And what a delight it will be to the scavengers of the press. How they will revel in it. What a feast it will make for their readers. By God, I'll make your name—and the boy's—a by-word through the country—and then I'll kick you out—kick you out—both of you—into the streets—and even then you won't be able to marry Morton, and your son will still be just what he is to-day. It's the law of the land! (Mrs. Harding keeps silent)

Mrs. Harding—You can't hurt me any more.

Harding—Can't hurt you, eh?

Mrs. Harding—No.

Harding—I will before I get through—one way or another. I'll make you think you've never really known what suffering is. One way or another I'll—I'll—I'll—! (his eyes rest on the whip) I'll do it—and more, and I'll begin now! (he picks up the whip. Mrs. Harding sees this, and

screams) Can't hurt you, eh? Ha! I'll thrash him till he won't be able to stand. (Mrs. Harding takes a pistol from the drawer of a desk and backs toward the door)

Mrs. Harding—Put that down!

Harding—I'm not afraid.

Mrs. Harding—Put it down—or I'll shoot.

Harding—Oh, no you won't.

Mrs. Harding—I will, I tell you, I will! (Harding laughs sarcastically, goes toward door)

Harding—You can't frighten me. (Harding still advances)

Mrs. Harding—I'll shoot! I'll shoot! I'll—(Mrs. Harding fires. Harding falls. There is a pause. Mrs. Harding goes toward Harding, looks at him and gasps with horror. Brockland, Harding's private secretary, enters)

Brockland—What's wrong! What is it? (there is a pause. Brockland realizes

when Mrs. Harding decides to confess, Morton forces her to let him shoulder the responsibility as his "father right." By conflicting testimony he soon makes the police believe him guilty.

Inspector—I'm sorry, Mr. Morton, but you must come with me. (there is a pause. Morton and Inspector go toward the door)

Mrs. Harding—No! No! I can't let you do it—I can't—

Morton—Margaret!

Brockland—Mrs. Harding!

Mrs. Harding—He didn't kill him. I did.

Inspector—You!

Mrs. Harding—Yes.

Morton—(to inspector) I've confessed. I've told you how it was done. What more do you want? Come along.

Mrs. Harding—No! No!

Morton—Come, Inspector, come.

Mrs. Harding—You shan't! You shan't! (she goes to door and stands before it, blocking Morton)

Morton—Margaret! (there is a pause)

Inspector—(to Mrs. Harding) You mean what you say?

Mrs. Harding—Yes.

Morton—She doesn't.

Brockland—No.

Mrs. Harding—I do. I'm going to tell the truth—the whole truth—and nothing, nothing in the world can stop me.

Morton—Margaret! Please!

Mrs. Harding—(breaking down) Oh, my dear, my dear! I can't let you do it. I love you too much, and I can't let you. I—I just can't. That's all—I can't

Morton—And I can't let you protect me by trumping up a story and taking the blame on yourself.

Mrs. Harding—Geoffrey!

Morton—(to inspector) I quarreled with Harding and I killed him. I admit it. I confess it. Doesn't that satisfy you?

Inspector—No. There's something back of this.

Morton—There isn't. I did it. I tell you—

Mrs. Harding—He didn't. (going to Inspector) Listen to me, Inspector.

Morton—No!

Inspector—Yes!

Morton—But,

Inspector—

Inspector—I'm going to hear what she has to say.

Morton—But, it will be lies, all lies.

Inspector—I'll be the judge of that.

Morton—But, I tell you that—

Inspector—(to Morton) That'll do. (to Mrs. Harding) Go on, ma'am.

Mrs. Harding—They did quarrel, but in the end Mr. Morton went away and left me here with my husband. Chetwoode showed him to the door.

Inspector—Did you? Chetwoode—Yes.

Morton—Another lie.

Mrs. Harding—With the exception of striking me, my husband did everything he could think of to hurt me. He reviled me, he threatened me, but I was so numb—so tired—

it had no effect. This roused all the fiend that was in him—he swore he would hurt me—but he could find no way, till he saw—that—(she points to the whip)

Inspector—The brute!

Mrs. Harding is telling how she shot her husband when the Inspector interrupts her.

Inspector—I know the rest! You dropped the gun, it was discharged by accident and shot him through the heart! There were no witnesses. It happened that way and that's all there is to it. (the 'phone rings) That's probably for me. (he goes to the 'phone. At 'phone) Hello! (pause) How are you Coroner? (pause) Nothing doing. It was an accident, that's all.

Bennie—Don't cry any more, will you, mamma. **Mrs. Harding**—No, dear, I won't cry any more.

the situation, listens at Harding's heart, etc. Mrs. Harding gasps the question: "Is he dead?" Brockland nods. Then takes the revolver from Mrs. Harding, and, kneeling, puts it near the hand of the dead man. Then still kneeling he looks up at Mrs. Harding)

The police soon prove that Harding is not a suicide, and in turn they suspect each member of the household. A clever duel results, between the police on one side and the secretary, the butler, and Morton on the other. Finally,

ART

Art and The Fox-Trot

By Gardner Teall

one questions, and it is, perhaps, the earliest of arts, for it was the dance that brought forth the earliest music to accompany it. The sister arts of painting and of sculpture have ever found inspiration in the rhythmic visualization of the dancing figure. With the painter the task is far less difficult than with the sculpture. In the former instance the technique and pigments at command of the painter enable him to arrest, as it were, the fleeting image, to place it there upon his canvas at the precise moment his fancy would have you receive the reflection of his impression, there to remain just as he would have you see it. The sculptor has only form, and, to some small degree, texture to depend upon in attempting to carry out the inspiration of which he would have you aware. The painter can resort to atmospheric effects and subtleties hidden in color. The sculptor must depend entirely upon his skill in suggesting movement and recording action. Here we may do well to remember

they have gone about it as enthusiastically as the painters. For Aimé Morot's "The Dance Throughout the Ages" which decorates the Hotel de Ville, there is "La Danse" of Carpeaux, mentioned above, and for every work such as the canvases of John Singer Sargent's "El Jaleo" and "Carmencita," known to everyone who knows pictures at all, there have been figures and groups in marble and in bronze that seem to live and breathe the

spirit of the dance as though these creations were something more than sculptured ingenuities. Indeed a piece of sculpture which imparts its intent instantly to others speaks with clear voice the language of art which is truth and beauty, direct and appealing.

Jean Jacques Rousseau said that from the first gregarious instincts of mankind, dance and song became the amusement of society. Strong emotion first gave birth to the dance. For this reason its earliest association was with outbursts of religious fervor and with manifestations of tribal unity. Dancing has always reflected the national temper of people. The Minuet was the product of an age of artificiality, just as the Tarantella and the Fandango, on the other hand, were the creations of less studied impulse.

that movement and action are distinct in their aspects, as painter or sculptor more than the layman is probably aware. Movement we may consider to be the great source from which action takes every motion to accomplish its intent. The action of the dancer may be interesting, but it is the movement of the dance that brings forth the full beauty of the performance.

Just how successfully sculpture has accomplished the desire of the artist to interpret the living dance through the medium of his choice may be seen in the famous little terra-cotta figurines of Tanagra, the statuettes found at Myrina, the bas-reliefs of "Dancing Nymphs" from Athens, Donatello's dancing angels, Lucca della Robbia's dancing children, Clodion's "Bacchanale," and—to bring it to our own time—Carpeaux's "La Danse" from the façade of the Opera in Paris. The old masters of sculpture and their successors have been well aware of the task set before them in seeking to interpret the dance through marble or bronze, and yet

"Bacchanale" by Malvina Hoffman, shown during a New York exhibition of sculptures, every one of them inspired by the dance craze of today.

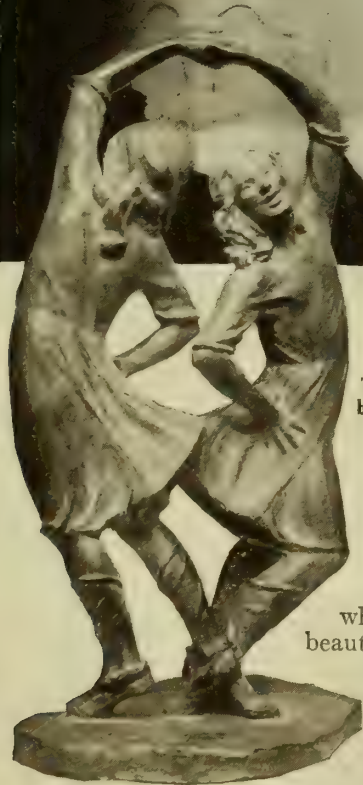
AN exhibition of sculpture interpreting the dance of to-day, held at the Macbeth Galleries in New York, was, in all probability, the only exhibition of the dance in art ever arranged for public view. A happy inspiration it was which led a young American sculptress, Miss Abastenia St. L. Eberle to conceive the idea of interesting twenty-eight of her fellow-sculptors, all American artists of note, in arranging a display of this sort, containing examples in marble and bronze of sculptured interpretations of the dance, the various phases of which had attracted these sculptors. There were some forty-one pieces in all. This unique exhibition more than justified itself, for it marked as well a distinct advance in the art of the small bronze in which America has already won eminent position.

Artists of every age, from prehistoric times to our own, have endeavored to depict the exquisite motion of the dance, the attitude of the dancer. Phoenicians, Egyptians, Greeks, Etruscans, and Romans, and of these ancient nations sought to perpetuate in material form the impressions received from the dance. And the artists of later ages have been just as enthusiastic devotees at the same of perpetuating in their art the dawn of our civilization. That dancing is truly an art, no

"Salome" by Abastenia St. L. Eberle.



"The Dance," by Bela L. Pratt, a remarkable example of our new American sculpture, fresh and vigorous, classic in motif yet free from the academic, giving in life-pulsating form the spirit of the dance.



The "Dancing Girls" by Abastenia St. L. Eberle.

The Bayadères, the Furlanas, the Boleros and the Jaleos have lived on while the Minuet, beautiful and dignified though it appears as a performance, presents an atmosphere of the things

of yesterday, usually resurrected only for the exhibition days of young ladies' boarding academies. Lifted out of their centuries, period dances are not always successful, although presented upon a stage as historical reviews they revive an active appreciative interest in their intricacies. In the same way a characteristic dance taken from its native locality to a setting alien to its creation seems to lack in spontaneity although under the artificial conditions again of the art of the theater it seems restored by the stage of its own.

All this only goes further to show the difficulties overcome by the sculptor who models the figures in the action of the dance and further endows his sculpture with the sense of movement, but has not local pictorial accessories to

"On Avenue A" by Abastenia St. L. Eberle.

further his work.

The painter may place upon his canvas a Greek bacchanal, a dance of the Roman Luccia, the Morris-dances of old England in



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John of Gaunt's time, and perform his essay without exceptional difficulties. The sculptor can do nothing of the sort. That is why any sculptured interpretation of the dance, which is successful, is the more remarkable in that it indicates

unfailingly the measure of the sculptor's ability to convey the sense of movement and action by means of materials of seeming limitations.

While in the Macbeth Galleries exhibit Fauns, Wood Nymphs, and Bacchantes inspired certain of the bronzes, all the works were fresh with breath of the vigor of our new American sculpture. Where a classic motif was sought, the interpretation was still free from the academic. "The Dance" by Bela L. Pratt, for instance, was a remarkable example of this. Likewise it is a technical achievement of unusual interest, disclosing, as it does, a work combining very low relief with *relievo* that passes into the full detached modelling in the round of the left knee of the lithe and graceful nude figure. There is nothing bizarre, unnatural or suggestive in this very beautiful panel. The rhythmic suggestion of motion is further carried out in the soft lines of the hair and the filmy flowing veil which is so skilfully chiseled from the background. While the action of the dance is indicated with clear precision, it in no way overbalances the sense of movement and one finds, instead of merely a record of arrested motion, a delicate transcription of a life-pulsating interpretation of the spirit of the dance.

This applies to the statuette of "Autumn," by Clio Bracken, in which is shown the figure of a woman clothed in clinging garment, zephyr-tossed, thrown partly across her face by the slow step but quick turns of the "Dance of Seasons" which comes to her part. This was one of the most expressive figures shown in the exhibition. It reflects, at once, the great interest to-day shown in rhythmic evolutions of our creation of original dances, whether of the school of an Isadora Duncan or of a Pavlova, for such a dance as this "Autumn" belongs very truly to the rhythmic interpretations of the dancers of our own time.

This exhibition is, throughout, a reflection of tremendous interest in the dance made manifest in many forms. After many years dancing, one has the feeling of a new world.

on the stage and in the ballroom, had come to be represented by more or less unvarying mechanical forms at which the true dancer, to some extent, inwardly rebelled though did not dream of taking courage to trip to his freedom. Then simultaneously, the world over, it seemed to

occur to many that the dance should express the joy of life, which each one might dance in his or her

nothing in common with the dancing evolved by Loie Fuller, Maud Allan, Ruth St. Denis, or Isadora Duncan. Carmencita was the forerunner of this more naturalistic movement. Then with the advent of the Russians, Anna Pavlova and Michael Mordkin, we find the dance spontaneous even in its exhibition phases, as when we find Pavlova in the "Rose qui meurt" and Mordkin in his faun-like antics. Both these wonderful Russians taught Europe and America that one must dance with a personality; to dance with the feet and limbs alone is not enough! Not only must the dance suggest the rhythmic poise but must hold one in momentary and pleasant suspense, awaiting the unexpected turn or glide or leap or balanced hesitation.

Marcus Aurelius might almost have been thinking of the dance when he wrote "All things are changes, not into nothing but into something which is not at present."

And so it is today that the dance has come to hold an interest for everyone, untrammelled and free as we find it. Untrammelled and free, too, are our sculptors to interpret it.

Long ago we relegated the Rogers groups to the limbo of our tarrying-time in art, whereafter sculpture in America had a breathing chance. The "Bacchanale (Pavlova Impression)", the "Salome," the "Dancing Girls" and "On Avenue A," by Abastenia St. L. Eberle, Malvina Hoffman's "Bacchanale," and Isidore Konti's "Allegro" illustrated in this article all bear witness to this reflection of the spirit of modern dance in American sculpture. The list of the artists contributing to the exhibition

of the dance interpreted in marble and bronze did not, by any means, include all our sculptors of small marbles and bronzes, but the galaxy was a notable one: Robert I. Aitken, Lillian Baer, Chester Beach, Henri Cranier, Jo Davidson,

"Autumn," by Clio Bracken, a rhythmic, graceful moment in the movement of the dance.

Sallie James Farnum, Sara Morris Greene, Genevieve Lee Hay, Anna Coleman Ladd, Lillian Link, Evelyn B. Longman, Florence Lucius, Hermon A. MacNeil, Edward McCartan, Paul Nocquet, Willard D. Paddock, Attilio Piccirilli, the late Louis Potter, M. Ramon, Charles C. Rumsey, Janet Scudder, Antoinette Sterling, Bessie Potter Vonnoh, Anne Morgan Wright and the others—sixteen of them women sculptors! The impulse of the dance lives in the people; already its extreme popularity is passing, but art in its highest expression always has come at the end of a period or phase of life such as the dancing craze of the last two years, and it is a memorable fact that our American sculptors have achieved so well.

"Allegro," by Isidore Konti.

"Bacchanale (Pavlova Impression)" by Abastenia St. L. Eberle.

own way. What liberation from the conventions of the dancing-master's "and a one-two-three, and a one-two-three" we experienced then! It was the awakening of an art that lives in all, awaiting only to burst past the

fogyism of terpsichorean pedantry, out into the sunlight of spontaneous expression. The technical skill in stage dancing, following the traditions of Taglioni, Grisi, Sallé, and Camargo, reached its zenith with Mlle. Adeline Gence. But the dancing of this famous premiere danseuse holds

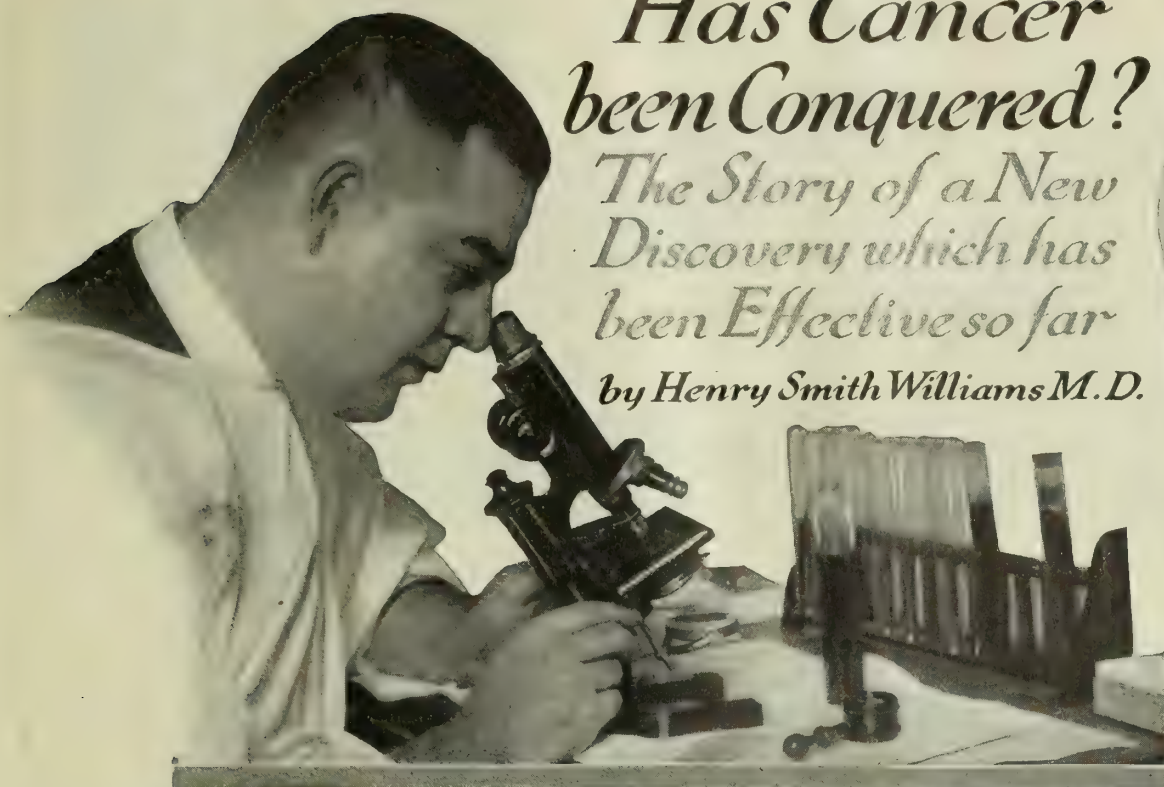


S C I E N C E

Has Cancer been Conquered?

*The Story of a New
Discovery which has
been Effective so far*

by Henry Smith Williams M.D.



Dr. J. Wallace Beveridge, one of three scientists who believe they have worked out the cure for cancer.



Dr. Alexander Horowitz, to whom the world is indebted for his first discoveries and work in the conquest of the cancer terror with a specific which has been named "Atolysin."

ONE day last March I was permitted, through the courtesy of Dr. J. Wallace Beveridge, of New York, to examine at the Polyclinic Hospital

some cancer cases that were undergoing treatment with a new remedy devised by Dr. Alexander Horowitz.

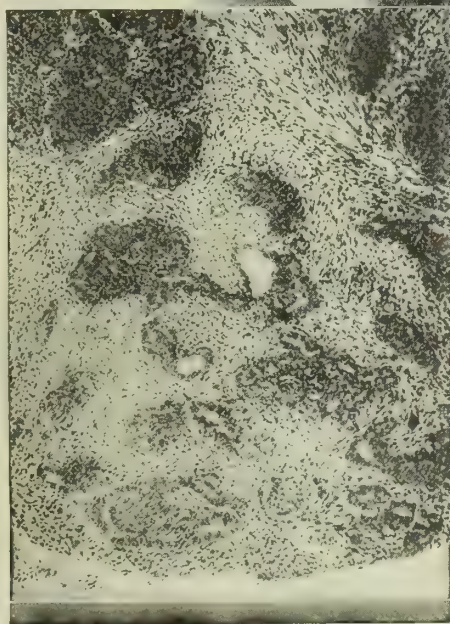
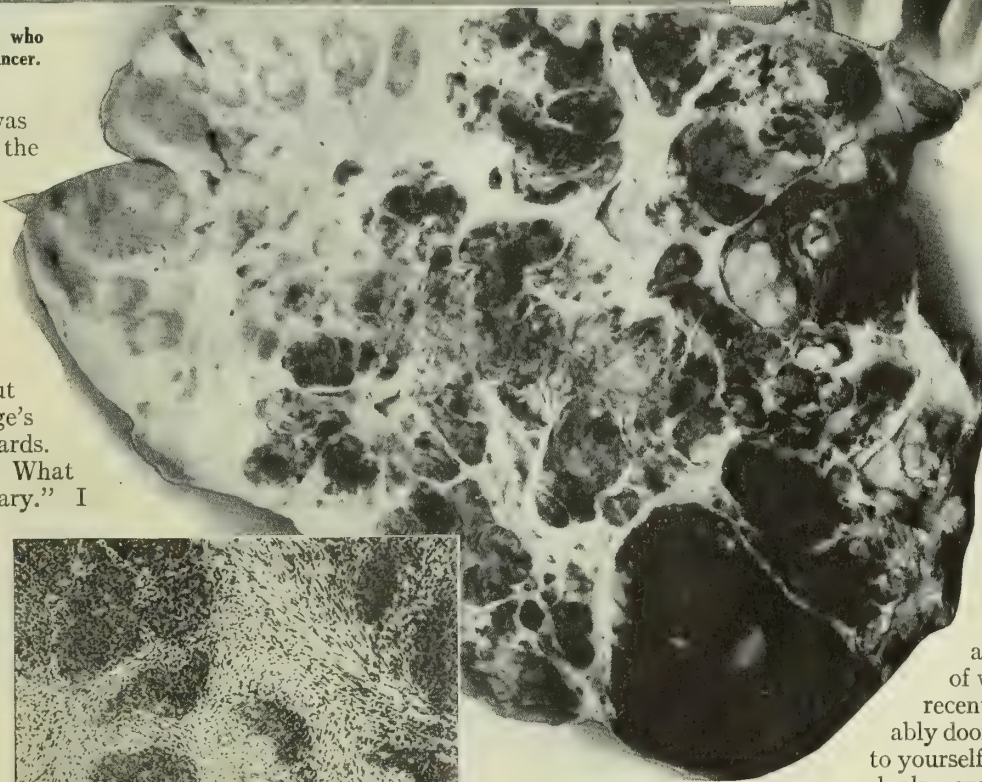
"You will see something quite out of the ordinary," was Dr. Beveridge's quiet assurance as we entered the wards.

The promise was more than verified. What I saw was certainly "out of the ordinary." I saw, for example, a man who about ten days before had come to the hospital in a seemingly hopeless condition. At the time of admission he had suffered excruciating agonies from a large cancer deep in the pelvis which, recurring after an operation, defied further surgical procedure, and, it was then believed, must prove fatal within a brief term of weeks. And on the day of my visit the man was free from pain; his mental attitude was cheerful and confident; his face showed a distinct glow of color; and—marvelous to relate—the tumor which had seemed to doom him inexorably had well nigh disappeared.

And this metamorphosis had been effected by a series of hypodermic injections—fifteen to twenty drops at a time—of a clear, green-tinted fluid of which Dr. Beveridge carried a dozen or so doses in little glass ampuls in his vest pocket.

I saw other cases of similar character; talked with the patients themselves; witnessed the administration of the drug; heard the comments of the physicians who had watched the cases in their seeming metamorphosis from moribundity to convalescence—and I marveled at what I saw.

Two weeks later I learned that all the cases I had seen were progressing favorably, and that the man with the pelvic cancer was about to be discharged as cured.



A cancer tumor in cross-section as it appears to the unaided eye; and (below) a section under the microscope.

"You would have been a dead man before now but for this new treatment," said a friend who had supposed his case utterly hopeless. "I am well aware of that," the patient replied. "And

death would have been better than what I suffered. But I am all right now."

And, so far as can be judged by the physicians, he really is "all right now." The cancer that seemed certain to claim his life, and against which surgical skill could avail nothing, had magically disappeared under influence of a few drops of transparent fluid administered with a hypodermic syringe.

"It certainly looks," said a physician at the

Polyclinic Hospital who had watched these cases, "as if Dr. Beveridge and his associates have found what we have so long been vainly seeking—a cure for cancer."

A cure for cancer. I wonder how many readers have any clear conception of what that phrase really means. Let me interpret it:

There are in the United States about three and a half million men and women, above the age of thirty-five, of whom it could be said until recently that they stood inexorably doomed to die of cancer. Picture to yourself this vast company of individuals—exceeding the total adult population of New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia combined—condemned to die before their time of the most ruthlessly painful of maladies. The cure for

cancer, if it has indeed been found, will lift the death sentence from the heads of this vast army of potential sufferers—more than two million of them women—and do more, perhaps, to lessen the sum total of human suffering than any other discovery ever made, save two companion ones—anaesthesia and antiseptics.

It is the contemplation of that possibility that makes it difficult for one to speak without the appearance of over enthusiasm in referring to the new method which Dr. Horowitz and Dr. Silas P. Beebe of Cornell University Medical School and Dr. J. Wallace Beveridge have developed, and the utility of which they appear to have demonstrated. Scientific caution demands that one should recall that many supposed "cancer cures" have proved pitiful failures in the past. But the valid scepticism thus engendered tends to waver before the records of the results of the new method of which I am speaking—a method that has been under test at the General Memorial



One man in eleven, of all who reach the age of thirty-five, formerly, was doomed to die by cancer. And this does not tell the full story, for the liability to this disease increases year by year to the very end of life, and there were no means of protection known.

Two drops of "Atolysin" injected into a tumor in the body of a rat caused the tumor to disappear within ten days.

One woman in seven, formerly, was doomed to die by cancer—for the United States this meant a total of more than two million women. And to this number add nearly a million and a half men, under the same sentence, and you have a vast company exceeding the adult population of New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia combined.

Hospital in New York for a good many months, the results of which have recently been presented to the medical profession, and which is now first authoritatively brought to the attention of the general public.

The records tell of the recovery of what were considered utterly hopeless cases—cases that the most experienced surgeons pronounced inoperable, and which the best-informed cancer specialists declared to be beyond the reach of any remedies hitherto known to them.

In a large number of instances these "hopeless" cases have yielded to the new treatment promptly and unequivocally, and patients whose lives had been absolutely despaired of have made rapid recoveries and have gone forth seemingly cured. Their malignant tumors, involving tissues that placed them beyond the reach of the knife, have faded away magically under stimulus of the new treatment.

Let me repeat that I myself have seen some of these cases under process of treatment, and have witnessed the results at first hand. I have heard reports of many other cases from the lips of the men who have carried out the treatment and of other physicians who have witnessed it; and I have studied the records emanating from two important medical institutions where the tests have been made, as well as the reports of private

Before this evidence, as I said, scepticism tends to give way to enthusiasm. It is hard to believe that experiments extending over a term of months and tested by so many competent observers should prove fallacious in their seemingly unambiguous demonstration that at last a remedy has been found that specifically attacks the cancer cell and destroys it.

I would not be understood as suggesting that the new remedy can be expected to do this in every case. Even in the case of a genuine wonder, we must not look for out-and-out miracles. But if the new remedy should prove itself half as effective as it seems, it would still mean a marvellous contribution to human knowledge and a new step in the treatment of cancer, and another help and step in the treatment of many other diseases.

The new remedy that gives this promise is a chemical compound that has been given the name "Atolysin," and is a constituent



A bit of the laboratory where the cancer remedy has been evolved—a transparent fluid, light brown or green in color.

Dr. Beveridge, like his confreres, does not say a cancer cure has been discovered—but he believes it has been.

abbreviation of "auto-lysin," meaning self-dissolver. The name was suggested by the fact that the cancer cells, under stimulus of this drug, seemed to undergo dissolution (autolysis) or what might be termed self-digestion.

The drugs from which atolysin is extracted are vegetable products that are not known to have, in their crude original form, any effect on the cancer cell when administered single or in combination. They include a familiar drug called cannabis indica, less familiar ones called anemism and pentaphylli, and others. But the transparent fluid finally extracted from these drugs as a saline solution does not contain the active principles for which the drugs have hitherto been prized. The

active principle of cannabis indica, for example, is a narcotic drug which is known in the East as hashish. But the method employed in the development of atolysin does not extract this principle, but does extract from the leaves of the plant the green pigment called chlorophyll, which, as every botanist knows, is intimately associated with the synthetic processes by which a plant builds up organic matter out of water and carbonic acid gas.

Similarly the extract from the pentaphylli is not an alkaloid of the ordinary type, but a solution of the intimate portion of its cell nuclei called "chromophyll," a substance known to the microscopist as bearing an intricate and curious relation to the process of cell growth and division.

It is peculiarly interesting, in view of the extraordinary influence that atolysin exerts over the cancer cell, to note that it thus contains, among other constituents, the enigmatical chlorophyll, which is the only substance in the world known to be able to transform inorganic into organic matter; and the no less enigmatical chromophyll, which is associated with the generative activities of every cell of living matter, vegetable or animal. The presence of the substances suggests that we have to do with fundamental life processes, and with substances of the nature of ferments or enzymes which exert a curious directive influence over cellular activities. Conceivably such a drug

may act as a stimulant to other tissues, without itself entering into new chemical combinations.

As finally prepared, atolysin is a transparent fluid, either light brown or green in color. If a drop of the fluid is examined under the microscope, it is found to contain chains of curious colorless cell-like bodies, the exact character of which, it may be said in passing, is not clearly understood. These bodies are always present, and it is believed that they are intimately associated with the curative properties of the drug.

(Continued on page 549)

Dr. Silas P. Beebe, of the Cornell University Medical School, is chiefly responsible for testing "Atolysin," the new cancer remedy, on a human subject.

"Mr. Dooley"

on Hyphens and Other Sorts

by F. P. Dunne

Illustrated by
F. Strothmann

MR. HENNESSY lives between holidays in wistful expectation of the next one, so it was no surprise to Mr. Dooley when, one bitter day in May, he suddenly asked: "What ar-re ye goin' to do on the Foorth iv July?"

"Th' Foorth iv July," said Mr. Dooley. "Why th' Foorth iv July? Why don't ye ask me what I'm goin' to do on th' ninth iv Novimber? How do I know what I'm goin' to do on th' Foorth iv July, ye gomeril? Oh, oh! yes, yes, yes, yes, yes! I see what ye mane now. Well, I'm goin' to pull down th' blinds an' stay in dures. It'll be no day this year f'r wan iv us old Pilgrim fathers to show his face in th' sthreeets. I'd be accused iv bein' onpathriotic an' maybe some Bohaymian-American wud give me a lick over th' head with a shovel. I expict th' mayor to paste proclamations on th' fences callin' on all Americans to keep their homes that day onliss compelled be business to go out an', in that case, to refrain fr'm anny offensive utterances like 'Th' Star Spangled Banner.'"

"Th' Foorth iv July ain't th' naytional holiday this year. No, sir, an' I ain't sorry. Th' war has cost us wan naytional holiday, but it's give us a dozen. Ye'er little Packey won't shoot off anny fire crackers this year to remind th' fire department that wan hundred an' thirty-nine years ago Jawn Hancock set down at a desk an' grabbed th' ol' goosequill fr'm th' hand iv Benjamin Franklin an' wrote his illusthriees monnicker at th' fut iv a dockymint that declares that all men ar-re free an' akel ontill they get their first meal. But instead iv that he'll be up arly in th' mornin' cillybratin' th' annivarsary iv th' fall iv Sedan, or th' King's birthday, or th' day th' Basteel was pushed over, or th' Czar's birthday, or Ramazan, or whatever occasion it was that makes th' Japs glad they're Japs."

"At my time iv life it's hard f'r me to larn a new song. But I'm gettin' our naytional anthem



"I larned th' 'Marseillaise' be heart," said Mr. Dooley. "I larned it fr'm a German arnychist. How's this f'r a Fr-rinch-American: 'Owes arms, citoyen; formy voo batty on . . .'"

be heart. I know th' 'Wacht am Rhein' fr'm hearin' Schwartzmeister sing it these thirty years. 'Gawd Save th' King' is familyar to me because th' English stole th' chune fr'm us. I can't sing th' wurruds because they might stick in me throat an' choke me, but I'll hum it. An' I know th' 'Marseillaise' be heart. I larned it fr'm a German arnychist, an' was wanst arristed f'r warblin' it durin' a sthreet-car sthrike.

'Owes Arms, citoyen; formy voo batty on.
March on, march on, uh sank impeer.
Ah, bravies, nose along.'

"How's that f'r a Fr-rinch-American?"

"But I don't know th' Austhreen naytional anthem or th' Rooshyan or th' Sarvyan, if they have wan, an' I s'pose they have, f'r manny a nation has a naytional anthem that hasn't anny shoes. I'll larn all these fr'm me neighbors, an' whin I go to th' laundhry f'r me shirt an' cuffs next Saturdah night, I'll ask Hip Lung to play f'r me with

his wan dhrumstick whatever pathriotic wail th' Japs put up. An' be this time next year I'll be as good a German-Anglo-Rooshyan-Fr-rinch-Austhreen-Bilgian-Sarvyan-Jap-Ameri-can as iver partiklerly renounced allegiance to kaiser, czar, impror, king, or mickydoo.

"I niver put a hypen in me naytionalty before. I was born in Ireland, which makes me a native American, ipso facto, as Hogan says. An' Ireland ain't in this war. There ar-re a lot iv Irishmen in it, but they were sejooced be th' nachral spoortin' instincts iv th' race, an' because they like th' brave little Frinchies who took th' wild geese in, hundherds iv years ago an' made jooks an' markeeses iv thim an' has always been on th' best iv terms with us, both iv us thinkin' we'd get together some day an' take a kick at Perfidious Album. Gallagher, th' ir'n-wurrucker who was sint to Fr-rance a few years ago to help make a bridge—he can throw a rivet as far as Ty Cobb cud throw a baseball—tells me that whin he said he was Irelands he had to sthuggle to keep fr'm bein' kissed be a bricklayer with a goatee. I larned most iv me Fr'rinch fr'm him. I can see a fellow fr'm me own dear Roscommon in th' threnches, cuddlin' his rifle up to his cheek, an' sayin': 'I think I cud shoot just as straight if thim Dutch was th' same naytionalty as me gin'ral. How about you, Looey?' 'Avick too mong coor, Mike,' says th' ally. I see be th' pa-apers a month ago that a tur-rble, ragin' Scotchman had lept into th' threnches an' single handed an' alone with th' butt end iv his gun had kilt ten Germans an' led two back captive. I was jealous, mind ye, f'r me cousin Mike had held th' record up to that time an' I didn't want to see it pass out iv th' fam'ly to a Scotchman. Th' pa-aper didn't give th' name iv this infurated Calydonian. I won-



"This year ye'er little Packey won't shoot off anny fire crackers because it's th' Foorth iv July, instead he'll be cillybratin' th' annivarsary iv th' fall iv Sedan, or th' King's birthday, or th' day th' Basteel was pushed over, or th' Czar's birthday, or Ramazan or whatever makes the Japs glad they're Japs."

Youth's Springtime

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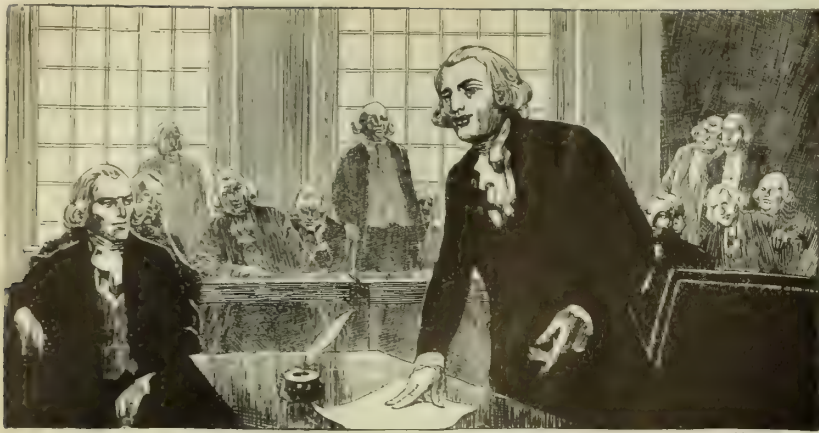
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for true temperance. This American Colossus, who was second only to Washington in the service rendered to his country, drank good beer all his days. We know of no one who has yet dared declare that it injured him in any way. Under the tenets of the Constitution, which Hamilton did so much to make a fact, Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago launched their great institution. During these years they have honestly brewed honest beers. To-day 7500 people are daily required to meet the public demand. Their world-famed brand—

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Book of the Month—What of To-day?

by Father Bernard Vaughan

IF anything goes wrong in married life I usually put the blame on the man. He is the stronger, and he should overcome himself and protect the wife of his heart, lending her a strong arm on which to lean.

Not many days ago a Frenchwoman said to me: "Men are like regular verbs; knowing one, I know them all, in all their moods and tenses."

"That may be," I answered, "but women are like your French irregular verbs, and unless a man studies them individually in their every peculiar mood and tense, he will be likely to misunderstand them, much to his own discomfiture."

Now about men and women I have something to say with which many, perhaps most, of my readers will not agree. I must be prepared for more than passive disagreement, and I am quite aware that to be called a reactionary, a conventionalist, or a pessimist is quite the mildest criticism I may expect.

For the evolution and attainment of the great ideal of manhood and womanhood which the Christian religion places before us, marriage is, for the generality of men, the safest and surest means.

I have often been asked whether, under any given circumstances—exceptional and possibly hard and trying circumstances—a married couple would be justified in dissolving their marriage and entering into a new alliance. I can only answer that question as many other questions about Christian practice must be answered. We have got to follow Christ's teaching. And on this matter His commands are plain enough. "Whosoever shall marry her that is put away committeth adultery."

Not so many years ago large families in this country were the rule rather than the exception, while childlessness was the greatest misfortune that could befall a married couple.

Can the same be said of us today? Is it not, on the contrary, becoming increasingly common for young men and women to marry with deliberate and express understanding that no children are to be permitted to interfere with the irresponsible and luxurious existence they contemplate?

But passion has got to be brought into subjection. These demoralizing views have spread far and wide. In the name of all that is sacred I say it is time to call a halt. The decline in the birth-rate is becoming every day more and more terribly significant. Where will it end?

Woman has always played a conspicuous

part in the history of this planet—a much more conspicuous part, indeed, than the modern representative of the sex cares to admit. But now a change has come over the spirit of her dream, she has grown restless and dissatisfied with her position, she is crying for a new toy, and she is out to get it by any means, fair or unfair.

Look where we will, we see suffering and tyranny and oppression on all sides of us. Men, no less than women, and women, no less than men, have much to bear that is due indirectly to the callousness and the cruelty shown by their fellows.

This is where the protagonists of the woman movement have fallen into a deplorable and hopeless error. With a sense of injustice rankling in their minds, and laboring under certain disabilities which no one can remove, they have, with a lack of logic which is only equaled by their want of common-sense, declared war against man!

What could be more ludicrous or degrading, according to the observer's point of view, than the spectacle of a lot of hysterical women smashing windows, chaining themselves to railings, burning houses—and, alas, churches as well—as a protest against "man-made laws"?

The advocates of Women's Rights, if I understand them properly, have been, like a great many men, by the way, agitating for emancipation, for freedom. Well, that word "freedom" is a rather nebulous expression, and Heaven forbid that I, or anyone else, should deny to any single woman such a legitimate measure of liberty as will enable her to exercise all her talents, to express her whole character as fully as her nature will allow.

Her demand for the vote, for higher wages, for greater opportunity, for a wider education, for less dependence upon man; all these things may be right or they may be wrong. It is not for me to say. But I have something to say to woman, and very emphatically, too, when she passes from such demands as these and begins to question the sacramental character of marriage, the value of religion, the foundations of Christianity itself.

If anything could ruin this Woman Movement, one would have thought, it would be this attack on the sanctity of the home.

For surely in all this there is a tendency which one cannot but deplore: to belittle marriage, to sneer at the home, and to speak slightly of the household duties in which so many women find the pleasure, as well as the labor, of their lives.

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Making a Criminal

(Continued from page 495)

one disease in his lungs, another in his eyes, and half a dozen more attacking him, he did not interest society at all.

But now he is to become interesting, and the State will gladly spend money in his case—ten times as much as might have saved him, a few years ago.

He has been sleeping out for some time, and food has been scarce. Hunger or the policeman's night-stick has driven him from his sleeping-place, and he stands in this doorway shivering, wondering where he will go next.

As he stands, he has on his right hand a bakeshop, and on his left hand a cheap jewelry store, and pawnshop.

His first idea is to break into the bakery, and get bread.

He wants that. But he wants a drink also. He looks at the bakery, he looks at the jewelry. He says again to himself, as he looks up and down the street, "I can't be any worse than I am."

The glass protecting the jewelry is as thin as that of the bakery. He breaks in, steals, AND THIS TIME ESCAPES.

The making of a criminal is accomplished at the end of eighteen years, so far as the commission of the crime is concerned.

A NEW career begins for the man who has been starved mentally and physically, who has been hunted and driven and worried from his birth. Now he has taken the advice often given to him. He is a thief.

Occasionally he knows what it is to have plenty. But more often it is hunger and cold again. Weak, hollow chested, thieves are

not prosperous. Modern big cities do not turn out the Bill Sykes or the Dick Turpin criminal. Our city criminal is a combination of weak muscle, hollow chest, cowardly heart, and tubercular germs.

It is not a powerful combination, and before long, a few days or weeks at most, the criminal career is interrupted.

A window is broken, the criminal is on his back near the cash register. The storekeeper who was not born in a slum or nursed in the gutter sits on the criminal's chest. The policeman seizes him by the neck, shakes him, discourages his feeble frightened effort to escape with a few blows of a club.

THE work of MAKING a criminal is complete.

He goes to the police station. He stands, a weak, white-faced, trembling creature, before the judge. What is there for him to say? Nothing.

The judge addresses him briefly for the newspapers are paying no attention to a little case of this kind. He is told how sacred property is, how sacred human life is. Then he gets his sentence in the penitentiary.

Property is sacred and human life is sacred. Too bad that a judge or some other public official could not have said something about the sacredness of human life, when this criminal, this misborn, mistreated human life might have been made into a good, useful man at the beginning.

Your criminal is made, caught, and jailed. Two more pictures will tell the end of his story, and the story of millions like him.

On Secret Service

(Continued from page 504)

with him to the last gasp. For that's the thief who stole our navy plans!"

"Then gimme a gun," whispered back the unperturbed Sadie, before stepping out through the second tier of curtains at the cabinet-back.

SADIE WIMPEL leaned back in the taxi-cab with a titter of care-free amusement. That worldly-wise young lady had long since learned to preserve an outward calm during her moments of inward tension.

Her pertly insouciant face seemed to puzzle the man at her side.

"Do you know where you're going?" he finally asked.

"Nope, but I'm on my way," was Sadie's blithely irresponsible reply.

He said no more, for the cab had stopped before a sinister-looking brownstone-fronted house with curtained windows and an iron-trilled door.

"So here's where we wade in?" was her careless chirp as she stepped from the cab and followed the stranger up the brownstone steps, swinging her handbag as she went.

There was a wait of some time before the door itself was opened. It was opened by an oddly hirsute man in the service-coat of a butler. Sadie, whose quick eyes had taken him in at a glance, found him almost as unprepossessing as the house itself.

"Where's the Boss?" asked the man who had rung the bell.

"The Boss is busy," he was curtly told.

"Well, he's expecting me," confidently announced the caller.

The large-boned man at the door hesitated for one moment. Then he stepped back, watched the two visitors pass into the hallway, and carefully and quietly closed the heavy door behind them.

"Ain't he the sour ol' thing?" lightly remarked Sadie Wimpel as she followed her companion through the second door which the servant had opened for them. The questioning glance she turned on that companion, once the room-door had closed on them again, was as tranquil as ever. "What kind of a dump's this, anyway?" she casually inquired.

The man, who had tiptoed to the door, made a gesture for silence. He pressed an ear against the dark-wooded panel and stood there listening. Then he turned and faced her.

"I've got certain documents these people want to get hold of. They want them bad, but they're going to pay me my price for 'em! I'm going to be very honest with you. There's trouble ahead of me in this house, and I'm not ready to meet it. What I want to know is, are you game to help me out? I've got an envelope of papers here that aren't worth a cent to anybody but the folks they're intended for. These people know I've got them, and they may get nasty over it. Can you stow them away until the coast is clear?"

"Sure!"

"Then quick!" prompted the other as he thrust a long manilla envelope into Sadie's hand.

"Then you gaze the other way, son, till I stow it down in the lisle-thread safe," Sadie requested, turning her face so that he might not see the sudden flash of triumph which she was unable to hide. For she knew she had the plans of the secret submarine in her possession.

THERE was a rustle of drapery, the snap of an elastic, and a little sigh of relief. Then the two conspirators stood facing each other again.

"What's next?" inquired the young woman.

"Now wait here a minute or two until I come back," whispered the man.

Sadie watched him as he tiptoed to the door, as he stood listening there, as he cautiously turned the knob, and as he stepped guardedly out and closed the door behind him.

Then she stood with her lips slightly parted and her blue-stencilled eyes very wide. For the moment that door had closed there came to her ear the sounds of a struggle, taking place in the hallway immediately outside that door which had so recently opened and closed.

Sadie did not like those sounds. They reminded her of earlier and less equable days. They sent a thousand mouse-feet of alarm scampering up her spinal column.

But they also brought back to her a sort of second wind of audacity. Her hand was quite steady as she opened her handbag and took Kestner's revolver from its hiding-place there. Quite steady, too, was her tread as she advanced to the closed door, listened there, and then pressed a straining ear against the dark panel.

She could hear nothing more. All movement, apparently, had ceased.

She closed her hand about the door-knob, turning it softly. To her relief she found the door still unlocked. She swung it back an inch or two, peered out, and opened it still wider. Then she stepped into the hall itself. She stood close against the door-frame, staring from one end of this hall to the other.

It was empty.

Her next movement, in accordance with a natural impulse to escape, was towards the street-door.

The next moment that door itself swung open and a man stepped quickly inside.

The stranger quickly closed the door, stooped forward a little as he thrust the key into its hole, and then swung about on her with a startled little noise in his throat.

She knew, even before she completed her study of the grim and mocking mouth and the pale blue eyes with their serpent-like fortitude, that the man was Keudell himself.

"What are you doing in this house?" he quietly demanded.

"I came fur work," was the prompt reply.

"What kind of work?"

"House-work."

"Will you step this way," asked the big

blonde man.

She walked slowly and sullenly ahead of him until he came to a door at the back of the hallway. This door he opened, and waited for her to pass inside.

"Sit down," he suavely commanded.

Keudell himself, she noticed, took a chair behind a walnut library-table on which stood a desk-telephone and a green-shaded electric reading-lamp.

"Have you any references?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir!"

She spoke demurely and looked down at her hand-bag with an expectant smile. Then she deferentially stood up as she opened this bag, groping down into it with fingers which did not at once find the papers she seemed to be looking for.

"How'd this do?" she casually inquired.

She stepped demurely forward as she spoke, until her coat-edge brushed against the top of the walnut table itself.

Keudell looked at her half-raised hand both a little scornfully and a little heavily. Till he found himself staring into the barrel-end of a most formidable-looking revolver.

"Don't be a fool!" he cried out in his quick and impatient guttural.

They confronted each other for a silent moment. The man's hand moved across the table-top. Sadie promptly comprehended and intercepted that movement.

"No, yuh don't! Not on your life! Yuh touch that bell-button and it'll be your last move on this green earth!" The revolver-barrel was advanced several inches closer to Keudell's head. "Yuh hand out that door-key!"

Keudell slowly and deliberately reached into his pocket and handed out the key, dropping it on the table-top in front of her. She reached for it with her left hand, feeling about the smooth wood until her fingers came in contact with it. Then she drew back a step or two. She still watched Keudell and still kept him covered. Yet as she did so a barely perceptible change crept over the figure confronting her from the chair on the other side of the table.

"I see, *mademoiselle*, you do not trust me?" he said with a smile as she backed away.

"Oh, I'll watch yuh," she said as she felt behind her to open the door into the hallway.

It was at her third step that she wondered why he suddenly ducked beneath the table-top. Her answer to that question came unexpectedly, in a sudden clutch about the body that swung her feet clear of the floor at the same time that it clamped her right arm closely against her side. It was not until she saw the pair of great hairy wrists clutching her arms that she realized the meaning of that sudden imprisonment. It was then only that she understood the significance of Keudell's smile. Some time



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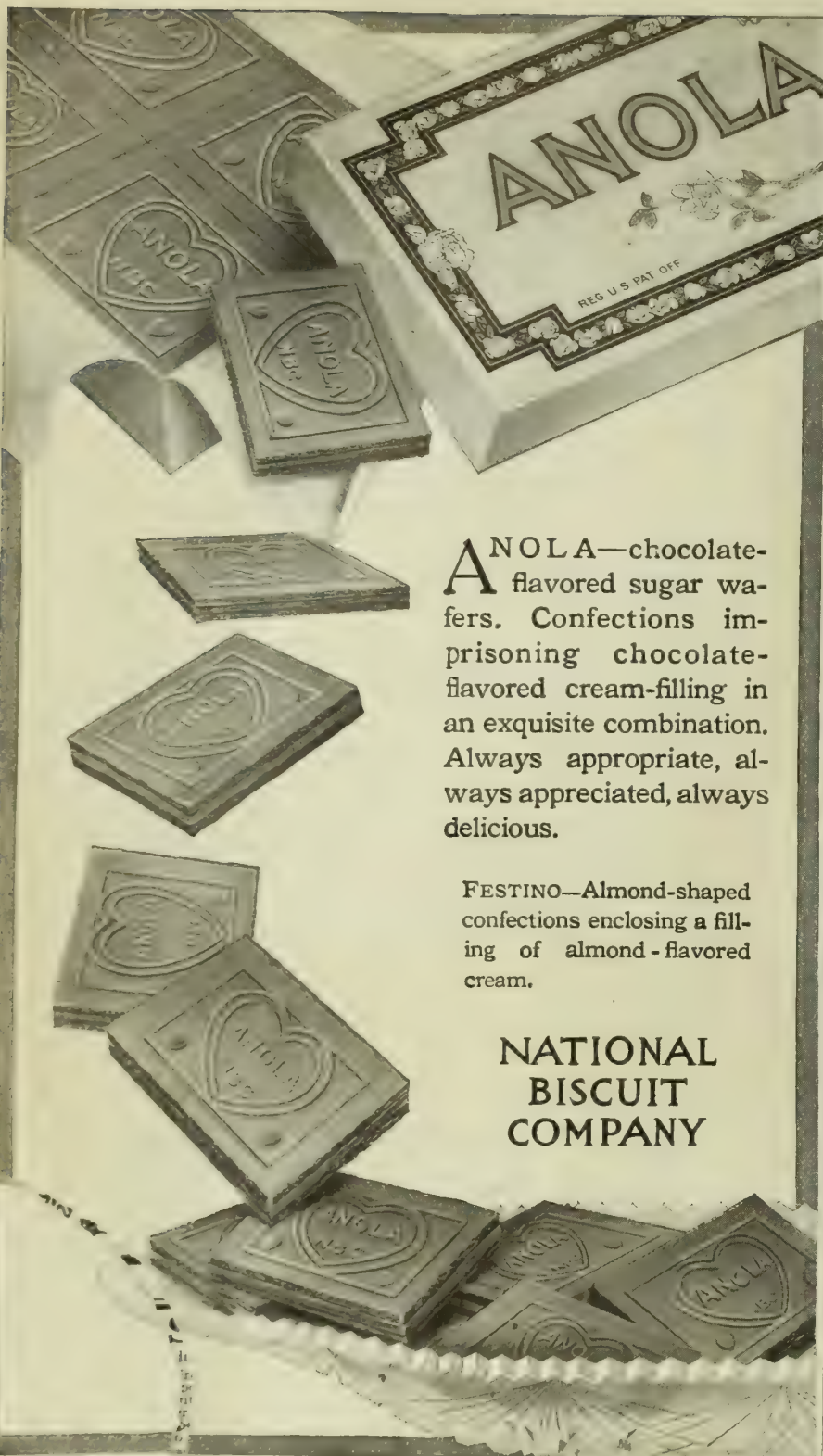
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during her retreat across the room the door behind her had been silently opened and closed. And without dreaming of what awaited her, she had backed into the arms of Keudell's gorilla-like accomplice.

SADIE WIMPEL did not waste her energy in resistance, for she knew it was foolish to struggle against the pressure of those vise-like arms. Yet she watched for her chance, watched with a wariness born of desperation.

It was, indeed, not until her captor reached out for her revolver that she started to struggle. Into that struggle she put all the vehemence of her outraged innocence, her ill-treated body, her revolt against indignities not to be endured. Clamped as she still was close against that gross body behind her, she found her right arm suddenly released.

She had neither the time nor the strength to deliberate on her aim. But the lurching struggles of the man holding her had brought his right leg forward so that it fell within her line of vision at the same moment that her exhausted right hand went down. Instinctively she pulled the trigger, even while the garroting arm about her throat constricted until her very breath of life was shut off.

It was at the moment that this vise-like clutch seemed unendurable that she realized her shot had not gone wide. For the next moment the pressure relaxed, the arm about her throat fell slowly away, and the hairy figure so close behind her fell as slowly to the ground.

She staggered back against the wall, gasping at the fallen man and gasping for breath. What apprehension she knew arose from the question as to how long the first nervous shock of a leg wound would eliminate this hairy monster as a factor in her fight for freedom. She still remembered that she had Keudell to reckon with, and that before all other things she wanted freedom. But the room was empty; Keudell was gone.

SADIE WIMPEL'S blood was up, but even in that storm of rage at the indignities to which she had been subjected, her native wariness did not desert her.

For she realized, as she stared towards the front of the house, why Keudell was not for the moment interested in her. That blonde giant, she could see, was otherwise engaged. He was engaged in holding down on the hall floor the still struggling figure of the man who called himself Dorgan.

Yet in neither of these combatants did the watching woman evince any prolonged interest.

To go by the natural avenue of the street-door, she knew, was now out of the question.

(Sadie and Kestner, again in the July issue.)

That would take her too close to Keudell, who at any moment could leave Dorgan to his own devices. So she stood back in the doorway, studying the stairs that led upwards. She was familiar enough with the structure of city houses to feel assured that somewhere from those upper regions would be an opening to the roof. Then, with a deep breath, she took the hall at a run. In a few minutes she found herself at the top of the house, confronted by a door which proved to be locked. This door, she felt, would surely lead towards the roof. So after a second ineffectual tug at its knob, she stood back, fired one quick shot into its lock, and swung it open to the sound of falling metal.

In front of her stood a small iron ladder. Up this she swarmed, to the roof.

With that advent to the open her spirits suddenly came back to her, and she giggled. She scurried across the flat tin roof until she came to a house-top studded with clothes-line stanchions between which stood a square frame shed like the deck-house of a schooner.

At the back of this roof-shed Sadie found a door which opened on a steep and narrow flight of steps.

Then she entered the hatchway between the line-stanchions and stepped quietly but quickly down the narrow stairs. She listened, when she came to the first floor below, but could hear nothing but the distant sound of a piano. So she crept on, peering over the banister from time to time, and breathing easier at every foot of territory safely covered.

Sadie soon reached the ground-floor and the street-entrance.

And as she swept through the door she slammed it shut with a force vindictive enough to loosen the paint-checks on its faded panels. Then she hurried down the steps, turned to the right, and once she had rounded the corner, was glad to hear the companionable hum of the city's traffic all about her and the press of the prosaic and everyday Avenue crowd close at her elbows. She pushed her way on through that crowd until she spotted an empty taxi-cab, and promptly signaled its driver.

Ten minutes later Sadie Wimpel was once more in her reptiliously embroidered palm-reading parlor, leaning back in her chair and tapping a cork-tipped cigaret on her plaster-of-Paris property-skull, while Kestner tore open the heavy manila envelope which she had passed over to him.

"Sadie," he solemnly announced, "you've got 'em all!"

"Huh?" inquired the languid-eyed Sadie.

"You've saved a war secret that's worth a million!"

Sadie blew another ring. "Oh, I guess I ain't such a mutt!" she announced.

The Silent Drama

(Continued from page 499)

he grunted, and the horse grunted as he pulled the cinch so tight that Beal protested:

"Say, do you think that's a cake of Ivory soap you're tryin' to cut in two with a string? But what I started to tell you was, I had a letter from an old friend of mine—used to punch heifers with me—went to South America—Argentinier. Been there three years. He's made good down there, and he's shipping beef back to New York. He writes me of a grand chance to buy in on the ground floor."

"This place! We couldn't sell this hell-hole for enough to pay our carfare to Chicago."

"Oh, yes we could. The Lord will provide. There's a sucker just come to town. He won't give us half what the place is worth. But he'll give us some cash—and take over the mortgage and our notes at the bank. It's the opportunity of a lifetime, as the feller says."

"Let's grab it."

"Shake!"

It took several months to exchange the necessary letters with Argentina. Lindley was frantic to be gone.

But every hour had to be lived through, and the boredom was almost intolerable.

Eventually, however, the thing was done, and they forwarded most of their cash to bind the bargain in Argentina.

Lindley and Beal were now large landholders in Argentina. But they were small shareholders in America. After their pas-

sage was paid, their holiday in New York must dwindle to a very modest orgy.

Lindley was more than content with New York.

His first open breach with Beal was on the question of the theater they should visit. Beal, with the true nobility of the born rancher and with that splendid Americanism one acquires on the boundless plains, was determined to visit what he called a "leg-show." Lindley had no scruples against that form of art-exhibit, but he hated to waste one of his few evenings in New York in buying glimpses of what any windy day would reveal in abundance on any street, or on the ship. Doubtless there were also legs in Argentina.

But in Argentina he could not see the dramatic successes whose fame had shone off Broadway as far as Beatonsburg, much less could he witness the premiere of a new American comedy by a new American playwright in a newly opened theater. Such an opportunity was advertised for that very night—the opening of "The Cross Roads" by Calvin Grote, the latest work of the most famous of the native dramatists.

He was tremendously re-excited when he read in an evening paper that the cast of the great Grote's play included Miss Oenone Knowles, a newcomer to Broadway.

He could hardly wait till night came and raised the curtain on her play. He invited Beal, but Beal put up his hand: "Oh, nah, you don't!" Lindley was much obliged for his absence.

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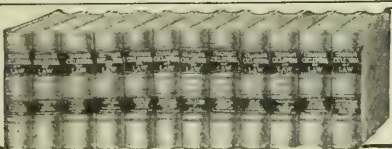
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There was a warm rain in a languorous air. This theater was not new. It was old and enriched with the triumphs of famous actors and famous plays. The audience was much the same as ever. There was the same feeling of expectancy. The ancient curtain climbed and vanished, revealing a homely interior. There was realism but of the sort that depresses. There were jokes that somehow missed fire. A dull mist seemed to invade the house.

Lindley felt a little afraid for Nonie. An atmosphere of chill was settling on the house—that feeling so well called "frost." It was a bleak night for violets like Nonie.

At last she came on. She was not well enough known to receive a "reception," but an audible breath of pleasure greeted her fresh young prettiness and her wise old manner. There was a scurry to find her name in the programs.

Lindley felt almost a paternal pride. He had discovered her. Her first few lines brought the first few laughs of the evening.

But then she went on talking. She had made her points with the audience, and she should have avoided rubbing them in. Of course it was not her fault that she talked too much. It was the playwright's.

Lindley writhed to see his Nonie sacrificed to an author's malfeasance in office. She was doing her best in vain, wasting her flame on cold cinders. And so was the star.

The evening ended in a funeral gloom.

The next morning Lindley read the reviews. He differed from the critics only in one point. They did not blame the principal actor severely enough. They did not realize how he had started the whole thing on the wrong track and persisted in the opposite direction. Lindley was embittered with the sense of what he himself would have done with that rôle.

Even more than by the allurements of success he was stimulated by the vision of another man's failure. He felt within him the stuff of the artists, the knack of the interpreter.

He resolved that he was born to be an actor, he was meant to be an actor. He was not for Argentina, nor Argentina for him.

LINDLEY knew how Beal would ridicule him if he discussed his new ambition. Beal had a farmer's contempt for the stage.

Lindley simply announced to Beal that he had decided to stay in New York and "go in business." He offered to sell out his share in the Argentina property.

"Sell out?" Beal roared. "To who? For what? I got no money to buy with."

There was a hot quarrel, but Lindley could not force Beal from the position that Beal was forced to take. They ended in a truce and Beal promised to send Lindley what money he could when he could.

Lindley succeeded in persuading the steamship company to refund his fare, and that fattened his wallet a little. He went to Beal's ship with him and the partnership broke up with anxiety and regret on both sides.

When the ship was slowly extracted from the slip by the tugs, Lindley ran to the end of the pier with the rest of the jostling crowd.

Then as he turned back with the crowds, the busy scurry of life recaptured him. He would gain his place, he knew. His art should commend him to these people and should place him alongside Nonie Knowles.

His heart swelled toward that comfortable wallet of his that should warm and feed him. His heart seemed to pause. He put his hand to his breast. Then stopped short in the street, thrust his hand into his pocket. The wallet was gone.

In that jostling scurry to the head of the pier some deft hand had lifted it.

He stared back at the crowd rolling from the pier like smoke. It was useless to hunt for the pickpocket there. It was useless to appeal to the police.

He staggered on as if he had been sand-bagged. At the hotel in his trunk was enough money to pay the bill and a few dollars over; and a few things to pawn. After that—the drouth.

First, he must spend his morning seeking an opening on the stage. With the boldness of ignorance, he went first to Nonie's manager who was in the black mood that follows a fiasco.

Lindley was ignorant enough to cherish a hope of securing a place with Nonie's own company. Perhaps somebody would be dropping out. He did not understand that the whole company would be dropping out. Of course he did not see the manager. It was just as well.

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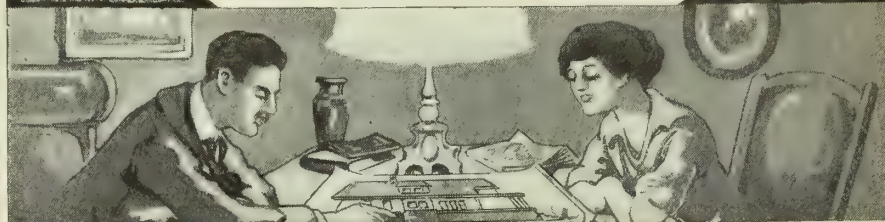
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actors looking for positions. There were not dozens of them merely, nor scores, but thousands. The agencies were so packed that he could hardly get up to the desk, and the sidewalks on Broadway were so crowded that he was pushed into the gutter.

Lindley would sit in the agencies for hours and study the various types.

They all had their memories and hopes of success. They all wanted to tell him how they "killed 'em in Waco" or "stood 'em up in Possawottamie," or how they had a line of work the public was aching for "if the managers weren't such swine." Most of them had concealed clippings on their persons. They would bring these out and read them, even to Lindley, when they couldn't persuade the agents to listen. In the technical terminology of the business there were the has-beens, the may-bes, the never-was's and the never-will-bes in plenty, but few, few is's.

It was perhaps the bitterest of Lindley's bitterness that Nonie Knowles became one of the sorrowful inhabitants of the outer offices.

He had taken the news of the closing of Nonie's play as a personal grief. It cut him to the quick the day he saw his idol meekly enter the agency where he waited.

He had been so tired and was so hardened by bad luck, that he had outgrown his days for giving up his chair when he got one. He had permitted two or three "first old women" and a couple of grandes dames to stand while he rested.

When Miss Knowles joined the throng, he hesitated only while he tried to compose a gloriously gallant speech for her.

He rose in wild confusion and mumbled, "Won't you chair my take?"

Miss Knowles said nothing at all. She raised her eyebrows a little, bowed her head a little, smiled from afar and sat down.

His heart cried out: "How eloquent that was! How wonderfully she sits down!"

AGAIN and again Lindley encountered Miss Knowles on missions of artistic beggarmdom. He tried to muster the bravery to speak to her, but he never dared. She looked so ashamed as she joined the mendicant throng. She went out with such proud dismay when she was rejected with the rest. He could not inflict his gallantries on her.

Hunger compelled Lindley, however, to take up certain avocations to keep him alive till he could attain his vocation. He fell to picking up dimes and quarters at such odd jobs as he could find.

One morning he earned half a dollar unloading green bananas from a freight steamer. It gave him a feeling of wealth and audacity.

He spent ten cents of it telephoning to two agencies. To his amazement Mrs. Sanchez said that she had been looking for him.

He hastened to the agency and stalked through the doleful limbo like a conqueror.

"It's only old Bill Ihrig," Mrs. Sanchez explained, "but any manager is better than no manager. He's expecting to put out another road company in young Trivett's 'Stratagems and Spoils.' He's got one out already. I've sent quite a few people to him. He's engaged Mr. Le Mout and Mrs. Juventry and—Miss Knowles."

"Miss Oenone Knowles?" said Lindley chokingly.

"Yes. Clever little thing—had awfully hard luck, but pretty. Ihrig has an eye for the pretty ones. He snapped her up and gave her the lead right away. You go see him."

"I certainly will," said Lindley, "this minute."

"It's too late to-day. Be there to-morrow forenoon at ten sharp. Give him this card."

Lindley floated out on the winged-feet of a Mercury. He was to have a job—a job in the same company with Nonie! "It never rains but it pours." How true that was!

On the sidewalk he met a man he knew from hours spent together in waiting-rooms. "Doing anything?" the poor fellow said.

"Well, yes," Lindley answered, trying vainly not to strut. "I'm going with Ihrig."

"Old Bill Ihrig, eh? The Lord help you. A man has no chance with him for salary or consideration. But the ladies—whew!"

"The ladies?" Lindley echoed feebly.

"He's like the manager you read about in theatrical novels. Regular old harem-keeper."

"Humph!" said Lindley. He felt a curious chill, but he forgot it in the glow of success. The next morning he made the best toilette he could, and arrived at the office an hour before the office boy. When the lad appeared at last Lindley asked when the manager might be expected.

"Nothin' doin'," said the boy. "Left town last night."

"Er—really. But I have been engaged to play in his new company."

"That's off. He ain't goin' to put it out after all."

"Humm! Too bad! Too bad!"

He felt sorrier for poor Nonie than for himself. What a blow it must have been to her. Perhaps she would accept his sympathy now. He turned back to the boy.

"Er—could you tell me the address of—er—Miss Knowles—Miss Oenone Knowles?"

The super-sophisticated lad laughed.

"Her? She's went with Mr. Ihrig."

(To be concluded in the July issue.)

A Far Country

(Continued from Page 511)

not only by the majority of his associates on the Citizens' ticket (Perry Blackwood being an odd exception), but was often a source of exasperation to his fellow candidates as well as to his opponents, and to his audiences; these audiences seemed both to hate and to love him; they hissed him in one breath and cheered him in the next.

I do not think I exaggerate, save in giving the impression of his bursting upon us. It is difficult to recall the exact stage in the campaign when the average man began to talk of him, to ask who he was, to arrive at that state of piqued curiosity which overcomes inertia.

I was, therefore, jealously ready to listen to Leonard Dickinson when he unexpectedly appeared at the club the next morning while I was eating my breakfast. That must have been the second week in October.

"Look here, Hugh, we've got to get after those fellows, hard," he remarked, without any preliminary words. "Blackwood and Greenhalge and the others might talk till they are blue in the face. But Krebs! . . . Hugh, you've got to go on the stump. That's what I've come here to tell you."

The first thing I knew I was in the thick of it all, like a crack general, hitherto held in reserve, flung against the battle line.

In spite of a state of mind which to say the least was unenviable, I attempted in these speeches to achieve that judicial manner suitable to the dignity and wisdom of a lawyer of weight and prominence, and which I had found so effective in Mr. Watling's campaign for the senate. The attitude for which I strove was one of deploring a tempest in a teapot.

A speech Guptill made at this time, and which was reported to me, suddenly threw me into a fury. Guptill was one of the Citizens' Union candidates for alderman.

The speech, or rather an article which he wrote from it, was syndicated in certain irresponsible newspapers of other cities. It was the last straw, so far as I was concerned, and I lost my poise, if that outer attitude, if that restrained and judicial manner of deploring and belittling the campaign of the Citizens' Union may be called poise. About a week before the end of the campaign, in the midst of a speech at a large meeting in Seddon's Hall my pent-up anger and bitterness got the better of me, and I denounced Greenhalge, Krebs, Guptill, and even Perry Blackwood in unmeasured terms. I felt a wild relief and exhilaration in letting myself go, in the wild cheers and stamping which greeted my characterizations, and nothing that Parker or any other speaker on our side had said compared to them in vehemence and bitterness. The fact that the cheers were mingled with hisses merely spurred me on. At times there was so much confusion that I had to stop while the chairman sought to restore order. . . .

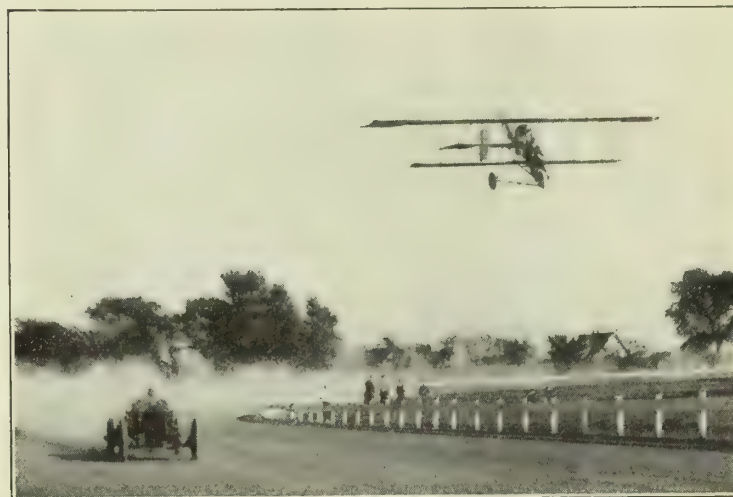
The headlines of the newspapers which the club servant handed me in the morning did not bring me much relief. "Paret flays the Reformers!" This was the "Era's" caption. This must have been on Wednesday morning. The election was to be the next Tuesday. I managed to go on with my speeches, even to suppress outbursts of the character

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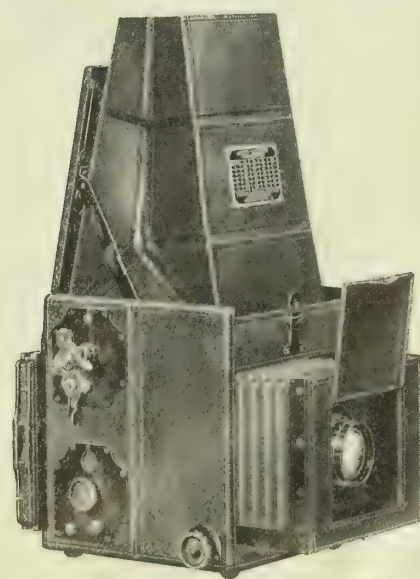
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I have described: but there could be no denying the fact that I was unable to re-achieve my former manner of superiority toward my opponents and their contentions.

On Saturday morning there was a conference in the directors' room of the Corn National.

There was a note of desperation in the discussion. Recriminations passed. Grierson's regret that I had "broken out" against the reformers, because it had reacted, was just enough to sting me to a furious reply. I said there had been moves made in the campaign, initiated by Grierson, which were not only mistakes, but which might land some of us in the penitentiary if Krebs were elected.

"Well," he broke out, "I'm afraid it knocks in the head your appointment as United States Senator, anyway. We can't afford to fly in the face of the dear public."

"I think you will do me the justice, gentlemen," I remember saying slowly, with the excessive and rather ridiculous formality of a man whose self-control is near the end of its tether, "that the idea of representing you in the Senate was yours, not mine. You begged me to take the appointment against my wishes and my judgment. I had no desire to go to Washington then, I have less to-day. I have come to the conclusion that my usefulness to you is at an end." I was tired, too tired to meet their advances half-way. I said I had two speeches to get ready for that night, and other affairs to attend to, and left.

Kingdon Hall, the place of my first meeting, was jammed that Saturday night.

I remember going through my speech automatically, as in a dream, the habit of long years asserting itself. And yet—so I was told afterwards—my delivery was not mechanical, and I actually achieved more emphasis, gave a greater impression of conviction than at any time since the night I had lost my control and violently denounced the reformers. By some astonishing subconscious process I had regained my manner, but the applause came to me as from a distance. Not only was my mind not there; it did not seem to be anywhere. I was dazed.

I remember being stopped by Grierson as I was going out of the side entrance. He took my hand and squeezed it, and there was on his face an odd, surprised look.

Seemingly, I had every intention of going on to the National Theater, in which Parker had just spoken, and as I descended the narrow stairway and emerged on the side street I caught sight of Gowan, my chauffeur, awaiting me by the curb.

"I'm not going to that other meeting, Gowan," I found myself saying. "I'm pretty tired."

"Shall I drive you back to the club, sir?" he inquired.

"No—I'll walk back. Wait a moment." I entered the car, turned on the light and scribbled a hasty note to Andrews, the chairman of the meeting at the National, telling him that I was too tired to speak again that night, and to ask one of the younger men there to take my place. Then I got out of the car and gave the note to Gowan.

"You're all right, sir?" he asked, with a note of anxiety in his voice. He had been with me a long time.

I reassured him. He started the car, and I watched it absently as it gathered speed and turned the corner. I began to walk, slowly at first, then more and more rapidly until I had gained a breathless pace. In ten minutes I was in West Street, standing in front of the Templar's Hall where the meeting of the Citizen's Union was in progress.

I climbed the steps. The wide vestibule was empty save for two men who stopped a low-toned conversation to stare at me.

"Who is speaking?" I asked.

"Mr. Krebs," answered the taller man of the two.

The hum of applause came from behind the swinging doors. I pushed them open cautiously, passing suddenly out of the cold into the reeking, heated atmosphere of a building packed with human beings.

I heard his words distinctly but lacked the faculty of stringing them together, or rather, of extracting their sense. And then, with what seemed a retarded rather than sudden awareness, I knew that he had stopped speaking. Once, now, he ran his hand through his hair, he was seemingly groping for words that would not come. I was pierced by a strange agony the amazing source of which seemed to be a smile on the face of Hermann Krebs, an ineffable smile illuminating the place like a flash of light, in which suffering and tragedy, comradeship and loving kindness—all were mingled. He stood for a moment with that smile on his face, swayed, and would have fallen had it not been for the

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quickness of a man on the platform behind him, and into whose arms he sank.

In an instant men and women had risen in their seats, men were hurrying down the aisles, while a peculiar human murmur or wail persisted like an undertone beneath the confusion of noises, striking the very note of my own feelings. Above the heads of those about me I saw Krebs being carried off the platform. . . .

I walked back to the club to discover that several inquiries had been made about me. Reporters had been there, and Republican Headquarters had telephoned to know if I were ill. Leaving word that I was not to be disturbed under any circumstances, I went to my room, and spent most of the night in distracted thought. When at last morning came I breakfasted early, searching the newspapers for an account of the occurrence at Templar's Hall. There were a couple of paragraphs giving the gist of Krebs' speech, and a statement at the end that he had been taken ill and conveyed to his home at Nineteen twenty-six Fowler Street. I decided to visit Krebs.

The mean and sordid aspect of Fowler Street emphasized and seemed to typify my despair, the pungent coal-smoke stifled my lungs even as it stifled my spirit. Monotonous rows of red houses succeeded each other, some pushed forward, others thrust back behind little plots of stamped earth. Into one of these I turned. It seemed a little cleaner, better kept, less sordid than the others. I pulled the bell, and presently the door was opened by a woman.

"Do you think I could see Mr. Krebs—for a moment?" I asked. "I've known him for a long time."

I took out a card. She held it without glancing at it, and invited me in.

I waited, unnerved and feverish, pulsing, in the dark and narrow hall beside the flimsy rack where several coats and hats were hung.

The woman returned.

"He says he wants to see you, sir," she said rather breathlessly, and I followed her. In the semi-darkness of the stairs I passed the three men who had been with Krebs, and when I reached the open door of his room he was alone. I hesitated just a second, swept by the heat wave which follows sudden shyness, embarrassment, a sense of folly which it is too late to avert.

Krebs was propped up by pillows.

"Well, this is good of you," he said, and reached out his hand across the spread.

"You feel better?" I asked.

"Oh, I feel all right," he answered, with a smile. "It's queer, but I do."

His words, though spoken quietly, gave me a certain thrill. And I realized suddenly that the mysterious force which had drawn me to him now, against my will, was an intellectual rather than apparently sentimental one, an intellectual force which seemed to comprise within it all other human attractions. And yet I felt a sudden contrition:

"See here, Krebs," I said, "I didn't come here to tire you. I mustn't stay. I'll call in again to see how you are—from time to time."

"But you're not tiring me," he protested, stretching forth a thin, detaining hand. "I don't want to rot, I want to live and think as long as I can. Now that you're here, and since I may not see you again, I want to say something."

"I hope, Paret, you won't think me patronizing when I say that in spite of everything that has happened, I have always recognized in you the capacity for open-mindedness."

I must have looked my surprise.

"It's a queer thing to say, I know," he went on. "You have the right to resent it."

"I don't resent it," I responded quickly.

"For, I'm sick of it, and I'm discredited, anyway. Whether or not right and wrong are the proper terms in which to refer to my activities, I'm done for, I guess. The public has been furnished with a list of my misdeeds, beginning as far back as Bill 703. I've no doubt I could fight it out, live it down, but I don't want to, Krebs. I've lost the initiative. It isn't worth it. I've got enough sense at any rate to look that in the face. But on the other hand, while we are speaking plainly, I don't see what there is left for me. I'm not filled with the zeal to become a reformer—with any zeal, when it comes to that. If I were, I should be estopped from it, and I shouldn't cut a very convincing figure denouncing the men who have given me record-breaking fees. It's odd, but I've only just begun to realize, since I have been

sitting here, that I can't go on as I have been."

"But you can go on," he said, with his eyes fixed upon me.

"How?" I asked.

He did not answer at once, apparently wishing to choose his words. "The reason I wanted to see you is because I believe I have something to give you, and I would rather pass it on to you than any man I know. Individual salvation is merely intelligent participation in social salvation, impelled by the fire of a belief in human progress. And for this the open-minded attitude is imperative. You have it, in spite of the education you received, and the legal experiences you've been through. That is a miracle, if you like, though in these days I should prefer to call it an accident. You have ability, and a logical mind, if you will use it."

"You say that individual salvation is a participation in social salvation," I observed, after a silence. "But how is a man in my position to participate?"

"Ah, I can't tell you that, Paret. I wish I could. But you can profit by my experience. You've got enough money to live on," he said, and our eyes met in a smile.

"The first thing to do is to go away from all this and get straightened out, educate yourself, read the modern sciences, physical and biological, the modern philosophy based on them, modern history, psychology and the social sciences, education and sociology, and make yourself acquainted with the modern trend in European literature and criticism. That's the beginning that will give you the view-point. Travel about and look at things as they are, and you'll begin to get a glimpse of what the labor movement means, the woman's movement. God knows I'd give a good deal for twenty more years of life, or even ten. I've only just begun to get my glimpse, and I've floundered around ever since I've been out of college, made my mistakes, committed my sins, as the old orthodox phraseology would put it. They weren't the kind of sins Mr. Jason and his friends hoped I had committed when they sent detectives after me, but that was mere chance. I've done a lot of things I'm not proud of, and if I went on living I should undoubtedly do a lot more. But sin comes largely from ignorance of order. Not that we ever can see the whole order, yet we can get a clue."

"But a man needs something more than mere knowledge," I interposed, looking at him, "he needs a conviction—motive power. You've always had that."

"So have you," Krebs replied. "We wasted time by expending our energy in the wrong direction, by taking the wrong roads. A man has to find the right road before he can begin to travel it, he has to study the maps of the pioneers, and our pioneers are the scientists. What the world needs is a new theology, Paret, and that theology will be in harmony with natural laws, not with the theories of neo-platonic philosophy. It will be a natural theology. We have learned enough about the laws of nature, which after all are God's laws, to begin to build up a science of life, a code of individual and social morality which will not fly in the face of psychology and human instincts, and a social organization which will take its pattern from the organization of nature herself, which will contain the principle of evolution and growth. We'll draw our morals from natural history instead of from the liberal interpretation of the myth of Adam and Eve, and yet we'll strive to keep the poetry of the myths. We must keep it, we shall keep it. We shall develop poets. We mustn't miss the poetic truth in the Greek fables, nor in that beautiful story of the birth of the Son of God from a Virgin."

I did not speak.

"The Power exists," he went on presently, "we can't define that, I grant you, but we can feel it, we can seek to obey it intelligently."

"Are there not moments when it is withdrawn?" I questioned, and for the first time in years there came to my mind that strange, despairing cry on the cross.

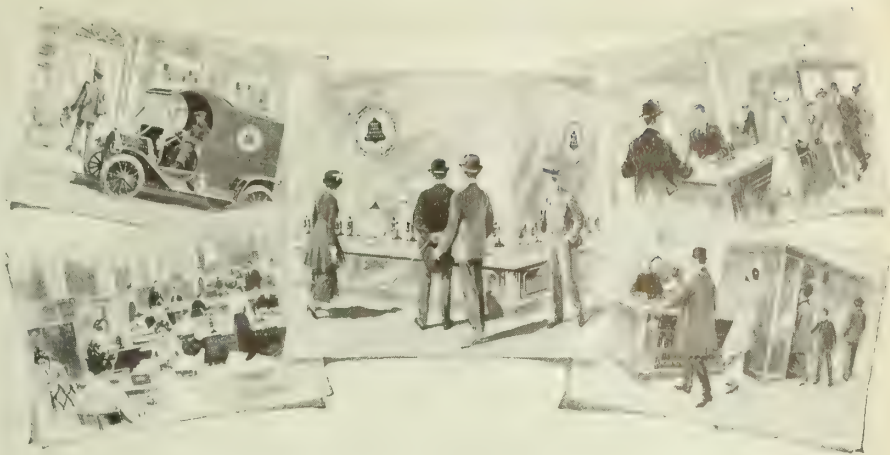
"They are the empty spaces," said Krebs. "We have to live through them as best we can. . . ."

A few moments later the woman who had admitted me knocked at the door and announced that Dr. Hepburn had arrived.

I rose and took Krebs' hand.

"I'll come in soon again, if I may," I told him.

"Do, Paret. It's done me good to talk to you, to see you. More good than you imagine."



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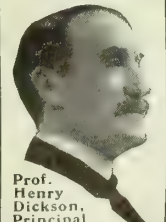


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The Story of Susan Lenox

(Continued from page 487)

Susan was the worst possible influence in Ruth's life. Our character is ourself, is born with us, clings to us as the flesh to our bones, persists unchanged until we die. But upon the circumstances that surround us depend what part of our character shall show itself. Ruth was born with perhaps something more than the normal tendency to be envious and petty. But these qualities might never have shown themselves conspicuously had there been no Susan for her to envy and to be- grudge.

On that bright June morning as the cousins went up Main street together, Susan gave herself over to the delight of sun and air and of the flowering gardens before the attractive houses they were passing; Ruth, with the day quite dark for her, all its joy gone, was fighting against a hatred of her cousin, so vicious that it made her afraid.

At the corner of Maple street Ruth's self-control reached its limit. She halted, took the sample of silk from her glove. There was not a hint of her feelings in her countenance; for, shame and the desire to seem to be better than she was were fast making her an adept in hypocrisy. "You go ahead and match it for mama," said she. "I've got to run in and see Bessie Andrews."

"But I promised Uncle George I'd come and help him with the monthly bills," objected Susan.

"You can do both. It'll take you only a minute. And Ruth had tucked the sample in Susan's belt and was hurrying out Maple street. There was nothing for Susan to do but go on alone.

Two squares, and she was passing the show place of Sutherland, the home of the Wrights. She was starting on when she saw among the trees a young man in striped flannels. At the same instant he saw her.

"Hel-lo, Susie!" he cried. "I was thinking about you."

Susan halted. "When did you get back, Sam?" she asked. "I heard you were going to stay on in the East all summer."

After they had shaken hands across the hedge that came almost to their shoulders, Susan began to move on. Sam kept pace with her on his side of the carefully trimmed boxwood barrier. "I'm going back East in about two weeks," said he. "It's awful dull here after Yale. I just blew in—haven't seen Lottie or father yet."

By this time they were at the gate. He opened it, came out into the street. He was a tallish, athletic youth, dark, and pleasing enough of feature to be called handsome. He was dressed with a great deal of style of the effervescent kind called sophomoric. He was a sophomore at Yale.

"My, but you're looking fine, Susie," exclaimed he. "I haven't seen anyone that could hold a candle to you—even in the East."

Susan laughed and blushed with pleasure. "Go on," said she with raillery. "I love it."

"Come in and sit under the trees, and I'll fill all the time you'll give me."

This reminded her. "I must hurry up- town," she said. "Good-by."

"Hold on!" cried he. "What have you got to do?" He happened to glance down the street. "Isn't that Ruth coming?"

Ruth was all sweetness and smiles. She and her mother—quite privately and with nothing open said on either side—had canvassed Sam as a "possibility." There had been keen disappointment at the news that he was not coming home for the long vacation. "How are you, Sam?" said she, as they shook hands. "My, Susie, doesn't he look New York?"

Ruth's heart was a flutter. She was glad she had obeyed the mysterious impulse to make a toilette of unusual elegance that morning. How get rid of Susan. "I'll take the sample, Susie," said she. "Then you won't have to keep father waiting."

Susie gave up the sample. Her face was no longer so bright and interested.

"Come on, Ruth," cried Sam. "Let's walk uptown with her."

Sam had been walking between the two girls. He now changed to the outside, and, so, put himself next Susan alone, put Susan between him and Ruth. The maneuver seemed to be a mere politeness, but Ruth knew better. At the door of Warham and Company, wholesale and retail grocers, the three halted.

"Well, so long," said Susan. She nodded,

sparkling of hair and skin and eyes, and went into the store.

"Come on to Vandermark's with me and I'll stroll back with you," offered Ruth. Sam was still gazing into the store where, far to the rear, Susan could be seen; the graceful head, the gently swelling bust, the soft lines of the white dress, the pretty ankles revealed by the short skirt—there was indeed a profile worth a man's looking at on a fine June day. Ruth's eyes were upon Sam, handsome, dressed in the Eastern fashion, an ideal lover.

"Come on, Sam," urged Ruth. "No, thanks," he replied absently. "I'll go back. Good luck!" And not glancing at her he lifted his straw hat with its band of Yale blue and set out.

Ruth moved slowly and disconsolately in the opposite direction. She was ashamed of her thoughts; but shame never yet withheld anybody from being human in thought. As she turned to enter Vandermark's, she glanced down the street. There was Sam, returned and going into her father's store. She hesitated, could devise no plan of action, hurried into the dry goods store. Sinclair, the head salesman and the beau of Sutherland, was an especial friend of hers. But Ruth was in a hurry, was distinctly rude, cut short what in other circumstances would have been a prolonged and delightful flirtation, by tossing the sample on the counter and asking him to do the matching for her, and to send the silk right away. Which said, she fairly bolted from the store.

She arrived barely in time. Young Wright was issuing from Warham & Co. He smiled friendly enough, but Ruth knew where his thoughts were. "Get what you wanted?" inquired he, and went on to explain, "I came back to find out if you and Susie were to be at home this evening. Thought I'd call."

Ruth paled with angry dismay. She was going to a party at the Sinclair's—one to which Susan was not invited. "Aren't you going to Sinclair's?" said she.

"I was. But I thought I'd rather call. Perhaps I'll go there later."

He was coming to call on Susan!

"So long," said Sam.

"Do come to Sinclair's early. You always did dance so well."

"Oh, dancing bores me," said the blasé sophomore. "But I'll be round before the shindy's over. I've got to take Lot home."

He lifted the hat again with what both he and Ruth regarded as a gesture of most elegant carelessness. Ruth strolled reluctantly on, feeling as if her toilet had been splashed or crushed. As she entered the front door her mother, in a wrapper and curl papers, appeared at the head of the stairs. "Why!" cried she. "Where's the silk? It's for your dress to-night, you know."

"It'll be along," was Ruth's answer, her tone dreary, her lip quivering. "I met Sam Wright."

"Oh!" exclaimed her mother. "He's back, is he?"

Ruth did not reply. She came on up the stairs, went into the sitting room—the room where Doctor Stevens seventeen years before had torn the baby Susan from the very claws of death. She flung herself down, buried her head in her arms upon that same table. She burst into a storm of tears.

"Why, dearie dear," cried her mother, "whatever is the matter?"

"It's wicked and hateful," sobbed the girl, "but—oh, mama, I hate Susan! She was along, and Sam hardly noticed me, and he's coming here this evening to call."

"But you'll be at Sinclair's!" exclaimed Mrs. Warham.

"Not Susan," sobbed Ruth. "He wants to see only her."

"We might send Susan away for the evening," suggested the mother.

"Yes," assented the daughter. "Papa could take her with him for a drive to North Sutherland—to see the Provosts. Then, Sam'd come straight on to the Sinclair's."

"I'll call up your father."

"No!" cried Ruth, stamping her foot. "Call up Mr. Provost, and tell him papa's coming. Then you can talk with papa when he gets home to dinner."

"But, maybe—"

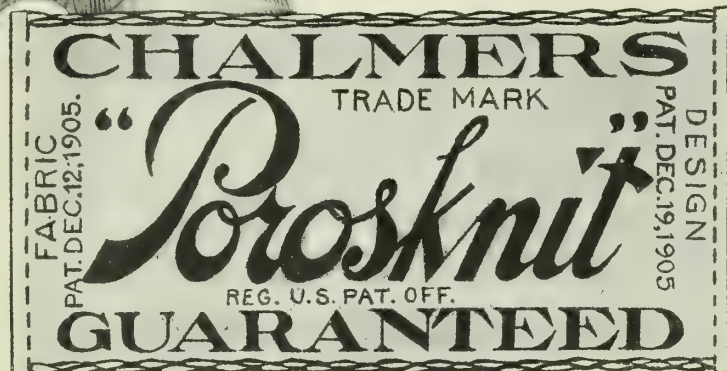
"If that doesn't work out, we can do something else this afternoon."

By dinner time Ruth had completely

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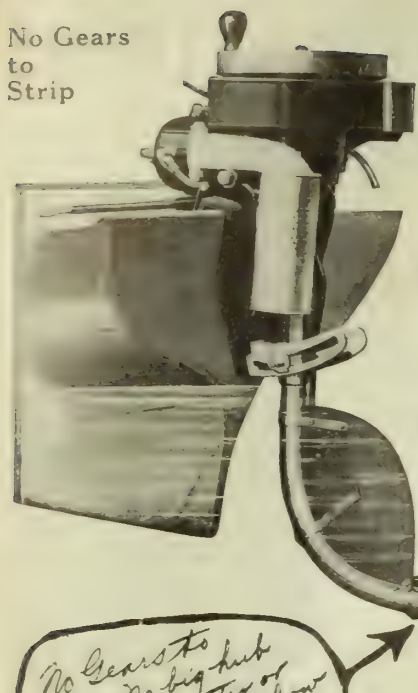
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soothed and smoothed her vanity. Sam had been caught by Susan simply because he saw Susan before he saw her. All that would be necessary was a good chance at him, and he would never look at Susan again.

But at midday, when Susan came in with Warham, Ruth's jealousy opened all her inward-bleeding wounds again. Susan's merry eyes, her laughing mouth, her funny way of saying even commonplace things—how could quiet, unobtrusive, ladylike charms such as Ruth's have a chance if Susan were about? She waited, silent and anxious, while her mother was having the talk with her father in the sitting-room. Warham, mere man, was amused by his wife's scheming.

"Don't put yourself out, Fanny," said he. "If the boy wants Ruth and she wants him, why, well and good. But you'll only make a mess, interfering. Let the young people alone."

Mrs. Warham moved toward the door. She saw that, without revealing her scheme—her's and Ruth's—she could make no headway with George. And if she did reveal it, he would sternly veto it. So, she gave up that direction. She went up-stairs; George took his hat from the front hall rack and pushed open the screen door. As he appeared on the veranda, Susan was picking dead leaves from one of the hanging baskets; Ruth, seated in the hammock, hands in lap, her whole attitude intensely still, was watching her with narrowed eyes.

"What's this I hear?" cried Warham, laughing. "About you two girls setting your caps for Sam Wright?"

Ruth lowered her eyes and compressed her lips—a trick she had borrowed from her mother along with the peculiarities of her mother's disposition that it fitted. Susan flung a laughing glance over her shoulder at her uncle. "Not Ruth," said she. "Only me. I saw him first, so he's mine. He's coming to see me this evening."

"So I hear. Well, the moon's full and your aunt and I'll not interrupt—at least not till ten o'clock. No callers on a child like you after ten."

When Warham departed down the walk, Ruth rose; she could not bear being alone with her triumphant rival—triumphant because unconscious. She knew that to get Sam to herself, all she would have to do would be to hint to Susan, the generous, what she wanted. But pride forbade that.

"Come up, Ruth!" called her mother. "The dress is ready for the last try-on. I think it's going to hang beautifully."

Ruth dragged herself up the stairs, lagged into the sitting-room, gazed at the dress. The dress was indeed lovely. But her pleasure in it was shadowed by the remembrance that most of the loveliness was due to Susan's suggestions. Still, she tried it on, and felt better. She would linger until Sam came, would exhibit herself to him; and surely he would not tarry long with Susan. This project improved the situation greatly. She began her toilet for the evening at once, though it was only three o'clock. Susan finished her pressing and started to dress at five—because she knew Ruth would be appealing to her to come in and help put the finishing touches to the toilet for the party. And, sure enough, at half past five, before she had nearly finished, Ruth, with a sneaking humility, begged her to come—"for half a minute—if you don't mind—and have got time."

Susan did Ruth's hair over, made her change to another color of stockings and slippers, put the dress on her, did nearly an hour's refitting and re-draping. Both were late for supper; and after supper Susan had to make certain final amendments to the wonderful toilet and then get herself ready. So, it was Ruth alone who went down when Sam Wright came. "My, but you do look all to the good, Ruth," cried Sam. And his eyes, no less than his tone showed that he meant it. He hadn't realized what a soft white neck the blonde cousin had, or how perfectly her shoulders rounded into her slim arms. As Ruth moved to depart, he said: "Don't be in such a rush. Wait till Susie finishes her pftimping and comes down."

"She had to help me," said Ruth, with a righteousness she could justly plume herself upon. "That's why she's late. No, I must get along." She was wise enough to resist the temptation to improve upon an already splendid impression. "Come as soon as you can."

"I'll be there in a few minutes," Sam assured her, convincingly. "Save some dances for me."

Ruth went away happy. At the gate she

glanced furtively back. Sam was looking after her. She marched down the street with light step. "I must wear low necked dresses more in the evenings," she said to herself. "It's foolish for a girl to hide a good neck."

Sam, at the edge of the veranda, regretting his promise to call on Susan, was roused by her voice—"Did you ever see anything as lovely as Ruth?"

Sam's regret vanished the instant he looked at her, and the greedy expression came into his sensual, confident young face. "She's a corker," said he. "But I'm content to be where I am."

Susan's dress was not cut out in the neck. It revealed the smooth voluptuous yet slender column of her throat. And her arms, bare to just above the elbows, were exquisite. But Susan's fascination did not lie in any or in all of her charms, but in that subtlety of magnetism which accounts for all the sensational phenomenon of the relations of men and women. She was a clever girl, clever beyond her years perhaps—though in this day seventeen is not far from full developed womanhood. But even had she been silly, men would have been glad to linger on and on under the spell of the sex-call which nature had subtly woven into the texture of her voice, into the glance of her eyes, into the delicate emanations of her skin.

They talked of all manner of things—games and college—East and West—the wonders of New York—the weather finally. Sam was every moment of the time puzzling how to bring up the one subject that interested both above all others—that interested him to the exclusion of all others. He was an ardent student of the game of man and woman, had made considerable progress at it—remarkable progress, in view of his barely twenty years. He had devised as many "openings" as an expert chess player. None seemed to fit this difficult case—how to make love to a girl of his own class whom his conventional, socially ambitious nature forbade him to consider marrying. As he observed her in the moonlight, he said to himself, "I've got to look out, or I'll make a fool of myself with her." For, his heady passion was fast getting the better of those prudent instincts he had inherited from a father who almost breathed by calculation.

While he was still struggling for an "opening," Susan eager to help him but not knowing how, there came from the far interior of the house three distant raps. "Gracious!" exclaimed Susan. "That's Uncle George. It must be ten o'clock." With frank regret, "I'm so sorry. I thought it was early."

"Yes, it did seem as if I'd just come," said Sam. Her shy innocence was contagious. He felt an awkward country lout. "Well, I suppose I must go."

"But you'll come again—sometime?" she asked wistfully. It was her first real beau—the first that had interested her—and what a dream-lover of a beau he looked, standing before her in that wonderful light. "Come? Rather!" exclaimed he in a tone of enthusiasm that could not but flatter her into a sort of intoxication. "I'd have hard work staying away. But Ruth—she'll always be here."

"Oh, she goes out a lot—and I don't."

"Will you telephone me—next time she's to be out?"

"Yes," agreed she with a hesitation that was explained when she added, "But don't think you've got to come. . . . Oh, I must go in!"

"Good night—Susie." Sam held out his hand. She took it with a queer reluctance. She felt nervous, afraid—as if there were something uncanny lurking somewhere in those moonlight shadows. She gently tried to draw her hand away, but he would not let her. She made a faint struggle, then yielded. It was so wonderful the sense of the touch of his hand. "Susie!" he said hoarsely. And she knew he felt as she did. Before she realized it his arms were round her, and his lips had met hers. "You drive me crazy," he whispered.

Both were trembling; she had become quite cold—her cheeks, her hand, her body even. "You mustn't," she murmured, drawing gently away.

"You set me crazy," he repeated. "Do you—love me—a little?"

"Oh, I must go!" she pleaded. Tears were glistening in her long dark lashes. The sight of them maddened him. "Do you—Susie?" he pleaded.

"I'm—I'm—very young," she stammered. "Yes—yes—I know," he assented eagerly. "But not too young to love, Susie? No. Because you do—don't you?"

The moonlight world seemed a fairyland. "Yes," she said softly. "I guess so. I must go. I must."

And, moved beyond her power to control herself, she broke from his detaining hand and fled into the house. She darted up to her room, paused in the middle of the floor, her hands clasped over her wildly beating heart. When she could move she threw open the shutters and went out on the balcony. She leaned against the window frame and gazed up at the stars, instinctively seeking the companionship of the infinite. Curiously enough, she thought little about Sam. She was awed and wonderstruck before the strange, mysterious event within her—the opening up, the flowering of her soul. These vast emotions, where did they come from? What were they? Why did she long to burst into laughter, to burst into tears? Why did she do neither, but simply stand motionless, with the stars blazing and reeling in the sky and her heart beating like mad and her blood surging and ebbing? Was this—love? Yes—it must be love. Oh, how wonderful love was—and how sad—and how happy beyond all laughter and—how sweet! She felt an enormous tenderness for everybody and for everything, for all the world—an overwhelming sense of beauty and goodness. Her lips were moving. She was amazed to find she was repeating the one prayer she knew, the one Aunt Fanny had taught her in babyhood. Why should she find herself praying? Love—love—love! She was a woman and she loved! So, this was what it meant to be a woman; it meant to love!

She was roused by the sound of Ruth saying "Good night" to some one at the gate, invisible because of the intervening foliage. Why, it must be dreadfully late. The Dipper had moved away round to the south, and the heat of the day was all gone, and the air was full of the cool, scented breath of leaves and flowers and grass. Ruth's lights shone out upon the balcony. Susan turned to slip into her own room. But Ruth heard, called out peevishly:

"Who's there?"

"Only me," cried Susan.

She longed to go in and embrace Ruth, and kiss her. She would have liked to ask Ruth to let her sleep with her, but she felt Ruth wouldn't understand.

"What are you doing out there?" demanded Ruth. "It's 'way after one."

"Oh—dear—I must go to bed," cried Susan. Ruth's voice somehow seemed to be knocking and tumbling her new dream-world.

(Read the next instalment in the July Hearst's)

Heart of the Sunset

(Continued from page 494)

his own rough clothes became painfully conspicuous by contrast.

He did not linger long after they had dined, for he wished to be alone, where he could reach an understanding with himself. On the steps he waited just a moment for Alaïre to mention if she chose, that subject which they had still left open on the night before. Reading his thought, she said, "You are expecting me to say something about Panfilo Sanchez."

"Yes."

"I have thought it over; in fact, I have been thinking about it all day, but even yet I don't know what to tell you. One moment, I think the truth would merely provoke another act of violence; the next I feel that it must be made public regardless of consequences. As for its effect upon myself—you know I care very little what people say or think. Perhaps time will decide this question for us."

Alaïre watched her guest until he had disappeared into the shadows, then she heard him talking to the mare. Benito's words at the *rodeo* recurred to her, and she wondered if this Ranger might not also have a way with women.

RICARDO GUZMAN did not return from Romero. When two days had passed with no word from him, his sons became alarmed and started an investigation, but without the slightest result.

Readers of this story may remember the famous "Guzman Incident," so called, and the complications that resulted from it, for at the time it raised a storm of indignation as the crowning atrocity of the Mexican revolution, serving further to disturb the troubled waters of diplomacy, and threatening for a moment to upset the precariously balanced relations of the two countries.

"What time did Sam Wright leave here?" asked Ruth.

She was standing in her window now. Susan saw that her face looked tired and worn, almost homely.

"At ten," she replied. "Uncle George knocked on the banister."

"Are you sure it was ten?" asked Ruth sharply.

"I guess so. Yes—it was ten. Why?"

"Oh—nothing."

"Was he at Sinclairs?"

"He came as it was over. He and Lottie brought me home." Ruth was eyeing her cousin evilly. "How did you two get on?"

Susan flushed from head to foot. "Oh—so so," she answered, in an uncertain voice.

"I don't know why he didn't come to Sinclairs," snapped Ruth.

Susan flushed again—a delicious warmth from head to foot. She knew why. So, he too had been dreaming alone. Love! Love!

"What are you smiling at?" cried Ruth, crossly.

"Was I smiling? . . . Do you want me to help you undress?"

"No," was the curt answer. "Good night."

"Please let me unhook it, at least," urged Susan, following Ruth into her room.

Ruth submitted.

"Did you have a good time?" asked Susan. "Of course," snapped Ruth. "What made you think I didn't?"

"Don't be a silly, dear. I didn't think so."

"I had an awful time—awful!"

Ruth began to sob, turned fiercely on Susan. "Leave me alone!" she cried. "I hate to have you touch me." The dress was, of course, entirely unfastened.

"You had a quarrel with Arthur?" asked Susan with sympathy. "But you know, he can't keep away from you. To-morrow—"

"Be careful, Susan, how you let Sam Wright hang around you," cried Ruth, with blazing eyes and trembling lips. "You be careful—that's all I've got to say."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Susan wonderingly.

"Be careful! He'd never think for a minute of marrying you."

The words meant nothing to Susan; but the tone stabbed into her heart. "Why not?" she said.

Ruth looked at her cousin, hung her head in shame. "Go—go!" she begged. "Please go. I'm a bad girl—bad—bad! Go!"

And, crying hysterically, she pushed amazed Susan through the connecting door, closed and bolted it.



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Telephone Address, Jackson 598 J. B. YOUNG
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Bemis, Tenn., March 16/14.

LARUS & BROS. CO., Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:—This morning a travelling man from Atlanta was in the office, an old friend, who handed me a cigar, and we fell to talking about "smoke."

He asked me if I smoked a pipe and I replied that it was my steady diet, that I smoked but few cigars. He said that was the case with him, and asked what tobacco I smoked, and I replied, "Edgeworth."

He nodded and smiled and said: "I was introduced to that about three years ago, and have smoked nothing else since: it is the best yet."

I simply mention this for the reason that it seems to be the same story everywhere; once you smoke Edgeworth, nothing else will do.

What is your "Qboid"? Is it higher or lower grade than Edgeworth? I mean in price—or how does it differ? You can't improve on the Edgeworth flavor. I am simply curious, am sort of a "tobacco bug" anyway, and am always experimenting, but "never again."

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The writer of the above letter asks about Qboid. This is a granulated plug, cut into cube shape. It requires no rubbing before being put into the pipe and is guaranteed not to bite the tongue.

To the Retail Tobacco Merchant—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly send you a one- or two-dozen 10c size carton by prepaid parcel post at the same price you would pay the jobber.

of Dave Law in a way to make his wife's face crimson, and he had wilfully misconstrued her recital of Longorio's attentions. Fearing, therefore, that in spite of Paloma Jones' presence, Ed would resent the General's call, Alaire strained her ears for the sound of his coming.

It was late when Austin arrived. Visitors at Las Palmas were unusual at any time; hence the sound of strange voices in the brightly-lighted living room at such an hour surprised him. He came tramping in, booted and spurred, a belligerent look of inquiry upon his bloated features. But when he had met his wife's guests his surprise turned to black displeasure.

Thus far Alaire's caller had succeeded in ignoring Miss Jones, and now, with equal self-assurance he refused to recognize Ed's hostility. He remained at ease, and appeared to welcome this chance of meeting Austin.

It was growing late now and Paloma was frantic. Profiting by her first opportunity, she whispered to Alaire, "For God's sake, send him away."

Alaire's eyes were dark with excitement. "Yes," said she. "Talk to him, and give me a chance to have a word alone with Ed."

The opportunity came when Austin went into the dining-room for a drink. Alaire excused herself to follow him. When they were out of sight and hearing, her husband turned upon her with an ugly frown.

"Ed!" She bit her lip. "I'll explain everything, but—you must help me send Longorio back, right away." Glancing at the clock, Alaire saw that it was drawing on towards midnight; with quick decision she seized her husband by the arm, explaining feverishly: "There is something big going on to-night, Ed. Longorio brought a guard of soldiers with him and left them at our pump-house. Well, it so happens that Blaze Jones and Mr. Law have gone to the Romero cemetery to get Ricardo Guzman's body."

"What?" Austin's red face paled, his eyes bulged.

"Yes. That's why Paloma is here. They crossed at our pumping station, and they'll be back at any time, now. If they encounter Longorio's men—you understand?"

"God Almighty!" Austin burst forth. "Ricardo Guzman's body!" He wet his lips and swallowed with difficulty. "Why—do they want the body?"

"To prove that he is really dead and—to prove who killed him." Noting the effect of these words, Alaire cried sharply: "What's the matter, Ed?"

"Have they got the body? Do they know who shot him?" he asked dully.

"No, no!" Alaire was trembling with impatience. "Don't you understand?"

Ed utterly disregarded her question. Catching sight of the telephone, which stood upon a stand in the far corner of the room, he ran to it and snatching the receiver, violently oscillated the hook.

"Don't do that!" Alaire cried, following him. "Wait! It mustn't get out."

"Hello! Give me the Lewis ranch—quick—I've forgotten the number." With his free hand Ed held his wife at a distance, muttering harshly: "Get away now! I know what I'm doing. Get away—damn you!" He flung Alaire from him as she tried to snatch the instrument out of his hands. "You keep away, or I'll hurt you," he warned her.

"Ed!" she cried. "Are you out of your mind? You mustn't—"

Their voices were raised, now, heedless of the two people in the adjoining room.

"Keep your hands off, I tell you—Hello? Is that you, Tad?" Again Austin thrust his wife violently aside. "Listen! I've just learned that Dave Law and old man Jones have crossed over to dig up Ricardo's body. Yes, to-night! They're over there now—be back inside of an hour."

Alaire leaned weakly against the table, her frightened eyes fixed upon the speaker.

"Yes! They aim to discover how he was killed and all about it. Sure! I suppose they found out where he was buried. They crossed at my pumping plant and they'll be back with the body to-night, if they haven't already—"

The speaker's voice broke, his hand was shaking so that he could scarcely retain his hold upon the telephone. "How the hell do I know?" he chattered. "It's up to you. You've got a machine—"

"Ed!" cried the wife. She went towards him on weak, unsteady feet, but she halted as the voice of Longorio cut in, sharply:

"What's this I hear? Ricardo Guzman's body?" Husband and wife turned. The open double-door to the living-room framed the tall figure of the Mexican General.



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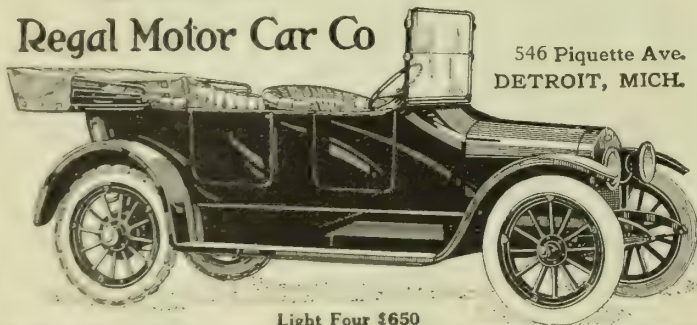
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Dividends

(Continued from page 490)

that would endure such wretched conditions, which she had again to combat. With her tight skirt caught up even more tightly about her, she crossed and perched herself upon the soap box.

"We used to have three," the woman added, tonelessly. "When Jim had a job—but that was three months ago. He ain't had nothing to do since then—so—"

Mrs. Gresham frowned and pondered.

"Jim?" she repeated. And then, almost accusingly: "He, I suppose, is your husband? Why—why is it that your husband, Mr. Peters, will not work?"

"Will not work," Mrs. Peters said. "Will not work!" And, turning, with slow and ponderous surprise at such a query, "Why, it ain't that Jim WON'T work. They—they just ain't nothing steady he can get to do!"

Mrs. Gresham smiled mirthlessly and just a trifle unpleasantly, much as if sophistication was the impulse that curled her full red lips.

"Oh, I see! So that's it!" she intoned, if anything too sympathetically. "Just nothing that he can find to employ his time?"

Mrs. Peters was not particularly versed in the art of innuendo and inference, but she felt and understood immediately the doubt that was hidden in the words, and she stiffened a little.

"Jim ain't a loafer," she stated with something akin to spirit in her listlessness. "He had a steady job. He—he was making eighteen a week reg'lar—and—then the men went on strike, and—and Jim, he stuck. He didn't strike with the rest, and—and that's why he ain't workin' now. He was a riveter on that big skyscraper that's going up downtown, when the riveters quit for two dollars a week raise. They told Jim—the builder did—that if he'd stick they'd give him twenty anyway, when they broke the strike; it was a hurry job, and they told him they needed him and would take care of him. And Jim stuck—we needed the money—and the union men won out. You see, the contractors couldn't get experienced men in a hurry, or something like that I guess, and they had to finish the job before next Fall—or lose a forfeit or something—so they compromised. And when the union men came back they wouldn't have no scabs, nor non-unions, on the work. So the builder—he just fired Jim. He said he was very sorry to do it—but they wasn't anything else for him to do. He said he'd stand to lose a lot of money, if he didn't."

"That happened," she asked, eyeing Mrs. Peters steadily—"that happened how long ago?"

"Three months," Mrs. Peters answered, "three months next Saturday."

The smile came back to Fanny Gresham's lips—came back and curled them daintily from white and even teeth.

"And do you mean to tell me that in all that time your husband has been content to remain in idleness?"

The pasty-faced woman was bewildered by the undercurrent of inferred contempt.

"He got a place on another job," she defended, "and then they spotted him, and he got fired. Then they listed him, and he couldn't do no more riveting. After a while he got a job hauling, till the teamsters' union found him out. He lost that—and—and since then he ain't worked much at all."

Mrs. Gresham's soft lips compressed.

"Do—does your husband know anything about bookkeeping?" she inquired thoughtfully, "or shorthand, maybe? For while the latter isn't always essential, it is quite often required."


Mrs. Peters' lips fell apart slowly.

"Jim can't read much, nor nor write to account to nothin'," she murmured. "And he can't cipher at all."

Fanny Gresham sighed and bit her lips. It was the usual hopeless incompetency after our own formula—extremely fine to the acquiring of even the essentials for a life of industry!

"I must go now," she said, "but you may tell Mr. Peters for me, please, that I shall have his case under consideration. And if, as you represent, he is really industrious and desirous of finding work to do, I have no doubt we may suggest something."

She opened her bag and searched its compartment through. After she had faine fainted through the sheaf of yellow-



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backed notes, she turned toward the evil-odored hallway and spoke to Eric, the driver. He touched his cap and fished out a dog-eared dollar bill and gave it to her—and Mrs. Gresham handed it to Mrs. Peters.

THE hands of the little, noiseless desk clock indicated the hour of eleven when Mortimer Gresham finally rocked gently back in his deep-cushioned swivel-chair and heaved the softest of satisfied sighs.

Then he pressed a button that set a buzzer to clamoring in the outer room that flanked his own warm, gold and mahogany office, and a second later, Higgins, his secretary, padded softly in.

"Well, Higgins," he intoned in large good humor, "we are ready for them now, I believe. Quite—er—quite an assemblage of our complaining employees this morning?"

Higgins commenced to knead his fleshless knuckles.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "I should say so, sir. Quite a handful this morning, Mr. Gresham."

Gresham rocked back and forth in the swivel-chair, preoccupied for a moment. "The usual parade of discontent and—er—dissatisfaction with their present condition, I suppose, Higgins?" he suggested rather wearily.

The slighter, weazel-faced one coughed behind a deprecatory hand. "Quite that, sir," he admitted, "quite that I fear, save, perhaps, for one, sir! It—it would have been rather monotonous this morning but for her. She—she has been waiting since nine, sir."

Gresham twiddled the fat cigar between fatter fingers and pondered. "You pique my interest, too, Higgins," he said at last. "I—I would suggest that you send her in first."

Higgins bowed and effaced himself.

She came in so quietly that perhaps Mortimer Gresham really did not hear her enter. The head of Gresham, Inc., often sat apparently oblivious to any presence long after the door had opened and closed under Higgins' hand. And perhaps his start of surprise when his eyes did finally fall upon her, standing silent at the side of the desk, was one of real astonishment. "You are—are you, Mr. Gresham?" she asked him.

With those first few words of hers Mortimer Gresham realized that the difference in her was deeper than surface looks. Roughly speaking he had always been able mentally to herd his Thursday morning

into one of two groups, the class depending entirely upon the age and looks of the individual. The young ones—with looks—were quite invariably bright-eyed and provocative in their pleadings; those not so young—without the looks—less entertainingly assertive, and tiresomely servile. The girl at the side of the desk failed to classify, not merely because her hair was parted softly across her forehead, instead of being bound in a series of elaborate and burnished coils about her head, nor from the lack of cheap and gaudy tinketry upon fingers and throat. It was her bearing that stamped her—a sort of passionless tired directness that baffled digression from the main issue.

"Mr. Gresham, of course," he stated. And then, not to be outdone in directness, even though it usually pleased him far more in such interviews to prolong the preface and approach the business in hand with considerable delicate finesse. "You wish to see me—there is something I can do for you?"

The girl's grave eyes never left his for an instant. Now she nodded her brown head. "Yes, there is something," she said. "I—want a raise."

Mortimer Gresham regretted the abruptness of it—disliked the lack of artistry and all that. But quietly, as was his custom, he now allowed his eyes to play up and down her slender body, seeking the usual, too-obvious details upon which to base the merited, not unkindly, chiding. He noticed the clothes she wore.

They were faultlessly neat—and per-pleasingly unpretentious.

Almost automatically while his eyes went roving below the hem of the skirt he began to swing half around in the chair, so that his own feet might be free from the desk. But after one glance at the little worn, flat-heeled, blunt-nosed brown boots she wore, he knew that there was no excuse in that quarter, either, for an exhibition of his own pet proof of economy—his heavy black-calf shoes that were seamed and worn

and a trifle run-over, but beautifully polished and bright.

Mortimer Gresham's eyes became unpleasantly narrower—narrowed until they were almost pig-like—as he swung abruptly back again to face her. The benign smile, too, slipped from his thick lips and left his pink face expressionless.

"A raise," he in turn repeated her words. "May I," he went on after a moment. "May I first inquire your name?"

"Mary Ryan," she told him.

"And position?"

"I'm at the ribbon counter," she said.

"Salary?"

"I get five a week."

"Hum-m-m," said Mortimer Gresham, and stopped to give it thought. After due deliberation he proceeded.

"Five dollars," he mused. "Then—you've not been here long?"

"Two months," said Mary Ryan.

He brightened immediately.

"Why, of course," he exclaimed. "I see—I see! Nothing at all but a pardonable mistake on your part, Miss Ryan—a very pardonable misunderstanding of our system here, and very easily explained. Let me make it clear for you. Any addition to our staff is always taken on for a period of trial. We are, I like to believe, something in the nature of one big family, and this rule of probation was first adopted merely to insure our continued congeniality and er—lack of discord. After three months have elapsed we always raise our girls to six, provided of course, that they have proved themselves faithful and proficient, and—er—desirable, as I trust you have been."

"I understand all that," she answered. "There WASN'T any mistake, either, I've got to have a raise—not a dollar a week, in a month—but three! And I've got to have it now!"

"So," he crooned softly, "So!" He examined his cigar minutely. "And can you give me any vital reason why such an increase should be granted?"

"Because," she told him monotonously, "because I can't live on any less."

"The others live on it," commented Mortimer Gresham, succinctly.

"And I—I could live on it," she answered him, "if I wanted to—live—that—bad!"

Gresham frowned with swift disapproval. He lifted one white hand.

"Please, please," he interrupted, "I do not care to go into a discussion of personal desires, or—er—morals. They could not, I am sure, possibly interest me. The strain of listening once a week to an endless tale of discontent and dissatisfaction is more than enough. And if there is nothing else—" His hand, moving toward the button, finished the suggestion.

And then Mary Ryan's little fists came up, clenched at her sides; her head crept forward. She rasped: "Say, do you think I expected to get it, when I came in?" She stopped to laugh shrilly off-key in his face.

"I came in to ask you because I hated to quit till I was sure I was licked," she rushed on in little more than a whisper. "I hated to quit! But when I'm beat, I know I'm beat—and it's the count right for me! I—I suppose any man can beat a woman—in a fight—when he tries hard enough."

"Three dollars!" she spat at him again. "And the others live on it, do they? They starve! And some of 'em don't have to starve. They live—and I guess I could—if I wanted to live that much! But I don't. I'd rather die and STAY DEAD than die—and keep on living! Do you get me—do you get me, Mr. Gresham?"

"Because this is 'certain' for Mary Ryan," she slurred, "and I—er—want to—er—make myself quite clear. You win—you win in a walk, Mr. Gresham! And, if I may say so—er—to hell with your six a week!"

His fat finger found the button then and set the buzzer to clamoring in the outer office. But she had already wheeled toward the door and left the room.

Of all the customs which Mortimer Gresham observed, that one of dining strictly *en famille* on Thursdays was perhaps the most commented upon as charmingly cozy and old-fashioned. It smacked of a quite out-of-date sentimentality, even though the rule had first sprung from Mortimer Gresham's soundly conservative and common-sense way of viewing things.

Even back at the very outset, when Fanny Gresham's Thursday activities had been more of a novelty and less of an accepted duty, which neither season nor society

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was allowed to upset, her husband had come to insist upon that period of rest and relaxation from the day of nerve-fatigue.

That night there was a bit of fire crackling upon the miniature hearth in Fanny Gresham's pink-tinted boudoir when her husband, sleek from the hands of his man, pushed aside the velvet hangings that served as a door and entered. Mrs. Gresham, her hair high-piled above her faultlessly piquant face, her throat and gleaming shoulders tinged with rose by the glow of the flames, was too engrossed with the late afternoon edition of the paper that was strewn about her to hear his approach.

But when he padded heavily in and crossed to her side to let one big, fleshy hand fall lightly upon her shoulder, she lifted her head and smiled at him brightly before she turned back again to the column which had been holding her attention so closely. Gresham consulted his watch. There were still a few minutes to wait before the curtains in the play-houses down-town would start upward, and as he drew up a chair he permitted himself to smile at her childish pre-occupation.

Casually he picked up a sheet of the paper which she had discarded and scanned it, first aimlessly, and then with a suddenly awakened interest that carried him beyond the headlines, which had caught his eye, into the body of the paragraph. It wasn't much of a sensation, as present-day newspaper sensations go—just a bald statement that one James Peters, a laborer who had been denied a raise in wages and discharged by Overman, well-known contractor and builder, who was rushing to completion in record time the large Wellman skyscraper, had murderously attacked his former employer and with a brick battered his head out of all semblance to anything human, before interference could reach him. It wasn't particularly sensational but it made more than the usual impression upon Gresham, for he had, in a business way, been acquainted with the victim. He struck the paper a sharp blow with his knuckles.

"There it is," he boomed. "The same old story over again! A man—a captain of industry—safeguards the success of his enterprise by weeding out the incompetent and refusing to be mulcted of his margin of profit—and pays for it with his life! If that isn't an indictment of the present day conditions against which capital is struggling, then what is it?"

His angry outburst brought Fanny Gresham's head swiftly around, and for her better understanding he read aloud, sonorously, the brief paragraph of James Peters' wanton act. But beyond a little shudder at the horrible brutality of it all she gave little sign that the words had meant much to her.

"I know, Mortimer," she murmured, "I know! There are so many similar cases—so many harrowing stories in the papers that sometimes I think I'd stop reading them altogether if—if I didn't know it was my duty to do otherwise."

"Just as you entered I was studying over a particularly pitiful instance. A—a suicide I am afraid, although that does seem too terribly wicked to believe—a girl whom they found floating off the docks this afternoon, named Marv—Marv—"

She turned back to her own section of the paper and searched with an exquisite forefinger through the fine type.

"—Brown hair and eyes," she read, "um-m-white blouse and blue serge skirt—oh yes—Mary Ryan—just Mary Ryan! And it says she had just three cents in her purse and a slip of paper with her name and address. I—I think I'd better make a note of it, don't you, and investigate, next Thursday? There may be something I can do!"

And then Mortimer Gresham, suddenly conscious of her damp eyes and the quaver in her voice, remembered the letter of his Thursday evening edict upon which he had himself infringed. He thrust the paper from him and rose to take from her fingers the ivory-backed note-book in which she kept her list, meanwhile casting about in his brain for the opening line of a joke which he had heard a day or two ago and pronounced particularly good.

But the need of that divertissement was gone before he was quite able to recollect it, for at the moment there came a discreet tap at the door and in response to his wife's command, Sands, the butler, parted the curtains and stood on the threshold.

He bowed stiffly and low, and smiled with the privileged familiarity of long service. "Pardon," he said to Mortimer Gresham, "but it's very close to the hour, sir, and the limousine is waiting, sir, below."

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My Life's Story

(Continued from page 501)

did we wish to create a surprise in America, but to avoid complications with Mr. Charles Wyndham in London. I knew he would want us to engage a singer of established reputation, so I avoided mentioning the name of the artist who was to have the title-part. Wyndham was quite insistent when I met him in London, but I handed him Audran's letter, which proved to be the magic stroke. Before the day was over, all arrangements were made by cable.

Mrs. Carter and I returned to New York and set to work. I adapted the operetta, which was considered very much "off color" in Paris—in fact one of the most audacious things ever seen there.

On the opening night of "Miss Helyett" I was rewarded beyond all expectations, for Mrs. Carter scored both as a singer and a comedienne, although comedy was never her forte.

After the musical comedy had finished its run, I turned my attention to "The Heart of Maryland" again.

What I needed most was "atmosphere"; so I decided to visit a Southern town and meet some typical Southern families. Mrs. Carter, her mother, and I went to Oakland, Maryland, where I added the finishing touches to the play. When we reached a certain point, I bade my associates good-by and boarded a train for New York to make another attempt to find a manager.

It seemed strange that I, who had placed my manuscripts so easily, even securing advance royalties, should meet with such flat refusal on all sides. Every manager in town had refused the manuscript. My private possessions, my library (containing some very valuable historical books)—my few antiques—everything—had been sold. As a last economy, I decided to give up my little office at Carnegie Hall. "This breaks the camel's back! This is the last straw!" Mrs. Carter said. "Mr. David, I'm in the way. They want your manuscript, but the fact of the matter is, they won't have me. You've kept your promise and done all you could, but you can't do any more; let some one else have my part." It was a case of the blind leading the blind, but I refused to give up.

I left her and walked down Broadway, where I came face to face with Paul Potter. "Dave," he exclaimed, "I was looking for you. A. M. Palmer has been very unfortunate of late and needs a play. Read 'The Heart of Maryland' to him."

In less than an hour, Paul Potter and I were on our way to Stamford. At last my luck had turned! Palmer accepted my play.

But Palmer, who had met with heavy losses, postponed rehearsals from day to day and at last the production was halted for lack of ready money. Three thousand dollars had been spent and it was necessary to have twelve thousand more.

One evening I met Charles Frohman. "I'm very sorry for you," he said, "but Palmer won't be able to produce 'The Heart of Maryland.'" I went to see Palmer. "I understand that you cannot produce my play at this time," I said, "but in justice to all, I want some assurance that you will be able to produce it later." He was very frank. "I should like to hold it," he answered, "but I think it better to release it. Should you arrange to have it put on, you can repay the money I have advanced." Then and there the contract was canceled.

One day I met Mr. Henry Butler in New York. He suggested that we interest wealthy men and form a stock company. "But let's try another plan first," he said. At this time, three enterprising young men were the lessees of the "Herald Square" Theater. They were Charlie Evans, who made a fortune with Hoyt's "A Parlor Match," F. C. Whitney, and Max Blieman, a picture dealer. They opened the house with a musical comedy, but wanted to produce a "straight" drama. "I'll go down and see them myself," Butler volunteered, "and you wait here for me." He brought back good news. "They have confidence in you," was the cheerful message, "and they are willing to 'gamble.'"

Blieman called on Palmer and paid cash for the scenery made at the time Palmer intended to produce the play. The play was to be the opening attraction at the "Herald Square," under joint management. But early in the summer Blieman sent for

me. "Whitney has cold feet," he remarked, "and has dropped out." "There are still two of you left," I answered. Several weeks after this, Blieman sent for me again and this time he was in despair. "Charlie's dropped out now," he said; "but by—I believe in the play and I'll stick."

In rehearsing "The Heart of Maryland" I invented outside effects resembling the sound of moving artillery, the tramp of hordes of men, the sound of horses, and the clash and rattle of musketry. These details helped to fire the imagination.

The opening took place at the "Grand Opera House" in Washington; and as I could not get into the theater before Sunday, we were not ready to open until the middle of the week. We practically lived in the theater. We made a great sensation on the opening night, but Washington, unfortunately, was in the grip of a financial panic, and the houses in consequence were very poor—so poor, indeed, that Blieman's pocket was empty. He was obliged to confess that he had not enough money left to send the company back to New York. So here we were—stranded—billed to open in New York on Monday night and no money to get there.

Blieman summoned courage and made a hasty trip to New York to try to raise some money, and when I saw him in the evening he was all smiles. "What do you think," he confided to me, "I've just borrowed fifteen hundred dollars from 'Al' Hayman on a picture worth thirty thousand." Here was a boy after my own heart! The fifteen hundred dollars enabled us to return to New York, and at last the poor old storm-tossed "Heart of Maryland" had its metropolitan opening on the strength of a pawned painting.

Mrs. Carter was the sensation of the season which opened on October 22, 1895.

While the run of "The Heart of Maryland" was in full flower at the Academy of Music, "C. F." came to me one evening and asked if I would go to London with Mrs. Carter and open at the "Adelphi." I was willing, and he cabled to the "Adelphi" managers, the Gatti Brothers, and made arrangements.

"Secret Service," with its war-time atmosphere and outside effects, had been played in London before our arrival, and unfortunately for us the "edge" was taken off our play; in fact, it was said that I copied Gillette's "thunder." As a matter of fact, "The Heart of Maryland" was produced a year before "Secret Service."

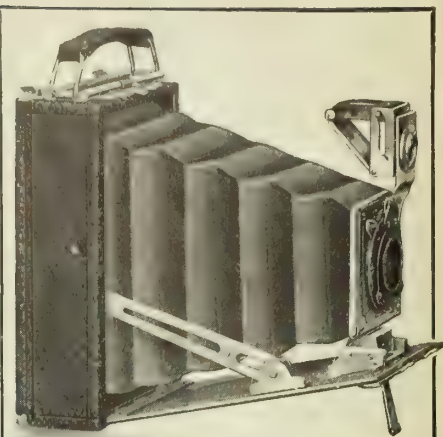
One of our greatest champions in England was the late Clement Scott, the famous critic, who welcomed us to his home, and introduced Mrs. Carter to the artistic world of London.

Just as our run was drawing to a close, a play named "Zaza" opened at the "Vaudeville" Theater in Paris, with Rejane in the title part. I read the plot in the London "Referee," and according to the criticism the play was a flat failure. But I liked the story and felt that here was a part for Mrs. Carter. I asked "C. F." if he had heard anything about the piece. "Yes," he said. "I had an option on it, which I have forfeited. It's a failure, I understand." Augustin Daly had also secured an option with Ada Rehan in mind, but he too refused the play. I learned that it had been hawked about the American market, and was rejected by almost every manager. But I was not discouraged. I told "C. F." I was going to Paris. "If I like 'Zaza,' I'll cable you to get it," I said.

The next evening found me at the "Vaudeville." I had my choice of seats as the house was almost empty. As the play progressed, I found myself adapting it for the American public and before the curtain was down on the fifth act I had cabled to "C. F.": "For God's sake, get it!" The answer came back: "Don't worry, I secured it while you were on your way to Paris."

A few days afterwards I received the manuscript of "Zaza." As the season was at an end, we set sail for America.

As soon as I reached New York, I began preparations for the next season. Patience and perseverance had won. Mr. Frohman, in the height of his power, made a contract to "present Mrs. Carter, by arrangement with David Belasco." At last I had a star, a play, and a partner with money and unlimited credit; so I went cheerfully into exile, to adapt "Zaza."



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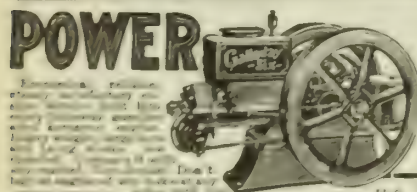
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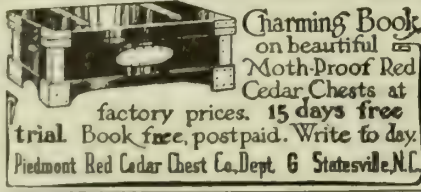
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"Un Peu d'Amour"

(Continued from page 515)

on which the sunlight fell with a vitreous glitter as it crept forward into the grass.

I waited my opportunity, and when the little thing came nosing along within reach, I seized it.

Instantly it emitted a bewildering series of whistling shrieks, and twisted around to bite me. Its body was icy.

But its jaws were toothless; only soft, cold gums pinched me, and I held it twisting and writhing, while the icy temperature of its body began to benumb my fingers and creep up my wrist, paralyzing my arm.

In vain I transferred it to the other hand, and then passed it from one hand to the other, as one slips a lump of ice or a hot potato, in an attempt to endure the temperature: it shrieked and squirmed and doubled, and finally wriggled out of my stiffened and useless hands, and scuttled away into the fire.

That evening I was seated on the veranda beside Wilna—Miss Blythe's name was Wilna—and what with gazing at her and fitting together some of the folding box traps which I always carried with me—and what with trying to realize the pecuniary magnificence of our future existence together, I was very busy when Blythe came to say: "I'm going to paint a moonlight by moonlight. Wilna, if Billy arrives, make him comfortable, and tell him I'll return by midnight."

And without taking the trouble to notice me at all, he strode away.

I thought deeply for a few moments, then: "Who is 'Billy'?" I inquired casually.

I couldn't tell whether it was a sudden gleam of sunset light on her face, or whether she blushed.

"Billy," she said softly, "is a friend of father's. His name is William Green."

"Oh!"

"He is coming out here to visit—father—I believe."

"Oh! An artist; and doubtless of mature years."

"Twenty-four years old," she said.

I pondered deeply for a while. "Wilna?"

"Yes, Mr. Smith?"—as though aroused from agreeable meditation.

"I think," said I, "that I'll take a bucket of salad to your father."

Why I should have so suddenly determined to ingratiate myself with the old grouch I scarcely understood: for the construction of a salad was my very best accomplishment.

"With a bucket of salad," I whispered softly, "much may be accomplished, Wilna." And I took her little hand and pressed it gently and respectfully. "Trust all to me," I murmured.

She stood with her head turned away from me, her slim hand resting limply in mine. From the slight tremor of her shoulders I became aware how deeply her emotion was now swaying her. Evidently she was nearly ready to become mine.

Tenderly pressing the pretty hand which I held, and saluting the finger-tips with a gesture which was, perhaps, not wholly ungraceful, I stepped into the kitchen, washed out several heads of lettuce, deftly chopped up some youthful onions, constructed a seductive French dressing, and, stirring together the crisp ingredients, set the savory masterpiece away in the ice-box, after tasting it. It was delicious enough to draw sobs from any pig.

When I went out to the veranda, Wilna had disappeared. So I unfolded and set up some more box traps, determined to lose no time.

Down on the edge of the forest I could see Blythe on his camp-stool, madly besmearing his moonlit canvas, but I could not see Wilna anywhere.

Maybe she had shyly retired somewhere by herself to think of me.

So I went back to the house, filled a bucket with my salad, and started toward the edge of the woods.

When I approached Blythe he heard me coming and turned around. "What the devil do you want?" he asked with characteristic civility.

"I have brought you," said I gaily, "a bucket of salad."

"I never eat it at night."

I said confidently, "Mr. Blythe, if you will taste this salad I am sure you will not regret it." And with hideous cunning I set the bucket beside him on the grass and seated

myself near it. The old dodo grunted and continued to daub the canvas; but presently, as though forgetfully, and from sheer instinct, he reached down into the bucket, pulled out a leaf of lettuce, and shoved it into his mouth.

My heart leaped exultantly. I had him! "Mr. Blythe," I began in a winningly modulated voice, and, at the same instant, he sprang from his camp-chair, his face distorted.

"There are onions in this salad!" he yelled. "What the devil do you mean! Are you trying to poison me!"

"My dear Mr. Blythe," I protested—but he barked at me, kicked over the bucket of salad and began to dance with rage.

I rose from the grass, pale and determined. "You listen to me, you old grouch!" I hissed. "I'll go. But before I go I'll tell you why I've been civil to you. There's only one reason in the world: I want to marry your daughter! And I'm going to do it! As for you, you pitiable old dodo, with your bad manners and your worse pictures, you are a necessary evil, that's all, and I haven't the slightest respect for either you or your art!"

"Is that true?" he said in an altered voice.

"True?" I laughed bitterly. "Of course it's true, you miserable dauber!"

"D-dauber!" he stammered.

"Certainly! I said 'dauber,' and I mean it. Why, your work would shame the pictures on a child's slate!"

"Smith," he said unsteadily, "I believe I have utterly misjudged you. I believe you are a good deal of a man, after all—"

"I'm man enough," said I fiercely, "to go back, saddle my mule, kidnap your daughter, and start for home. And I'm going to do it!"

"That's the way to talk! Don't go, Smith. I'm really beginning to like you. And when Billy Green arrives, you and he will have a delightfully violent scene—"

"What!"

Something checked me, I did not quite know what for a moment. Blythe, too, was staring at me in an odd, apprehensive way.

Suddenly I realized that under my feet the ground was stirring. "Look out!" I cried; but speech froze on my lips as beneath me the solid earth began to rock and crack and billow up into a high, crumbling ridge, moving continually, as the sod cracks, heaves up, and crumbles above the subterranean progress of a mole.

Over me crept a horrible certainty that something living was moving under us through the depths of the earth—something that, as it progressed, was heaping up the surface of the world above its unseen and burrowing course—something dreadful, enormous, sinister, and alive!

"Look out!" screamed Blythe; and at the same instant the crumbling summit of the ridge opened under our feet and a fissure hundreds of yards long yawned ahead of us.

And along it, shinging slimly in the moonlight, a vast, viscous, ringed surface was moving, retracting, undulating, elongating, writhing, squirming, shuddering.

"It's a worm!" shrieked Blythe. "Oh, God! It's a mile long!"

As in a nightmare we clutched each other, struggling frantically to avoid the fissure; but the soft earth slid and gave way under us, and we fell heavily upon that ghastly, living surface.

Instantly a violent convulsion hurled us upward; we fell on it again, rebounding from the rubbery thing, strove to regain our feet and scramble up the edges of the fissure, strove madly while the mammoth worm slid more rapidly through the rocking forests, carrying us forward with a speed increasing.

Through the forest we tore, reeling about on the slippery back of the thing, as though riding on a plowshare.

"It's making for the crater!" gasped Blythe, and horror spurred us on, and we scrambled and slipped and clawed the billowing sides of the furrow until we gained the heaving top of it.

As one runs in a bad dream, heavily, half-paralyzed, so ran Blythe and I, toiling over the undulating, tumbling upheaval until, half-fainting, we fell and rolled down the shifting slope into solid and unvexed sod on the very edges of the crater.

Below us we saw, with sickened eyes, the entire circumference of the crater agitated, saw it rise and fall as avalanches of rock and



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earth slid into it, tons and thousands of tons rushing down the slope, blotting from our sight the flickering ring of flame, and extinguishing the last filmy jet of vapor.

Suddenly the entire crater caved in and filled up under my anguished eyes, quenching for all eternity the vapor wall, the fire, and burying the little denizens of the flames, and perhaps a billion dollars' worth of emeralds under as many billion tons of earth.

Quieter and quieter grew the earth as the gigantic worm bored straight down into depths immeasurable. And at last the moon shone upon a world that lay without a tremor in its milky luster.

"I shall name it *Verma Gigantica*," said

I, with a hysterical sob; "but nobody will ever believe me when I tell this story!"

Still terribly shaken, we turned toward the house. And, as we approached the lamplit veranda, I saw a horse standing there and a young man hastily dismounting.

And then a terrible thing occurred; for, before I could even shriek, Wilna had put both arms around that young man's neck, and both of his arms were clasping her waist.

Blythe was kind to me. He took me around the back way and put me to bed.

And there I lay through the most awful night I ever experienced, listening to the piano below, where Wilna and William Green were singing "*Un Peu d'Amour*."

Science Department

(Continued from page 524)

Atolysin is prepared in two strengths, one of which is spoken of as the "six to eight day" extract; the other as the "fourteen to sixteen day" extract. The latter is a more concentrated solution, and much more active and potent in its effects. It has extraordinary celerity of action; for it has been demonstrated that two drops of it, injected into a tumor as large as a walnut, in the body of a rat, cause the tumor to disappear within ten days—the rat in the meantime, it is important to add, showing no symptoms of distress or injury of any kind. Normal tissues are seemingly unaffected. Large tumors of the human subject require repeated hypodermic injections; but even with the largest tumors the quantity of the drug injected is surprisingly small (fifteen to twenty drops), and the disappearance of the tumor is sometimes so rapid as to seem utterly mystifying. In case the stronger type of atolysin is given, or larger doses, the disintegration of the cancer cells may be so rapid that they cannot be absorbed, and it may be necessary to incise the tumor and evacuate it mechanically; but this is usually not done except in cases where the tumor is inordinately large, or where the condition of the patient is so desperate that quick action is imperative.

The new cancer remedy is not the result of any chance discovery. It is the product of many years of laborious investigation. To Dr. Alexander Horowitz, the chief credit is due. He is an Austro-Hungarian by birth.

The early experiments of Dr. Horowitz convinced him that he was on the track of methods that might, if perfected, enable him to destroy abnormal cells, without injuring the normal ones in the midst of which they were imbedded. But the opportunities for further research were not all that he could desire, and he decided to seek a freer field for investigation by coming to America. Soon after he came to New York, he succeeded in interesting Dr. Silas P. Beebe, Professor of Experimental Medicine at Cornell University, with whom he has been associated in the perfecting of the method, and who was chiefly responsible for testing the remedy on the human subject. Dr. Horowitz had originally employed a method of counter-irritation; applicable, therefore, only to tumors at or near the surface. At Dr. Beebe's instance, the drug was refined to a condition permitting its injection hypodermically into the midst of the cancer tissues. Dr. J. Wallace Beveridge had a share also in the perfecting of the remedy and in its early tests with human subjects. But the chief credit for the discovery rests with Dr. Horowitz.

It is known that, under certain conditions, the blood of a healthy person will digest cancer cells (which of course are protein compounds), and it is at least a plausible suggestion that cancer can develop in the system of any person only when certain properties of the blood or tissues that normally give immunity have been altered. It is possible that atolysin stimulates the cells (including white and red blood corpuscles) in such a way as to cause them to take up the interrupted function of producing the ferments that normally give the body immunity. These ferments, produced now in excess, attack the cancer cells and virtually digest them. The activities thus aroused are continued to the extent of surcharging the blood with the anti-cancer ferments; for it is observed that after a rat tumor has been dispersed by atolysin the rat is no longer susceptible to inoculation with a tumor of the same kind.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to emphasize the importance to humanity at large of the discovery of an effective cure for cancer. The word has a sinister significance that is only too well understood. Yet it may be

doubted whether the full extent of the cancer menace is realized by any one who has not given the matter special study. Even the statement that one woman in seven and one man in eleven of all who reach the age of thirty-five are doomed to be attacked by this malady does not quite tell the full story of the malignancy of cancer; for it appears that the liability to this disease increases year by year to the very end of life. And it is therefore a very reasonable assumption that a vast number of individuals who are cut off in middle life by other diseases—say tuberculosis or typhoid fever—would have become victims of cancer had they escaped the other maladies. Stated otherwise, it would appear that cancer is a sort of specter that lurks about the threshold of middle life and persistently dogs the footsteps of whoever crosses that threshold, remaining always within reaching distance, a never-relaxing menace to the very end.

In this respect, as in a good many others, cancer differs from most other maladies. After middle age, for example, you become relatively immune to typhoid fever, and if you have escaped thus far tuberculosis need have little terror for you. There are certain infirmities, to be sure, to which you become increasingly subject through the general decrepitude of old age, but cancer would appear to be almost the only condition which menaces people in every walk of life at every age, and which year by year and decade by decade becomes a relatively greater menace to each and every individual, almost regardless of his habits of life, and unthwartable by any means of hygiene or prophylaxis of which medical science has clear cognizance.

As to the latter point, the case is utterly different with most other maladies that take a prominent place in the mortality statistics. It is axiomatic to say that every recognized germ disease might theoretically be avoided by avoiding the germs themselves; and it is a matter of practical knowledge that medical science has found out how to do this in large measure in the case of such maladies as typhoid fever and malaria and yellow fever and typhus and plague. And in the case of that universal scourge—tuberculosis—we have learned how to combat the germs and render them relatively harmless by letting light and fresh air into the tenements and banishing filth and infected food.

But cancer is not a filth disease; it is not contagious; it apparently is not infectious in the ordinary sense. We have no clear and definite knowledge that it is associated with any particular diet or (except in case of a few local epitheliomas) superinduced by any particular habits, unhygienic or otherwise. And to add to the mystery and to give an added element of hopelessness to the menace, it appears that cancer is somewhat more prevalent among the upper classes than among the lower—it appears to be associated with prosperity, hygienic surroundings, and abundance of nutritious food rather than with poverty, squalor, and malnutrition.

It appears that we are now at the beginning of a more hopeful era in dealing with this dreadful malady.

If it were not so, I for one would not willingly give general publicity to such statistics as have been cited in this article. I would not willingly call attention to the fact that in every average company where eleven men and seven women are met together, two members of that little group of eighteen are standing in the full shadow of death in its most malignant aspect—were I not able to supplement the statement with the assertion that, in my confident belief, means are already at hand whereby the death messenger may be thwarted and his sentence rendered nugatory.



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There's Julius, for Instance

(Continued from page 506)

to you. A wonderful vehicle, this pen, ink, and paper.

"Bring me pen, ink, and paper!" It was Lapidowitz who spoke and, when the waiter had brought them to him, he began to write: "Dear Mr. Finkelstein: I take my pen in hand to tell you that luck went against us. I played the high card every day last week and always lost. To-day I was sure the high card would win. I put some of my own money with yours. But it's terrible the way cards run. The devil must be in them. Nothing but low cards all afternoon. When times get better I'll see if I can help you out. Yours truly, "C. LAPIDOWITZ. "P. S.—I lost \$1.50 of my own money."

CHAPTER XI

THERE was no other way of raising ten dollars in order to cover his overdraft Julius Finkelstein entered upon an era of check-kiting. That is to say, the next morning he cashed another check for fifty dollars and deposited the money in Friedman's Bank to cover the check that he had cashed at Milken's. The second check, he knew, would not turn up at the bank until the following day and by depositing fifty dollars more—the proceeds of another cashed check—he would be able to cover the second check as he had the first. In the meantime his mind was busy thinking.

On the third day after Lapidowitz had cozened Julius Finkelstein—it being the same day upon which the latter had, for the third time, overdrawn his bank account to make good an overdraft—Julius Finkelstein smiled and then he approached his uncle Isaac.

"Uncle," he began, "I've been thinking that if we had a good sign in the show window we might do a better retail business. The way to get a good sign and also get a lot of free advertising while we're getting it is to offer a prize for the best idea."

Uncle Isaac knew that his brother would never forgive him if he suppressed any tendency on the part of Julius to think. So he nodded consent. On his way to lunch that day he observed a group standing on the sidewalk in front of the store. They were looking at a sign in the window which read:

What's the best idea for a sign?
Something we can use
in the wool business.
\$50 Reward for the best idea.

CHAPTER XII

"NOW I'll tell you, Lapidowitz," said Julius, "I was mad at you for a while but it has all passed off. Because I said to myself, 'He's a good-hearted fellow and he only meant to help me.'"

They were sitting in Milken's coffee-house during Julius's lunch hour, and Lapidowitz was smoking a cigaret that Julius had given him. "I don't know just why I'm telling you," continued Julius, "but I feel so happy that I've got to tell someone. I'm going to be married on Thursday."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Lapidowitz—who hadn't the slightest interest in the matter. "And the lady?"

"Teresina Gordon!" Lapidowitz opened his eyes and stared at Julius. To explain why he opened them would necessitate going into details concerning Miss Teresina Gordon.

"Of course you know—" he began, slowly. "I know about her," said Julius, firmly. "And I don't want you to say a word to a soul. In return for your keeping quiet I'll let you into a business deal."

He told Lapidowitz of the reward for an idea for a sign.

"I have an idea, myself," he exclaimed, "but, of course, as a member of the firm, so to speak, it wouldn't do for me to claim the prize. So you just drop around this afternoon and hand me this."

CHAPTER XIII

HE left Lapidowitz gazing upon a slip of paper which bore the legend, "Woolly Woolly!" For quite a long time Lapidowitz stared at the writing. And then he smiled.

"That's a smart boy!" he said. An hour later he handed the paper to Julius at the latter's desk. Suggestions for the sign had been pouring in by the bushel—the whole

East Side seemed to have interrupted its labors to suggest ideas for a sign for Finkelstein Bros. Julius read the inscription and then re-read it. And then he nodded.

"I guess this gets the prize!" he said. He conducted Lapidowitz to the cashier's window and asked for fifty dollars.

"This gentleman has won the prize," he explained. "Let me have the money, and I'll get him to sign a receipt."

He led Lapidowitz into a private room and made him sign a receipt. And then—

Julius tucked the fifty dollars into his own pocket and confronted Lapidowitz with a pleasant smile.

"Now, you black-whiskered gonif, you crook, you vile fraud, I'll count three. At the end of that time, if you're not gone from this room, I shall hit you over the head with this heavy chair. One—two—"

And he was alone.

CHAPTER XIV

LAPIDOWITZ sat down in Milken's coffee-house and pondered over the matter. For a long time. And then he went to the telephone and called up Isaac Finkelstein.

CHAPTER XV

WE must now ask the reader to accompany us to Marienbad. Meyer Finkelstein and his wife had returned to their hotel rooms. And hardly, it seemed, had they entered when Mr. Finkelstein, pale and agitated, came running out, calling for a doctor, a maid, a porter or a bell-boy.

"Mrs. Finkelstein is having a fit!" he cried. A maid, who responded to his call dipped a towel into cold water and applied it to the lady's face. In a few moments Mrs. Finkelstein—who, by the way, had the constitution of an elephant—had entirely recovered. Her husband was re-reading a cablegram that he had received.

"Julius wants marry Teresina Gordon," it ran. "Refuses discuss with me. Says you ruined life because refused Sadie Morris. If marries Gordon will hurt firm. Cable instructions."

CHAPTER XVI

HAVING had our little trip abroad we must ask the reader to return to Canal Street, New York. Uncle Isaac sent for Julius.

"Now, my boy," he said, "I've just heard from your father and he's willing to listen to reason. 'Er—have you entirely forgotten Sadie? Er—supposing your father gave his consent to your marrying her, would you be willing to drop this—er—Gordon affair?'"

Julius scratched his head.

"Teresina's got a lot of money," he said, calmly. "If I married Sadie I'd have to support her, and you know I haven't a cent. And I would need money to start with—to buy furniture—furnish an apartment."

"Well—about how much?"

Julius approached his uncle's desk and looked him coldly in the eye.

"Two thousand dollars cash down—and not a cent less!" he said. "Otherwise I marry Miss Teresina Gordon tomorrow."

Uncle Isaac drew a check for two thousand dollars. "I think," said he, "you'd better get married as quickly as possible. Your father cables that he's coming home as fast as he can and your mother is worried. I think it would make them feel better if they knew you were safely married to Sadie."

"I am," said Julius, calmly.

"You are—what?"

"Safely married. Sadie and I were married two weeks ago!"

CHAPTER XVII

"WAIT a minute! Wait a minute! Don't get so excited!" said Meyer Finkelstein. "Begin all over again and talk slow."

Isaac Finkelstein had gone down the bay to meet his brother upon his return from Europe and had tried to tell him the full story of Julius's duplicity and depravity. He now went over it again in great detail.

"I had a long talk with Lapidowitz—you know the loafer—and I paid him five dollars to tell me the truth. Then Friedman told me about all those fifty dollar checks. And a detective what I know found out for me that he don't even know that Teresina Gordon girl. Such a liar! Such a swindler!"

"Ike," Meyer said, laying his hand upon his brother's shoulder, "we got to take that boy into the firm. He's smarter than you and me put together."

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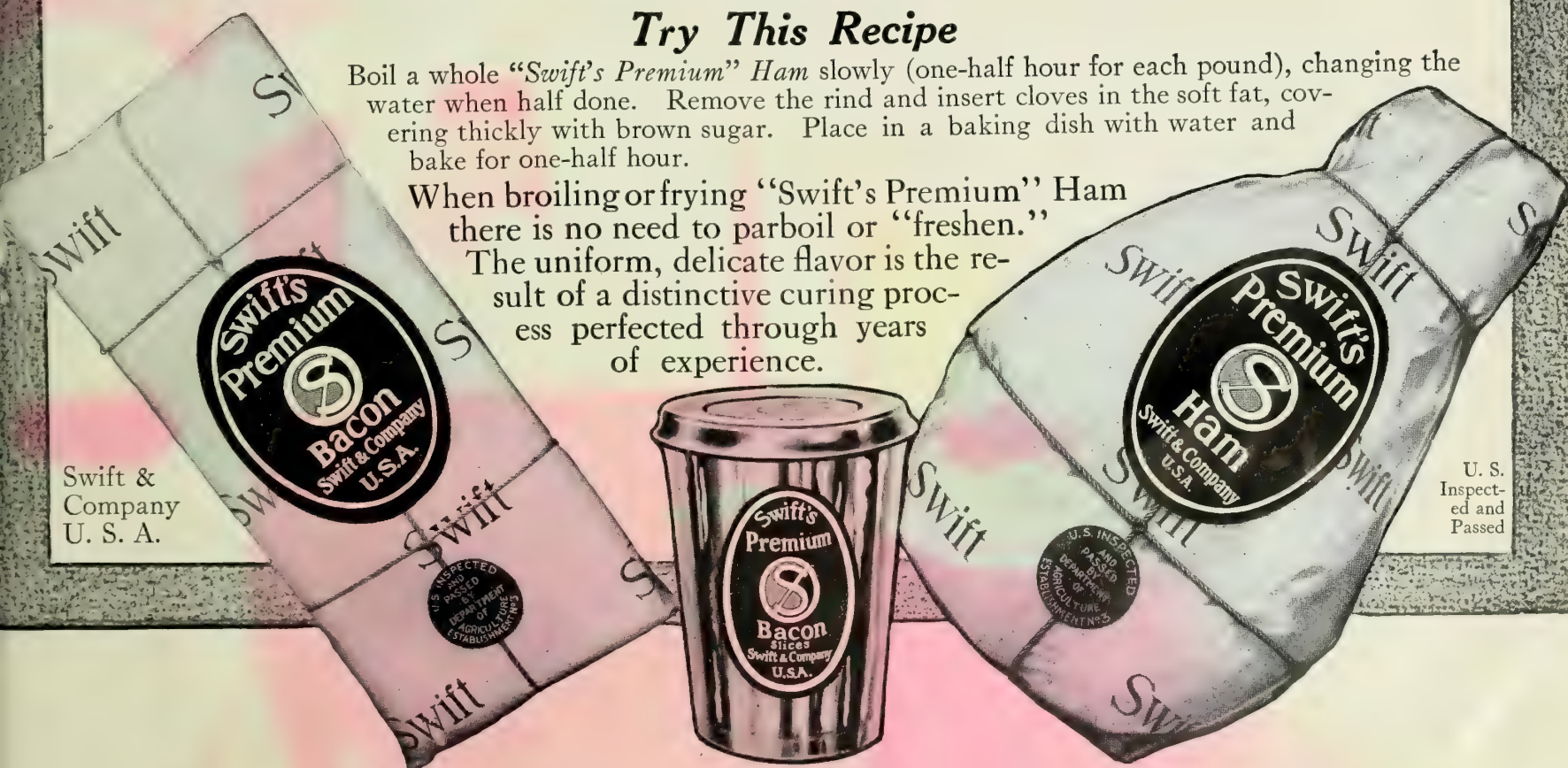
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